The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Collection of North Caroliniana

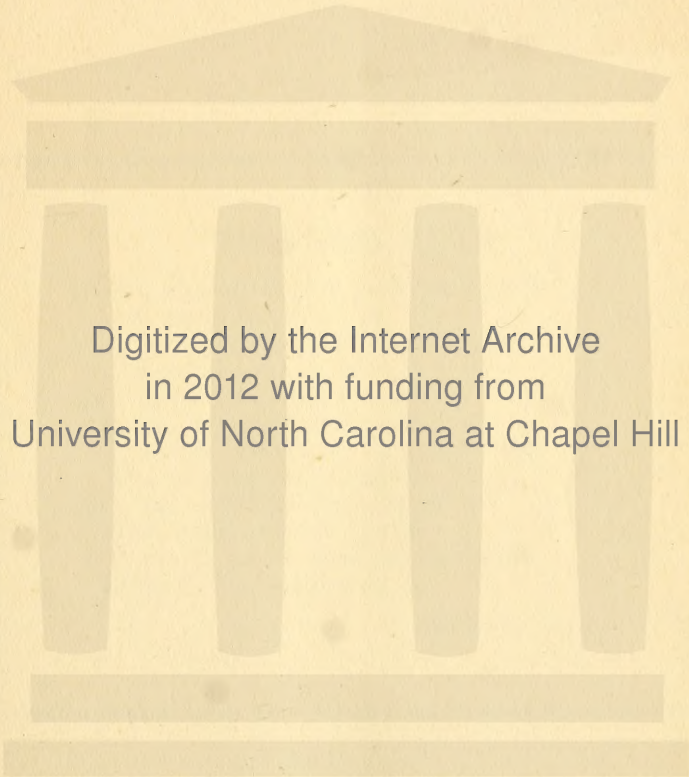
C364
S88u
v.26
1938

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00043182732

*This book must not be taken from the Library building*

THIS TITLE HAS BEEN MICROFILMED

LUNC-15M F 40


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/upliftserial26151ston

C364

JAN 8 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL XXVI 4 CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 8, 1938 No. 1

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THIS NEW YEAR

Help me to start this year with faith
In the will to better be,
Help me to know joy shall be mine
If good in each I see,
Help me to find a place of peace
From thoughtless human will,
Help me to start each new-born day
With a purpose to fulfiill,
Help me to fill all space of mind
With confidence in truth,
Help me to know this year is mine
Replete with golden fruit.

—Betty M. Ryan.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE NEW YEAR | By E. C. Baird | 10 |
| NEW YEAR'S DAY | (Selected) | 11 |
| HOW OLD IS THE POINSETTIA | By Mary Russell | 12 |
| NEW YEAR MAKING-GOOD | (The Way) | 14 |
| THE MAN FROM MEXICO | By Merritt P. Allen | 16 |
| WHAT THE BOY READS | (Morganton News Herald) | 19 |
| AND OUR WOMEN DID IT | (Suffolk News-Herald) | 20 |
| CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL | By Leon Godown | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE NEW YEAR

Ring, bells, from every lofty height
An infant fair is born to-night;
Ring far and wide, ring full and clear
To welcome in the glad New Year.

The king is dead; long live the king!
They said of old, and so we sing.
The old year's gone to his repose,
There let him rest beneath the snows.

Behind us, with the year that's gone,
Lie countless sins that we have done.
With joy we cast all care away
And pass into a newer day.

New day, new life, whose noble deed
Will all our sinful years succeed,
A life of action, great and strong,
To cancel all we've done of wrong.

Ring joyous bells! Our hearts beat high
With faith and hope. Beyond the sky
Perchance the angels stand and wait
To catch the sound at Heaven's gate!

And echoing each silver tone,
Sing songs of praise around the Throne
Ring, happy bells, to us is given
Still longer to prepare for Heaven.

—Violet Fuller.

## THE NEW YEAR—1938

With a keen sense of gratitude for the many blessings of the past year we glide smoothly into the New Year, 1938, with a vision, and

247758

greet the many well wishers of the Jackson Training School with the same old expression, but always appropriate—"A Happy New Year."

Despite the disappointments, minor troubles and unavoidable handicaps 1937 registered for the institution there lingers many pleasant memories such as good health, a satisfactory yield from the fields, a kindly spirit and interest in the welfare of the boys, and a year without calamities of storm, fire, epidemic of sickness, or drought.

Therefore, the superintendent and every official, inspired by the good fortunes of 1937 peer into the future with a greater faith,—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

The value of the New Year is unknown, but during the march of time it contains the finest opportunities, accepted or rejected, and the manner in which they are used will tell the calibre of mankind. We pray the challenge will be accepted with the courage of Christian manhood in this institution and the work of reclaiming boys as representative citizens will exceed that of any previous year. Our goal is always "the best for the Jackson Training School."

* * * * * * *

## REYNOLDS GIFT A MAGNIFICENT PHILANTHROPY

Carnegie has established libraries and it is a splendid contribution to American life. The Dukes have endowed universities and orphanages and Rosenwald has given to Negro education and these are magnificent efforts toward the uplift of humanity. But when a philanthropist, realizing with the poet—"Nor love, nor honor, wealth nor power can give the heart a cheerful hour, when health is lost,"—makes it possible to heal the human body of disease, he confers one of the greatest blessings mortals can enjoy.

Such a blessing is the gift of the Zachary Smith Reynolds Foundation, a memorial to the young tobacco heir who was mysteriously killed at the Reynolds home in Winston-Salem five years ago. The trustees of the Foundation announced last week a gift of $100,000 for the war on syphilis in North Carolina. The money will be administered through the State Board of Health which has already launched a campaign against syphilis which takes unknown toll of human lives in this state every year.

Syphilis which causes many cripples, many deaths, is controllable, is curable, and can be exterminated, but in the words of Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State Health officer, "We must attack it by free drugs, free treatment, free hospitalization; and those suffering from it must be treated until they are entirely cured, the minimum period in which this can be successfully accomplished being 18 months." With an average of 33 cases of syphilis a day, a 1,000 a month, or 12,000 a year being reported to the State Board of Health, with an estimated 300,000 syphilitics in the state, the enormity of the task of eradication is readily seen, and without some such gift as that from the Reynoldls Foundation, it would take years for the State Board of Health to accomplish "one of its fondest dreams."

—Smithfield Herald.

* * * * * * *

## ANOTHER LINK SNAPPED

Another link of the chain uniting Cabarrus and Concord of the yesteryears and the community of this time has snapped and dropped out in the passing of E. C. Barnhardt, Senior, who in his quiet and inoffensive manner lived his own life, moving at all times upon an even keel.

E. C. Barnhardt, a native of Cabarrus, was a descendant of a long line of sturdy pioneers, who with courage and faith in the possibilities of their state blazed the way for better schools, churches, the development of the resources of the soil as well as the textile industry. He followed in the paths charted by his noble forebears—building upon the same foundations.

None who ever knew E. C. Barnhardt, Sr., intimately could attribute to him any but honest motives and deep religious convictions. In every instance he stood for the furtherance of religion and related causes such as the uplift of humanity and the betterment of the underprivileged.

One could not but be impressed with his quite demeanor suggestive both of his faith and peace of mind. He truly passed to the realm beyond as calmly as he walked through life. He lived and wrought well and nobly. He leaves to those left to mourn his passing memories of an exemplary life and one worthy of emulation.

## CONFIDENCE INSPIRES HONOR

It is a fact that Governor Graves of Alabama released 500 prisoners for a period of two weeks so as to make a visit home during the Christmas holidays. To know how many reported after the two weeks to prison authorities is a matter of interest. If a hundred percent were to show their appreciation by returning at the proper time it would be a marvel.

However, let the case rest as it may Governor Graves has given them a chance to show their mettle. To be placed upon one's honor inspires at least to a more honorable ambition, and there is never known just what is in a man's heart and mind till the opportunity is given to prove himself.

The severest punishment does not bring out the best in the incorrigibles. We recall once the chatisement of a child by the father for a misdemeanor. That father was in a passion and resorted to the old time hickory limb. The mother upon bended knee begged for her own son, but no mercy was given. The whipping was severe, and the father after finishing the job said, "I mean to whip the devil out of you." The young boy replied by saying "you have just about whipped him in me." That boy was always an incorriguble and never had the paternal affection a boy usually shows for a father. The mother was the idol of his heart. He served in the World War, returned with one empty sleeve. Upon meeting his parents he embraced his mother affectionately with the one arm, and greeted the father with a casual handshake. This is a true story. Since that particular instance have always thought the best results in delinquents are realized by leading, and not by driving.

We await with interest to hear the report from 500 released prisoners in Alabama after their vacation of two weeks during the Christmas holidays. Let us keep in mind that out of the ten leprs healed by Christ only one returned to give thanks. And from that one, a stranger, the least consideration was expected.

* * * * * * *

## BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The following is a complete list of names and the amount contributed to the 1937 Boys' Christmas Fund. We make at this time

grateful acknowledgment of the same. It balanced the Christmas giving—every boy was remembered:

| | |
|---|---|
| 7-7-8 | $25.00 |
| Herman Cone, Greensboro, | 25.00 |
| Judge William M. York, Greensboro, | 5.00 |
| Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin, | 10.00 |
| A Friend, Charlotte, | 1.00 |
| Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte, | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury, | 5.00 |
| W. J. Swink, China Grove, | 100.00 |
| Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte, | 5.00 |
| Miss Mary Robinson, Supt. Public Welfare, Wadesboro, | 3.00 |
| Willard Newton, Pasadeua, Calif., | 2.50 |
| Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte, | 10.00 |
| Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro, | 2.50 |
| W. R. Odell, Concord, | 10.00 |
| Bunn Baraca Class of Hayes Barton Baptist Church, Raleigh | 10.00 |
| Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro, | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte, | 50.00 |
| L. C. Williams, Supt. Public Welfare, Graham | 5.00 |
| E. B. Grady, Concord | 5.00 |
| W. F. Bailey, Director Park and Juvenile Commission, High Point, | 5.00 |
| W. E. Stanley, Supt. Public Welfare, Durham, | 9.00 |
| Charlotte Kiwanis Club | 15.00 |
| Mecklenburg County Commissioners, | 100.00 |
| A W. Colson, Mooresville | 3.00 |
| | $426.00 |

A. C. Sheldon and Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, candy, apples and oranges for all the boys and employees of School.

Schoenith, Inc., Charlotte, 250 lbs. candy

Cabarrus Cash Grocery, Concord 5 bu. apples

Mrs J. J. Brown, Whiteville 2 lb. box mixed candy

Woman's Club, Greenville 1 year's subscription to Child Life and 1 year's subscription to Boys' Life

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### THE NEW YEAR

"A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies;
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with the gifts concealed.
This is the year for you awaits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates."

---

Some people make a failure because they attempt to do too many things at one time.

---

The duties that lie before us in this good New Year of grace is ours. The events belong to God.

---

Some people are mighty poor listeners. That is because it interferes with what they want to tell you.

---

A California zoo is boasting of dwarf cows. Guess there will now be a spurt in the sale of condensed milk.

---

A man seldom learns the real truth about himself until he is a candidate for some office. Then his eyes are opened.

---

It seems that people now no longer leave footprints on the shifting sands of time. They leave debts, mortgages and foreclosures.

---

It may be that China is now reaping her retribution. She invented gunpowder. And just look what destruction powder is accomplishing.

---

After everything else is gone you have one thing left—experience. That never deserts you. It sticks to you like a postage stamp on a letter.

---

A great many of the dire forebodings with which this country is afflicted would die of neglect if the people and the press would stop talking about them.

---

It is said that "an onion breath is a good protection against infection of a winter cold." An onion breath is likely to keep anything away—even your dearest friends.

---

There has been a great deal of talk in Washington about licensing business. If our law-makers keep on meddling and putting uncertainty into business, there soon will not be much business to license.

---

Some time ago everybody was talking about depression. Now, amid the apparent halt in business they are talking about recession. What I'd like to know is, how can you recede from something you haven't got.

---

We are told that the Far East is excited over a specie of the bamboo which is said to grow as much as 16 inches in 24 hours. They have nothing on America, compared with the rapid growth of the federal deficit.

---

A Kansas man has had removed from his ear a bug that got into it 48 years ago. And still there are a lot of people in this country who have never had the office-holding bug re-

moved from their heads, and probably never will—until they die.

---

Loyalty is a priceless possession. Real loyalty on the part of one's helpers counts for a great deal. You can't buy loyalty It is something that is developed by mutual confidence and respect. It isn't one sided either. It is a fifty-fifty proposition.

---

A grocery store, on Parrish street, in Durham, for some time had its show windows filled with attractive dogs and puppies, as cute a collection of canines as you would like to see. I passed that way the other day and the windows were empty. This sign was displayed:

DOG
GONE.

Clever, wasn't it?

---

**Friend After Friend Departs**

With grief as genuine as was the loveable nature of the noble character of my friend for 48 years, I take up the task of chronicling the passing of Charles M. Herndon, Sr., in the 94th year of his age. The best eulogy is the briefest. What are my paltry words of praise to the memory of one whom everybody loved. This gracious man, and faithful servant of the Lord, who has waved a gentle farewell to us poor creatures of Time as he faded, as peacefully as a babe falling into sleep, into the purple paths of the eternal, was the highest type of a living Christianity. Every instinct of his nature was a passionate service to his God and his fellowmen.

He was a valiant Conferate veteran, the oldest communicant, and organizing member of St. Philip's Epicopal church, in this city, as well as the oldest member of the Masonic Lodge of Durham. His life was consecrated to love. He filled many important positions in the life of Durham. His every act was dedicated to duty. In his death every living crature has lost a friend. He belongs to Nature's nobility. Afflicted with total blindness for many years, there was never a murmur or complaint from his lips—indeed his faith in God and humanity seemed to grow brighter as the years passed. A true example of real christian fortitude in its richest blossoming.

His immediate surviving family, to whom falls the legacy of his well-spent fruitful life, consists of Mrs. Carrie Herndon Lindenthal, of Metuchen, N. J., Miss Kate Herndon, and Charles M. Herndon, Jr., of Durham.

---

"I am afraid, my friend, you are not listening," said the lecturer, pointing impatiently at a little man sitting in the front seat, yawning.

"I'm not a friend of yours, and I'm not here to listen," the little man retorted. "I'm waiting to put out the lights and lock up."—Selected.

# THE NEW YEAR

**By E. C. Baird**

New year, I greet thee!

Thou art my best friend!

To me thou art opportunity!

Thou hast all that there is of me for me!

What thou hast in store, I do not know. Nor would I reach out even one of thy secret things until thine own patient hand reveals it in—to-day!

Still I wonder, even as a child wonders, and pray, as a child would pray.

As I stand eagerly on the threshold, I find these dreams, these desires, in my heart:

I do not ask for an easy time. Let each day have a task equal to the full measure of my strength.

I do not ask for place or power, honor or distinction; but, in some secluded corner, I would like to serve in Christ's stead.

Let me find happiness in making others happy.

Let me lend the touch that fringes the despair of perplexed and burdened hearts with the glad colors of hope.

May I smooth the pillow for some weary head.

May I come as light to those who wait in darkness.

Let me whisper a word that thrills the struggling people of earth with a fine courage and a brave, confident optimism.

May those who watch me say: "He is trying to be good."

New Year, I believe in thee! That thou art the best yet woven on the loom of time, I have no manner of doubt! Before thou hast measured thy brief length, I may be where years are not counted, and where time and eternity are one. If so, when I meet thee there, may there be a little bright spot that represents my life. And may my great Taskmaster say: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things."

---

## THE GOAL OF AN AMBITIOUS BOY

In the far off days that are now pass fond parents seeking to instill lofty ideals into the minds and hearts of their sons taught them that any American boy might become President of the United States, but now the ambitious dream of these doting parents is that their stalwart sons may grow up to be All-American football players. This shows how college athletics has caught the popular imagination while national politics stand helplessly upon the sidelines.—Selected.

# NEW YEAR'S DAY

**(Selected)**

Well, a woman instead of a man came first to my house on New Year's Day; I did not have blackeyed peas nor hog jowl for dinner; and I had the ashes taken up as usual The violations of these New Year superstitions entitles me to a year of bad luck, in spite of the fact that all my friends who wished me a merry Christmas wished me also a happy and prosperous New Year.

I have a hunch, however, that one of the New Year sayings will come true —that what I did on New Year's Day I will do through the year. On that day, I ate three meals, wore comfortable clothes, enjoyed a shelter over my head, worked a little, read a little, wrote a little, played a little paid bills as presented as long as my money lasted and collected some money from people who owed me, sorrowed with bereaved frinds, rejoiced with others who had cause to rejoice. I lived a normal day and that is what the most of us will do throughout the coming year.

Of course, had I eaten peas or left the ashes or done any and all the numerous good luck tricks, I might look forward to a more exciting year—like inheriting a million dollars or becoming famous over night. But somehow I am content to meet the New Year without having performed any New Year rites. I did not even make a New Year resolution, for I like to think of each day as the beginning of a new year.

---

## GOD AND THE COMMONPLACE

It is easy to work, to suffer and to sacrifice when cheered on by the multitude. It is hard to work, to suffer and to sacrifice alone and in silence. This does not mean that we desire the applause of men or that we are anxious to be in the spotlight of publicity. It means that we are human, and that the esteem of friends and fellow-workers is sweet to us. But let us remember that God's eye is on us always and everywhere. This will make glorious the commonplace and add zest to the hidden task. As Alexander Maclaren says: "Never mind where your work is. Never mind whether it be visible or not. Never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toil. You are working for eternity." If you cannot see results here in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near, when you may rest from your labors, and then they may follow you.—Watchman Examiner

# HOW OLD IS THE POINSETTIA

**By Mary Russell**

When flaming red poinsettias appear in the southland gardens and in florists' windows we know that Christmas is near. For that brilliant red flower, which is at its prettiest in December, has come to be denfinitely associated with our Yuletide and to be called the Christmas flower. We find it among our decorations and gifts, and see it pictured on cards, seals and wrapping paper. It is quite as popular as holly or mistletoe.

But it has not always been so. It is only during the past twenty-five years that the poinsettia has come into prominence as a Christmas decoration But that does not mean that it is a new variety of flower. The poinsettia is a very ancient flower. It was blooming on the North American continent long before white men ever rode over its hills and valleys.

How do we know? Because there is a record of its presence, left by that strange people who once lived below our southern border in the country now called Mexico. Those men who built great pyramids and magnificent temples must have known and admired the poinsettia for they chose it as a design and represented it in their decorations. And there it is, for visitors to see and recognize, the same huge flowers with long narrow red bracts, and wide green leaves.

We know that the poinsettias, though called by another name, were growing in Mexico when Cortes invaded that land, for he was so impressed by the striking blossoms that he wrote a description of them in his diary, stating that the huge "fire-plants" gleamed like beacons along the line of march.

But it was not until 1830 that the plant crossed the border and came to live in the United States. It was brought over by Mr. Joel Roberts Poinsett, the first United States minister to Mexico. During his stay in that country he had admired the huge red flowers and was loath to say good-by to them when his term of office was ended, so took specimens with him on his return to his home in South Carolina. There, with great care he succeeded in making them grow under glass.

The strange, beautiful flowers were greatly admired. A Philadelphia florist persuaded Mr. Poinsett to sell him a few of them, which he displayed in his shop window, and in return for the favor gave the name poinsettia to the plant. And that name has clung to the plant. Scientists have given it the botanical name Euphorbia pulcherrima, but people in general call it the poinsettia or Christmas flower.

For many years the plant was of little commerical value as it was too sensitive to cold, shock and jar to permit shipping any great distance. Neither could the flowers be cut and sold, for they wilted as soon as their stems were severed and would not revive when placed in water, as other flowers do. So, for a long time, only persons living where poinsettias grew could enjoy their beauty.

But that is changed now. Men have learned how to preserve the cut flowers. As soon as cut, the stem is

thrust into flame or boiling water, which seals the pores and prevents the escape of the life-giving milky sap. When taken from the heat the stem is plunged into cold water and left to stiffen. After such treatment a flower will retain its freshness for days. All cut poinsettias have to be subjected to that treatment. It means a lot of work, but the lovely red flowers are well worth the labor. Modern refrigerator cars have reduced the transportation difficulties so now at Christmas time poinsettias are to be found in many states.

In Florida and California poinsettias grow in gardens, parks and beside public buildings, often reaching a height of twelve feet. In those states, too, the flowers are raised for market. Acres and acres of them paint the hillsides and fields with flaming red during the month of December and send out a message of cheer to all who pass, reminding them that Christmas is near, and reminding some that the poinsettia is a gift to us from our neighbor, Mexico.

---

## SCRAP IRON

Living near a large seaport, where tons and tons of scrap iron and steel have been hauled past my door on their way to some foreign country to be made into munitions, and being a disabled veteran of the World War, the following vision came to me:

It was in the fall of 19—. An American soldier lay on the edge of a shell hole, wounded unto death. A jagged piece of shrapnel had torn its way through his side and projected out on the other side. Due to the fact that cold steel sticks to warm flesh, the soldier was unable to remove it, and life was fast ebbing away. Under the fierce barrage no help could reach him. He felt that awful thirst that comes from the loss of blood under a nervous strain. No water was in his canteen. Just before he sank into unconsciousness for the last time, he again tried to draw out the rough steel. The nerve centers, shocked upon the dull striking force of the steel, were awakening, and pain was raging in his side. He died not knowing that the piece of schrapnel had one time been a plowshare that tilled the peaceful soil on which grew corn and cotton, giving life and happiness and completeness. The farmer who sold the scrap iron had received three-forths of a cent a pound for it, and little did he dream when he sold it that the old plowshare would find lodgement in the body of his son.

—M. C. Stearns.

# A NEW YEAR MAKING-GOOD

## (The Way)

Sometimes, in some conditions, a person's thoughts are the best scalpel; again, the thoughts may be so dulled and lethargic that the scalpel must be held by another hand and made to cut deep to reach a vital spark. A pendulum at its turn may visualize what it would not disclose in swift motion.

Jim Black was thirty, lying on his back close to the wall of the building to escape some of the cold wind, and he was ten years below the height of his ambition.

Inside the building a lot of negroes were holding a New Year experience meeting, relating in loud voices things they had done and what they meant to do.

The last ten years of the man outside had been hectic, but now he was in an eddy, penniless, the pendulum swung out with a view back.

He was not drunk, lying there, but cold; and his mind was clear and in the way of being its own scalpel, though another was to cut unconsciously into a vital part.

"I tell yo'," a voice shouted, "hit don't matter what a man was, hit's what he is an' am. I been scarified. Look what I was back 'long, an' what I is now, ownin' my own flivver an' all."

Other speakers followed, and then came one whose voice was grave, earnest and cultivated.

"There's much truth in what our friends have said," this voice called earnestly. "Anybody can do what is in him at any time, if he wants to. The reason weak people backslide is because they want to backslide. Need-n't tell me. When a man says he's got a habit too strong to break, it's foolishness—jest an excuse to keep going the way he wants to. If a man could get that way, he wouldn't be a man any more, and ought to be confined or put out of the way by law.

"I know. I've been through most everything. Then I dreamed of my mother, and I thought it all out and said I would, and I did. I was more than fifty years old, and that was ten years ago. I have made good, and am nicely fixed and shall stay made good. I know the difference. All foolishness to say one can't."

The man outside was sitting up, shivering for his coat was thin and his shoes not worth the name. But a grim look of determination had come to his face.

"I'm only thirty," he said aloud, "and I am stronger than a habit—I am—I am," fiercely. "If a negro can say that, I can, and be strong enough for it, too. And he forged his habits till fifty. And it was his mother, while I—I have been trying to forget mine." He laughed jeeringly. "And me a Southerner, too! Huh! Believed myself of a superior race. I'm away below that colored chap. Sure I am."

He struggled to his feet, and threw up his right arm.

"But I won't stay so," he vowed. "Listen to me, Mother. I—won't—stay—so! I promise. I'll start this New Year Day and make good. I promise"

He staggered a little as he moved, but it was from weakness and cold.

The people were coming from the

building. He lurched against one of them. It was the last speaker.

"I need some—work," the outcast shivered. "I'm hungry and cold. And I'm coming back. I promise."

The old negro looked at him keenly. In spite of rags and emaciation there was recognition in the eyes.

A year later, the next New Year's Day, the old negro went to his well-dressed clear-eyed foreman.

"I've waited, Mr. Black," he said, "to know for sure you would come back. I've got some influence, and now have a promise of a position suited to your education, with a banking house. I'm glad. And now I'll tell you I am Sambo, who used to work for your father."

---

## YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of added years more than in a boy of 20.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-interest, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and at star-like things and thoughts; the undaunted challenge of events; the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from love and ideals, so long are you young.—Masonic Beacon.

# THE MAN FROM MEXICO

**By Merritt P. Allen**

A preacher on the Double A ranch was something of a rarity; but that did not prevent this one from being more or less of a joke. The vigorous, red-blooded cow-punchers could not be blamed much for their half-contempt of the Rev. Mr. Haskins, with his slight figure, straw-colored hair, spectacles and bashful ways.

"It's not that any of us have a dislike for religion," Cal Jones, the ranch owner and active boss, explained. "No; we've a wholesome respect for it. If this parson was a man's man, of course his looks wouldn't count; but, as we figure it, he is a common species of bookworm gone and turned pious. He claims to be a Mexican-raised Yankee; but I never saw one of that breed like him. We've nothing against him, in a way; still, we don't like the idea of his laying down the law to us. In this country, you know, a man must have works as well as faith. We want to see what stuff a fellow is made of before we go far to hear him talk."

Mr. Haskins must have known this; any one who had lived in the Texas cow country would. And still he made no attempts to win the ranch hands by man-to-man tactics. This was a grave lack of test; but it was due entirely to his total absorption in his work. To him the tiny, bare schoolhouse where he held meetings was the center of the universe just then. Brimming with zeal, but deficient in natural ability and preparation, he was obliged to labor such long hours over his sermons that he had little time to mix with the men, and, in consequence, his services were attended only by a handful of women and children. The women often went out of pity for the earnest little minister who really worked so hard and accomplished so little, and, though he urged them to bring their men, no men went.

But he had one staunch male friend in Billy, the seven-year-old son of Cal Jones. For some reason the boy had idolized Mr. Haskins from the first. Perhaps his childish sight had gone deeper than that of his elders and discovered the real man. Whatever the reason, Billy, usually arrayed in his little, flaming, red Navajo blanket, which was the pride of his life, was never far from the preacher's heels. His father and the ranch hands, who worshiped the boy, looked unfavorably on this, fearing that the friendship might "soften" him; but, as they could find no positive ill in Haskins, they did not openly object.

Two weeks passed, and still the minister strove unavailingly to stir his pitifully small audiences by his eloquence and fervor. They did turn out for the Christmas exercises, but more in obedience to tradition than from interest in the little man who officiated. The first day of the new year was clear and hot in that near-tropic country, and at noon, as the hands were lounging in the shade of the bunkhouse, Mr. Haskins approached, two keen, slender fish-spears in one hand, and followed by Billy, still with his scarlet blanket, despite the weather. The preacher paused, and faced the men with embarrassment.

"I wish you would come over to the

schoolhouse tonight," he invited. "You may be interested in my New Year's message."

"What you going to talk about?" Cal asked good-naturedly.

"Religion, primarily. But I shall introduce some of my experiences in Mexico."

"How long were you there?"

"Twenty-six years. I was born there."

"What did you do for a living?"

The minister's thin face flushed slightly. "A little of everything," he said.

Cal eyed him curiously. "You know, Parson," he observed, "you don't act like the Mexican Yankees I've seen."

Haskins faced him squarely. "I know what you mean," he said quietly. "I am queer. You think there is a yellow streak in me."

Cal was slightly taken aback. "Well, now," he drawled, "I wouldn't say that unless I could prove it."

"But you think it," Haskins insisted, without anger. "I don't blame you. I am—somehow I am not your kind. I am not a mixer. Perhaps it is from lack of courage. You think so, at least."

"I admit," Cal said frankly, "that I wouldn't pick you for a fighting partner."

The little man smiled. "Of course not," he said. "I would not expect you to." He laid a hand on Billy's shoulder. "Come on, son, and we will see if we can find a fish or two."

In silence the men watched them cross the yard, pass the water-tank and corral, and set out toward the creek. Of a sudden a roar split the air, there was the sound of splintering boards and whining wires, drumming hoofs, and a great, black-and-white form shot into view from behind the corral.

"Look, look!" Cal cried. "Mike's loose."

Mike was a Holstein bull recently arrived from the East and being held in a small yard for a few days before being sent on to the Double A dairy ranch. He was an immense animal, weighing nearly a ton, and, while naturally of a quiet nature, the excitement of transportation, coupled with the unaccustomed confinement, had inflamed his temper beyond control. He now paused a moment in the open; then, with another blook-curdling roar, lowered his head and charged the preacher and Billy.

The cow-punchers leaped to their feet, and more than one tanned face was white. There was no time to get the horses; even before a rifle could be brought from the bunkhouse it would be too late. Haskins and the boy was unarmed on the open plain with the bull between them and the corral, the nearest refuge. There was no help that could reach them in time.

"Look!" Cal froze in his tracks, his wild eyes on the man beside his little son. They saw him snatch the scarlet blanket from off the boy, waving it before him, advance to meet the bull. It seemed a miracle, but the bull's sharp horns found only the blanket, for at the last instant the man, nimble as a squirrel, had slipped aside, and, as the great form shot past, he turned and drove one of the fish-spears deep into the animals's flank.

With a roar that shook the ground, Mike dug his feet into the dirt, wheeled, and repeated the charge. He was wild, but the man was perfectly cool. He stood poised lightly, unafraid in

absolute command of the situation. To the watchers the insignificant little figure had suddenly become as heroic as Horatius at the bridge. In some marvelous manner he had regained the blanket, and was waving it tauntingly in one hand, while with the other he brandished the second fish-spear. The bull hurled himself at him; Haskins leaped up and to one side, caught and for a moment clung to the imbedded spear while he twisted it savagely in the flesh. The bull was crazed. Half a dozen times in as many minutes this was repeated, and each time it seemed that the preacher's life was missed by a narrower margin.

By then Billy had taken a wide circle, and reached the safety of the corral; but Haskins was nearly in the same spot. Down by the bunkhouse the men were watching, spellbound.

"Why don't he work over toward the corral?" someone asked tensely.

But at last Cal Jones had taken the little minister's correct measure. "He's no quitter," he said, his eyes shining. "He's going to lick that bull in a fair fight. He's a man!"

Out in the open, Haskins was deliberately preparing for the last act. The bull stood panting, studying his antagonist with his wicked eyes. This time the man did not wait the charge, but slowly advanced, shaking the blanket, the spear held behind his back in his right hand. The bull lowered his head and bore down upon him. Haskins stopped, but he was not poised to leap. He planted his feet firmly, the blanket dropped, and as the savage head swept over it the spear shot up; then, with every ounce of the man's strength behind it, it came down between the bull's shoulder and neck and pierced the heart. Haskins whirled to one side, bowed with a flourish to his audience, and stood smiling without another look at the bull that had staggered a few steps and fallen dead.

The men rushed out to greet him, to shake his hand, to pound him on the back.

"I was sorry to kill your bull," he said to Cal; "but a matador wins or dies. It is a point of honor."

"Matador!" Cal cried. "Have you been in the bull-ring?"

"Yes; for six years in Mexico. I gave it up to be an evangelist."

That brawny ranch-owner took the little man's hand. "You have saved my boy," he said huskily. "If there is anything on the ranch you want, ask for it."

The preacher looked up shyly. "I would like to have you and the boys begin the new year by attending my meetings," he said.

"A useless request," Cal replied, looking at the others, "for we would have gone anyway. We like to listen to a man's man."

---

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—F. W. Farrar.

# WHAT THE BO Y READS

**(Morganton News Herald)**

Many an old person will testify that the habit of reading formed in youth has furnished one of life's most comforting satisfactinos.

"Tell me what a boy reads and I will tell you what he will become," declares Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America and editor of that organization's Boy's Life Magazine, as he challenges the youth of America to better reading. "No entertainment is so inexpensive as reading; no pleasure so lasting," says Dr. West in setting aside next week as Boy's Life Week" in order to focus attention upon the year around reading program of the million boys enrolled in the Boy Scouts.

Dr. West, together with the editors and pubilshers of the other boys' publications, recently compared figures and noted a decline throughout the country in reading of worthwhile literature by the American boy.

The decline was quite evident because of the fact that the magazines and other publications were losing circulation. The fault is believed to lie in the fact that youths are being permitted to purchase an inferior type of reading matter. Consequently, greater efforts than ever before are being exercised to create a keener interest in things worthwhile A "balanced ration" of reading is being urged by Dr. West as he urges the boys of the nation to get acquainted with their local librarians and take out memberships in libraries of the country.

An ardent advocate of the cause of worth-while reading, Dr. West has created a Handbook for Boys which has maintained its place as a best seller, second only to the Holy Bible in total volume of sales throughout the United States, and with a record of 5,700,000 copies distributed since it was first printed in 1910. A valuable asset for any youth's library, this Handbook for Boys is filled from cover to cover with interesting things written an intriguing manner and well illustrated. Boys' Life is an interesting periodical.

Reading is a habit which should be acquired in one's youth. It serves to comfort and occupy countless invalids and older persons who would be at a total loss for something to do and a bore even unto themselves if they had not acquired this pleasing methods of oral and visual education are playing a very definite part in producing well-rounded citizens, but no effort should be made to supplant good reading with any other method of acqulring knowledge.

---

The man who is an optimist is usually a success, for his mind is never worrying about the reasons why a thing cannot be done. He dosn't think that way.—Selected.

# AND OUR WOMEN DID IT

**(Suffolk News-Herald)**

It was with unfeigned pleasure we received and printed yesterday a letter from a Balitmore woman in which she praised the changed conditions in the Virginia countryside and highways. A native of Virginia, she wrote she visited here from time to time, returning home with a sense of depression. "The outlook seemed not prosperous—a dilapidated condition—unpainted, dreary houses, run-down farms, cluttered-up fence-corners, unkempt yards and homes in general," she says. But note how she feels about it now:

"This year it was my privilege to tour Virginia and I returned really proud of my home state. Everything had taken on an air of prosperity. Farm houses and barns had been freshly painted, fence corners cleared, crops well cared for, the roadsides clean. A decided change for the better. I have been very happy over this and especially was I grateful for the absence of bill boards along the highway, with their objectionable advertising."

There was more of this tenor, but the foregoing suffices. When a Virginian—the most state-idolizing people we know—feels ashamed of the place of her birth and returns from a visit to her native heath depressed, how must those not to the manor born feel about it? And then note how her heart sang when she came again and found the scenery beautiful with no hindrances, the splendid highways with few marring bill boards.

The writer, a stranger to The News-Herald, expresses gratitude to those who brought about this metamorphosis of the face of nature which rude hands scarified and marred beyond recognition by one who had known it in palmier days.

We want this lady to know that the credit for all the beautiful things she now sees on a visit here belongs to the women of Virginia, their federated clubs, their untiring, patient leaders and cooperating members. We drink to them the old familiar toast, "the ladies, God bless them." They are leading their men in rebuilding and restoring Virginia.

---

When you make a mistake don't look back at it too long; take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

# CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

**By Leon Godown**

While last Saturday, January 1st, marked the beginning of another year, it also brought to a close one of the most enjoyable weeks in the history of Jackson Training School—one that will be long remembered by our large family of five hundred boys.

In fact, the pleasures of the Christmas season began on Tuesday night, December 21st, at which time Mr. N. J. Mitchell, of Concord, extended an invitation to the boys to come over and view the beautiful Nativity Scene which he had set up on a lot adjoining the Weddington & Mitchell Funeral Home. Miss Elizabeth Gibson, also of Concord, a great lover of boys and a special friend of those here at the School, made the necessary arrangements with Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., owner of a local auto transfer line, whereby the boys could be transported to the scene in two sections, a group of 250 going on Tuesday night and the remaining 250 making the trip the following night.

The old, old story of the star that guided the wise men to Bethlehem, where the Christ Child was born on that memorable night, told in tableau, was very impressive. It attracted thousands of visitors, but we feel safe in saying that none enjoyed and appreciated it more than did the boys from the Training School.

The stable and other enclosures were constructed from logs taken from a house more than one hundred years old, adding greatly to the interest in the picture. The principal characters of Biblical accounts of the first Christmas were grouped in surprisingly life-like positions about the manger cradling the Infant Jesus. Here could be seen Mary, Joseph, shepherds from the Judean hills, and other characters, in life-size wax figures, made by Mr. Mitchell, while in the stable yard were the three Wise Men of the East on their camels. Back of the group in the stable were two live donkeys, a cow and calf, and in an adjacent yard were five sheep drinking from a model of an ancient well. Overhead was pictured a group of angels, and a new moon arising over the sheep-yard, while a bright star shone brilliantly above the stable. Lighted with various colored lights the scene was most impressive. The lights brought out the colors in the costumes and emphasized the expressions on the faces of the wax figures, making them appear almost human.

On the evening our first group of boys visited the scene, Mr. Mitchell graciously agreed to open the enclosure and allow as many boys inside the stable yard as could be seated, while others were grouped outside at an advantageous point. At the special request of Miss Gibson, the boys sang two Christmas Carols. The old favorite, "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" was used to start the program and the manner in which the boys entered into the spirit of the occasion and rendered this number, brought much favorable comment from a host of spectators. Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, whose ability to speak to young folks in a most interesting manner, has caused him to be a great favorite with the boys of the Training School for many

years, then told them the story of the first Christmas. The boys then sang that most popular of all Christmas Carols, "Silent Night," after which they were dismissed with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Hughes. The same program was carried out the next evening, with Rev. Mr. Warren, pastor of Concord Tabernacle, making the talk to the boys.

Upon returning to the School after visiting the Nativity Scene on Tuesday night, the boys joined the rest of the School's population in the auditorium, where our very good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, was present for the purpose of distributing his annual gifts to the boys. Mr. Sheldon was ably assisted by Mr. Roberts, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A.; Gene Davis, popular young singer, also of Charlotte, who has visited us on many occasions; and Bill McGarrahan, song leader at one of Charlotte's gospel tabernacles.

Gene led the boys in singing a number of songs, after which Mr. Sheldon addressed them briefly. Then Santa Claus, in the person of Bill McGarrahan, appeared upon the stage and his funny antics were greeted with roars of hearty laughter from the boys.

Mr. Sheldon, assisted by several members of the School staff, then gave each boy a large red apple, an orange, and a generous portion of several kinds of candy. As the lines filed past the stage, our friend Bill, minus part of his Santa Claus garb, had a lot of fun with the lads.

At noon on Friday, December 24th, the usual activities at the School ceased, only the necessary chores about the cottages and other departments being attended to. An early supper was had, and promptly at seven o'clock the boys, officers and matrons, together with a number of visitors, assembled in the auditorium for the annual Christmas Eve program.

Following the singing of two Christmas Carols by the entire assemblage, and the recitation in chorus of the Christmas story as found in the second chapter of Luke, Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, was presented, and he spoke to the boys on "The Night Before Christmas."

Dr. McLarty began by stating that something really wonderful happened in the world on the first Christmas night—something that made the world different. It marked the beginning of a new period of time. The years prior to that great event are designated in history as B. C. (Before Christ), while the years following are called A. D. (Anno Domini, which means the year of our Lord.)

The speaker then said that he considered the story of Christ's birth, as found in the second chapter of Luke, the most beautiful ever told. In all literature none can equal in beauty the story of the coming of Jesus.

He then asked his listeners to go back in their imagination and try to visualize Joseph and his wife, Mary, as they were required to go to Bethlehem to be registered. How different this custom was from that of the present day. Then people had to return to their native homes to be listed —now we have the government officials coming to our doors for that purpose.

Dr. McLarty next pictured Joseph going about the crowded town, seeking a place where he and his young wife might spend the night. They met with no success in the homes of

old friends or neighbors. They tried the inn, but the inn-keeper turned them away with the statement that there was no room. Now the inn-keep is not to be censured for the action he took on this occasion. He did not know anything about the great event that was to take place that night. The town was crowded, and he was following the rule of first come, first served. He finally listened to Joseph's plea and permitted them to stay in the stable.

This fact, continued the speaker, shows that God is no respecter of persons. He chose a humble peasant woman to be the mother of Jesus Christ, and permitted the Redeemer of the World to be born in a lowly stable.

Dr. McLarty next compared the events of that night with the manner in which Jesus is treated in modern times. Just as there was no room for Jesus at the inn on that eventful night, here in the world, more than 1900 years later, people are saying all over the universe there is no room for Him. Just as the Son of God was denied shelter at the inn, He is denied entrance into men's hearts today, and that is the reason part of the world is in turmoil at this time. If the people of all nations would let the Prince of Peace come into their lives today, this old world would be relieved of its burdens. While on this very night we are singing of the Prince of Peace, countless thousands of people are keeping Him shut out of their hearts, and as a result the world is in a wretched condition—in some parts men are engaged in the horrible business of killing each other by the thousands. We say that we believe that the story told in Luke's gospel is true, yet so many of us bar the door of our own hearts against the Savior.

In closing, Dr. McLarty urged his hearers to let this be a glad night and give their hearts to Jesus, and that none shall say there is no room, in order that new men and new women may be consecrated to the service of God and the people of all nations live in peace.

The program for the evening then continued with a vocal sole, "O Holy Child," delightfully rendered by Mrs. L. S. Presson, matron in charge of the Receiving Cottage, with Mrs. G. L. Barrier accompanying at the piano.

A Christmas play had been arranged for the evening, but owing to illness of several participants, at a time when it was too late for substitutes to learn the parts, only portions of it were given, together with several musical numbers appropriate to the Christmas season. Among these numbers were selections by a trio, a sextette, and other small groups of boys.

At the close of the program it was announced that friends of the Training School boys from all sections of the State, had made the necessary arrangements with Santa Claus whereby the jolly old fellow might visit the several cottage homes while the boys were in the auditorium, and they were assured that a large-filled bag, containing all sorts of good things to eat, so dear to the hearts of youngsters at this particular time of the year, would be awaiting them upon their return to the cottages.

On Christmas Day, the boys spent most of the morning opening boxes from friends and relatives back home and enjoying the contents of the bag

received the night before. Next in order was a fine Christmas dinner, consisting of products of our own poultry yards and gardens. The menu was as follows:

Chicken with Noodles
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce Creamed Potatoes
Cole Slaw English Peas
Boiled Ham Pickles
Chocolate and Cocoanut Cake
Peaches

After watching the youngsters enjoying a feast of good things all the morning and then looking at the above named articles of food piled high upon the various cottage dining-room tables, one could not help wondering how the lads could possibly manage to dispose of such a dinner. But the boys had different ideas about the situation. They attacked the large quantities of delicious viands without hesitation, and in an amazingly short time they disappeared, leaving the tables about as bare in appearance as a last year's bird's nest.

Our new DeVry sound picture epuipment played a very important part in adding to the boys' enjoyment during this eventful week. On Monday afternoon. "Freckles" was the feature picture and the title of the comedy was "Molly Moo-Cow and Robinson Crusoe", furnished by the R. K. O. exchange; Tuesday afternoon's entertainment consisted of the feature, "If You Could Only Cook" and a comedy, "Bird Stuffin'," from the Columbia exchange; on Thursday afternoon we saw Fred Estaire and Ginger Rogers in "Wake Up and Live," and the comedy, "How You Do, Doc," furnished by the Fox exchange; Joe E. Brown in "Earthworm Tractors," was the attraction on Saturday, coming from the Universal exchange.

On New Year's Day the boys were served a delicious oyster dinner, and of course, it goes without saying, that it was a highly enjoyable affair.

In addition to the above-named activities, the boys thoroughly enjoyed a number of basketball games and other outdoor amusements down on the athletic field. Others spent a great deal of time listening to the fine Christmas music broadcast from various radio stations.

Another pleasing feature of this glad week was that, with very few exceptions, the boys' conduct and general attitude was all that could be desired. They clearly showed their appreciation of all that had been done for them by conducting themselves in a most agreeable manner.

To all who contributed to the Boys' Christmas Fund; to the managers of the several film exchanges in Charlotte; and to all others who in any way helped to make this period of enjoyment possible, we wish to take this opportunity to extend our most sincere thanks. Had it been possible for these good friends to have visited the School and see how the boys enjoyed and appreciated their kindness, we feel sure they would have felt amply repaid, for an investment in the happiness of others always reaps large dividends.

We are grateful for a happy holiday season and as we stand upon the threshold of another year, it is our desire to extend to all interested friends, wherever they may be, our very best wishes for happiness and prosperity during the year 1938.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

There have been three cases of mumps among the boys recently. Two of them are confined to the "little white house," the other having been discharged and returned to his cottage.

---

Frank Overby, better known as "Red," formerly of Cottage No. 10, spent several days here during the Christmas season. Red is now living in Fayetteville, where he is employed in a drug store.

---

Elmer Maples, of Cottage No. 7, who was called to his home in Pinehurst on account of the illness and death of his mother, returned to the School last Tuesday. Both boys and officers extend sincere sympathy to this lad in his bereavement.

---

Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove, donor of the Swink-Benson Trades Building at the Training School, paid The Uplift office a most pleasant call last Wednesday afternoon. We were glad to see him out again and looking so well, following a recent illness of several weeks' duration.

---

James Talbert, who has been away from the School about five years, recently called on friends here. He is now living in Albemarle, where he has been employed in a cotton mill for the past nine months. He says he likes his work and has been getting along fine since leaving us.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Winbourne Thompson, of Charlotte, called on us last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Thompson is the son of the late Walter Thompson, first superintendent of the Jackson Training School. He is employed as an electrical engineer with headquarters in Charlotte. All of his old friends here were very glad to see him.

---

Houston Howard, of Cottage No. 7, was taken to the Cabarrus County Hospital on December 24th, suffering from pneumonia. For quite some time he was critically ill, but we are glad to announce that the latest reports from the hospital indicate that Houston is greatly improved and will soon be discharged.

---

Monroe Horton, formerly of Cottage No. 5 and a member of our printing class, who left the School about seven and one-half years ago, called at The Uplift office the other day. With the exception of two years spent in lithograph work, Monroe has been following the business of job compositor ever since leaving us. For the past year he has been employed by the Rush Printing Company, Charlotte, and states that he likes his

present place of employment very much. Monroe has been married a little more than eighteen months and is the father of a baby girl aged five months.

---

There is no longer any doubt about the coming of Indian boys from Robeson County. On January two nice looking Indian boys were sent to the School by the welfare department of that county. They are now comfortably housed in our Indian Cottage, completed some time ago. These boys, Ira James Chavis and Reefer C. Cummings, are first cousins.

---

Jack Page, a former member of the printing class, stopped at the School for a few minutes during the Christmas holidays. Jack graduated from Duke University two years ago, and is now studying for the ministry at the Duke School of Religion. He is still very much interested in the work of the School, and never fails to call on us when in this part of the country.

---

Our annual Christmas message from Keith Hunt, who was a member of the printing class more than fourteen years ago. came in quite late, just arriving last Thursday. This one came from Glasgow, Scotland. Keith is a very good printer, but seems to have the wanderlust. Since leaving us he has completed the necessary apprenticeship and received his union card, but after working a little while in a place, along comes the urge to move on. He has made several trips to foreign ports as a workman in printing offices aboard ocean liners. Keith is also an able seaman, as he holds a second mate's card. At the present time he is aboard the steamship K. I. Luckenbach, and has been in Glasgow for some time.

---

Wade Philemon, a former member of Cottage No. 7, group, who left the School six years ago, visited friends here recently. He had been working for some time with a roofing company, but due to an accident in which he had the misfortune to fall from a church spire, Wade has not been able to work for quite a while. We trust he will soon be in condition to resume his usual occupation.

---

We recently met Al Millis in Concord. He was a member of our dairy force several years ago. After leaving the School he spent six years in the United States Army. For the past two and one-half years Al has been living in Concord, where he has been employed in a hosiery mill during that time. This young man has become quite a pianist, and often plays in the churches in some of Concord's suburbs.

---

Early Hamilton, who left the School several years ago, was among the Christmas visitors here. While at the School, Early, better known as "Ham-Bone," was a member of our baseball team, playing the third-base position.

For the past four years he has been in a C C C camp near Gastonia, where he holds the position as an officers' orderly. Ham was very enthusiastic in his praise of the camp and stated that he was delighted with his work there.

---

Howard Atkins, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the bakery force, visited friends here during the hoildays. He is now living in Charlotte. Howard presented the boys of Cottage No. 10 a huge ice cream fruit cake, and judging from reports coming from a number of the boys, it was just about the best thing they ever tasted. It was packed in dry ice which froze it so hard that it was necessary to place it in the refrigerator to "thaw" it out so that it could be cut.

---

Among the former Training School boys who sent Christmas greetings to friends here are the following: Bill Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Frank Lewis, Laurinburg; Lonnie Harmon, Sanford; Robert Teeter, High Point; Wilson McLean, Lenoir; Gordon Kimball, New York City; Albert Andrew, Wilmington; Clyde Bristow, Stanleytown, Va.; William Bell, Washington, D. C.; George Goodman, Peachland; Milton Hunt, Muskegon, Mich.; Clyde, Kivett, Concord; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; J. L. McBride, Alexandria, Va.; William Glenn Miller, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Horace McCall, New Bern; Ernest Munger, Highlands; Edgar Rochester, Charlotte; Rufus Wynn, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Harvard Winn, Altamahaw; Robert Worthington, Concord; Mark Witty, Greensboro; Walter Sistar, Winston-Salem; Colby Buchanan, Asheville; Carl Henry, Detroit, Mich.; Marshall Brock, Kannapolis; Clyde Small, Morganton; Maurice Staley, Buxton; Albert Spangler, Shelby; Marvin Miller, Charlotte; Luther Kellum, Greensboro; Archie Scott, DeLand, Fla.; Howard Atkins, Charlotte; Arthur Boyette, Faison; John Gryder, Kannapolis; John Henry House, Godwin; Henry James, Lumberton.

---

In addition to the usual Christmas festivities the boys and offcers of Cottage No. 2, together with a few guests, enjoyed a splendid entertainment on Monday evening, December 27th. The nature of this feature was a lecture by Mr. Cyrus E. Smith, of Hulmeville, Pa., and the showing of several fine motion picture reels. Mr. Smith is a big game hunter, having made many trips to the Maine woods; the Wyoming Rockies; the Canadian Rockies and other places in search of moose, deer, elk, caribou, grizzlies, mountain sheep and goats. Many fine specimens have been victims of Mr. Smith's unerring skill as a marksman, and are mounted in the trophy room at his home—the writer having enjoyed the privilege of visiting there recently, can vouch for the truth of these statements.

Included in these fine views of the Canadian Northwest were two reels of pictures taken in color, which were unusually beautiful. The boys were especially interested in those showing Mr. Smith in hunting togs standing beside a large caribou which he had

jus brought to earth. Included in the colored pictures were several beautiful views of glaciers and water falls which attracted considerable attention. The coloring in scenes of huge mountain peaks, blending with that of giant fir trees mirrored in great lakes, presented a scene of beauty which, according to Mr. Smith, can only be found in the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. Smith was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas B. Longhurst, of Conocrd, who operated the projection outfit while the former told the boys many interesting stories concerning the various scenes. Both the boys and officials thoroughly enjoyed this fine entertainment and their appreciation is one hundred per cent. We understand that Mr. Smith has many other pictures, taken in various parts of the country, and we just want to take this opportunity to assure he and Mr. Longhurst that if they care to make a return visit in the future, a hearty welcome awaits them.

---

## THE NEGLECTED RICH

Much is being said and planned today about reaching and helping "the neglected poor." We seem almost to have lost sight of 'the neglected poor." We seem almost to have lost terly beyond the reach of Christian influence. We can reach "the neglected poor" through gifts of food, clothing, shelter and other ministries. On the other hand, "the neglected rich" are reached only with great difficulty. They live in beautiful houses and palatial apartments lining our avenues. Of course church visitors are not admitted and ordinary church announcements are prohibited. Indeed one wonders if many of these people would understand what "it is all about" if such announcements fell into their hands. The Lord's Day to most of them simply means the transfer of the endless round of pleasure from the city to the country. Almost nothing is being done for the spiritual life of this class. How can it be reached and awkened to a sense of moral and spiritual responsibility? Hundreds are working for "the neglected poor" and may God bless them in their efforts. Who among us, on the other hand, is thinking and praying for the "neglected rich"? Are there no ways and means of saving them? Should their salvation be allowed to be ignored because it is more difficult to reach them.—Watchman-Examiner.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending January 2, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(5) Marvin Bridgeman 5
(8) Leon Hollifield 8
(3) Edward Johnson 7
(8) Edward Lucas 8
(5) Mack Setzer 5

**COTTAGE No. 1**

J. C. Cox 5
Vernon Johnston
Blanchard Moore 3
William Pitts
H. C. Pope
Albert Silas 5
Frank Walker 3
James West 2
Preston Yarborough 5
R. L. Young 7

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Lewis Andrews 3
(2) Carlton Brookshire 2
James Burns
Kenneth Conklin 2
(2) Neely Dixon 4
(2) Henry Floyd 5
James Mast 4
William McRary 5
F. E. Mickle 4
William New 6
(5) Frank Pickett 6
(5) Kenneth Raby 6
(2) Fred Vereen 3
(5) Allen Wilson 7

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Shelton Anderson 2
Garrett Bishop 6
(5) Odell Bray 7
Hurley Davis 5
(3) James Hancock 7
Thomas Maness 5
Charles Mizzell 3
(5) Lloyd Pettus 5
(8) Frank Raby 8
Thomas Stephens 6
(2) Melvin Walters 6
(2) Leo Ward 5

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Harold Almond 5
(5) William Brothers 6
(2) Ernest Beach 6
(4) Winford Rollins 4
Thomas Sullivan 3
Ned Waldrop

**COTTAGE No. 6**

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 5
(2) Robert Deyton 3
(5) Robert Dunning 7
(2) Noah Ennis 5
Frank Glover 5
Columbus Hamilton 3
(2) Neal Hamilton 5
Thomas Hamilton 2
Roscoe Honeycutt 2
Jack Harward 2
Clinton Keen 2
James Lane 2
Spencer Lane 4
Ray Pitman 3
(5) James Rackley 7
Canipe Shoe 4
Jack Sutherland
George Wilhite 5
William Wilson 4
Woodrow Wilson 5

**COTTAGE No. 7**

Archie Castlebury 5
William Estes 3
Caleb Hill 5
Milton Pickett 5
Kenneth Spillman 4
Earthy Strickland 2

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) Lloyd Banks 4
Norman Parker
(2) Charles Taylor 4

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 2
(5) Wilson Bowman 6
(2) J. T. Branch 7
(6) Thomas Braddock 7
William Brackett 4
Edgar Burnette 6
(3) Hubert Carter 4
(5) Heller Davis 5
Woodfin Fowler 4
(2) Hubert Short 5
(2) Thomas Sands 6
Homer Smith 7
(6) Luther Wilson 6
Thomas Wilson 3
(3) Samuel J. Watkins 5

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Edward Chapman
John Crawford 5
James Howard 4
Mack Joines 7
Edward E. Murray 5
Milford Hodgin 7
Torrence Ware 3

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Howard Clark 7
(3) Edward Murray 3
(3) Donald Newman 7
Filmore Oliver 6
(2) Julius Stevens 4
Fred Williamson 6
(3) Berchell Young 7

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 4
(3) Alphus Bowman 4
(3) Charles Batten 6
James Elders 4
Joseph Hall
S. E. Jones 3
(7) Alexander King 7
Tillman Lyles 3
(3) Asbury Marsh 6
(3) Clarence Mayton 4
(7) Jerome Medlin 7
(3) Ewin Odom 7
William Powell 4
(3) James Reavis 4
Howard Saunders 5
(3) Harvey J. Smith 5
Carl Singletary 2
(2) William Trantham 5
(3) Charles Williams 4
(8) Ross Young 8

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(2) Norman Brogden 6
(2) Clarence Douglas 4
(3) Vincent Hawes 4
(4) Robert Hailey 7
(2) William Lowe 2
(2) Jordan McIver 6
(2) Eugene Patton 6
(8) Claudius Pickett 8

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Robert Coffer 2
Delphus Dennis
John Ham
John Robbins 4
James Stepp 3
Harold Thomas
Garfield Walker 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) Julian Andrews 6
Warren Bright 4
John Brown 5
(3) Hobart Gross 6
Joseph Hyde 5
Wiliam Hawkins 2
(8) L. M. Hardison 8
(4) Caleb Jolly 6
John Mathis 3
Raymond Mabe 5
Alvin Powell 7
(3) Wilson Rich 7
James H. Riley 6
Wallace Sommers 7
Richard Thomas 5
Harold Walsh 4

---

One thing about our holy Christian religion is the fact that its principles are applicable to every age, race, and country. The gospel has universal fitness. Everywhere its teachings make people better if they are followed—Selected.

## THE NEW YEAR

The New Year leads and I must go
Which way its fleeting footsteps show.
It leads; and shall I fall perchance
A victim to its circumstance?
Or shall each conflict give new strength
And make me conqueror at length?

What shall I of the year now past
Take with me still? Shall I hold fast
Mistakes, defeats and bear the shame
Of these? Their scars I leave and name
The lesson each defeat and sin
Has taught, and new attempts begin.

Why moves our time in measured round,
But that each year we may be found
A little higher up the scale
Of life? Not that by trade or sale
We count more gold. We invoice mind
And heart. In these our wealth we find.

Lead on! I follow thee, New Year.
I walk in faith and not in fear.
Though I may fall, I rise again,
With new strength quickened by the pain;
For man, as child, I now discern
Some lessons free, some forced, must learn.

—Philip H. Ralph.

JAN 17 1938
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 15, 1938 No. 2

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Gloomy days cannot continue long. Sunshine will return. Shadows are sent that we may more fully enjoy the light of the sun. When troubles and discouragements overtake us, we should be thankful for our pleasant experiences of the past, and for our expectations of the future. "The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."

—Sunshine Magazine.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE WATCHMAN ON THE TOWER | By Richard Watson Guilerd | 10 |
| A CURETAKER'S THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR | By Fred G. Lipe | 12 |
| THAT MEDICAL ENIGMA—THE COMMON COLD | (Smithfield Herald) | 15 |
| MOVING PICTURES AND CLASS ROOM TEACHING | (Smithfield Herad) | 16 |
| A VAST EXPENSE | (Lutheran Young Folks) | 17 |
| GEORGE HORACE LORIMER DIES | (Watchman-Examiner) | 18 |
| DON PEDRO AND THE TELEPHONE | (Ohio Chronicle) | 17 |
| HELEN KELLER HELPS SECRETARY IN COURT | By Mary Elizabeth Plummer | 20 |
| THE STAR THAT BLINKS | By Lalimer J. Wilson | 21 |
| A VALUABLE FAILURE | By Leslie E. Dunkin | 23 |
| GOOD ADVICE | (Young Folk) | 24 |
| FOLLOWING EXAMPLE | (Lexington Dispatch) | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

### THE MIRROR

Once when a prophet in a palm shade lay,
A traveler stopped at noon one dusty day,
And asked, "What sort of people in this land?"
The prophet answered, lifting happy hand,
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort!" the traveler snorted; "knaves and fools!"
"Well," said the prophet, "when your fever cools
Yuo'll find the people here the very same."

Another stranger at the dusk drew near
And paused to ask, "What sort of people here?"
"Well, friend, what were the people whence you came?"
"Ah," smiled the stranger, "they were good and wise."
"Then," smiled the prophet, laughing in his eyes,
"You'll find the people here the very same."

—Edwin Markham, in Sunshine Magazine.

## A LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE MEANS CONSERVATION

The Smithfield Herald tells that Goldsboro, one of the best decorated towns in Eastern North Carolina, during the Christmas season, has under advisement the planting of evergreen trees on its main street. This plan is devised because of the trouble and expense each year in procuring trees, and furthermore it will curtail slaughtering the cedars and other evergreens both valuable and beautiful.

The Woman's Club of Smithfield in 1936 sponsored planting a large cedar tree on the Court House lawn. The venture proved successful and this particular tree is known as the "Living-Christmas-Tree. Contrary to expectations of many the tree lived, so

annually there is neither apprehension as to the beauty or symmetry of the tree nor expense of the same.

But the planting of the Christmas tree has more merit than expense. It is conservation of the forest, beauty to the highways, and shelter to the song birds in all kinds of weather. The time is coming when the people of all communities will realize that a mistake has been made in destroying the evergreens along with other trees and plants of the fields and woods. We have much to be proud of in the way of trees and shrubs but have not been awakened yet to the fact. Goldsboro is setting a precedent for other towns in North Carolina,—planting evergreens instead of cutting them for Christmas decorations, and in a few days they are found on the trash pile.

* * * * * * *

## THE LIFE THAT INSPIRES

It is not the person, Gilda Gray, known to the dance world,—having an individual technique as a dancer, but the fact that she has grown weary of the footlights and the applause of the public, making a complete change in her way of being, that we wish to emphasize. She introduced the "Charleston" and "black-bottom" that soon proved popular for a season by the masses who always fall for the modernistic, and enjoy tip-toeing to the light fantastic.

But Gilda is tired of the things that momentarily please, she wants the simple life, therefore, she is now in a cabin in the cleft of a hill on a ranch in Colorado. Possibly this woman of fame as a danseuse has dissipated some of the best days of her life, but there is something fine in the person of such calibre who has been stirred into new life, and is now seeking the things that rest the body and give peace of mind.

This is what the woman who once gloried in "the shimmering back and twinkling toes" expresses:

"It's so different from anything I have known. Out here there's nothing to come between me and the real Gilda Gray. I've been peeling off layers of theatrical tinsel and exposing the person beneath. I find that under the wrappings there's someone I want to know."

This again is proof of the survival of the fittest—that the worthwhile qualities will return as the passing years beat out their march.

It took the wilds of the rustic life, the wonderments of a wild life, to awaken an interest and appreciation in the real beauties so long obscured from this "gilded butterfly" of the dance hall. Instead of life beginning at a certain period marked by years Miss Gray claims that it began in a cabin canopied by the blue heavens and enclosed by the majestic mountains, the handiwork of God.

* * * * * * *

## THE BOY AND HIS DOG

Not a greater love has ever been witnessed than that of a small boy for his pet dog. This love too is reciprocated many fold by the pet dog for his master and companion. In this respect the two are not twain but one, and the like always elicits interest.

Recently such devotion and loyalty were shown when in the debris of a home destroyed by fire the charred remains of a five year old youngster were found with his collie pup clutched close to his bosom. Judging from the story of the disaster as recorded in the papers it is evident the five year old youngster occupied an adjoining room to his parents, and his pet was serving as the body guard in the night. The parents awakened by the flames and smoke escaped by the skin of their teeth from the burning home. The child could not be found.

The policemen and firemen found the child under the bed, his body covering that of the pet collie. The conjecture is the child was awakened by the smoke, or something, and the small boy crawled under the bed, evidently followed the dog crazed by fear,— there the two stood together in the face of danger.

The whole world loves a boy, let him be termed either good or bad, and a dog is appreciated and eulogized because of his undying loyalty and love for his master. One's friends often prove deserters during adversities, but a dog loves in spite of misfortunes. Neither does a dog nurse a revenge for chastisement, but on the other hand a dog will after a severe whipping nudge his moist nose into his master's hand as much as to say, "Oh, come on let's be pals again." A human being usually sulks and seeks revenge. The dog in his humility forgives.

The composite picture, the boy and his pet dog, suggests the finest elements of life,— love, loyalty, gratitude, a forgiving spirit and

humility. From such many fine lessons could be absorbed that would tend to make life smoother and happier.

* * * * * * *

## GOOD NEWS

Whether true or not we intend to hang on to all suggestions of peace and prosperity for our country. It is impossible to put forth our best efforts if our minds are filled with a broadcast of depressing news. Look for the best and it will be found. Also keep in mind our success consists in never falling but rising every time we fall. There is an old expression among miners that "gold is found where it is", but happines is found at any place if one looks for it.

Just lately we have been reading Rober Babson whose forecasts as to the future of the country carries more weight than any other prognosticator. He sees an upward trend in business, thinks pay rolls, prices, stocks, real estate and jobs will be on their way to high. This really is good news for the New Year—1938. Nothing hinders progress more than the lack of confidence in our fellowman and the feeling of constant fear that something terrible is going to happen.

* * * * * * *

## LATTER-DAY SAINTS—MORMONS

The January issue of "Life" gives an interesting, but brief sketch of the Mormon church both in picture and word. The emphasis is that Mormons believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelations and visions. The founder, Joseph Smith was born at Sharon, Vt., December 23, 1805, but moved later with his father, a tiller of the soil, to New York.

When eighteen years of age Smith told the amazing story that an angel appeared and told him of certain religious records buried near Palmyra, N. Y. The story continues that when found the translation made the famous "Book of Mormon" now used by more than 300,000 Latter-Day Saints.

Mormonism took form as an organized church at a meeting in Seneca county, N. Y. on April 6, 1830 with six members. This membership grew by leaps and bounds and at the same time built a $1,000,000 temple. With his increasing popularity Smith had an

urge to offer himself as a candidate for President of the United States in 1844. But when attempting to introduce polygamy into the church, (since plural marriage has been renounced by the Church) he met with amazing opposition. This current of opposition was too strong for him to overcome. So finally he was confined in jail and shot by a mob. But for the quick wit of his wife his body after being placed in a vault of the magnificent temple would have been outraged, but the body of Smith was clandestinely removed elsewhere.

This outrage did not end Mormonism. Brigham Young, one of Smith's disciples, gathered a band of Mormons and headed West. In the valley of the Great Salt Lake City, Utah, they found their land of promise. After years of hard labor, a blistering desert was turned into a garden of Paradise, and Salt Lake City is today one of the most important cities of the West.

The Latter-Day Saints are a thrifty people. One of the highly practical principles of the Mormon church is to prepare for the day of want. They maintain their regional stores through the church membership so as to care for the needy families. All of which is a practical demonstration of true religion. There is something good in everything if one so desires to find it. They abhor having one of their faith becoming a ward of the government or community.

* * * * * * *

## READIN' AND WRITIN'

A catalog of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer finally found its way to a distant mountain village, where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written if somewhat clumsily expressed letter from a hill-billy, asking further particulars about one of the listed articles.

To this, in the usual business way, was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return mail came a reply:

"You fellows need not think you are so all-fired smart and you need not print your letters to me. I can read writing."

—Wall Street Journal.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

APPRECIATION

"Some murmur when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

---

We are told that "the thumb is a finger." Along the roads these days it certainly is a pointer.

---

In school, in the old days, everybody was required to spell. It has put a spell on everybody since.

---

The honeymoon is over when she tells you that "you are spilling ashes all over the house, for her to clean up."

---

When young people spend their money, in youth, for everything they want, will become old, and do without things they really need.

---

The college student who is impairing his heath in hard study to get his B. A's M. D's and all the rest of 'em, may be said to be killing himself by degrees.

---

The only New Year resolution I have made and mean to keep is: To do my best in the state of life it hath pleased God to call me, and leave the results to Him.

---

I see that a newspaper says, "in getting along, brains is everything." That may be; but I notice that a lot of people get along that do not seem to have any brains at all.

---

Many a man, in public, will prate about dictators until he is red in the face, and then go home and try to bully his wife. However, very few of them make a success of it.

---

The highway of 1938 is beginning to show signs of broken resolutions cast aside. It won't be long before these highways will resemble the graveyards of cast away automobiles.

---

I read this paragraph in a newspaper: "Kid gloves are made from the skin of sheep and lambs." Wonder if he is kidding us? It seems that the goat ought to have a hand in it, too.

---

Life does not expect the impossible from us. But it does expect of us that service which is within our limitations. Personal choice should not enter into the matter. Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.

---

Congress is back in Washington again on the job of law making. The trouble with Congress is that it keeps one eye too much on the elections of next November to see how to legislate straight for the benefit of all the people, and the good of the country.

---

Many persons fulfill the infraction of the law by going to prison. Others, with love in their hearts, fulfill the entire law governing humanity. There

is no law against love—unless you are too ardent towards your neighbor's wife, or husband, as the case may be.

---

Playing cheap politics is not going to get us out of our present troubles, and help the country any. What this country needs just now is co-operation —a getting together in a friendly spirit to help each other, not further quarreling, between all business and the government.

---

The man who is really honest with himself, and with the world, need fear nothing in this life, or in the next. He will have both character and reputation. No finer tribute can be paid a man than to say he was true to his word, to his work, and to his friends, and his God.

---

One great trouble with this country is that such a large number of people listen to another large number of people that talk too much—and try to follow out their advice. Everybody doesn't know what is the matter with the country. If you follow everybody's advice you'll have a state of confounded conglomeration.

---

The industrial and agricultural resources of this country are greater than ever. We lead the world in national wealth, in living standards, in opportunity, and in potential achievement for the betterment of the lot of all. Out of this can come a finer civilization than the world has ever known—if only we use to the fullest advantage the tools we have. And in securing this, the first essential is fairness and tolerance—on the part of industry, of government, of labor, and of all other elements in our national life.

---

## LITTLE THINGS

He stopped to pat a small dog's head—
A little thing to do;
And yet, the dog, remembering,
Was glad the whole day through.

He gave a rose into the hand
Of one who loved it much;
'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
That lay in its soft touch.

He spoke a word so tenderly—
A word's a wee, small thing;
And yet, it stirred a weary heart
To hope again, and sing.

—Lois Snelling.

# THE WATCHMAN ON THE TOWER

**By Richard Watson Guilerd, in Boys' Banner.**

Watchman, what seest thou in the New Dawn?

Far off, across the seas, I behold men persuing men and helpless women with dreadful massacre; borne on the eastern wind, I hear the horrible cries of the murdered and bereft.

And what seest thou nearer, O Watchman of the Tower?

Nearer I see dark and cowering forms of crime and frightened innocence alike given pitilessly to the grenn tree and red flame.

And what else nearer dost thou see, O Seer of Evil Things?

I see smoldering fires and drift dark smoke where all manner of shames have been burned in the market-places befouling the pure air of heaven.

And now, again thou seest—?

I see sacred creatures, in shape of men, fleeing from the light and hiding in cliffs of rocks, and in far places of the caves.

Look well, O Watchman, look near and wide, and tell us, who wait what other sights thou dost behold!

"I see the shining faces of the little children from whose backs heavy burdens have been lifted; I see rich men eagerly scattering their wealth among the needy,—lifting up the stricken and restoring the power of self-help to the study; I see those who labor winning an ampler share in the profits of their toil, in wage and comfort and safety and time for rest. I behold Science conquering the secrets and guiding the forces of nature and creating new and wondrous devices for human happiness"—working miracles in culture of the soil, and in the cure of sickness; I behold Art going up and down the land, making homes and cities more beautiful; I hear the voices of poets and prophets troubling the hearts and lifting up the souls of all mankind; I see men as brothers,—in times of calm and days of monstrous calamity,—stretching hands to one another over lands and seas, and across the ancient barriers of race and religion, and condition; I see the hearts of men go out, in new love and care and understanding, to the beasts of the fields and to the birds of the air; and in all these I see the mind of the Son of Man and the power of Will Eternal.

O Seer of Good and Evil what else, what else?

Near by I behold the Angel of a people, and in his hand he bears a standard whereon is writ in letters of light, the one word Truth; higher he bears the standard ever before and the people in gathering numbers, followed the word.

And what of evil things that late thou sawest?

Still I see them, and many more, but fainter they appear, as if some element of light consumed. Yet, doth one strange and greatly evil thing loom with menace against the dawn —the shadow of false and self-seeking men who seize the banner of righteousness and with unclean hands uplift it,—to the deceiving of many; and yet, even here, I know it is the love of Right, and not the Wrong which doth mislead; and as the light increases, surely the pure in heart shall

know their own and shun the deceiver of souls?

And what of the good, that late thou sawest?

O still I see the good, and with clear eyes; and, lo, it seems that, in the light of New Dawn, greater and always greater grows the good, and nearer and always nearer. Far now, with the rising sun, a company of angels in new flight lift their wings and come upon the day; and one is the Angel of Freedom, and one the strong Angel of Justice, and one is the unconquerable Angel of Peace, and one the Angel of Hope Everlasting. With a great and wonderful burst of light they come, and with loud music of instruments and many voices.

O, Watchman of the Dawn! Thou seest what is, but canst thou see what shall be?

O, ye who doubt! In the visible present lives the invisible future and the hour that it brings the hour that shall be. If the Light grows, it shall not cease to grow; and the good that brings the good that is to come. As with separate souls, so with peoples the New Year, though it holds inheritance, shame and loss, holds also inheritance of striving and accomplishment, and divine aspiration. Lo, the light is climbing not only a New Year, but of a New Era the awakened world.

---

## THE ONE WHO FOLLOWS

One day an old umbrella-mender brought his skeleton frames and tinkering tools into the alley at the back of my office. As he sat on a box mending the broken and torn umbrellas, I noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers. Being always interested in anyone who does his work well, I went over to him.

"You seem extra careful," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, without stopping his work; "I have always tried to do good work."

"Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," I suggested.

"No, I suppose not."

"Do you ever expect to come back?"

"No."

"Then, why need you be so particular?"

"So that it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," he answered firmly. "If I put on shoddy cloth, or do bad work, they will find it out before long, and the next mender who comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bulldog—see?"

—Exchange.

# A CURETAKER'S THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

**By Fred G. Lipe**

You know, according to the way we like to hear it defined, the man who lives a victorious, useful life is he who gracefully accepts and utilizes all things, the hardships as well as the boosts, which life drops off at his door from day to day. That man well understands, as did Lincoln, that "The true rule in determining to embrace or reject anything is not whether it have any evil in it, but whether it have more evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything is an inseparable compound of the two; so that our best judgment of the preponderance between the two is continually demanded."

There is no better way to judge acurately of a man's philosophy of life—that is, what he really does believe about life—than to note closely what he is doing with his given circumstances, not what he is planning to do 'when this present difficulty is past"; to note closely just how he is now playing the game of life, when visibly he is driven to the wall and apparently all the odds are against him.

Through the medium of our mental and emotional reactions to the immediate pinches and rubs of adversity we are often prone to project ourselves over into some future Golden Age, which we imagine is wholly exempt from all conflict and strife. Instead of capitalizing every present advantage, we are losing what really is life's only golden gift to us—Opportunity! Do we need to be reminded that the difference between an accepted and a lost opportunity is the difference between victory and defeat, happiness and misery? Surely we understand that opportunity is the chance to become something, to climb out of the rut, and can be transformed into knowledge, power, health, achievement—into what we will.

Now the only creed of life any intelligent man can believe in and give his whole allegiance to is a creed which faces life four-square, as life really is, without attempting to deny or dodge the austerities and vicissitudes which every man must face.

A man comes to have a peace of mind only as he faces and admits the worst possibilities of life, or any given situation of life. The more steadily and penetratingly a person looks into the true facts of life, the more he comes to understand exactly what to expect of it—not only what life can do to him, but what life cannot do to him. And when a man knows, even in a small degree, what to expect of life, he is prepared to live fearlessly, victoriously. His philosophy of life —born not of fear and ignorance, but of truth in the stream of life—may have "scars on it," but it is true to the ways of life, and, therefore, equal to any and every situation of life.

If the great liberators of the human soul—such as Jesus, Plato, Paul, and a host of others—have one great common lesson to teach us, it surely is this: It is not by refusing to recognize, but bravely facing the biting blasts of life that we may learn

how to be spiritual masters over them. To enter into the midst of any experience, however, fiery it be, is to understand that experience, and to hold the key to its solution—knowledge.

The first discovery any man who is seeking to make terms with life is most apt to make is that life can at times be terribly unjust and even horrible—see what it did to Jesus, a cross; to Socrates, a cup of hemlock; to Lincoln, an assassin's bullet. But, is that all we see? Do they teach us only that life can be terrific and dreadful? Would we not better look a bit deeper and see the whole truth of what they teach; namely, that the darkest hours of life can be turned into great spiritual victories—that ultimately it is we ourselves who determine whether life shall make us look up or down, whether we shall "sit in the scorner's seat" or stand "God-conquered"?

Two men of equal intelligence and ability contemplate the same facts of life and come to hold two diametrically opposite creeds about those facts. One man comes to believe that there is no meaning in human life, or purpose in the sum total of things in the universe; that life is only a side show on some ridiculous star; that personality is no more than "a transient mote of dust dancing in a sunbeam." And the other man? He comes to believe that personality, life, is the supreme value of the universe, and that

> "Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God in the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own."

To continue our analogy, two men suffer the very same hardships: one folds up within himself and bites the dust in utter defeat; the other seizes that same difficulty, as it were, by the throat and comes off not only victorious over it, but also a stronger man. In the light of such evidence, must we not then conclude that what life, or any given circumstance of life, does to us depends in the long run upon what life finds in us? Remember Shakespeare:

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Genuine happiness and true nobility of heart are not meted out to us, as it were, scot-free. They are created and won (and in the very teeth of untoward circumstances) by our thoughts and attitudes, by our very interpretation of life itself. A great interpretation of life, a great life. "We potters make our pots of what we potters are."

There is nothing which can befall us which does not have somewhere in it food and possibilities of growth for regnant spirits. Nothing in itself is ultimately terrible. A thing becomes terrible only when we ourselves permit it to have a terrible effect upon us. If we will, we can make the most severe reverses of life assume a peculiar beauty and splendor of their own —that is, if we bear them finely.

See a picture of bygone centuries, a picture of a noble spirit that could not be defeated. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens—all save one valiant soul, Sophocles, the Duke of Athens. Sophocles has the choice of two alternatives: either be must kneel before Martius and beg Martius to spare his life, or he must die at Martius' hand. Rather than stoop and ask Martius, an enemy, to spare his life,

**Sophocles chooses death. As the Roman's sword is raised and is about to descend, these words are spoken:**

Sophocles: Why should I grieve or vex
from being sent
To them I ever loved best? Now I'll
kneel,
But with my back toward thee; 'tis the
last duty
This trunk can do the gods.

Martius: This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captivated himself, hath captivated me,
And though my arm hath taken his body
here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think:
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be
gyved;
Then we have vanquished nothing; he is
free.
And Martius walks now in captivity.

**You, too, can be greater than anything that life can do to you—if you will.**

---

## GOOD SERVICE

Reports from Washington indicate that more young men are now quitting the camps of the CCC to enter private employment than at any time in the last four years. And this is a good sign, for two reasons. First, it shows that private industry is still reaching out for additional help. Second, it shows that the young men trained in Uncle Sam's forest camps have made themselves one of the choicest reservoirs of labor in the country.

It should be of interest to all citizens who have kept in touch with this new institution to learn that during the first eight months of this year nearly 100,000 of the 316,000 young men enrolled in the CCC have been released before the end of their enlistments to take private jobs.

More than 2,000,000 young Americans have been in these camps since they were established, and not only did they and their families receive help at a time when it was sorely needed, but they have done constructive work for the nation that is now yielding results and that will be of untold value in the years to come. Forestry protection, the building of hundreds of miles of highway, the erection of thousands of miles of telephone wires into heretofore inaccessible places, the saving of forests and farm land from soil erosion, all have made the CCC a valuable institution and one that American citizens now appear willing to foot the bill for, since it is possible to see results.—Mooresville Enterprise.

# THAT MEDICAL ENIGMA—THE COMMON COLD

**(Smithfield Herald)**

Common colds are said to reach a high peak of prevalence in the late fall season. Why this is so or what causes the common cold medical science has as yet failed to discover. The United States Public Health Service estimates that this health enigma causes a direct economic loss of more than a half million dollars annually, for the average worker loses from three to five working days per year. Medical men are experimenting with treatments for colds and various serums and vaccines are being tried. In some instances, some people are immunized for a short period of time. One thing at least has been found out—colds are infectious, and it is therefore important that in order to resist attacks of the germ, one must keep as physically fit as possible.

Dr. Robert A. Fraser, chief medical director of the New York Life Insurance Company, offers ten suggestions which will help to avoid this widespread malady. They are:

1. Get plenty of sleep, fresh air and sunshine.
2. Eat all the nourishing food you need, but avoid overeating.
3. Dress sensibly and with regard to the climate.
4. If you get wet, change to dry clothing as soon as possible.
5. Breathe through your nose, not your mouth.
6. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Bathe daily.
7. Avoid constipation.
8. Get outdoor exercise every day. Long walks are excellent.
9. Avoid sudden changes of temperature.
10. Keep away from people who have colds.

---

## SILVER WHITEST OF PRECIOUS METALS

Silver is the whitest of precious metals. It is susceptiable of a lustrous polish and has excellent working qualities. In its pure state it is too soft for uses wherein it is subject to wear; so it is usually alloyed with copper. The terms "sterling silver" and "coil silver" indicate alloy proportions. Sterling silver is alloyed in proportions of 925 parts pure silver to 75 parts copper. Coin silver contains 900 parts pure silver to 100 parts copper—this is the standard for United States coinage.—Selected.

# MOVING PICTURES AND CLASS ROOM TEACHING

**(Smithfield Herald)**

The use of the moving picture machine for class room teaching is growing by leaps and bounds, according to Mrs. N. A. Edwards, director of publicity of the State P. T. A. organization. Such an announcement is not surprising. The surprising thing is that this educational agency has not been taken hold of by the schools before now and in a greater degree. It is a well established fact that what a child takes in through the eye makes a graphic impression that stays with him. And when knowledge is blended with entertainment, the interest of the dullest pupil is assured. Some of the subjects taught in school, English grammar and arithmetic perhaps, will still require the ingenuity of the teacher and the concentrated effort of the pupil for mastery with little aid from moving picture. But history, science, geography and many other subjects can be taught successfully with the proper films.

Extension Service has a complete library of films for rental purposes, and machines may be secured from the same source on a rental basis. Some schools have purchased their own machines and as the movement develops, in time, every school will likely have its own movie equipment.

Even though it takes local supplements or contributions through the P. T. A. or some interested patron, such a useful educational agency should be incorporated in our school system. Movies could have an inestimable value in character teaching that the schools have been stressing anew in the past few years.

---

## HOW TO OPEN A BOOK

Lay the book, back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few of the leaves at the back, then at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the center of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently nor bend back the covers. It is liable not only to break the back but to loosen the leaves.—Selected.

# A VAST EXPENSE

**(Lutheran Young Folks)**

We are told by those who make surveys and count staggering figures that during the last five years the great nations of the world have constructed battleships that cost thirty-two billions of dollars. Besides there were more billions spent for other phases of warfare, or preparation for war. Such a vast expense is claimed as justifiable. Arguments are set forth to persuade governments to increase appropriations for preparations for war in order that peace may be maintained.

Such enormous figures are beyond comprehension, but not any more so than is war itself. Who can explain why civilized peoples must rate their national stability on the quantity and quality of their implements of war? Why should Christain nations try to justify getting ready for the next war? It does seem that representatives of nations should be able to sit down and reason together and reach agreement, without resorting to war.

We say that the way to get rid of war is to follow the teaching of the Prince of Peace. The Golden Rule can hardly be twisted into any sort of war-approving proclamation. But how can the world's nations be persuaded to make policies and offer pledges that square with what Jesus taught and exemplified? We do not know how to answer. We may burn up with zeal for the peace-bringing Gospel of Jesus Christ, but how can we get this Gospel into minds and hearts of the world's governments? At best it will be a slow process. But it is worth much long-range planning. Maybe the movement for peace that is fostered by different organized groups will bring nations to peaceable solving of their problems sooner than we think. Maybe the church, each Christian, can do much to offset the influence of the advocates of war. Anything we can do, we should do at once, for the dogs of war are already straining to get loose and at their ferocious destruction.

---

## DAILY SERVICE

Service to your fellow man,
Helping when and where you can,
With a word of hope and cheer
That may help dispel some fear,
May not seem like much to you—
Yet the little things you do
And the thoughts you may convey,
As you wend along life's way
Simple though to you they seem,
Are what win the world's esteem.

—Selected.

# GEORGE HORACE LORIMER DIES

**(Watchman-Examiner)**

George Horace Lorimer, for thirty eight years the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, passed away recently in his sixty-ninth year. He took this old paper, established by Benjamin Franklin, when it was apparently on its last legs and made of it the most popular weekly published in the United States. He retired from the editorship less than a year ago, hoping to enjoy for a long time the leisure which he merited and the ample fortune which he had laid by. Mr. Lorimer was the son of Dr. George C. Lorimer who attained eminence in our Baptist ministry. In memory of his father Mr. Lorimer gave $200,000 to Colby College, Waterville, Maine, for the erection of a chapel. So eminent was Mr. Lorimer that the New York Times devoted two and a half columns to telling the story of his life. It was an admirably written biographical ksetch, but one sentence in it showed that the writer knew little of recent Baptist history here in America. Referring to Dr. Lorimer it said:"His father was a well educated Scotsman who attained some small local fame in Boston as pastor of that home of evangelism, Tremont Temple, before coming to New York as pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church." Informed people of course know that Dr. Lorimer reached the pinnacle of his fame when multitudes waited on his ministry in Tremont Temple.

---

## WHAT IS YOUR BEST?

One day a friend of the great poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, said to him: "What is your best poem?"

"I have not finished writing it," came the reply.

At that time Stedman was busily engaged and working long hours in an effort to liquidate the debts of a dying friend.

Some time later he was again asked if he had finished his best poem.

"Not yet," he replied cheerfully, while writing a check payable to an invalid author who was at that time in a home for incurables.

Then, one day, the same friend found Stedman hopelessly ill. Stedman turned to his friend and said with a smile: "My best poem will soon be finished."

All his life, in kindly deeds, Stedman had been writing his "best poem," and today it is being sung in many hearts to which he brought strength, cheer and inspiration. We live in deeds, not words; in thoughts, not breaths. He lives most who feels the noblest, and acts the best.—Sunshine.

# DON PEDRO AND THE TELEPHONE

**(Ohio Chronicle)**

Alexander Bell was granted a patent for his wonderful invention on his twenty-ninth birthday but it was some considerable time before its value was recognized. In 1876 there was a great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia; substantial prizes were being given for new inventions and many remarkable things such as the first electric light, the first reaper, and binder, and other things were on view and competition was keen. Bell was anxious that his "baby phone" should be considered by the judges. He was, however, unfortunate in not being able to secure a good position. While other inventions were displayed to advantage, the best Bell could do was to have a small table in a corner, and it looked as if the judges would never even see his telephone. All day these men passed from one place to another carefully considering each invention in turn. It was seven o'clock in the evening before they passed near Bell and they were impatient to be through. He was given a chance to explain his device but they were bored. Some of them openly laughed at his idea of making the human voice travel. But Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was with the judges and he spoke up and told of Bell's great success with deaf mutes. This secured for him a better hearing. Bell spoke to the Emperor: "Put your ear to this receiver," he said. Don Pedro did so and Bell went to the far end of the room and began to talk over the wire. Astonishment, then amazement spread over Don Pedro's face. "My God! It talks!" he fairly shouted. Then Professor Henry, who had encouraged Bell some time before, took up the reciver and he was equally astonished. The judges now changed their attiude and stayed for hours examining the new discovery. The next day they gave their decision that the telephone was the most wonderful of all the exhibits.

---

More than a million visitors to see a prayer book is the record reported by the public library at Chalons-sur-Marne, France. There the prayer book of Marie Antoinette, bearing its pathetic last-minute message to her children—"My God! Have pity on me! My eyes have no more tears to weep for you, my poor children. Farewell! Farewell!"—has been on exhibition since 1885. For some obscure reason the book was saved from destruction by the powerful revolutionary, Robespierre. It was found hidden under his bed by M. Courtois, an official who had been appointed to examine Robespierre's papers after his execution. Courtois, in turn, preserved the book, and it was from the archives of the Courtois family that the last message of Marie Antoinette reached the Chalons Public Library in 1885.

# HELEN KELLER HELPS SECHETARY IN COURT

**By Mary Elizabeth Plummer**

Helen Keller went to court as a witness today for the first time in her life, and helped Miss Polly Thompson —who has been her "eyes and ears" since the death of her childhood teacher—become a U. S. citizen.

Sightless and deaf to all sounds save the vibrations of music and laughter, she stood smiling before Justice James T. Hallinan in Queens Supreme Court while an interpreter "speller" into her hand the question:

"Do you vouch for this person as a citizen?"

Miss Keller, who laboriously learned to talk after a mute childhood, answered in a clear, confident voice, "I do."

Miss Thompson a Scottish woman—her secretary—companion for 23 years —then was asked the routine query, "have you ever been arested?"

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, as if shocked. She "spelled" into the deaf-blind woman hand:

"He asked if I've ever been arrested!"

"Oh no!" echoed Miss Keller, vigorously shaking her head.

"Now that Miss Thompson has her papers," she said as they left the courtroom, "I feel safe. I shall always know I have her."

It was the second time in recent years that Miss Keller has come to the aid of her own assistants.

Before her death last year, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Nacy, Miss Keller's teacher who had been with her since she was 6, became nearly blind.

Then Miss Keller, reversing the positions, acted as her teacher, and read Braille to her for hours at a time.

Silver-haired Justice Hallinan told Miss Thompson she was fortunate to be vouched for "by a woman of such courage and integrity."

---

## POLAR ESKIMOS FRIENDLY

Polar Eskimos are a friendly, happy people who live farther north than any other human beings. They rove the Arctic from Greenland to Alaska. Skin tents are their habitation during the brief summer; snow igloos their winter homes. Their food, save for a few birds' eggs and berries, is exclusively flesh—the seal, bear, fox, whale, walrus and reindeer being the provender. They are prodigious eaters, hence their plumpness and perhaps their good nature.—Selected.

# THE STAR THAT BLINKS

By Latimer J. Wilson

"That's the most curious star I've ever heard of," said Mrs. Phillips one evening when the children and their father were all out in front of the house looking toward the sky.

"Tell us about it again," laughed Mabel. "I want to see a star that blinks."

"It was long ago that this curious star was first discovered," said Mr. Phillips. "It must have been out upon the vast endless expanse of the desert where the Arabs travel in caravans at night. You can imagine how they must have appeared, the numbers of camels laden with bundles of precious merchandise, cloths of gold, boxes of spices and rich articles being taken across the desert to the market in Bagdad. The day was always hot and then the Arabs pitched their tents and slept. Their camels knelt and rested in the soft, hot sand, and their white ponies were sheltered from the sun by one of the tents. At dusk when the sun touched the horizon and the desert put out the golden flame of day, the Arabs packed up their tents and started out to travel in the coolness of evening. The sky was bright and they were guided by the stars," continued Mr. Phillips, looking toward the northwest, where the glittering constellation Perseus flashed like jewels in the sky.

"There, you can see Perseus, the hero who rescued the Princess Andromeda." He pointed it out to Willie and Mabel. "Now look at the three stars in a row which mark the place of the Princess Andromeda. Follow them toward the horizon and you see a fourth star, not quite as bright. That star is called Algol, the blinking star."

The children lost no time in locating the star and their father continued.

"It must have been the Arabs who discovered that Algol blinks. They gave it the name Al-Ghoul, which means 'the Demon.' Every sixty-nine hours with the regularity of clockwork this strange star begins to darken and in a few hours it becomes far less bright than the North Star. It stays that way for about twenty minutes and then rapidly begins to brighten until it agan becomes as bright as the North Star. You have to know when to expect the blink, or you might watch many evenings without seeing it. But tonight I have found that Algol is almost ready to blink for you. Now watch it carefully and you will see what I mean."

The children kept their eyes fixed upon the star. They had been out of doors a long time and the star had been fading all the time. For twenty minutes it remained so faint that it was less than one-half as bright as the North Star, the star by which it could be compared. Then it began to brighten.

"What makes it do that way?" asked Willie.

"Astronomers tell us that Algol is a sun so far from us that its light requires more than a hundred years to reach our eyes. Flying around this sun, like a moth around the corner electric light, is another sun whose light has grown dim. When this darker star passes across the bright star as seen from the earth it causes an eclipse, much as when the moon

passes between the earth and the sun. It is the darkness due to the eclipse of the star which makes it seem to 'blink.'"

After seeing this interesting blinking star, the children looked many evenings at it, but they never saw it so dim again for a long time. As the eclipse occurs regularly every two and one-half days, some times it takes place in daylight and cannot be seen. But Mr. Phillips had read the star article in the newspaper and that had told him the time that Algol would blink at a convenient hour for the children to witness the strange sight.

---

## A BIG WORLD

We are told that on a clear night we can see about 2,000 stars with the naked eye. Possibly the eyes of some persons could see more than the eyes of other persons. But the heavens look very different when viewed through a telescope. This instrument reveals many millions of stars and worlds. There are telescopes being constructed now that will make it possible for man to see heavenly bodies that human eyes have never looked on before.

In the spring of this year there was an eclipse in the heavens that interested astronomers in all parts of the world. The strange thing is, they can tell to the second when an eclipse is to begin and when it is to end. Well, this eclipse, or series of eclipses rather, was far, far away. Do you have any idea how far? I am almost afraid to tell you, for you can hardly believe it is true.

You know that our sun is about ninety-three million (93,000,000) miles from the earth. Now this eclipse took place sevently-five million times as far away as the sun, or seven quadrillion miles distant. I shall not just at this time attempt to state that in figures. It is go great that our minds stagger at it. We cannot begin to think how far that is.

There is one thing sure, and it is this: Ours is a small world. I mean this planet on which we live. Sometimes we speak of it as a drop in the bucket; but we should rather say, a drop in the ocean.

David exclaimed, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament (sky) showeth his handiwork." They may have had telescopes in his day, but if so these instruments did not begin to compare with ours. One thing we should say, when in our day we get an idea of the world above and around us: "Our God is a great God." It should not be hard to worship a God like this, or to rejoice in His great power, especially when we remember He is as kind as He is great.—Selected.

# A VALUABLE FAILURE

**By Leslie E. Dunkin**

In the year 1880 a young man, Lewis E. Waterman, was selling life insurance policies. He soon found the value of having the prospective buyer sign on the dotted line as soon as he decided to take out a policy. Such a signature had to be written in ink. Accordingly this enterprising salesman carried a dip-pin and a bottle of ink in his pocket ready for use.

Of course he sometimes got ink on his clothes. This would not do. He could not afford to buy new clothes so often, nor could he be continually cleaning ink-spots from his suit. Whereupon he decided to try a recently offered automatic pen.

Soon one of his prospects agreed to purchase a large insurance policy The application blank was promptly prepared and Lewis Waterman handed the pen to the man, but just as the prospect grasped the pen a flood of ink gushed out, smearing the application and the signer's hand. He became very angry about the inky mess.

The young salesman apologized and and hurried away to get another application ready; but before he returned another insurance salesman had captured the business. Because of a poor pen Lewis Waterman failed to make the greatly desired sale.

He was determined to solve the problem before him, and before every other person who needed pen and ink for prompt business transactions. Making use of the principles of the laws of capillary attraction and atmospheric pressure, he produced a satisfactory pen. After this had been accomplished his friends urged him to spend all of his time making and selling his new invention. His first factory was a kitchen table in a room behind a little store in New York City. There he achieved great success in his new work, which later expanded to a large factory and a nation-wide business.

Like Lewis Waterman, all our ability and effort may be centered upon something that appears to be all-important to us. Then unexpected failure may stalk defiantly across our path. When this time comes we shall not become discouraged and quit. A new field may open to us if we are ready for it. God may be using the obstacle in our path to raise us to a higher plane of living and work. No matter how big the failure is, it constitutes a valuable experience if it pushes us out to something better.

---

"Clothes do not make the man."
Obesrve the dandy's—
If further proof's required
Just gaze at Gandhi's.

—Selected.

# GOOD ADVICE

## (Young Folk)

There is a wide-awake director of Christian education in China. He is a native of that great land, which has in it more than one-fifth of the population of the globe. He is a young man and carries the degree of doctor of philosophy. He was at the World's Sunday School Convention in Oslo, Norway, last summer, and made a very profound impression there because of his scholarly attainments, his understanding of the Christian religion, and his earnestness in the promotion of the work of the church. He is particularly interested in the educational side of this work, though he does not allow his education to run away with him.

He tells us of a remark made by one of the professors in one of the leading colleges in the United States, to the effect that those who are responsible for the Christian movement in China would do well to avoid the mistake that has been made in America of overemphasizing the educational side at the expense of evangelism.

That is very interesting, for this professor is one of the leaders in religious work in this country; and he ought to know whether we have been emphasizing education or evangelism too much. We have been priding ourselves on the books we have read, the schools we have attended, the knowledge we have acquired, the degrees we have earned, and we forget the fact that all of this is not half so important as to know what is right and good, and especially to know what the Lord would have us do. There is something bigger and better than the knowledge that we gain in secular schools, and it is the knowledge we gain in the school of Jesus. How fine it is that in a country like China there are those who have that view of things! To keep the two aspects of Sunday school work well balanced is to do the best work possible.

---

## FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

— Henry Van Dyke.

# FOLLOWING EXAMPLE

**(Lexington Dispatch)**

Library-minded folks in Gaston county are following good example in preparing to inaugurate bookmobile library service throughout that county the first week in October. The Gastonia public library is the focal point for this service and public officials of the county are lending substantial encouragement to the forthcoming extension of library service.

Fifteen book stations are to be opened at first in the various towns and larger rural centers of the nation's leading textile county. This will be a start, it is pointed out, in a plan to eventually make the library service available to every person in the county.

Davidson County people may well take pride in the fact that their county is the real pioneer of the entire South in respect to the general distribution of free library books to all the people, in all sections of the county. And they have the word of state library officials that Davidson has not only pioneered but has more successfully developed this work than any other North Carolina county—which probably also means any other Southern county.

The popularity of this service among the people is emphasized with each succeeding year as the circulation of the books continues to mount to almost phenomenal totals and percentages. It is upon this substantial evidence of a useful and popular public service that the board of commissioners of Davidson County has in recent years shown an increasingly liberal attitude toward public library work. It is gratifying that they have made provision for increased service this year by granting funds to enable purchase of more books.

It was the Rosenwald Fund that gave our county its substantial start in this field, and the county has carried on in fine fashion. Gaston will find that it is setting out on a path of pleasure and profit.

---

A salesman who had been traveling on a certain railroad for a number of years was complaining about the trains always being late when, to his surprise, the train came in on time.

He immediately went to the conductor and said: "Here's a medal. I want to congratulate you. I've traveled on this road for fifteen years and this is the first time I ever caught a train on time."

"Keep the medal," said the conductor; "this is yesterday's train."—The American Boy.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

"The Mighty Barnum," featuring Wallace Beery, was the chief attraction at the weekly motion picture show, last Thursday night. At the same time a Mickey Mouse comedy, "Shanghai," was also greatly enjoyed by the boys.

---

A small edpidemic of mumps has started in our ranks. To date there have been around ten cases. If all boys not heretofore infected should develop this disease, our capacity for care of same would be greatly overtaxed.

---

During intervals of bad weather for the past two weeks, boys on our outside forces have cleared about five acres of well-wooded land. This will provide a nice quanity of wood for fuel as well as a fine lot of cedar posts for fencing purposes.

---

A committe of the Cabarrus Grand Jury, now in session in Conocrd, consisting of Messrs. R. R. Roberts, of Kannapolis, and J. N. Brown, of Concord, visited the School last Wednesday morning. They reported that they were delighted with conditions as they found them at the School.

---

The School's work has been somewhat interrupted recently because of a number of the workers being away from their regular duties on account of severe colds. The most serious of these were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Walker, of Cottage No. 8 and Mr. W. M. Crooks, one of our teachers. All are improving and hope to be back on the job at an early date.

---

Lambeth Cavanaugh, better known as "Shag," who left the School about fourteen years ago, called on us last Tuesday. He stated that for some time past he had been employed at the U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Columbia, S. C., but was on his way to take a position at another government hospital. Shag is now twenty-four years old and looks well, He still has the same smile that won him so many friends while here.

---

Mrs. Ed Swing, Mrs. James L. Moore, Mrs. T. H. Wingate, and Mrs. L. L. Benson, all of Kannapolis, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. They brought a number of games and magazines, the gift of the Junior King's Daughters, of Kananpolis, for the entertainment of our boys. This act of kindness on the part of these good ladies is greatly appreciated, both by the boys and the officials of the School.

---

The Concord Rotary Club entertained a group of four boys at the reg-

ular luncheon-meeting last Wednesday. The boys, Fred Vereen, Thomas Braddock, Paul Shipes and Hoyt Hollifield rendered a program consisting of readings and a number of songs. They were accompanied at the piano by Mrs G. L. Barrier, Following the boys' program, Superintendent Boger spoke briefly on the training received by the boys while here in order that they may gain a useful place in society upon leaving the School.

---

Mr. Scarboro and his group of boys recently had their first "work-out" with the new tin shop equipment in quarters provided for that purpose in the Swink-Benson Trades Building. This work consisted of re-building a kitchen range which, when completed, will be as good as new. This department will be a means of saving the School considerable money on this item alone, and will also give a number of boys valuable experience. These ranges, when new, cost from $125.00 to $150.00, and can now be re-built at one-fourth the cost.

---

On January 12th, Superintendent Boger received a letter from J. B. Wells formerly of Cottage No. 5. It was mailed December 10, 1937, at Fort Hughes, Philippine Isands, where Jack has been stationed for the last fourteen months, as a member of the United States Army. He stated that he has eight months longer to stay in the Philippines—13000 miles away —before returning to this country. Jack came to the School from Charlotte in June 1928 and left in May 1933. In his letter he inquired about different members of the staff and said that he wanted to visit the School when he comes back to the States.

---

Our good friend, Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove, who is always thinking of some way to help the boys of the Training School, visited us recently and left nineteen copies of the book, "One Hundred and One Famous Poems," one for each cottage. This book contains some of the world's best poems and should prove highly inspirational. We are grateful to Mr. Swink for this gift.

On this visit Mr. Swink looked over the Swink-Benson Trades Building and was much enthused at the progress being made toward equipping same, whereby the boys may have an opportunity to learn various trades.

---

The King's Daughters Libary here at the School has grown so large that it was necessary to provide more space for the proper care of the increasing number of books. Mr. Alf Carriker and his force of youthful carpenters have been busy for the past week outfitting an adjoining room, formerly used as a stock room, for this purpose. This new addition is a well-lighted room about thirty feet square, and is being shelved on all sides. This will be a great improvement, as space for reading tables will also be available. The room formerly used as a library will be used as the librarian's offce and record room. The new room has been painted and varnished and will be

ready for occupancy within the next few days, and will be a fine addition to the School's assets.

---

Rev. I Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the parable of the unjust, steward, as found in the 16th chapter of Luke, and his talk to the boys was "Resolution and Action."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hughes called attention to to the wickedness of the man referred to in the Scripture Lesson. He pointed out how he tried to cover up his sin with further acts of wickedness. This man had been trusted with a piece of land, and when called upon to give an account of his stewardship, he asked those working under him to write down a less amount than what they had turned over to him, thereby resorting to dishonest means to hide his wrong doing.

But this steward did take three steps, continued the speaker, which are all right when taken in the right direction. He said, "I am resolved what to do." When he learned that he was going to be checked up on, he did three things—He first asked himself the question, "What shall I do?" His second decision was, "I am resolved." The next step was action.

In speaking of resolution and action, Rev. Mr. Hughes used an ordinary weather-vane as an illustration. It just goes round and round, in whatever direction the wind is blowing. So it is with some people, especially those who have no resolutions. They have no mind of their own. They just drift along, doing just as the crowd does, turning only in the direction in which someone else directs them.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then spoke of a crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. On it is inscribed just two words, "Steadfast—Immovable." Nearby is the tomb of the Duke of Wellington, one of England's greatest men. He was known everywhere as the "Iron Duke." The great poet, Tennyson, said of him that he had a resolution in life to stand four-square, no matter which way the wind was blowing. It was this determination that enabled him to conquer the great Napoleon. Such people are bound to go forward and really accomplish something worthwhile.

The speaker's next ilustration was that of taking a snowball and throwing it in a stream and then throwing a rock into the same stream. The snowball, when thrown into a running stream soon melts and becomes a part of that stream. Some people are just that way. They get in a crowd and, instead of thinking and acting for themselves, they are soon a part of the crowd. Suppose we throw a piece of flint rock into the stream. While it may move along for a slight distance, it soon stops. It takes its place and the stream is unable to carry it along. The man or woman with a resolution to do something by himself or herself is like the rock. After making the resolution they have the will power to carry it out.

The speaker then said that books telling of the characters of great men and women show us how will power will lead to great things if directed properly. Evil deeds are the works of men with weak bodies and minds

—those who do not have the will power to carry on in doing good. He then told of a woman in Italy, weak of body, but strong in will power. That woman was Florence Nightingale, who went to the Crimean War and started small groups of women nursing soldiers on the battelfields. The service rendered by that good woman was the beginning of the great organization now known as the Red Cross.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told of another woman, poor of health but possessing a brilliant mind. She married a poet, Robert Browning, and was the inspiration that led him to great heights in the literary field.

Another story was of a man in Massachusetts, who, when quite young, was told that he was going blind. He made up his mind to conquer fear of the dread condition. While he was allowed to read or write but one hour each day, he became the author of several books. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote many wonderful books after he was stricken with tuberculosis. Julius Caesar was an epileptic but he became one of the greatest rulers of the world. Lord Nelson was seasick practically all his life but he became one of England's greatest naval heroes despite this handicap. These and many others have not possessed great bodies or minds but because of their determination to make good, made their lives really worthwhile.

The will can sometimes bring on wilfolness, continued the speaker. We see many men in prisons today who would have been wonderful geniuses. Their will power has driven them in the wrong direction and they have ruined their lives because of wilfulness. Napoleon, though small in stature, became a great master of men and one of the world's outstanding military strategists. He became so vain that he thought he could rule the entire world, but it overpowered him and he died in exile. The will is like dynamite—powerful if headed in the right direction, but if used in the wrong way, it leads to ruin

Every man must have something to guide him through life, said Rev. Mr. Hughes. He is like a large vessel coming into port. Upon entering the narrow channel, the captain gives over the steering wheel to the pilot who knows the way through the channel leading up to the docks. While the captain had brought the vessel through thousands of miles of heavy seas, it required someone who knew the way through the channel to allow the boat to reach the harbor safely. So it is in life. There are times when the one doing the steering or directing doesn't know just how to go to the right place. It is then we must accept Christ as the pilot. He is the one who knows how to keep us on the right course.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hughes urged the boys to make this resolution for the year we are just entering—to take Christ as their guide, that they might live cleaner and more useful lives. Not to be the same as the year before but to resolve to let Jesus be their pilot, so that this year will be one that counts for something worthwhile in their lives.

---

One statement proved is worth a hundred assertions.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending January 9, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Marvin Bridgeman 6
Leonard Buntin
Ivey Eller 8
(9) Leon Hollifield 9
(4) Edward Johnson 8
(9) Edward Lucas 9
Warner Sands

### COTTAGE No. 1

Edgar Harrellson 4
William Haire 3
Howard Roberts 3
Robert Watts
(2) Preston Yarborough 6
(2) R. L. Young 8

### COTTAGE No. 2

Kenneth Gibbs 2
Carl Kepley
Nick Rochester 5
Fred Seibert 6

### COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Neely Dixon 5
Harold Dodd 2
James Eury 4
(3) Henry Floyd 6
John Hampton 7
(2) William New 7
(6) Frank Pickett 7
William Smith 3
(3) Fred Vereen 4
(6) Allen Wilson 8

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 3
Wesley Beaver 2
(2) Garrett Bishop 7
(6) Odell Bray 8
Lewis Donaldson 4
(4) James Hancock 8
Grover Lett 2
(2) Thomas Maness 6
Hubert McCoy 5
Robert Orrell 3
(6) Lloyd Pettus 6
(9) Frank Raby 9
(2) Thomas Stephens 7
(3) Melvin Walters 7
(3) Leo Ward 6

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 5
(2) Harold Almond 6
(6) William Brothers 7
(3) Ernest Beach 7
Monroe Keith 2
(5) Winford Rollins 5
Burl Rash
James Seawell 4

### COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson
(6) Robert Dunning 8
(3) Robert Deyton 4
(2) Frank Glover 6
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 3
(2) Columbus Hamilton 4
(2) Thomas Hamilton 3
(3) Neal Hamilton 6
(2) Jack Harward 3
Leonard Jacobs 2
(2) James Lane 3
(2) Spencer Lane 5
Charles McCoyle 2
(2) Ray Pitman 4
(6) James Rackley 8
(2) Canipe Shoe 5
Hubert Smith 2
(2) George Wilhite 6
(2) Woodrow Wilson 6

### COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 2
(2) Archie Castlebury 6
(2) William Estes 4
Blaine Griffin 2
Lacy Green 3
(2) Caleb Hill 6
Kenneth Messick 2
Wayland Morgan 4
Elmer Maples 3
J. C. Mobley 5

(2) Milton Pickett 6
Wallace Smith 5
William Tester 3
Joseph Wheeler 2
William Young 3

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Duke Davis 2
John Tolbert 3
Charles Taylor 5

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(6) Wilson Bowman 7
(7) Thomas Braddock 8
(2) Edgar Burnette 7
(4) Hubert Carter 5
James Coleman 5
Craig Chappell
(6) Heller Davis 6
George Duncan 4
(2) Woodfin Fowler 5
James C. Hoyle 2
Eugene Presnell 4
(2) Homer Smith 8
(2) Thomas Wilson 4
(4) Samuel J. Watkins 6

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 2
(2) Edward Chapman 2
(2) John Crawford 6
Jeff Gouge 5
(2) Milford Hodgin 8
(2) Mack Joines 8
James Martin 2
(2) Edward E. Murray 6
William Peedin
James Penland 3
Jack Springer

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Joseph D. Corn
(4) Howard Clark 8
Lawrence Guffey 4
Albert Goodman
William Kirk 6
(4) Edward Murray 4
(4) Donald Newman 8
(2) Filmore Oliver 7
Theodore Rector 6
(3) Julius Stevens 5
John Uptegrove 4
(2) Fred Williamson 7
(4) Berchell Young 8

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 4
Burris Bozeman
(3) Norman Brogden 7
(3) Clarence Douglas 5
Harry Flowe 4
(2) William Lowe 3
Ney McNeely 4
(3) Jordan McIver 7
Irvin Medlin 3
Douglas Mabry
(3) Eugene Patton 7

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Harry Connell 3
James Kirk 6
Paul Shipes 4
(2) Harold Thomas 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Granville Cheek 4
(9) L. M. Hardison 9
(2) William Hawkins 3
(5) Caleb Jolly 7
(2) Raymond Mabe 6
Connie Michael 6
James McGinnis 7
H. C. Odham
(2) Alvin Powell 8
(4) Wilson Rich 8
(2) James H. Riley 7

---

Thou camest not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for that give room for discontent.

—Selected.

JAN 2 & 1938
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 22, 1938 No. 3

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## A CHILD

"They are idols of hearts and households,
They are agents of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses
His glory still gleams in their eyes
These truants from home and from heaven
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| TRIBUTE TO ROBERT E. LEE | By Mrs. J. H. Anderson | 10 |
| AUSTRALIA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY | By Jasper B. Slinclair | 12 |
| "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC" STILL RINGS TRUE—PARTLY | (The Pathfinder) | 15 |
| WESLEY'S WARM HEART AND SAVANNAH | (North Carolina Christian Advocate) | 19 |
| BOBBY'S FRIEND, FRANKLIN | By Mrytle B. Carpenter | 20 |
| CHALLNEGE TO THE VIRGINIA WOMEN | By J. Walter Hosier | 24 |
| AS TO WORRYING | (Selected) | 27 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 29 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THREE GIFTS

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope, though clouds are gathered low,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith, where'er thy bark is driven—
Through sullen calm or tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
And the inhabitants of earth.

Have Love—not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—From "Square and Compass."

## ROBERT E. LEE

This month registers the birth of Robert E. Lee, born January 19, 1807, Westmorelant County, Virginia,—the date when all admirers of this magnificent figure will pause to pay tribute to the man whose ability as a warrior goes unchallenged. As a soldier, orators and writers have lauded this southern chieftain, noted for his strategic maneuvers and courage in blasting his way to victory at all times in the face of overwhelming odds.

Back of this there are other characteristics that made him the peer of any in leadership. Generall Lee had that nobility of soul,

an inheritance of the faith of his Christian forbears, the devotion to duty, the humble spirit, and the courage that served him in the struggle for rights that immortalized him in the hearts of his countrymen.

It was not war that made him great, but that was an occasion for manifesting the magnitude of the man, therefore, we are constrained to forecast that the splendor and simplicity of such a life will come flooding back to succeeding generations, and serve as a lamp to the feet of many, and a light unto the paths of faltering footsteps.

The need of the times is for more leaders of moral courage, in fact for leaders possessing all of the characteristics that immortalized Lee, if so, they too will be enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen,—mortals raised to immortality.

It is gratifying to know that the grandeur of character lies wholly in the force of soul—that is in the force of thought, moral and spiritual—prompted by love, found in the humblest conditions of life. Such elements make the type of men who contribute to life and make history.

* * * * * * *

## ALDERSGATE SPIRIT

The leaders of the three branches of Methodism are treking to Savannah, Georgia, the part of the country where John Wesley first landed soon after he felt "strangely warmed" when attending some religious service, May 24, 1738, Aldersgate, London.

The object of this meeting is to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Methodism, and Savannah has much traditional history and sights that are shrines to this denomination,—both interesting and informative as to the early history of a denomination that has contributed largely to evangelizing the country.

The anniversary guest speaker was Dr. Edwin Lewis, professor of theology in Drew University, Madison, N. J. Without quibbling he unhesitatingly stated that some of the ablest minds are openly challenging the Christian views and that there is a growing hostility to what the church represents. Also that what may be termed the intellectual atmosphere of our time is full of menace, and that the advance in scientifice knowledge to some able minds reduces

man to a mere incident of a vast process and that the idea of a personal creator is incredible.

The Methodist are a people who blieve in the "old time religion", and really that is the need of the times,—a "strangely warming of the spirit" that constrains one to be about the Master's work. The Aldersgate spirit is sadly needed. There will have to be restored universal confidence and love for our fellow man before normalcy will be restored.

* * * * * * *

## THE HANDICAP OF SATISFACTION

Oh, that will do; it's good enough." So comments the careless, indolent, indifferent person when the fact is that nothing less than the best should be tolerated. Such false satisfaction is a handicap in the road to skillful workmanship. To decide to stand against improvement, to refuse any change of method on the ground that present success is quite sufficient, is to be handicapped in the pursuit of larger and fuller success.

A certain farmer illustrates this. He was a good, practical farmer, following carefully a well-planned system. He conserved and enriched his soil and raised as good crops as anyone in the valley. He congratulated himself on being a good farmer. He did not suppose he could improve. He was satisfied with the quality and quantity of his crops. He resented advice or suggestions pointing to better farming. His neighbors introduced better methods, but he was content to go along as he had done for years. But his satisfaction with himself and his methods proved a handicap. While others went forward he stood still and was soon left far behind. Had he not been so self-satisfied he would not have been handicapped.

Some people are so satisfied rligiously that they know no religious progress. Their satisfaction holds them back. They are intolerant of any chances, or marks of progress in religious life and practice. They take the critics' stand and find fault with anything new. They stand pat, resentful of all propositions that have a forward look. They boast of their satisfaction, but their satisfaction may be their handicap.—Young Folks.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S FIRST WRITINGS

After reading a summary of Benjamin Franklin's (born in Boston, January 17, 1706) first effort as a writer we are convinced that every boy should be given a chance to see himself in print, if so adapted. You will agree after reading this:

In 1720 Benjamin Franklin's older brother began publishing the New England Courant in Boston. People had told him that one paper in America was enough and the Courant was the second to be established, so it was not easy to make it a success. Big Brother put Benjamin to work on the types and printing. Later he gave the little boy the work of carrying the papers through the streets to customers. Among these customers, as they were called, were several persons who wrote articles for the paper.

Benjamin heard these people talking about what they wrote and his ambition was aroused. He wanted to see something he had written in that paper. But Big Brother was something of a tyrant. Benjamin knew that it was useless to try anything in his own handwriting, and there was no one whom he wished to trust with such a venture.

One morning he slipped an unsigned article, in which he had disguised his writing, under the door of the office. It was found. A few hours later men came in, as usual, to discuss the contents of the paper. Benjamin heard some of them say that the writer of this particular article must be "a man of character, famous for learning and ingenuity".

We can imagine how that pleased and astonished the boy. He wrote several more articles, and, after a few months, disclosed his identity. That put an end to his writing for the Courant. His brother felt sure that it would make Benjamin "vain" to be known as the writer. But it was too late to take from the boy the fine beginning he had made as a writer.

* * * * * * *

## THANKS TO SENATOR BORAH

Senator Borah doubtless has studied the Negro problems from every angle. He gives the Negro from an economical viewpoint his rightful place—the South. No one understands the problems of the Negro race better than the southern people, and naturally they

can bring about satisfactory adjustments. In fact you can not transplant the Negro elsewhere. He soon returns home. However, we of the South appreciate all that Senator Borah stated:

"We in the North may be interested in the Negro politically," said Senator Borah. "We care little about him economically. But he is an indispensable factor in the economic development of the South. They can and will for him far better without our interference or advice than with it.

"Mr. President, the Negro has had a hard road to travel ever since he was given his freedom. A hundred-and-odd years of slavery afforded poor training for citizenship in the most advanced of nations. Almost overnight he went from slavery to take up the obligations of a free man in a free country; but, everything considered, he has done well; his advancement has been marked.

"Restricted, not by the Constitution of his country or the decisions of its highest courts, but restricted, almost cabined and confined, by the iron laws of society, nevertheless he has made progress.

"And where has that progress been greatest? In the South. In spite of prejudice, and statements to the contrary, facts and figures show it has been greatest in the South. In the acquisition of property and economic advancement generally the Negro has fared better in the South than elsewhere.

"It is true, as is contended here, that at times he has suffered from mob violence in the South, but it is equally true that he has suffered from race riots in the North. But in all things which make for the advancement of the race as a race, the North has no advantage over the South in the story of the advancement of the Negro. We have shown no greater patience, no greater tolerance, no greater ability to deal with this race than have our brothers of the South."

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

FAITH WITH THANKSGIVING

"If hopes of yesterday are gone
And you're of friends bereft,
Kneel down and give your thanks today
For good things that are left.
Pray from a joyous, faithful heart
You'll find small time to grieve,
The Lord has left you future gifts
That you would have Him leave."

---

We have some wonderful doctors in this day and time. I hear of a child qthat swallowed a nickel, and a doctor made him cough up $2.

---

If troubles all around you roll,
And striving seems in vain;
Pull up your belt another hole
And start out fresh again.

---

A difference in stamps. A lady may be glad when she stamps a letter, but you can put it down as a sure thing she is angry when she stamps her foot.

---

If you want to be forgotten
And soon placed on the shelf
Just go around 'mong people
Talking about yourself.

---

Don't howl because some one beats you in a deal; or get stuck by a thorn now and then reaching for a rose; or get your feet muddy star-gazing. It's the way of the world.

---

"A little bit of something given,
No thought of something got;
And so we pass around our heaven
To some one's heavenless lot."

---

"What would you do if you had no appetite?" some one asks in a newspaper. I'd sit me dwn before a radio and listen to all the glowing, alluring persuading terms the announcers use in describing soups, desserts, and other edibles.

---

I hope every one of my readers had a peaceful, hopeful entrance into this New Year. And that they also had a beautiful Christmas, with renewed peace and spiritual satisfaction that ought to come with each recurring anniversary of the birth of Christ, our Saviour. The world is full of trouble and uncertainty, but none of it is due to the teachings of the babe who was born at Bethlehem. Most of the woes of the present world, certainly all that have to do with peace and spiritual things, would never have visited us if we had heeded and practiced what He preached.

---

In our neighboring county Person there is one outstanding person, who towers amid his fellows, like a giant oak above the forest of men. He is Mr. William F. Reade, of the Timberlake section. A few days ago he celebrated his 91st birthday, with all his faculties intact and alive to the service of his Master, good deeds, love of his beautiful family and his friends. He is a lovable man among men and a shining example of Christian living and practice. He is one of the few remaining old soldiers. While he may be a little feeble, he seldom misses a reunion of the "boys that wore the gray." In the combined attributes of kindness of heart; of purity of purpose; devotion to duty; unswerving loyalty to principles and convictions;

impeacble integrity; lofty courage; sweet humanity, he is in every way entitled to be classed among "the salt of the earth." I wish him many more birthdays, and that they will be filled with happiness and heaven's choicest blessings.

---

I do not look forward to the remainder of this year with fear and trembling. I don't believe there will be much, if any, further decline; and I do expect that this year will furnish a more stable foundation for lasting prosperity, although there will be a bitter battle between the conservative and radical elements of our people. I expect 1938 to be a more satisfactory year than 1937, and to offer opportunities for reasonable prosperity on a more stable basis. Possibly the recent decline, or recession, will awaken the American people to the fact, old-fashioned as the belief is, that two and two add up to four and nothing else. We can't borrow or spend our way to prosperity. We can't have peace by stirring up hatred between classes. We must learn again to work together harmoniously for the creation of more new wealth than we consume. A surplus of wealth does not cause depressions. What we need is to better our system of distribution of newly created wealth. Nothing worth the effort can be accomplished by trying to re-distribute wealth that has been created and distributed in the past. Corrective measures should apply to what we do hereafter. We have no moral right to denounce as criminal or unjust things that we encouraged at the time they were done.

---

## HUNTING DON'TS

Here are some timely and sensible don'ts for local hunters who may be inclined to grow careless with firearms along about this time of year—learn them by heart or paste them in your hat:

Don't pull a gun carelessly through a fence or from an auto. Remove the shells before crawling through a fence. Don't use your gun to club game from the brush. Don't carry it cocked—it's always closer to you than it is to the game. Never point a weapon at anyone in fun. Don't walk ahead of an inexperienced hunter—let him go first. Don't leave a gun where children can reach it; all weapons are popguns to them. Don't leave a loaded gun in the house; bears are not coming into the living room this year. Never allow your gun muzzle to clog with mud or snow.

Hunting accidents caused 2,000 deaths in 1936. If everyone obeys the above rules closely there won't be any around here in 1937.—Mooresville Enterprise.

# TRIBUTES TO ROBERT E. LEE

**By Mrs. J. H. Anderson**

On every January the 19th, Robert E. Lee lives again, in our hearts, around our firesides, in the knowledge of our children. He lives in story and song, on this birthday of his, which is being commemorated throughout the southland, and in fact throughout our nation, on the approaching January 19th.

Yes, Lee, the American, lives again—as long as human hearts shall breathe—these hearts shall enshrine the memory and proclaim the fame of the peerless Robert Edward Lee.

Where shall we stop when we begin to pay tribute to this chieftain? The tributes paid to General Lee by others than his own people attest the admiration of the world, for this man who was defeated in the cause which he espoused.

First of all, we quote the tribute from Benjamin J. Hill, brilliant statesman of Georgia—when he said:

"Lee was a foe without hate;
A soldier without cruelty;
A victor without oppression;
And a victim without murmuring.
He was a Christian without hypocrisy;
And a man without guile.
He was a Caesar without his ambition;
Frederick without his tyranny;
Napoleon without his selfishness;
And Washington without his reward!"

Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley of the British Army visited the Confederate headquarters, and of his first meeting with General Lee he wrote:

"Every incident of that visit is indelibily stamped on my memory. It seemed to me he was the greatest man with whom I ever conversed, and was one of the few who awed me with his inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old fashioned style of address, come back to me among my most cherished recollections."

Speaking of Lee's conduct in war, Charles Francis Adams said:

"As one of those opposed in arms to Lee, I admit at once that, as a leader, Lee conducted operations on the highest plane. Whether acting on the defensive upon the soil of his native State, or leading his army into the enemy's country, he was human, self-restrained and strictly observant of the most advanced rules of civilized warfare. He respected the non combatant, nor did he ever permit the wanton destruction of private property. His famous Chambersburg order was one which any invading general would do well to make his own."

In his life of Lee, Dr. Gamaliel Bradford of Massachusetts said:

"I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my life has been deep and inspiring. The cardinal fact of Lee's life was his God. It is rare to find a soldier making stern war with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ."

When the end came at Appomattox —Lee yielded to overwhelming numbers and resources. Mounting his faithful horse, Traveler, he said to his devoted followers—"Men, we have

fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The next morning he sent his troops his farewell message (which is an epic of the English language). Every school child should be taught this Farewell of Lee, which closes with these words:

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed—and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessings and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The remainder of Lee's life was spent in educating young men, as he expressed it—"I have led the young men of the South in battle, I shall now devote my remaining energies toward training them as citizens of the United States of America."

Edgar Lee Masters gives General Lee's advice to young soldiers at the close of the War in these words:

"Go to your home my Son, go to your home. Take up and build anew the life you left for me and for the South. Your duty is to live. Forget the hatred of the war, and be not a Virginian only, but beyond that, a new American."

Though many monuments and memorials have been erected to Robert E. Lee, yet his greatest monument is the adoration felt today for him—his greatest shrine is in every Southern heart

Truslow Adams in his America's Tragedy says:

"The spirit of Robert E. Lee may rest with the assurance of a permanent existence—for he is a part of our American heritage, and as such his spirit will live forever."

---

The stop-sign for crime is the Church, according to Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. He has been writing a series of articles in Liberty on crime prevention, and comes to this conclusion: "One obvious reason why the present situation is especially critical is the changed position of the church in community life. . . . Even fifty years ago most children attended Sunday school regularly—although perhaps under protest!—and were taught principles of moral and spiritual conduct which were more or less common to all denominations." "The church, which a generation ago would have been a first refuge in such an emergency, was out of the question. A study of more than 14,000 cases of youthful delinquency had already shown that less than a third were connected with any church or religious group." Since Mr. Cummings proceeded to lay the blame for this condition on careless parents, godless in practice if not in belief, the blame, and then the duty, are laid squarely at the doors of the churches, yours and mine.—Selected.

# AUSTRALIA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

**By Jasper B. Sinclair**

Australia is giving a birthday party in this year of 1938. It is being held in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the country.

It was the British who first settled the land of the Southern Cross when a group of colonists stepped ashore on January 26, 1788, at the present site of Port Jackson. Early maps called the country New Holland—a name it bore till 1814, a quarter of a century after the coming of the British.

The story of pioneering days in Australia is not unlike the story of early America. The Australian colonists faced the same difficulties and privations in wrestling a living from a raw country— a country of wide open spaces and great distances; of mountains, deserts and thickly matted bushlands.

The bushmen, Australia's untamed aborigines made frequent forays into the settlements and villages of the whites, stubbornly resisting the irresistible march of progress for at least three-quarters of a century after the country's settling. Today it is estimated that there are still about 60,000 full-blood aborigines in Australia. But they are peaceful, law-abiding people now.

Clipper ships, plying between Australia and Britain with their cargoes of wheat and tea, wrote an epochal page into early Australian history. It was a long, venturesome voyage from the homeland in those days.

The British tea clipper, Thermopylae, sailed in 1854 from Liverpool out to Hobson's Bay, Melbourne, in exactly sixty-three days, eighteen hours, 15 minutes, for a record passage between those ports. The old clipper ships, by the way, often spread 40,000 square feet of billowing sail to drive a scant 2,000 tons of cargo.

Those days are long since gone, of course. Australia, land of the bush and the bushranger, is growing up. But the bushlands and waste spaces of the hinterland are still there, untrod and unexplored in many regions.

The deepest jungles of Africa and South America are probably better known to civilization than the heart of the Australian continent!

It was just as recently as 1936, for example, that E. A. Colson became the first white man to achieve the hazardous feat of crossing the Simpson Desert in central Australia Colson reported finding eleven salt lakes in the course of his desert journey. Until some means is found to bring water to the desert, this area of 43,500 square miles must remain an uninhabited wasteland

Elsewhere, though, Australia is gradually asserting her right to a place in the world's family of great nations Agriculture, mining and sea trade have built modern cities along the coasts.

Sydney, with its spacious harbor spanned by one of the world's largest bridges, is today the third city in Britain's empire, and the third city south of the Equator. Melbourne, astride the tiny Yarra Yarra River, is not far behind with close to a million inhabitants.

Sheep and gold built an empire in Australia. It was in 1834 that Cap-

tain John Macarthur brought the first sheep into Australia. Since then the industry has made tremendous strides. Today there are more than 114,000,000 sheep grazing on the Australian ranges—more than twice as many as can be counted in either the United States or Russia, closest competitors to Australia is sheep raising.

Australia is naturally the world's leading wool exporting nation, shiping something like 900,000,000 pounds of wool a year. Buyers come from all parts of the earth, for here are some of the finest qualities of merino wool to be found anywhere. Captain John Macarthur little dreamed of the great industry he was pioneering a century before.

The first discovery of Australian gold, on February 12, 1851, completed the colonizing of Australia. Rich finds in the Calgoorlie and Coolgardie districts sent a veritable horde of treasure seekers stampeding to the "diggings" from all parts of the globe in a rush that was only a little less spectacular than the rushes of California and the Klondike.

So productive have the gold fields of Australia been that in a matter of eighty years they have yielded in excess of three billion dollars worth of the gleaming yellow metal.

It may not be generally known that the Commonwealth of Australia is today a "mother country" in its own right. That is true, however, for the federal government counts among its possessions the Territory of Papua, the Territory of New Guinea, Norfolk Island, and Nauru Island.

Australia today is building a model capital that may some day, for sheer beauty and grace, rival any of the world's great capitals.

For this purpose an area of 940 square miles, lying between Sydney and Melbourne, was acquired by the Commonwealth and forms the Federal Capital Territory. Seventy miles inland from the Pacific, on the banks of the Molonglo River, stands Canberra, the modern capital of modern Australia.

It is no exaggeration to say that it has been laid out as a garden city, panned to reflect all the finest features of modern cities. A splendid system of parks and boulevards has been planned along the Molonglo River. A few years ago the improvements in this garden city had already cost in excess of $60,000,000, an indication that this is a practical idea and not merely a dream to be realized in the future.

Canberra today numbers only some nine or ten thousand inhabitants. History reminds us, though, that our own capital city of Washington was no more than a straggling village when the cornerstone of the White House was laid. Americans of that day scoffed at the idea of planning a city upon the swamps of the Potomac River. They shook their heads at the idealism of George Washington and Major L'Enfant in attempting to plan a city for the future. History has magnificently sustained the judgment of these city-planners.

So with Canberra, as with all Australia. The destiny of the land down under the Southern Cross rests with the future.

A free democracy in the truest sense of the term, Australia merits the congratulations of the rest of the world's free democracies on the occasion of her one hundred and fiftieth birthday party.

# TO CURTAIL CCC

**(Lexington Dispatch)**

From the standpoint of governmental economy, the action of the lower House of Congress recently in voting to accept the budget estimate for a very substantial curtailment of expenditures on the Civilian Conservation Corps is gratifying.

But from the view of the benefits that have sprung from the establishment of this agency, now less than five years old, the curtailment could be looked at with a sense of alarm.

There are many functions that the CCC has carried on that it would seem unwise to curtail. These include particularly the soil erosion control work, reforestation and similar rebuilding of natural resources. On the other hand there has been work designed largely to expand the recreational life of the people, to preserve and make more accessible historic spots, and still others, that might bear a little pruning without serious injury.

The CCC can be carried on in the curtailed manner proposed by the President and still remain an effective agency for the public good. Its services in the future, if its usefulness is not to be seriously impaired from a national standpoint, must be measured by the good of the whole rather than by the location of individual camps. Whatever might result in saving the power in our streams, improving the productivity of the soil on the uplands and building up the forest, game and fish resources would benefit all the people. Matters of location of camps should depend more largely on where constructive ends for the common good can best be served.

Few indeed of the curtailments asked of Congress can be brought about without some local pain, but it seems evident they cannot too long be delayed without danger of deep distress for the whole body politic.

---

## MORE GIRLS THAN BOYS COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL

Time was when it was thought to be a waste of time and money to educate girls in a family. If they were taught by their mothers to cook a good dinner, to sew a fine seam, to enter and leave a room properly, to trip the light fantastic gracefully, it made little difference whether they could solve an algebraic equation or whether they could translate 'veni, vidi, vici.' Girls in ye olden days were expected to marry and higher education was not considered a requisite for managing a household.

That times have changed is evidenced by a glance at high school statistics in Johnston county. Next year 469 students expect to graduate from the high schools in the county. Of this number 158 are boys and 311 are girls—two girls to one boy. But at that there are fewer marriages and more platonic friendships.—Smithfield Herald.

# "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC" STILL RINGS TRUE—PARTLY

**(The Path Finder)**

Although new saws are now being substituted for old ones everywhere, it will be found that in many cases these new saws are just some of the old ones that have been resharpened and put in circulation again. To a very large extent the manners, customs, habits, aims and morals of the people of this country ever since it was first settled were derived from the Bible—which was in many cases the only book in the house. Then came a period when Poor Richard's Almanac was kept on the shelf right beside the Bible. The influence of this annual publication was something which has no equal anywhere else in history. "Poor Richard's" quaint and pointed sayings became imbedded in the very language of the people. Today we may hear some of our most prominent speakers and writers using these same ideas—though as a rule they dress them up and disguise them in up-to-date dress. Just now there is a contempt for anything old. The youngsters who are largely running things and setting the pace think that everything that is old must be had—and so they will have nothing to do with it. If you take one of Benjamin Franklin's old saws and let some well known newspaper columnist say it—then the young people will read it, and think it is unutterably "clever." But if you told them that they could find much smarter and more interesting reading in Poor Richard's Almanac of a couple hundred years ago, they would scoff and say: "Nerts! Give me another cocktail."

Millions of people—especially the younger generation—now find a superabundance of unearned leisure on their hands and they don't know how to make any good use of it. They might learn some wisdom by referring to Poor Richard, who said :"Must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee. Employ thy time well if thou meaneth to gain leisure. And since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain—but the lazy never. Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease. Many without labor would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock in trade."

Benjamin Franklin started his almanac just two centuries ago. He was a young and ambitious printer in Philadelphia and he got up the little almanac each year for some 25 years, and sold it by his own efforts. Some years, he says in his splendid autobiography, he sold as many as 10,000 copies, and he states that he made some money by this, although he sold the little book at a very low price so that it would not be beyond the reach of ordinary people. Franklin was a great joker, but was not one of the over-smart type of humorists who make light of everything and who never say anything that is wholesome or constructive. On the contrary Franklin used his whimsical humor as a vehicle for bringing to the people solid wisdom and good advice.

Franklin knew that his own name

had no weight, and so he adopted the name of Richard Saunders, to whom he gave the fine-sounding literary degree of "Philomath"—which meant that he was a scholar. And so Franklin put his almanac out under the name of "Poor Richard's Almanac" with Richard Saunders as the author and himself only the printer. Franklin relates that the writers of his day never gave him any recognition but that he concluded that "the people were the best judges of the merits of his work, and that they had continued to take and pay for his almanac."

Of course Franklin had rivals in the almanac business. These rivals were so jealous of his success that they could hardly contain themselves. In Poor Richard's Almanac not only were the usual facts given relating to the calendar for the year but predictions were made of eclipses and other phenomena, and also the weather. In fact Poor Richard prophesied the weather for each day with such assurance that the people believed he must possess some superior means of advance knowledge. Check-ups made by the Pathfinder show that similar predictions which are made in almanacs of the present day are less accurate than if a person would flip up a coin each day and determine the weather that way. But Poor Richard got the people going on his predictions, and everybody had to consult his almanac and learn what it said.

But this was all a part of the ballyhoo which Franklin knew so well how to use. He was almost as good a showman as P. T. Barnum, another Yankee who came on the scene over a century later. Franklin, in one edition of his almanac, made this bombastic statement: "Seventy editions of it have been printed in English, 56 in French, 11 in German and nine in Italian. It has been translated into the Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Welsh, Polish, Gaelic, Russian, Bohemian, Dutch, Catalan, Chinese, Modern Greek and Phonetic Writing."

Transfer this ballyhoo stuff of Franklin's from the 18th century and apply it to "Trader Horn" or some similar book which has been made a "best-seller" purely through high-powered salesmanship and you can see that nothing is new, even in the book game. But while people are led to pay outrageous prices for these modern books, which are really worthless, Poor Richard's Almanac was sold for only a few pennies and it was so filled with information, common sense wisdom and good cheer that people read and re-read it and loaned it until it was literally read to pieces. This accounts for the fact that there are almost no copies of the original almanacs in existence. One of the truest slams ever made about the Pathfinder is that we make it as much like Franklin's almanacs as we can. You find the same plan of sandwiching in valuable little items, in great variety, among the solid articles dealing with facts and news of the day.

We could reprint pages from Franklin's almanacs and you would find that they apply in a most uncanny way to conditions which prevail today. For instance, let us quote from what might be called an editorial article which was based on what Poor Richard heard at a pretended auction sale. At this sale some of the people had noticed an old man and they questioned him this way: "What think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall

we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us?" He replied:

"Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. God helps them that help themselves.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle employment or amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

"How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry; and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting of time must be the greatest prodigality. Lost time is never found again. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose: so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business; Let not it drive thee! Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times. We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no grains without pains. If we are industrious we shall never starve. At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relative left you a legacy, diligence is the mother of good luck and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

" 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for constant dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience, the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks. What maintains one vice would bring up two children. A small leak will sink a great ship. Buy what thou hast no need for and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries. Don't despise little things. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the man was lost, and all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

"Wise men learn by others' harms, while fools will not learn even from

their own. The artificial wants of mankind may become more numerous than the natural ones. By extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees. Some people had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think 'tis day and never will be night, and that they can always be taking meat out of the tub and never putting any in. When the well's dry they will know the worth of the water. But they might have known that before if they had taken good advice. If you would know the value of money, go try and borrow some, for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. 'Tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for frogs to swell up in order to equal the ox. What is a butterfly? At best he's but a caterpillar dressed."

If the people of this country had only known what Poor Richard told them and warned them about, it would not have been necessary for them to have got plunged into debt by the "time-payment" or "installment" plan so deeply that they could not get out. For he says: "What madness to run into debt for superfluities! At a sale of goods we are offered six months of credit, and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend the sale. Buy, ah, think what you do when you run in debt! You give to another power over your liberty. What would you think of a prince or government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on penalty of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say you were free and have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that very tyranny when you run in debt for such dress. The day of payment comes around before you are aware and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. The term of the debt, which at first seemed so long, now appears extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. The borrower is a slave to the lender. Be industrious and be free; be frugal and be free. But we may give advice and still we cannot give conduct. They that won't be counseled can't be helped. If you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles."

Poor Richard relates that the people who were assembled for the sale of goods "heard this harangue and approved the doctrine—and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon, That is, as soon as the sale opened the people began to buy extravangtly, notwithstanding all the warnings of the old man and their own fear of taxes."

---

One thing about our holy Christian religion is the fact that its principles are applicable to every age, race, and country. The gospel has universal fitness. Everywhere its teachings make people better if they are followed—Selected.

# WESLEY'S WARM HEART AND SAVANNAH

**(North Carolina Christian Advocate)**

In 1938, world-wide Methodism will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the awakening of John Wesley in the little society meeting in Aldersgate Street, London. In a very real sense the spiritual preparation for this heart-warming experience was in the city of Savannah, Georgia, where Mr. Wesley spent the two years immediately preceding the Aldersgate awakening. It is fitting, therefore, that the Aldergate Commemoration should be launched in Savannah, the only city in America where Mr. Wesley actually labored in person.

The Aldersgate session of the General Missionary Council of the Methodist Church, South, will be held in Savannah January 11-14, 1938. This is the greatest meeting of a general nature being planned in connection with the Aldersgate event; all American Methodists are invited to attend and the great branches of the church will be represented on the program. A national pilgrimage of Methodists to Savannah will feature this event. One of the most distinguished programs ever presented in the country has been arranged.

The Council program will have certain distinct features: (1) The mornings will be devoted to addresses delivered by outstanding American Methodists on themes congenial to and growing out of Mr. Wesley's heart-warming experience at Aldersgate. (2) In the afternoons there will be pilgrimages to the spots in and about Savannah made sacred by the personal presence of Mr. Wesley. At each place an historial lecture will be delivered by Dr. Paul N. Garber, professor of church history at Duke University, and the outstanding authority on the history of American Methodism. (3) At 5:30 each evening there will be a vesper class meeting in Trinity church, the oldest Methodist church in Savannah. These will be reminiscent of the practices of early Methodism and will be conducted by Dr. Henry C. Morrison, president of Asbury College and editor of the Pentecostal Herald. (4) The night meetings will be held in the great Savannah Auditorium. These will be mass meetings addressed by distinguished persons, two addresses being delivered each evening.

A special interest attaches to the pilgrimage conducted by Dr. Garber. These will include on the first day the sites of Wesley's landing on American soil, an historical service being held on Tybee Island. Visits will also be made to Thunderbolt, the fishing village which figured so prominently in Mr. Wesley's Journal; Bethesda, the Orphan House founded by Charles Whitefield in 1740; and the various spots where Mr. Wesley preached in Savannah.

Plans are being made for a trip to St. Simon's Island and the now deserted village of Frederica, second only to Savannah itself in the Aemrican labors of Wesley. This island is situated 80 miles south of Savannah near the city of Brunswich. At Frederica is the ruins of the fort erected by General Oglethorpe as a defense

against the Spanish in Florida. Nearby is the Wesley Oak, under which Mr. Wesley is supposed to have preached. Near also is the site of the house erected by Mr. Wesley as a meeting house, and the site of the only home of Mr. Oglethorpe in Georgia. This is one of the most beautiful and most historical spots in America.

The tremendous attendance at this Aldersgate Council will tax the capacity of the city of Savannah. All persons should make their arrangements to attend as early as possible. A booklet is available giving the detail program and full information regarding hotel facilities, etc. For a free copy of this booklet, write to Dr. Elmer T. Clark, 624 Doctors Building, Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

The famous Bethesda Orphan House at Savannah was founded by George Whitefield in 1740 and figures prominently in the history of early American Methodism. It was supported by offerings raised by George Whitefield and on his death he gave the institution to Selina, Countess of Huntington, who continued its support. It is the oldest Orphanage in America. During the General Missionary Council in Savannah, January 11-14, 1938, a pilgrimage will be made to Bethesda.

* * *

Christ Episcopal Church, at Savannah, claims the Wesley tradition. On either side of the doors may be seen bronze tablets honoring John Wesley and George Whitefield as pastors. Immediately behind this building the John Wesley Hotel stands on the site of Wesley's residence where he held the meetings characterized as "the second rise of methodism." During the meeting of the General Missionary Council in Savannah, Ga., January 11-14, 1938, pilgrimages will be made to all the Wesley shrines in and about Savannah.

* * *

The first Methodist church in Savannah is now a residence. Mr. Wesley, of course, did not preach in this building. During the General Missionary Council held at Savannah, Ga., January 11-14, 1938, pilgrimages will be made to all the Methodist shrines in and about the city.

* * *

Fort Frederica, St. Simon's Island, Georgia was built by General Oglethorpe at Frederica, famous as the scene of many labors of John and Charles Wesley. This Fort was built as a protection against the Spanish in Flordia. Frederica is now deserted, only a few ruins remaining. It figures very prominently in the Journal of John Wesley. Duding the meeting of the Missionary Council at Savannah, Ga., January 11-14, 1938, a pilgrimage will be made to Frederica and a service will be held on its sacred soil.

---

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider the great truth that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

# BOBBY'S FRIEND, FRANKLIN

By Myrtle Barber Carpenter

Bobby Palmer was very much excited. He could scarcely keep his short, fat legs still on the seat of the big stage coach, which was making its weekly trip between Philadelphia and Boston. He kept sliding off the seat to the bottom of the vehicle, and then having to climb up again, But why shouldn't he be excited? Wasn't he going to visit his grandparents, who lived in Boston, but not only that, wasn't he going alone! No wonder he felt important and slid down once more to see if the carpet bag, which held his few simple belongings, was still safe under the seat.

Bobby's grandparents lived in Boston, not far from old South Church. Bobby had gone there with his mother several different times, and he always looked forward to each visit. Not because Boston was any finer city than Philadelphia, but because he had such wonderful times with the small boys who lived there. He smiled, happily, as he thought of one boy about his own age with whom he often played. His name was Benjamin Franklin, and his father made soap and tallow candles to sell. Bobby knew that Ben was the youngest boy in the Franklin family, and it certainly was a large family, for he had counted the children who sat around the table once when they had asked him to stay for supper, and there were thirteen of them, and Ben had whispered that there were three others who were not at home. To Bobby, who was an only child, sixteen children seemed a very large family.

Bobby had never forgotten that visit to the Franklin home, and though he couldn't remember what special day they were celebrating, he knew that someone had given Ben a handful of copper pennies, and told him to buy whatever he wanted to with them.

Ben had started off to the toy shop, joyfully, with Bob only a short distance behind. Then they had met a boy who was playing on a tin whistle. It really seemed to the two small boys that it was a wonderful whistle, it had such a shrill, discordant note. Without a moment's hesitation, Ben had offered to give the boy all his pennies in exchange for it. The boy had accepted the money with a smile, and given him the whistle. Then they had marched home, Ben putting all his strength into the blasts he blew, and Bobby longing for a whistle just like it.

Bobby remembered what a racket seven-year-old Ben had made with his whistle, until someone in the family asked him where he had gotten it. When he explained that he had given all his pennies for it without even going to the toy shop, the older people all began to laugh. They teased Ben so much that he never forgot it, and another day, when Ben had pennies to spend, Bobby saw him look over everything in the showcase before he bought, and caught him saying, softly, "Don't pay too much for a whistle." The two boys had become great friends that summer.

The next time Bobby visited his grandparents, he found Ben Franklin as interesting as ever. He was the natural leader of a crowd of boys who played together, going down to the wharves to see the boats come in, and

listen to their tales of pirates and ship-wrecks and strange adventures. It was this summer that Long Wharf was built. The boys, who had been catching minnows in the marsh, decided that they would like to have a fishing wharf for themselves, as the bank they used was so often thick mud. Not far away, where a man was building a new house, a load of stones had been hauled in for the cellar. Without waiting to ask permission, the boys appropriated the stones and began to build a wharf. They worked fast and furiously, but they built a good wharf.

The next morning, when the owner of the rock discovered what had happened, he was very angry, and the boys were obliged to return the stones, though Ben protested that as long as they needed the wharf and had built a good one, they should be allowed to keep it. But Mr. Franklin did not agree, and carefully explained to the boys that what is not honest cannot be truly useful, and that "honesty is always the best policy." They carried the stones back, though it took them longer to return them than it had to gather them.

Bob had never forgotten the talk, and as the stage coach rattled to a stop in front of his grandfather's house, he was wondering what new things Ben would try this summer, confident that it would be something interesting and amusing.

As soon as Bobby had greeted his grandparents and changed his velvet suit and buckled slippers to common clothes and older shoes, he ran down the street to Mr. Josiah Franklin's shop, where the blue ball, the size of a cocoanut, hanging above the door, proclaimed his occupation. Ben was busy cutting candle wicks for his father, but when Bobby came in, Mr. Franklin excused him and told him he might have the afternoon off as long as he was back in time for supper. Bobby's grandmother had written that Ben Franklin was getting to be an expert swimmer, so Bobby had decided that he would be a good swimmer, too, and had practiced incessantly on all sorts of dives and swimming strokes. When Mr. Franklin said Ben could go for the afternoon, the two boys made a bee line for their favorite pond, and were soon in swimming. For a time they vied with each other in various water stunts. Then Ben suddenly disappeared and came back with some of his inventions, two pallette-like boards, which he fastened to his wrists, and broad sandals or swimming shoes for his feet. He dared Bob to beat him when he was wearing these, but though Bob tried hard, he was not successful, for Ben soon outdistanced him.

When Bob admitted defeat, Ben good-naturedly offered to let Bob try them, and he found that they were a great help, though they tired his wrists so that he was soon glad to take them off, and the two boys climbed up on the bank and lay down to rest in the sun.

Away in the distance they could see the white sails of the ships, and it made the boys think of giant birds. The gulls were swooping nearby. Suddenly, Ben, who had been lying flat on his stomach, rolled over and regarded his companion eagerly. "Why wouldn't a kite work? he said "I believe if you could lie still on the water, a big kite would carry you along just like a sail carries a boat. Come on. I'm going to try it."

Wonderingly Bob followed Ben back to the house, and into the shed at the rear. Here, from a high nail, Ben took down a big kite, to which a long, stout cord was fastened. Still wondering what it was all about, Bob followed Ben back to the pond. Quickly discarding most of his clothes, Ben slid into the water, keeping the kite free from the water and starting it on its upward career. The breeze caught the giant bird-like kite, and it sailed up into the air. Suddenly, the boys along the bank who had witnessed the strange performance, saw Ben, who was floating, begin to move through the water, pulled by the kite. Ben tightened or loosened the rope, as he wished to go faster or slower, and was soon going this way and that as fancy directed. Then, calling to his friends to carry his clothes across to the other side of the pond, he calmly proceeded to sail across the pond.

After that, many of the boys became quite expert in manipulating kites as an aid to fast swimming.

Bob had a wonderful time that summer, the last one he spent in Boston for many years. He heard, through his grandmother, that Ben, after trying several other occupations, had at last been apprenticed to his brother as a printer. Later, when Ben came to Philadelphia, the two young men saw each other and were good friends.

Afterwards, when Benjamin became a very famous man, and did such interesting things as to bring electricity from the sky, invent a stove, and act as foreign diplomat, Bob always declared he had showed signs of his greatness even as a boy, when he invented swimming pallettes and learned to swim with a kite.

---

## MENTAL MAGNETS

Do you remember how as a boy you played with a magnet? And do you remember how, like magic, it would draw to itself nails and needles and other pieces of steel, while holding it over a piece of wood created no response?

"Like attracts like" is not only the law of the magnet—it is also the law of mind. Psychologists tell us that we cannot store up thoughts of hate and draw to ourselves the love of our fellows. We cannot think disease and be healthy. We cannot think defeat and win victories.

To make our minds magnets for the best in life we must fill them with constructive, hopeful, optimistic, harmonious, courageous, confident thoughts. To win friends we must be friendly. To win loyalty we must be loyal. To become successful we must think success.

We create our own mental magnet—we get back in the long run what we give, we attract those things to which we are attuned. It is up to us.—The Silver Lining.

# CHALLENGE TO THE VIRGINIA WOMEN

By J. Walter Hosier

H. R. McIlwaine says in an article in the "Review" in April, 1921:

"One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of Virginia, and one of the least understood, is the coming to these shores in the years 1620-21, several companies of young women."

So, I just want one more "jab" at the women of Virginia and elsewhere, for not having cared for the grave of Alice Jordan. This grave and the spot of ground around it, to my mind is, or should be the most sacred spot, so far as early history is concerned, in Virginia. But it has been neglected these past two hundred and eighty-seven years.

Aside from its being the oldest legible slab at the grave of a woman; a legend says, and not without reason and foundation, that she was one of those women sent over by the Virginia Company during 1620-21-22 for wives of the many unmarried colonists. This being the case, and I have every person to believe it is true; is it possible that our good women, along with their many and sundry vocations and functions, haven't the time to stop, pause and look at this grave, and stand with uncovered and bowed heads in respect for the spot of ground?

Many writers have traced these women both in fiction and history. Some have said that they were even sold on the auction block to the highest bidder; some have called them "women of a lower strata", "breeders sent over to perpetuate the colony"; unfortunate poor girls," etc.

Mr. McIlwaine says in his article, that Stith and other historians misunderstood what they read, in regards to these women.

Thousands of pages have been and are being written in regards to the part that men took in the building of the colony, but the ittle article that Mr. McIlwaine wrote, not over eight pages, is the only article that I have seen about the women so far, and it was written in their defense only.

Mr. Tayler, in his magnificent article: "Cradle of the Republic," says nothing of the hands that rocked that cradle, save only to say: "all were happily married."

And while many historians have given us the names of practically all of the men that came over, and a few women that came along with them, but so far, have we seen a list of the names of these women? They were old-fashioned English, Scotch and Irish names, easy to pronounce and to spell, and surely were not women of a low degree by any means, but on the contrary were away above the average of the men that came over, in their deportment and heredity. The men that came over did not have to be thoroughly examined as to their qualifications, but these women did.

Sir Edwin Sandys, who first presented the idea to the company, was very zealous about what type of women should be allowed to come over, for when the matter got out, "owing

to the publicity of the movement, in pamphlets, reports sermons, plays and poems, the enterprise was being discussed in most of the homes of England with intent and interest, and for the advancement of the country and to the Glory of God."

And such as this went on for more than two years before any of the hundreds of applications were passed on. Many were turned back, on account of not being able to intelligently answer the many questions propounded to them, for they were to be "young, fit and uncorrupt". They had to be passed on by the "most important committe of the Company," as to their physical, mental, moral and religious status, for each had to be a baptized communicant of the Established Church.

Many of these splendid girls had sweethearts, uncles, nephews, cousins and brothers already over. Many were married as soon as they arrived, inasmuch as their intended husbands had already prepared the home for them, awaiting the arrival of these long looked for girls.

And such being the case can we not see that the moral, physical and mental status of these girls was indeed far above the men?

And to prove it still more:

"About this time a young clerk by the name of Robinson was hung, drawn and quartered, for attempting to take up rich, yeomen's daughters or drive them to compound to serve his Majesty for breeders in Virginia."

Of course this could not have been with all of the safeguards thrown around this all-important matter. And there is no record of a single one having been brought over for wives except through the proper channel.

True, two women were sent back for "improper conduct on the way over," but it was around 1631, consequently not of those that came over in the Jonithan, Marmaduke, Merchant of London and others in 1620-21-22.

The Virginia or London Company had hundreds of stockholders, and all were naturally interested to perpetuate the "high-type citizenship" of the new colony. So, if one will but stop and think a little, what incentive under heaven would or should have induced them to send over "women of low degree?"

I believe it was Neil in his History of Virginia that said: "Any man should have been proud to be so fortunate as to win one of these women for a wife."

Hotten, in his "Muster of the inhabitants in Virginia," during the years 1621-24 naturally gives the names of many of these women, possibly around fifty, but they are not segregated and presumably most of them were married by that time and we don't even know their maiden names and he, Hotten, admits that his list is far from being complete.

And so, as one is interested enough, is it too late to find out something of these women, for even now there must be considerable data in England, Scotland and Ireland about them that can be found. And even in Germany there might be considerable. Grayham says in his research: "The public libraries are amazingly scanty, (referring to the early history of Virginia) but I journeyed to Gottengen (in Germany) and found an ampler collection." And the writer is reliably informed that some of the original applications of these women are on file or were on file, seventy-five years

ago in the office of the Clerk of the Admiralty Court at Gravesend, and presumably are still there.

And so, the grave of our late "sister", Mrs. George Jordan is there at the old brick inclosed cemetery at Four Mile Tree on the James in Surry County, and notwithstanding it has been cared for these many years, is still nearly legible as to every word, Many years ago one corner of the slab was broken off in some way, and some claim that Arnold (the traitor) did it when on his work of destruction up the James. Don't think this was true, since it was at Four Mile Creek that he camped and not here, in 1780, I believe it was.

**Epitaph on Ancient Tomb**

**"Here lyeth buried the body of Alice Miles, Daughter of John Miles of Branton in Hereford—Gent; and late wife of Mr. George Jordan in Virginia, who departed this life the 7th of January, 1650.**

**"Reader, her dust is here enclosed, who was of witt and grace composed.**

**Her life was virtuous during breath—but highly glorious in her death."**

And during these many years this lonely, unkept and uncared for and forgotten grave, away back from the main road has withstood the elements, regardless. For a few years ago, a tenant used it as a fattening pen for his hogs, consequently the entire "sacred spot" is in holes rooted by these hogs. Envious shadows and breezes linger long around this hallowed spot of ground, and no fragrant or cheerful perfumes are wafted around it, and when the summer sun is blistering around it, and lazy lawrences glimmer, and dance, there appears no hope of a resuscitation.

A few years ago some one planted an ordinary branch willow close by, and only this bended willow's angel-haunts shade prevents the hot rays from blistering down on it all of the time. And the roots of this tree have possibly gone down and are tangled in her "beautiful hair," and are nourished and fed from her "unpolluted breast."

No hand has planted a shrub, flower or evergreen by it, nor cut or pulled away the tangled grass and weeds from around it; this, to my mind, is the most hallowed spot of ground in Virginia.

Will the A. P. V. A. and other similar and allied organizations of Virginia and elsewhere allow this spot to remain uncared for any longer?

---

Use what talents you possess; the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those who sang the best.

—Selected.

# AS TO WORRYING

**(Selected)**

There is no question that mental condition are strongly determinative at times of bodily vigor. The saying that it is not work but worry that kills has passed into an axiom. How we shall avoid worrying becomes, therefore, a problem upon whose right solution not only one's bodily health but one's happiness is chiefly dependent. And in giving this question its proper answer we must not fail to regard the office of the will. There is no question that a strong will which goes out in the declaration,"I will not worry over it but dismiss it," is one of the most power- and deep concern cannot always be ful correctives. If worry, anxiety put aside on the instant, at least very often we may cease to worry by a simple effort of the mind—by the exercise of the will power. When the worrying spirit comes upon you, and you can do so, put it away; and do this by fastening the thoughts upon other objects: and whoever will attempt this will be surprised at the success of his effort.

Undoubtedly two chief causes produce the worrying habit. First, there is the loss of a proper sense of proportion, by which we are led unduly to magnify the importance of the issue involved. A man makes a mistake in business which involves loss; or someone hears of an invidious remark made concerning him, which wounds; of yet another possessing high ideals—he may work in some professional capacity for others as minister, lawyer, journalist, artist—may think his ideal wholly unattainable because of limitations placed around him, or his sensibilities may have been wounded;—but here, if he will calmly look over the situation, he may find that the offense is more imaginative than actual, and that really a good motive was behind the act which hurts. And it is to be remembered that those engaged in professional life, and especially in some of the various realms of art, develop keen sensibilities which are often easily wounded.

Another thought in relation to this matter is this—that those who have the opportunity should be very careful how they use it to the wounding of sensibilities which are peculiar to all and which enter so largely into the formation of character. There is a great deal of truth in the defiition of a gentleman as "one who is incapable intentionally of wounding the feelings of another without just cause", and this undertone of kindliness will generally be found to lie at the bottom, as it forms the basis, of true gentlemanliness. No one, therefore, can be too careful not to give offense needlessly; a violation of this precept has not infrequently induced serious illness, and it has caused many a one to raise his hand against his own life. Mens sana in corpore sano—a sound mind in a sound body—this is the secret of good health and happy living. Put the slights that come to you—which are often imaginary—wholly behind you. If your work does not reach the lofty ideal that you have put before you, don't worry, but pray for guidance.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

For the regular weekly picture show, last Thursday night, our boys enjoyed seeing Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in "Way Out West' in the feature and the short was one of Our Gang comedies, "The Good Health School."

---

Messrs. A. R. Howard, L. C. Campayner and Alex Davis, textile experts, visited the School last week, for the purpose of making preparations for carrying to completion plans for the installation of a textile unit here. As they saw it, the first step will be to install a heating system in the building to be used for that purpose.

---

Last week Mrs. Leslie Bell, of Concord, brought a number of fine magazines to the School for the use of our boys. This reading material was the gift of a group of ladies of the First Presbyterian Sunday School. We wish to tender these good friends our sincere thanks for their kindly interest in the boys.

---

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1937, as follows:

First Grade —Lacy Green, most improvement; Second Grade—Charles Taylor and Elbert Kersey, most improvement in writing; Third Grade—James Coleman and Fred Carter, best in arithmetic; Fourth Grade—Theodore Bowles and Edward Chapman, highest general average; Fifth Grade —Jerry Smith and Burl Rash, best in geography; Sixth Grade—Harvey Walters, highest average in deportment and scholarship; Seventh Grade —Charles Webb and James Seawell, best in English.

---

The Superintendent of Public Welfare, Davie County, recently made a most favorable report concerning Iva Gregory, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home in Cooleemee, December 18, 1936. The report stated Iva had been working on a farm for some time and that his conduct had been very good during his absence from the Training School. In this report it was recommeded that the lad be given his discharge.

---

Jason Myatt, who left the School about twenty-six years ago, stopped in for a few minutes one day last week. Jason came to the School from Smithfield, at which time there was but one cottage in operation here, and was a member of the barn force. Back in those "horse and buggy days" it was his job to make daily trips to town for the mail and act as coachman for the Superintendent. At the time of the Word War, he enlisted in the U. S. Army, where he stayed for three years, but did not see service overseas. He is now forty-two years old and is

employed by the Talley Electrical Company, of Charlotte. Jason tells us that his mother still lives in Smithfield, and at the ripe old age of eighty-five years, enjoys very good health.

---

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his talk to the boys was "The Importance of Peter in the Scriptures." In this sermon Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer reviewed the history of the works of Peter in his connection with Jesus' ministry on earth. He called special attention to the part Peter played in the bringing of men to Christ. It was an interesting and helpful talk.

---

Mr. C. J. Romyns, a representative of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, visited The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. He is a service man, and the purpose of this visit was to check over the Blue Streak Linotype, installed here last summer, and our old Model 14, which was rebuilt at the same time. He found it necessary to make but a few minor adjustments. Like all other representatives of this company it has been our pleasure to meet, Mr. Romyns is a splendid mechanic and has a most pleasing personality.

---

A recent letter from Charles J. McLeod, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Montgomery County, stated that M. C. Cranford, who was allowed to leave the School in July 1937, has made a fine record since returning to his home in Troy. Mr. McLeod said. "I have been in constant contact with him since he came home and know that he has made an excellent record. He has made his monthy reports to me promptly, attended church regularly, and has had a job in the Smitherman Mills here at Troy, ever since he came back. Most important, he is staying away from the gang he formerly ran with and gives every evidenc of having learned his lesson. I believe he should be given an immediate discharge."

---

John Merritt, formerly of Cattage No 7, who left the School in 1934, called at The Uplift office the other day. Since leaving us John has done various kinds of work. He first returned to his home near Asheboro, where he helped his father on the farm for one year. He then spent a year in a C C C camp, near Hiawassee, Ga., after which he returned to this state and secured employment with the State Highway Commission. Last year he went to work for the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kannapolis, as a machinist's helper, but was laid off during the recent business recession. He stated that he has been promised work at the same place as soon as the mills begin working full time. John is now twenty-one years old, has been married about three months, and lives near Stanfield, in the lower part of Cabarrus County.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending January 16, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(7) Marvin Bridgeman 7
(2) Leonard Buntin 2
(2) Ivey Eller 9
(10) Leon Hollifield 10
(5) Edward Johnson 9
(10) Edward Lucas 10
(2) Warner Sands 2
Mack Setzer 6

### COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 3
J. C. Cox 6
(2) William Haire 4
H. C. Pope 2
(2) Howard Roberts 4
Eugene Stallings
Frank Walker 4
James West 3
(3) Preston Yarborough 7
(3) R. L. Young 9

### COTTAGE No. 2

Melvin Jarrell 5
(2) Carl Kepley 2
Max Lindsay 3
Oscar Roland 3

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 4
James Burns 2
(4) Henry Floyd 7
Coolidge Green 3
Norwood Glasgow 2
James Mast 5
(3) William New 8
(7) Frank Pickett 8
Kenneth Raby 7
J. C. Robertson
(7) Allen Wilson 9

### COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Shelton Anderson 4
(4) Garrett Bishop 8
(7) Odell Bray 9
(2) Lewis Donaldson 5
(5) James Hancock 9
(2) Grover Lett 3
(3) Thomas Maness 7
Charles Mizzell 4
(2) Hubert McCoy 6
(2) Robert Orrell 4
(7) Lloyd Pettus 7
(10) Frank Raby 10
(3) Thomas Stephens 8
(4) Melvin Waters 8
James Wilhite 4

### COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Harold Almond 7
William Barden
(4) Ernest Beach 8
J. C. Branton
(7) William Brothers 8
(2) Monroe Keith 3
Joseph Mobley
(2) Burl Rash 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 2
Robert Bryson 3
Noah Ennis 6
(3) Frank Glover 7
(3) Columbus Hamilton 5
(4) Neal Hamilton 7
(3) Thomas Hamilton 4
(3) Jack Harward 4
Clinton Keen 3
(3) James Lane 4
(2) Charles McCoyle 3
(3) Ray Pitman 5
(2) Hubert Smith 3
(3) Canipe Shoe 6
(3) Woodrow Wilson 7

### COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Archie Castlebury 7
James Davis 2
(3) Caleb Hill 7
Houston Howard 4
Hugh Johnson 5
(2) Kenneth Messick 3
(2) Wayland Morgan 5
(2) Elmer Maples 4
(2) J. C. Mobley 6

(3) Milton Pickett 7
J. D. Powell 2
Kenneth Spillman 5
Earthy Strickland 3
(2) Wallace Smith 6
(2) William Tester 4
(2) William Young 4

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Felix Adams 4
Letcher Castlebury 2
(2) Duke Davis 3
Harvey Ledford 3
Wilfred Land

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(7) Wilson Bowman 8
J. T. Branch 8
(8) Thomas Braddock 9
William Brackett 5
James Butler 3
(7) Heller Davis 7
(3) Woodfin Fowler 6
Earl Stamey 6
(3) Homer Smith 9
(5) Samuel J. Watkins 7

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(3) Edward Chapman 3
(3) John Crawford 7
(2) Jeff Gouge 6
(3) Milford Hodgin 9
(3) Mack Joines 9
(2) James Martin 3
(3) Edward E. Murray 7
James Nicholson 2
(2) William Peedin 2
(2) James Penland 4
Oscar Smith 2
(2) Jack Springer 2

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Chares Bryant 7
Harold Bryson 6
(2) Joseph D. Corn 2
(5) Howard Clark 9
Earl Duncan 4
Baxter Foster 3
(2) Lawrence Guffey 5
(2) Albert Goodman 2
(2) William Kirk 7
(5) Donald Newman 9
(2) Theodore Rector 7
(4) Julius Stevens 6
(2) John Uptegrove 5
(3) Fred Williamson 8
(5) Berchell Young 9

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Charles Batten 7
Fred Carter 5
Frank Dickens 5
James Elders 5
Max Eaker 5
Charlton Henry 4
Hubert Holloway 5
Lester Jordan 3
Alexander King 8
Asbury Marsh 7
Clarence Mayton 5
Ewin Odom 8
William Powell 5
James Reavis 5
Howard Saunders 6
Harvey J. Smith 6
Carl Singletary 3
William Trantham 6
Charles Williams 5
Ross Young 9

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(4) Norman Brogden 8
(2) Harry Flowe 5

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) James Kirk 7
Troy Powell 3
John Robbins 5
(2) Paul Shipes 5
William Thore 3
Harvey Walters 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Warren Bright 5
John Brown 6
Clarence Gates
Hobart Gross 7
Joseph Hyde 6
Beamon Heath
(6) Caleb Jolly 8
(3) Raymond Mabe 7
(2) Connie Michael 7
(7) James McGinnis 8
(3) Alvin Powell 9
(3) James H. Riley 8
Harold Walsh 5

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Beefer Cummings
Joseph Cox 6
C. D. Grooms 6

364

JAN 3 1 1938

J. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 29, 1938 No. 4

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## SATISFACTION

There's no thrill in easy sailing,
When the skies are clear and blue.
There's no joy in merely doing
Things which any one can do.
But there is some satisfatcion
That is mighty sweet to take.
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| FROM ROBE TO UNIFORM | (The Lutheran) | 10 |
| MORAVIAN CHURCH, CHARLOTTE | By Dorothy Hendrix | 13 |
| HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS | By G. Ed. Kestler | 15 |
| LOOKING WITHIN | (Orphans Friend) | 18 |
| AN AMERICAN MEMORIAL IN ENGLAND | By A. Denis Fry | 20 |
| PRAISE FROM DOCTOR WEEKS | By Gertrude S. Coynne | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## POINTERS

The greatest affair in life is the creation of character, and this can be accomplished as well in a cottage as in a palace—Shu-Horn.

Our best thoughts come to us from thinking of others.

The value of our success depends on our use of it.

Progress is geared to every man's gait. Those who keep step feel the pace to be natural. Keeping step is keeping fit.

It is better to appreciate things you cannot have, than to have things you are not able to appreciate.

If you want enemies, excel your friends; if you want friends, let your friends excel you.—La Rochefoucauld.

Learn to say No, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

A wise man appears ridiculous in the company of fools.

When it begins to sprinkle, it is usually too late to begin to save up for a rainy day.

The clock that ticks the loudest doesn't always keep the best time.

—Sunshine Magazine.

## THE STATE'S NATION-WIDE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

The Department of Conservation and Development, R. Bruce Etheridge, director, has issued an encouraging report relative to publicizing the resources of North Carolina in the State's nation-wide advertising campaign. It is conclusive the money appropriated for this purpose during the last General Assembly was a wise move and money has been and will continue to be wisely spent.

During the first week of the New Year from January 1-8 inclusive one-hundred and fifty-three inquiries, from thirty states, mostly middle western states, some from New York, New Jersey and the New England states, were received, asking about farm land, home sites, general climatic and agricultural conditions.

The Kansas Chamber of Commerce is now planning a tour in the near future for a group of farmers, business, professional men and industrialists. North Carolina will be included in their intinerary. Also a party of New York school teachers has under advisement a study tour of the Old North State during the month of July. These requests for information as to the state's resources, climate and scenery are the direct result of an advertising schedule run in agricultural publications having a national circulation.

Governor Clyde R. Hoey with his co-workers has made the publicity campaign smooth and complete by appointing in each county a hospitality committee so to spread the gospel of friendliness and show genuine southern hospitality.

Inquiries of varied interests are coming from a more extensive area than was anticipated when the project was first suggested. A transfusion of new blood helps those physically ill, and in the same way a contact with new faces and new view points prevent running in grooves and becoming stagnated. Stagnation always means death, therefore, we commend the state's nation-wide publicity campaign as set up and directed.

The slogan instead of "Young Man go West", it is "Young Man Go To North Carolina." The state has inducements that meet the demand, something that will appeal to the varied tastes of people.

* * * * * * *

## A GREATER HEALTH CRUSADE

Following close in the trail of the seven million endowment made recently to the state health department by the Richard J. Reynolds family to wipe out social diseases, Congressman A. L. Bulwinkle has presented a bill authorizing $3,000,000 to assist states in their campaign for better health, hoping to wipe out all such maladies by furnishing adequate funds.

The allotment to the several states will be worked out upon a basis of population and needs of the various states. In presenting this measure the Congressman of the Eleventh District referred to the philanthrophy of the Reynolds heirs with a certain degree of pride. This act upon the part of Congressman Bulwinkle carried weight in view of the fact of his interest shown in health matters in the past.

The Reynolds endowment made possible the first move to make a check as to the number affected. People understand the lurking tendecies of the disease. It spreads easily by means of contact with food, the handling of children, laundry and other similar methods until a whole family innocently would become the sufferers. Therefore, we are none too soon in taking steps to teach precoution and finally overcome all danger.

North Carolina was the first state of the nation to enact a law to control communical diseases and has continued to stand first in efficiency and progress in every phase of science for better health. When the United States public health service is enlarged and the states co-operate a health crusade nation wide will be forthcoming.

The social disease is most terrible, touching one tenth of our population according to statistics and is on the increase.

* * * * * * *

## THE MIRACLE MAN

There is not a shadow of doubt that when a man gets obsessed with the ideas of the Reverand Dean Israel Noe, of fashionable St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Memphis, Tenn. there is something wrong in the upper story and it means only, if permitted, the marking of time for all concerned.

Since January 2, this year, Dean Noe has had neither food, fruit nor water except wine and wafers of the Holy Communion three times a week. This parson once weighed two hundred pounds and now he tips the scales about one hundred. His cheeks and eyes are sunken, his voice uncertain but continues strong enough to carry the main auditorium of the cathedral.

He is steadfast in his belief that it is necessary to prove to the world the miracle of man who can abstain from food and water and live indefinitey. As he stood in his pulpit Sunday morning he spoke to his congregation that something must prove that the age of miracles is still with us or mankind will lose his faith in the resurrection or life beyond the grave. Such view points prove that this man is physically ill. To have a sound mind it must be enthroned within a sound body.

Dean Israel Noe has a remarkable mother, 84 years old, living in Beaufort, in this state. The editor of The Beaufort News writes

interestingly of this remarkable mother who has four sons in the ministry:

'A very remarkable mother is Mrs. Susannah Catharine Noe. The eyes of a nation have been focussed on her son Dean Israel H. Noe, of Memphis, Tenn., during the past several days, because of his absolute fast which may give us earthy mortals another slant on mortality before many more days have passed. The editor of this newspaper, as a result of assignments from newspapers throughout the country to get the interview, has had occasions this week to talk with the mother of Dean Israel H. Noe. She made what the editor thought would be a difficult job an easy one. He did not have to ask questions. She spoke of the very things which newspapers throughout the country wanted to know and early in the interview she showed that she was not alarmed. She is an exceptionally fine woman who has what many of us lack. That is Faith. She believes that her son Israel is conscientious in what he is doing, and she is not alarmed. "Since my sons were little boys I have left them in the hands of the Lord, and I have never had an occasion to regret" she said. She is the mother of four Episcopal rector sons, who have made good in the world of religion. A volume could be written about Mrs. Susannah Catharine Noe who has made a success of this thing called life. Because of her sincerity and faith one who interviews her is quick to describe her as a very remarkable woman and a very remarkable mother.

* * * * * * *

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

Occasionally we bemoan our lot, but if we look around and find others in a worse plight, our misfortunes become easier to bear. There are few who know that they have comforts, yes, luxuries, as compared to the youth of thirty or forty years ago. So why grouch and not smile? If we did but understand we are living in the land of plenty! So get busy and carve out a fine life. The opportunity is yours if you wish to grasp it.

And this, don't forget, is only the beginning. The wonders of the past forty years will appear insignificant when compared with those of the next forty. Let us prepare for growth. The supply of materials that will enrich life for millions is unlimited. People

will bring those materials into use when users become acquainted with their need for them.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

A resolution urging that the Wright airplane in which the Wright brothers made their initial flight be returned from England to North Carolina was passed today by the aviation committee of the Board of Conservation and Development.

The plane is now on display at Kessington Museum, England. The resolution said in part—"that every effort be made to have the Wright plane returned to the land of its nativity and development, from whence it should never have been taken.

The question in mind is "How did England ever get possession of something that really belongs in this country, and rightfully should be placed in North Carolina?" Homer surely must have nodded.

* * * * * * *

## EDUCATE ACCORDING TO APTITUDE

The editor of the Charlotte Observer like other writers and educators sees the misfits caused by mass education. The general public is getting thoroughly aroused to the fact to be college trained is a craze, and are advocating vocational training according to adaptability. Every child should be classified as to mentality and talent so as to avoid bad adjustments as briefly and clearly expressed in this:

The main trouble with mass education is that, as pupils go down the assembly line, the attempt is often made to put the same set of parts on their different chassis. The result is rather grotesque when a tractor chassis gets a limousine body.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

THE BEST WAY

"When you have done the best you can
And things continue looking blue,
Just hold your head up like a man—
There's nothing really wrong with you."

---

Cold waves, like the hair waves so many ladies like, invariably turn out not to be permanent waves.

---

It is seldom that a man can win in an argument with a woman. But he can win a few points by not talking—just listening.

---

A lot of enemies are made in this world by people giving other people what they think they need instead of what they want and ask for.

---

The ignorance of many people is astonishing. So many of them know so many things that are not so. There's no bliss in that kind of ignorance.

---

In Spain, instead of making New Year resolutions, they keep up the practice of making new revolutions. They are fighting again over there.

---

There used to be an old saying that "Man wants but little here below." Now he wants everything in sight—and wants the government to give it to him.

---

So many people use cold cream to keep away wrinkles. But there is no kind of cream so effectual in keeping off wrinkles as the milk of human kindness.

---

Honesty, in all ages, has been considered the best policy. And it is; but the trouble in this day and time so many people ignore the best in everything.

---

A psychologist is telling it that in one hundred years people won't have anything to laugh at. Not on your life. As long as there are people in the world there will be plenty to laugh at.

---

The majority of people wish to do right—wish to be helpful to others and to see everybody happy and successful—very naturally—themselves, "even as you and I." Make a note of all the good things you will find each day. There will be plenty of them if you keep eyes and ears open, be very sure. If the elevator boy in store or office sees you hurrying, and waits or drops back in order to take you on, giving you a smile and a twinkle as he does so, put that down. If you drop your handkerchief or purse, and friend or stranger picks it up for you, there's another record. Do not slight any of these happenings, however, insignificant—because the more you refuse to see good, the less will there be in your life to see. Nothing can be surer. Try this method of keeping your eyes single, and see how your life will fill with pleasant things—note the diminishing of that which seems evil.

---

In every community you will find some people who would change our whole industrial scheme. It might be interesting to study this class of people, and their contribution to the

neighborhood welfare before putting too much dependence upon their opinions. As a rule it's the fellow who has never made any progress in life that wants to have things in common. As a rule, too, we get out of life in proportion as we put into it. Become a necessary part of production and you will merit and receive what is due you, whether you wear a white collar or not. Become a discontent and you'll have lots of experience in job hunting. Nobody wants a fellow who clogs progress. If such malcontents have gab enough they can become paid agitators and live off the earnings of toilers. And some of them aren't particular about the way they spend the other fellow's money. So use your head as well as your hands. Civilization needs your best and she isn't above paying for your effort. There's a place in life for every man. Find yours and fill it. The result will be respect, comfort and contentment.

---

In my perambulations, recently, I came across Uncle Mose Avery, a very philosophical old colored man, beside his cabin door, basking in the mild sunshine of a cool day. In his cogitations he said: "Yes, sar, Mr. Hurrygram, 'tis a little cool but I ain't worried. In a few weeks thar'll be blossoms on de trees. When de cold waves is gone Miss Spring will be here. She alwus has her arm full 'o roses, and her heart full 'o cheer. 'Tis a little cool, but de violets is dreaming in dey beds when dey lips will quaff de mornin' dew, an' dey will kiss de mornin' sunbeams. De blue birds is thinkin' of de bright summer skies, an' dey is de peach-blossoms singin' wid all dey might; wid de azure sky, like a blue bowl, bendin' down, an' joy in ye soul to see miles 'o daisies jest smilin' at you in de medders. Yes, sar; jes a little cool. But why should I fret about it? De bees will soon be buzzin' around de honeysuckles ober dar. So I just pulls up de kiver and snuggles off to sleep. I know it'll soon be spring time, an' I'll be happy when de sunshine warms de streams. An' 'possum and yam 'taters soon gwine to come erlong."

---

## TIME

Spare moments are the gold dust of time—of all the proportions of our life, the spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find easiest access to the garden of the soul. Pastime is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say a thing is agreeable because it helps to pass the time away. Regret for time wasted can become a power for good in the time that remains. And the time that remains is time enough, if we will only stop the waste and idle, useless regretting.—Selected.

# FROM ROBE TO UNIFORM

## (The Lutheran)

(In last week's issue of The Lutheran, a news item described the half-hour broadcast on January 1 at which was re-enacted the dramatic decision of Peter Muhlenberg to leave his pastorate at Woodstock, Va., and become an officer in the army of Washington. On this occasion by which the Board of American Mission's 1938 Special Appeal was launched, Senator Byrd and Governor Peery of Virginia spoke as follows:)

### Senator Byrd's Address

Celebration of the anniversary of the Muhlenberg incident, which I am proud to say occurred in my own state and near my own home, is one of especial significance to me because it affords an opportunity to rededicate myself to the principles of religious and political freedom. I thank the Lutheran Church and those who have made this broadcast possible for the occasion to commend their program to every liberty-loving person.

"Now is the time to fight," declared Muhlenberg, a praying minister of the Prince of Peace, as he threw off the churchly robes that concealed his martial uniform. You memorialize today this dramatic declaration by a sincere man of God that the time comes when even a servant of the Christ owes the duty to his highest self to fight for the fundamental faith by which he endeavors to live and in which he hopes to die.

Muhlenberg came of that line of our revolutionary forefathers who valued individual liberty more than life itself. Emigrated, many of them from lands suffering from despotic rule, they were determined here to establish a government that would guarantee the individual religious freedom, the privilege to express freely his political opinions and the right to demand the protection of the private property he might acquire. These fundamental principles inspired Washington as he won our Colonial freedom and were written into the heart of the Constitution that made the colonies a union of sovereign states. The Bill of Rights is that part of our National Constitution that guarantees to even a minority of one the right to worship God according to his free conscience without fear of persecution or punishment by his government.

Freedom of opinion, freedom of the press, security of property are all necessary if the American citizen may hope to win happiness, the pursuit of which was promised him in the Declaration of Independence. More than any of these, however, the individual spirit must be free to worship God as the individual conscience dictates. A denial of religious freedom suffocates the spirit that maketh alive the finest and noblest qualities that remind us that man was made in the image of God Himself.

Muhlenberg was ready to fight for mental freedom, for civic freedom, but above all for religious freedom. He did fight and he won his fight, but today we see this freedom denied the individual in the Bolshevic Republic of Russia and the Fascist Empire of Germany, while the Dictator of Italy derides democracy and ridicules its humanitarian professions. Russia,

Germany and Italy are called totalitarian states. The philosophy of the totalitarian state is that the state is the supreme dictator of the life of the subject, cultural, economic and religious— and is the supreme object of the loyalty of the subject. Hence, the individual may express no opinion that the government suspects may injure the state, the individual must not even read an opinion that might injure the state; and finally the individual must not even think or feel convictions or sentiments contrary to the interests and feelings of the dictator of the omnipotent state.

Hence, the totalitarian state is the opposite of the republic as we know it and love it.

Thomas Jefferson sought in this new country to develop an appreciation of the dignity of the individual. He favored public education in order that the individual might acquire sense to promote his progress. He was jealous of every grant of power to the national government. He feared the very tyranny over the individual that is exercised today in greater or less degree by totalitarian states.

We Americans do not favor interference with the political institutions of other people, outside the Americas.

We believe that every people should have the particular form of government that such people may prefer.

While our sympathies may wander about the world, our navy stays at home save when it is necessary to safeguard our rights under the established law of nations. But our freedom to observe and express freely opinion formed by observation of the totalitarian state should strengthen our high resolve to defend against the introduction here of such pernicious principles. Eternal vigilance is still required in defence of our representative democracy.

The needless regimentation of the individual life of the average citizen is a long step away from democracy.

The more the national government dominates the productive processes by which we live and prosper, the more the government subtracts from the liberty of the individual citizen.

Representative democracy and religious liberty have marched bravely forward together in this country under a flag that symbolized the protection of both the spiritual and property rights of the citizen. All creeds and classes here have formed a hospitable country in which they all enjoyed life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

With the inspiration of the example of Muhlenberg and the Lutheran Church we cannot relax in our fight for the preservation in practice of the principles that give us liberty of spirit and action and open to us the pursuit of the truth that shall make and keep us free.

### Governor Peery Said

It is a privilege for me as Governor of the State of Virginia, which we term—with reasonable pride—the Cradle of the Nation, to introduce on this first day of a New Year the reenactment of an incident of great historical interest which occurred on the first Sunday in January 1776, in the little town of Woodstock, in the Old Dominion.

John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, statesman, clergyman and soldier-patriot, at that time a spiritual young man, had just made a momentous decision. He realized the chaotic conditions threatening the physical and

spiritual well-being of his fellow colonists; he knew that in a time of high taxation and inadequate, sometimes faithless, government, the only recourse was for the people themselves to express their dissatisfaction with a determined show of public opinion. In these days, unhappily, there was only one way to show strength—with the sword.

And so it was, as the snow lay heavily that Sunday morning on the rolling hills of the colony of Virginia that Pastor Muhlenberg addressed his trusting Lutheran flock with uncommon seriousness and zeal. "People of Woodstock," he said, there is a time for all things; there is a time to preach and a time to fight."

And as the devout congregation rose to its feet and madly cheered their young leader, Pastor Muhlenberg threw off the robes of his clerical order and stood there in the pulpit of the little church, clad in the uniform of a colonel of the Continental Army.

What more stirring sight than that of a young minister, realizing that good Christianity inescapably means good citizenship, proclaiming his patriotism in such dramatic fashion?

Later on he was to rise high in the councils of his friend, General George Washington, and with hs troops was to occupy the post of honor on General Lafayette's right flnak when Cornwallis was routed at Yorktown, and was to refuse a seat accorded him in the halls of the United States Senate for a less exalted post in the government of the State of Pennsylvania in which he thought he could be of more actual service.

---

## SHINING

A Negro died not long ago in Ohio. He had a shoe-shining stand in a store, and there he had worked hard for 26 years, without ever taking a holiday.

Apparently he had a good education, and it is said that the famous Booker T. Washington once tried to persuade him to become his private secretary.

But he refused that and every other offer to leave his stand, and never did he explain why.

After his death the situation was revealed.

Beside him, as he worked, there were always ten young Negroes. Every one of them was attending school. Some were in high school, some in college, a few in night school.

The stand could have been conducted with a smaller working force, but it was constantly maintained at that number.

Joe had figured it out that the earnings of the stand would pay the school bills of ten boys at a time. For more than a quarter of a century this unknown, unsung colored man did just that—kept ten boys in school.

His business had no other purpose.

Yet there are those who insist now and then that this world is a selfish, heartless place.—Christian Union Herald.

# MORAVIAN CHURCH, CHARLOTTE

**By Dorothy Hendrix, in Charlotte Observer**

The Moravian Church, known as the Little Church on the Lane, observed its 17th birthday November 7, 1937. This church had humble, but consecrate beginnings. Commencing with an informal meeting of Moravian families and several officials of the southern province of the church, held October 9, 1919, in the Y. M. C. A., monthly preaching services were begun by Bishop Rondthaler. This resulted in the formal organization of a congregation of 11 charter members . They were Mrs. Pernie V. Economou, the late Mrs. Jennie D. Kerner, Francis Libes, Mrs. C. C. Libes, Miss Margaret Libes, Mrs. C. C. Phillips, W. T. Shore, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Swaim, Mrs. W. T. Wohlford, Arthur T. Wohford, and Herbert W. Wohlford. The organization took place on November 7, 1920.

At the same time a Sunday school was organized. In the following years many of the Charlotte churches hastened to help the infant congregation by placing their buildings at the disposal of the Moravians. After several months of "visiting" in the various churches, it was decided that the Y. M. C. A. was more centrally situated and better adapted to the new work, and until 1924 the various services were held there.

In 1922 a Ladies Aid society was formed. R. J. Swaim was the first sunday school superintendent to be appointed, and Mrs. W. T. Wohlford was the first leader of the ladies. Bishop Randthaler acted as pastor for the young congregation, holding services once a month until 1924. In 1924 the first unit of the present parish house was erected on Moravian Lane in Myers Pank and was formally opened October 19 of that year. The parish house was modeled after the Salem parish house in Salem, N. C., which was constructed in 1771. The present house on Moravian lane was built by Northup and O'Brien of the Winston-Saem board.

Simultaneously with this new building, a fulltime pastor was instituted, and the Rev. Herbert Spaugh came to Charlotte from Pennsylvania to assume the work here. He has served until the present day.

From 1924, when the church moved to Myers Park and assumed the name of the Myers Park Moravian church, its history has been one of increasing strength and influence. In November, 1924, a pioneer Boy Scout movement was begun in Myers Park and a troop formed at the church. It has continued to flourish through the years, and two additional groups have been organized in Myers Park.

On January 23, 1925, another pioneer endeavor was launched, which since that time has had far-reaching effects. A Boy Scout band was organized, with membership open to any Boy Scout in the city. In spite of this, interest in music among boys was so low that only 16 boys applied. An effort was made to stimulate interest in making instrumental music available for every boy and girl in the city until public demand brought it into the city schools. In 1925 there were not more than 25 boys who could play band instruments, but the Moravian church pastor, Rev. Spaugh,

kept trying and teaching until now they are numbered by the hundreds.

By the close of 1925, additional space was needed to carry on the increasing work with children and young people. The recreation hut was erected at the back of the parish house. This building was constructed through the agency of the Men's Club of the church and many friends throughout the city.

As the Myers Park section of Charlotte grew, many other churches linked their names with Myers Park, and it proved somewhat confusing. The Moravian church accordingly became known as the Little Church on the Lane in 1933.

The new church directory was completed in July, 1937. It was constructed by the Southeastern Construction company and designed by W. H. Peeps of this city.

Today the congregation numbers between 150 and 175 communicant baptised and non-communicant members. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 125 students. Rev. Spaugh is superintendent of the Sunday school. Mrs. Spaugh is superintendent of the junior Sunday school . Mrs. F. H. Burkhead is president of the women's Auxilary. The vestry consists of Rev. Spaugh, R. N. Pfaff, Frank Tillotson, and Arthur T. Wohlford. Mrs. W. Wohlford is junior chairman of the Young People's division.

The Moravian church is an old denomination, but a great many sections of the country do not have Moravian churches. A settlement in the Carolinas was planned, and a large tract of land in what is now Forsyth county was purchased from Lord Granville. It was organized by the Governor and Assembly of North Carolina, and was created a separate parish known as "The Parish Dobms." North Carolnia was then under the Church of England. In this manner religious freedom was granted to the Moravians.

Into the wilderness of North Carolina came a band of 11 hardy pioneers, establishing their first settlement in 1753 at Bethabara, seven miles from the present city of Winston-Salem. Although intended as a temperary encampment, it finally became a permanent village. Six years later Bethania was settled, and in 1765 Salem sprang up and is now known as Winston-Salem. There are now more than 40 Moravian congregaions in North Carolina.

---

"Each year has brought us some sunny hours,
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers,
We hail the new that has come to view,
Work comes with it and pleasures, too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain."

—Selected.

# HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS

**By G. Ed. Kestler, in Charlotte Observer**

The Moravians of Salem, N. C., and the great Moravian college here are good people have lived and worked here. My mother, formery Milss Janie Porter was born and reared here. The old Porter home is just in front of the old college, one of the old landmarks of Salem.

Being reared by a Moravian mother, I used to know of all the quaint customs, like Christmas tree, the Moravian cakes, the splendid music and many other peculiar customs of these people. A better, a more moral and a more real Christian people never lived. My maternal grandparents are buried in the old Moravian cemetery. Wishing to know more about a sect that could produce such a noble mother as mine was, I began to look up their history and I give some of my facts.

The Moravians started as a church from the religious movement of John Huss, 1373-1415. This was at Prague, Bohemia and near Moravia and Saxony. These people were by blood, Germans. Huss after taking his master's degree at the University of Prague, Bohemia, lectured on theology and coming under the influence of Wyclif, he began to find fault with the Catholic theories and customs, and in 1408 he got into a dispute with Pope Alexander V and was excommunicated. Riots followed in Prague and by advice of King Wenceslaus he left the city. He then composed his De Eclesia. He and the Pope were summoned to the Council of Constance to be tried. This was November 3, 1414. Huss was found guilty and burned at the stake. At the same time Jerome of Prague, a fine orator, was also burned for his disagreement with the Pope. The masses arose in fury and many Catholics were killed and a civil war started. A League was formed in Bohemia and Moravia for religious freedom Over 100 towns were destroyed in Saxony and Moravia.

From this movement in 1414, the disciples of Huss and Jerome of Prague, both of whom were burned alive, then merged with the Moravian Brethren. In 1467, Peter of Chelczicky, a contemporary of Huss formed them into a community, known as Moravians or Herrnhuters, the Church of the Brethren or the Unity of Brethren or Unity Fratrum. They were against distinction of rank, military service and use of oaths and for religious freedom.

At the synod of 1467, elders and bishops and two presbyters were chosen by lot and were ordained by a Waldensian priest. By the 16th century there were some 400 churches in The Unity. Many were forced by persecution to flee from Poland, Prussia and Moravia. A historian says: "In 1570, the Polish branch united with the Reformed church, and in 1600, the Bohemians and Moravians including two-thirds of the population and most of the nobility, The Brethren got mixed up with the Revolution of 1620, and by 1627, their church was broken up and destroyed."

In 1722, some Moravians, under the direction of Christian David, resolved to emigrate from Prague in Bohemia,

and young Count Zinzendorf, 1700-1760, allowed them to settle on his property in Saxony, close to the Austrian frontier. So they settled here at Herrnhut, The Lord's Keeping, and in five years there were 300 here. They here united with the Lutherans by advice of Zinzendorf. They drew up rules that all in Herrnhut should live in love with all the brethren and with all the children of God in all religious. Zinzendorf wrote hymns for them, preached to them and followed them to America, Britain and all over Germany.

Salem is one of the leading centers. The Moravians are noted for their missionary activities. They sent missionaries to the West India slave mission, started in 1732, to Greenland, Lapland, to Africa and so on. Count Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, the refounder of the church, was born in Dresden, Saxony, Germany, in 1700, and in 1722 he received the persecuted Moravians on his estate. For this he was exiled and he traveled in America and Europe in their cause. He died at Herrnhut, Saxony, in 1760.

The Moravians take their name from Moravia, Germany, where thouands of them lived. From the history before me as of 1848, Moravia had 8,616 square miles, two millions of people. In the 8th century Moravia was a powerful kingdom, composing parts of Hungaria and Austria. In 871 the King was Swatopluk, in 908 Swatobog, in 1162 the Emperor was Frederick I, and since 1293 a part of Bohemia."

Bruenn is the capital of Moravia. It is 64 miles from Vienna, 120 miles from Prague, where Huss started the Moravian movement. It is noted for its cotton and wool manuing. It has the Gothic St. James factures, leather works and fine farmchurch, fine Cathedral and Citadel. It is near Austerlitz where the famous battle was fought in 1805. Olmultz was its former capital, with 18,000 people. Other towns in Moravia inhabited solely by Moravians are Grosshennersclorf with 2,000, Bethelsdorf with 1,850, Kleinweelka with 600. Poggie, the secretary of the Pope, says of Huss and Jerome of Prague, the founders of the Moravians, who were burned at the stake: "He spoke like Socrates, and walked to the stake with as much cheerfulness as that great philosopher drank the cup of hemlock."

* * * *

Since my article upon the Moravians I am asked to give some facts of history since they came to America. The Moravians first settled in Savannah, Ga., under Rev. A. G. Spangenberg in 1753. He was the Bishop of their church. The Lutherans were at Ebenezer, Ga., in 1754. In 1737 there was war between England and Spain. In 1737 the Moravians opposed war and were compelled to go to war or leave. In 1738 they moved to Pennsylvania and built up the towns of Bethlehem and Nazareth. In 1751 the Moravians were given 98,985 acres of land through Lord Granville of Engand to settle upon. Bishop Spangenberg was named to locate and survey the property. It was land at the head of the Catawba and Yadkin rivers.

Forsyth and Surry were most of the counites It ran from Salem beyond Wilkes county, Wilkesboro

was once a part of it. The charter was signed August 7, 1753, and was called The Wachovia Tract. This was in honor of Count Zinzendorf, head of Wachovia Valley in Austria, the founder. Martin's history says they formed The Wachovia Society with Bishop Spangenberg as director and Cornelias Van Laer, of Holland, as assistant, Twenty of the Brethren bought 2000 acres.

In 1753 Bethlehem was settled when twelve single Brethren came from Penn. in wagons and six horses, cattle etc. They found a cabin on Mill Creek in which they stayed. Wachovia was settled in Nov. 1753—they cleared land and sowed wheat when seven single men came from Bethlehem, Pa. Bethabara was settled this year. Bishop Bobler visited the Brethren Nov. 26, 1753. They now divided Wachovia in tracts and named the creeks.

In May 1755 Bishop Nitrahman came on a visit. He then convoked the first church. In 1758 the Cherokee and Catawba Indians marched through Bethabara—several hundreds of them —as they went to war on the Indians of Ohio, and the Brethren had to house and feed them. One Indian said: "The Dutch fort are good people and good bread." In 1759 the town of Bethany was laid out—it is three miles North of Bethabara, on Muddy creek It had 30 lots in 1765.

Salem (Jerusalem) was founded in 1766. Before this all came from Penn., but in 1766 10 came from Germany by London and Charleston, Salem was laid out by Frederick William Von Marshall, of Unitas Fratum. It was to have the same regulations as Herrnhut, Niesky, and Bethlehem, Pa. Unmarried men and boys and unmarried women and girls lived in separate homes. Friedburg and Fuedcomb were settled in 1769 by those from Germany and Maryland. Hope was settled in 1772 by those from Maryland.

During the Revolutionary war the Moravians refused to go to war and they had to pay heavy penalties and their taxes were trebled.

In 1804 Salem Female Academy was founded—building started in 1803. In 1804 41 students attended. In 1810 two Moravian preachers, Rev. Shober and Rev. Rothrock, went over to the Lutherans.

The Moravians first went to Georgia at Savannah and stayed a while, then they went to Penn., and then came to North Carolina, in 1753. They sold a large part of their nearly 100,000 acres, got some pay on it and had a long law suit in the Supreme Court to get the balance. The suit was in court some 25 years.

---

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of a woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.—Sternac.

# LOOKING WITHIN

## (Orphans Friend)

The face of a singularly beautiful girl adorns the front cover of the Cosmopolitan magazine for January and in connection therewith is a story of sublime courage. This young girl, twenty years of age, is one of New York City's host of workers. She was selected by the magazine because of the loveliness of her features. It seemed then that fortune was giving her most gracious smlie and that the future of the girl as a model was brilliant.

But a very grave misfortune happened. After the close of a day's work some time ago, she and her mother took the elevated for home. In alighting from the car in some way she tripped and fell under it. Both legs were cut off. Helping hands immediately lifted her to the platform and while she lay there waiting for medical service, the sufferer asked her mother not to make a scene.

Weeks of hospital treatment followed. Finally the girl was discharged and artificial limbs fitted on her. Three days after getting accustomed to these artificial aids to locomotion, she went to her assignment. The artist who was to prepare the drawing for the magazine knew the time of her expected arrival at the studio, but he had assmred that he would have to meet her on arrival and bodily carry her to the place where she was to pose. Instead he heard a light tapping at the door. Thinking it to be some causual caller, he said, "Come in", and to his stupefaction the model walked in unaided. The artist wrote a little story of the unusual happening. He said that the stricken girl was not resentful at the turn of fortune and looked to the future with sublime courage.

Another case of quite some years' standing comes to mind. In this instance it was a man, a wealthy tobacconist of Richmond. Chronic rheumatism gradually paralyzed various parts of his physical organism until he could move only the left hand and turn his head at a very acute angle. An attendant would prepare him for the day and sit him in a chair from which he could not budge the fraction of an inch.

The paralytic had a mind clear as a bell. So far as visitors knew, he never mentioned his affliction. In speaking with others or listening to them, a smile constantly played over his face. Some one read the city dailies and magazines to him and he kept abreast of the times. His comments were penetrating and full of common sense. He was intensely proud of Richmond and closely followed its progress, and he kept himself particularly well informed with respect to the tobacco industry.

Nature has inscrutible ways of doing things. Sometimes they seem very cruel but we may be sure that they work to a blessing in the end. The law of compensation never ceases to operate. Some of the most valuable lessons are learned on the Via Dolorosa or Way of Sorrow. The Master trod it; he drank the drugs of bitterness and was subject to the limit of suffering, yet this led to supernal triumph.

Suggestion is one of the most

powerful of laws. The average man, in time of depression or trouble, constantly thinks in terms of fear. The constant impinging of fearsome thoughts crystalyzes fear, and faith and courage are crowded out. The two extremes of courage and fear cannot exist at the same time. One must crowd out the other. Fear has no abiding peace in the soul of a person who thinks courage and has faith.

People who look to externals for all the requirements of body and soul invariably are disappointed. Externals are all right in their places; it would be an insult to The Father to neglect them, for it is He who creates them. But it is the thing of the spirit, the real substance, that brings and perpetuates the highest values of existence. Under affliction people are induecd to look within and in the end it would seem these make the greatest progress.

More and more, people are revising their sense of values in the right direction and there is no need to worry about the future.

---

## DAILY IMPROVEMENT

Do you improve daily? Or are you content just to do the same things in the same old way? To succeed, you must overcome the little faults as well as the large ones. No one is perfect and all of us have certain defects that we can do a lot to improve. If you want to improve yourself, you must begin today. And keep at it. The practice more than anything else will help you to either get rid of these defects or at least to improve on them.

One of the faults in nearly all of us is the careless way we speak. We don't take the time to pronounce our words or to make them as clear as possible. Resolve to make each word that you speak as nearly perfect as you can. Keep trying, and your speech will soon show signs of improving. Clear speaking makes a good impression on others, and people usually judge you by their first impression.

Another bad habit is a slouching posture. Learn to walk erect, and to stand straight. The sooner you start to improve yourself, the quicker you can correct your bad habits.

Sit down and list your bad habits. Then get to work on yourself and see how you can overcome them. Resolve to improve daily. Don't give up easily, but keep trying. Tell yourself that day by day in every way you're getting better. If you believe in yourself, so will others.—Young.

# AN AMERICAN MEMORIAL IN ENGLAND

**By A Denis Fry**

"To the glory of God, in honour of St. David, and in memory of Henry Adams, born in this parish about 1583, and a founder of New England 1638, ancestor of two presidents of the United States of America; John Adams and Quincey Adams whose exalted services to their country evokes a testimony of respect for their ancestral home. This memorial has been erected by Edward Dean Adams A. D. 1926."

All who have made a pilgrimage to the tiny village of Barton St. David in the county of Somerset, England and entered the unpretentious walls of its fourteenth century church, will remember reading these words on the small bronze tablet fixed to the south wall of the chancel and flanked on either side by the flags of Great Britain and the United States. The Henry Adams mentioned on the tablet erected by his American descendant was, until the age of fifty-four, a farmer and malster of the neighboring parish of Kingweston. When we realize that he had a family of nine children, it is apparent that his action in emigrating to America was one calling for a high courage.

To the glory of God, in honour of the town of Boston a lot of forty acres at Braintree, Massachusetts. Little is known of his life here, but a clause of his will throws an interesting sidelight on his character. "My books" he says "shall be divided amongst all my children." This implies that he possessed at least nine volumes, surely an unusual number for a seventeenth century yeoman.

Of his nine sons the most important from a historical point of view, was Joseph, the grandfather of John Adams, who was born at Braintree in 1735. Forsaking the occupation of his forefathers John Adams became a barrister, after graduating at Harvard. He rapidly acquired distinction in his profession and was a man of considerable standing by the time of the Seven Years' War. The far greater quarrel, the American War of Independence, which followed it, added to his reputation, and he took his stand as a vigorous opponent of the Stamp Act passed by the English Parliament. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, served in the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1778 and had the courage to sign the Declaration of Independence.

At the conclusion of the war he represented his country at the Paris peace negotiations and afterwards filled the difficult post of Minister to England. From 1789 to 1797 he was vice-president of the United States under Washington, and became one of the prime movers in the new Federalist party, being elected president to succed Washington in 1797. The period of his presidency was alas a period of distraction and party strife, leading to his defeat by Thomas Jefferson in 1801. Of his life it has been said that "he made the best of his opportunities and gave freely of

his services to his state and country."

His son, John Quincey Adams, born in 1767, followed the profession of his father, after three years' study at Paris and Leyden and a period as private secretary to the American envoy in Russia. In the new struggle with England which broke out in 1812, his legal skill was ever at the service of his country and resulted in his becoming Secretary of State under President Monroe, whom he succeeded in 1825. In the long struggle over slavery Adams though not an abolitionist, fought against the retention of slavery with a courage worthy of his forefathers. It is possible that his moderate line of thought prevented a civil war, although when seeking reelection in 1829 his countrymen rejected him. His public work as a member of Congress was continued right until the time of his death in 1848.

Henry Adams, for whom the memorial tablet has been erected, was like a pebble flung into clear water. His birth produced but a small splash in a tiny village, but the ripples which followed it spread in ever widening circles which were visible three thousand miles away, long after the stone had sunk to rest.

---

## HUMAN RECORDS

A long time ago, a wonderful invention was put on the market for sale. This invention was the phonograph that would record human voices. Now the radio has taken its place, but there is one record that no man can invent or destroy. It is the record of human life.

The human record is not like the wax phonograph record. If we want to destroy a wax record, no trace will be left, but the human record leaves traces even long after the person is dead. The human records are made by people's thoughts and by acts of all sorts.

If you make a bad record it is you who is losing, and if you make a good record it is you who gains. It all depends on the type of person. All people are on record by the company they keep and what they do or say.

A person who is kind and respectful in every way is bound to be worthwhile. He is with a group of outstanding persons in life and you cannot help seeing them no matter what path you take, for you are bound to find people who stand out high above the rest. Their record has made them such, so they are worthwhile among the rest. Such records will be popular long after the makers are gone and will not only stand out while they are living, but live on and on.—Selected.

# PRAISE FROM DOCTOR WEEKS

**By Gertrude Smith Coynne**

Doctor Weeks of the Pembroke hospital was having a verbal hemorrhage. Not that that was unusual. His associates would have thought something wrong indeed had words failed the doctor. But to Emily Sutton, R. N., about whose head the torrent happened to rage, it was the period at the end of a stiff sentence. She'd be caught dead before she'd take another case with Dr. Weeks she vowed to herself.

He was the hardest doctor in the hospital to please, the terror of all the nurses. Emily had been flattered at first by his preference for her. She had learned wisdom—at a price. There was a story current amng the staff of a nurse who had won praise from Dr. Weeks. Emily did not believe it. Such a paragon could not exist.

A week later, her patient discharged, Emily recalled her vow.

"I've a case coming up in January," Dr. Weeks said, "that I want you on."

"Sorry," Emily replied, filled with unholy glee, "I'm going home tomorrow. I haven't had a real vacation in four years." Which was the truth.

"January is six weeks away," the doctor pointed out. "You'll be back by then."

"I doubt it," Emily answered, "I want a long rest."

Comprehension dawned in the doctor's eyes. "Can't you take it?" he asked.

"I no longer have to," Emily made her declaration of independence.

"I thought you were a nurse," the doctor remarked in a tone well calculated to raise prickles along the base of the listener's skull. "I see I was mistaken."

"You will have time to find one before January, then," Emily conceded, and made her exit with what dignity she could.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Emily was recently enough out of training to stil retain her ideal of service. A nurse should not let personal bias interfere with duty. The tiny grain of truth in the doctor's words rankled. There were times when she wished she had chosen a less exacting profession. Then too there were things a doctor could do to make it unpleasant for a nurse. Besides, one who worked with Dr. Weeks acquired the best of references. His reputation was a recommendation in itself.

Resolutely she put the doctor's perversity from her. He might make a case unbearable, but he should not spoil her vacation.

The following day an obliging bus driver stopped beside a country mailbox and Emily walked in on her mother in the middle of the afternoon. For two weeks she reveled in her freedom from insistent bells and irritable patients. Then one day father had business in Dayton, ten miles away, and Mrs. Sutton decided to go with him. Emily, however, elected to stay at home and catch up on her reading. She spent a contented afternoon on the davenport with a pile of magazines. An early dusk roused her. It was time to feed the chickens. Going to a window, she gazed out at the serrated ranks of pines and the rug-

ged mountains beyond. It was beginning to snow.

Struggling into galoshes and sweater she tramped out to the chicken coop. The chickens had gone to roost, but fluttered down from the perches as she filled the troughs with hot mash. She gathered the eggs and went out, stopping to glance in at the cattle placidly chewing their cuds over mangerfuls of hay. A pair of snowshoes hanging in the dim interior of the garage caught her eye. They'd come in handy if this kept up, she thought as the snow swirled about her.

She felt no anxiety for her parents as she ate supper in the kitchen. They had expected to be late. With a bowl of apples she went back to the warm comfort of the living room and her story.

How long she read she did not know. The hero had just involved himself in a hair-raising adventure when the door-bell rang.

Startled, in spite of her healthy nerves, Emily went to answer it.

An apparition in white stood on the porch. Stamping and shaking it resolved into a boy of sixteen.

Convinced that only an urgent need could have brought him on a night like this, Emily stepped back.

"Come in," she said. Then as she closed the door on the storm without, "Did you want something?"

"Aw—ah—wah—" the boy articulated painfully.

"Good grief, he's dumb," Emily thought, looking at him closely.

The lower portion of his face was swollen out of all proportion to his boyish slimness.

"Sit down," Emily said, pushing an easy chair so that it faced the light.

The boy sank into it with the suddenness of collapse.

"Open your mouth," Emily ordered. Her guest obeyed.

Her suspicious were confirmed. Here was as bad a case of tonsilitis as she had ever seen. The boy's cheeks were red and his eyes bright with fever. Emily got her first aid kit. She swabbed the swollen tonsils with antiseptic, and made a soothing drink for the raw throat. The boy looked at her gratefully over the rim of the glass.

"Now see if you can tell me your errand," she suggested, when he had finished.

"I'm Norman Willis," the boy began thickly. "It's my little brother, Courtney. He has an awful cold. Mother thinks it's pneumonia. He's had it once before." Stark fear was in his eyes. "If you would called a doctor."

"Of course," Emily assented. "Which one does your mother want?"

"We don't know any in Dayton," the boy confessed.

"Then I'll call our family physician. Will that be all right?"

At his nod, she went to the telephone. But she had been over-sanguine. Though she tried again and again, she failed to make a connection. Somewhere the heavy snow had snapped a telephone wire.

"The line must be down," she admitted at last. "I'll go. I'm a nurse. Where do you live?"

"At the old Morris Mountain lookout," Norman answered.

Emily was appalled. Morris Mountain lookout was eight miles from the Sutton ranch, if one followed the highway and took the little-used wood road for the last three miles. It was five miles by trail. The lookout had been abandoned by the forest service years before. People often stayed there during the summer and hunters

used it in deer season; but to remain at this time of the year was sheer madness.

"Did you come by the old trail?" Emily asked.

Norman nodded. The warmth of the living room was making him drowsy.

Emily left him and went to change her clothes. She packed a uniform and other articles she might need in an overnight bag. She donned a short serge skirt and flannel blouse and pulled two pairs of wool stockings over her silk hose, thrusting her feet into a pair of sturdy pacs. A knit tam and blanket competed her outfit.

Quick as she had been Norman had fallen into a sleep of complete exhausion, which was just as well. He could not have made the return trip in any event. Emily pushed his chair over to the davenport and slipped the inert figure upon it. She covered him warmly, adjusted the lamp so the light would not shine in his face and propped a brief note of explanation to her parents against a bottle of boric acid solution on the table.

Bag and flashlight in one hand, she went out into the night. As she left the protection of the porch, she sank knee deep in fluffy snow. She could never make it in this. How Norman had managed was nothing short of a miracle. She remembered the snowshoes in the garage. Wading through the snow, she found and buckled them on.

Awkward as they were they were better than struggling through the snow. A quarter of a mile from the ranch she began the ascent. The trail wound upward, twisting between spectral trees on either side. Norman's footprints were obliterated. The tiny circle of light from her flashlight preceded her, pointing the way. The trees sheltered her from the wind and the exertion of climbing kept her warm. Often she was forced to stop to get her breath. At last she reached the top. A light shone faintly through the falling snow. Kicking off the snowshoes, Emily knocked at the cabin door.

A woman with a drawn, haggard face, opened it.

"I'm a nurse," Emily explained. "We couldn't reach a doctor."

An exclamation of relief escaped the woman. "I'm so glad you've come."

With that heartfelt welcome, Emily entered the cabin A rough partition divided the interior into two rooms. A fire burned briskly in the range in one, while from the other came the tortured breathing of congested lungs.

Emily had heard that sound too often not to recognize it. She thought fleetingly of oxygen tanks and diathermy.

"He's awfully bad," Mrs. Willis said, as Emily warmed her hands at the stove. "I've done everything the doctor told me to the first time he had it, but it doesn't seem to help."

"And you?" Emily asked gently.

The woman flushed. "I guess it's now," she admitted. "I didn't expect to be sick until January when I was going to the hospital in Pembroke."

"Your husband?" Emily asked.

"He's working in a logging camp," Mrs. Willis explained. "We took this place for the summer. It was cheaper than to rent in town. And then we decided to stay until time for me to go to the hospital."

Emily nodded her comprehension. She knew the pitiful makeshifts of

poverty, the stretching to make both ends meet, only to have them snap in the middle.

"I didn't like to send Norman out in this snow, his throat was so bad," Mrs. Willis worried. "But I had to have help." Her eyes begged for understanding.

"No harm was done," Emily reassured her, "he'll be all right after a good rest."

Then began a night that Emily remembered as long as she lived. Mustard plasters for the sick child's chest. Heat, blessed, beneficent heat, applied to the already burning little body. A curtain improvised from a blanket between the two beds. Fires kept up. Wood brought from the woodshed some distance from the cabin. Emily made trip after trip on her snowshoes, carrying huge armfuls of wood. There was plenty sawed and split for which she was thankful.

Inured as she was to suffering, Emily learned something of courage and fortitude from the mother who through long hours of agony never once let a sound slip from her white lips that might disturb the sick child in the other bed.

In the gray morning light, Emily laid a tiny wisp of humanity in the mother's tired arms.

"She'll grow into a big girl, yet," Emily promised, and Mrs. Willis smiled wearily.

But there were complications, serious enough under most favorable circumstances. Forgetful of self, Emily fought for the three lives with the weapons she had at hand. And when at last she had exhausted all of her knowledge, exerted all of her skill, done everything within her power, she prayed. On the third day she knew that she had won. She saw the color creep back into Mrs. Willis' lips, heard the small boy's breathing grow easier, felt his skin become cool and moist, felt the baby take a firmer grip on life.

As if the very elements acknowledged a force stronger than themselves, the storm abated. The clouds broke away. The sun shone down upon a world of unearthly radiance.

The afternoon of the fourth day brought Mr. Sutton on snowshoes, a pack on his back.

"I would have come sooner," he apologized, "but that was the worst storm we've had in forty years. Mother and I were lucky to get home Wednesday night. The snowplow just got through the highway this morning."

"How is Norman?" Emily asked.

"He's fine. Wanted to come with me but we thought it best that he wait a few days."

"Do you want to send for a doctor?" Emily asked Mrs. Willis when her father was ready to go.

"If you will," Mrs. Willis said, "have Dr. Weeks of Pembroke called, and ask him to come when he can. I've so much confidence in him," she added, "I've known him all my life."

This would be her luck, Emily raged inwardly. To fall into a case of Dr. Weeks when she least desired it. Two days later the doctor arrived. Emily stood by while the doctor made his examination and looked over her hasty charts. Then she slipped into the kitchen as he chatted with Mrs. Willis.

Emily put more wood in the range and loked out at the snow dazzling in the sunlight. A busman's holiday!

"I see you decided to take this case after all," the doctor's dry voice interrupted her reverie.

"Why, I—" realization dawned slowly. This must be the maternity case she had refused.

"I suppose you think you've done something fine, something wonderful," the doctor contiued sarcastically Emily steeled herself for the blast of criticism. Of course, there was nothing she had done right.

"And for once," the doctor's tone lent doubt to the statement, "you are correct." He blew his nose. To Emily's astonishment she saw tears in his eyes. "You have saved three lives. The best doctor on earth could do no more. I'm proud of you, nurse."

The impossible had happened, praise from Dr. Weeks.

"Why—why—it was only in line of duty," Emily stammered, feeling ridiculously young and inexperienced.

"Exactly. Continue as you have and Emily Sutton Willis will be a credit to you, yet."

Emily watched him disappear down the path between the trees. There were compensations in nursing she had not known of before.

---

## ERRORS

No matter what one's station in life may be and regardless of the position you hold, errors are sure to occur. But there is no reason why such a blunder should be repeated. Down through the experiences of life a mistake may be made, with the guilty person quite sincere in making it, not knowing that he or she was committing an error. Yet after being made aware of the fact, the offender can expect no sympathy if the act is carried out again. Planning ones life, with its work and leisure, its joy and sorrow, its success and failures, errors should be given a lot of thought. There need by no concern over a fault if you correct it and see that it never shows itself again. Profit by your errors and bad judgment. Gain strength from your experiences. Every sane person is blessed with a memory, so why be weak and take the easiest way because it happens to be the most convenient. Errors and blunders are always embarrassing and humiliating, so they should be easy to remember. Constituted authority is always necessary, no matter how small or large the group, and being disloyal to that authority is a serious error indeed. It throws perfect order and operation out of balance, causing everyone to suffer. Again there may have been no intent of violation, yet there can be no excuse if the offense is continually repeated. 'Tis human to err yet. "We do not have to respond to encores."—The Boy Agriculturist.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. R. G. Deyton, of Raleigh, who succeeded Mr. Frank L. Dunlap as Assistant Director of the Budget for the State of North Carolina, spent last Tuesday afternoon at the School. After visiting the various departments he expressed himself as being very well pleased with the manner in which the work of the School is being carried on. We were delighted to have Mr. Deyton visit us and trust he will form the habit of stopping in whenever he happens to be in this part of the state.

---

Mr. W. P. Morton, superintendent of the Pinehurst Public Schools, spent last Wednesday afternoon and night at the School. The purpose of his visit was to observe the School in action, both the literary and vocational departments. He had spent a short time here a few months before and was desirous of seeing more fully the work being carried on here. We were very glad to have Mr. Morton with us and wish to take this opportunity to assure him a hearty welcome whenever he may find it convenient to visit us again.

---

We were very sorry to learn of the death of Charles W. Wise, Jr., of Charlotte, recently. Charlie, as he was familiarly known here, was a feed salesman who had visited the School regularly for many years. His genial personality and fair dealing had won for him many friends among the employees of the School. We shall miss the winning smile and fine sense of humor that was characteristic of him

The Piedmont Feed Mills will have to look far and wide to secure a representative that will be his equal.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his aged father, wife and children in the hour of their bereavement.

---

At three o'clock last Saturday afternoon our family of five hundred boys and most of the members of the School staff assembled in the auditorium to hear Edward Lee Hawk, of Ohio, a noted human analyst, who had been lecturing at the Cabarrus County Court House, Concord, each night last week.

Following a brief introduction by Superintendent Boger, Mr. Hawk expressed his pleasure in having the opportunity of meeting the Training School boys. He said there was no group he would rather speak to than a group of boys, because every normal boy has in him the ability to do some fine thing, if he tries hard enough. The reason there are so many kinds of boys, said he, is because there are so many different kinds of things to be done.

Mr. Hawk stated that a hickory stick and a boy are very much alike. The hickory stick will made a very fine axe handle if it is shaped up, whittled and smoothed off. So it is with a boy. He has the stuff in him to make a fine man, but he, too, has to be shaped up and smoothed off.

The speaker then told the boys that no matter what they wanted to be,

the most important thing is to try to be a winner. He then told the story of Dan Patch, a famous race horse of former years, stating that men and horses are pretty much the same. They cannot be winners unless they learn to do certain things. There comes a time in a man's life when he must face the supreme test. That's the moment he must be ready for. He must meet this test successfully or be a failure. Some folks are self-starters, while others must have some one along with them. Many people start too fast and are not able to hold out to the end of the race. It isn't the start that is most important, but the way you finish that determines your ability to be a winner.

Mr. Hawk then spoke about Dan Patch, once holder of the world's pacing record. He said that it only took Dan four minutes to win the race, but from the time he was a colt he was trained to be ready for it. So it is with us. Nature has a place for us, but we must begin when young to find out what we are best suited for and then go to training.

Dan was a nice colt, said the speaker, and was the pet of all his trainers. If a boy wants to become a winner he must make people like him. The boy worth while is the boy with a smile. If he is honest, straightforward and courageous, people will be eager to help him up the ladder of success.

Nobody cares for a boy who doesn't like to play, continued Mr. Hawk, but they do not have any use for those who want to play all the time. There is a time for work as well as play. Then when we play, we must play clean. The boy or man who plays dirty will never be a winner. The underhanded player always plays a losing game.

Mr. Hawks told the boys that little Dan become a great racer because he listened to his trainer. The boys who make failures in life are the ones who do not like to listen to those who are trying to guide them. A trainer's skilled eye soon detects something wrong about a horse's gait that will throw him off his stride. This must be corrected before the horse can win fame on the race track. It is the same with boys. They have weak spots, both physically and norally, and they should listen to the men and women who are trying to help them make the necessary corrections, in order to become winners in the great game of life.

In conclusion Mr. Hawks urged each boy in his audience to start at once and try to decide just what he is best fitted for and work toward that goal with every bit of energy in him. He told the boys not to try to be something they were not intended to be, but to try to be the best boys in the country. By trying to be the right kind of boys, the right kind of men will eventually develop, and the man who lives the right kind of life will always be a winner.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis, who took over the program for the afternoon. Gene first led the boys in the singing of several choruses, after which he presented Miss Lucy Peet, who talked to them on the life of St. Paul. She began by telling of Paul's life as a young man. He was well educated, and an ardent worker for the Church

of Rome. Before his conversion he spent much of his time in persecuting those who had become followers of Jesus Christ. She called attention to his journey toward Damascus. Paul had just seen Stephen stoned to death and was in sympathy with those who had killed him. He had seen a Christian die. He had heard his last words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they are doing." When Paul saw Stephen's face light up as he uttered those words. he probably became more determined than ever to kill Christians.

Before reaching Damascus, however Paul had a great experience. He saw a great light, much brighter than the sun, which blinded him. He heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul's answer was, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Saul then said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" From that moment he became a follower of Juses, and was thereafter known as Paul. The reason his Christian life was such a success was due to the fact that Christ showed him the way and he followed His teachings.

Miss Peet called attention to many instances in Paul's life. Several times he was beaten; once he was shipwrecked; he suffered all sorts of perils, weariness and painful experiences, but he said toward the end of his career, "Nothing can separate me from the love of Christ." By following the right course after it was pointed out to him, Paul became one of the greatest characters the world has ever known.

In conclusion Miss Peet told the boys that it would be necessary for them to choose which road they would travel down through their lives. The choice must be made whether to give their lives to the service of God or follow the urge to do wicked things—a decision that each boy must make for himself—and asked them to choose the one and only true way, the way that leads to God.

Following a prayer by Miss Dorothy Strauss and the singing of a hymn, Gene Davis dismissed the boys.

Other visitors from Charlotte on this occasion were, Miss Ruby Allen, who played the piano accompaniment for all the songs used in the service, and Miss Fannelle Shepperson.

---

## TRUST

There is never a sorrow we cannot stand
If we can reach out and touch God's hand.
There is never a burden we cannot bear
If we see through the shadow and know He is there.

There is never a trouble that comes to stay,
If only we trust that He knows the way
To lead us on to the very end,
Regardless of foe or pretended friend.

—Elizabeth MacWilliams Johnston.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending January 23, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(8) Marvin Bridgeman 8
(3) Leonard Buntin 3
(3) Ivey Eller 10
(6) Edward Johnson 10
(11) Edward Lucas 11
(3) Warner Sands 3
(2) Mack Setzer 7

### COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman 3
(2) J. C. Cox 7
Carroll Dodd
(3) William Haire 5
Edgar Harrellson 5
Fonnie Oliver 7
(3) Howard Roberts 5
Robert Watts 2
(4) Preston Yarborough 8
(4) R. L. Young 10

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 3
Julius Green 5
Lindsay Jones 2
Nick Rochester 6

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 5
Earl Barnes 2
Neely Dixon 6
(5) Henry Floyd 8
(2) Coolidge Green 4
(2) Norman Glasgow 3
F. E. Mickle 5
(2) James Mast 6
(4) William New 9
Grady Pennington 2
(8) Frank Pickett 9
(2) J. C. Robertson 2
William Smith 4
(8) Allen Wilson 10

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 3
(8) Odell Bray 10
(3) Lewis Donaldson 6
(6) James Hancock 10
(3) Grover Lett 4
(4) Thomas Maness 8
(2) Charles Mizzell 5
(3) Robert Orrell 5
(8) Lloyd Pettus 8
(11) Frank Raby 11
Leo Ward 7
Rollin Wells 2
(2) James Wilhite 5

### COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Harold Almond 8
William Brothers 9
(5) Ernest Beach 9
(2) J. C. Branton 2
(2) William Barden 2
J. C. Ennis
(3) Monroe Keith 4
(3) Burl Rash 3
Richard Singletary
Ralph Webb 3

### COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Lacy Burleson 3
(2) Robert Bryson 4
Robert Dellinger 3
Robert Deyton 5
Robert Dunning 9
(4) Frank Glover 8
(4) Columbus Hamilton 6
(5) Neal Hamilton 8
(4) Jack Harward 5
William Jones 2
Spencer Lane 6
(3) Charles McCoy 4
(4) Ray Pitman 6
James Rackley 9
Melvin Stines
Joseph Sanford
Joseph Tucker
George Wilhite 7
Donald Washam
(4) Woodrow Wilson 8

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Lloyd Banks 5
Floyd Crabtree
(3) Duke Davis 4
Rayvon Michael 2
Warner Peach 3
Norman Parker 2
Charles Presnell
John Tolbert 4

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(8) Wilson Bowman 9
(9) Thomas Braddock 10
Edgar Burnette 8
Hubert Carter 6
James Coleman 6
(8) Heller Davis 8
(4) Woodfin Fowler 7
James C. Hoyle 3
Odie Hicks 6
Elbert Kersey 3
Eugene Presnell 5
Hubert Short 6
Thomas Sands 7
Cleveland Suggs 4
Luther Wilson 7

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 3
(3) Jeff Gouge 7
(4) Milford Hodgin 10
(4) Mack Joines 10
(3) James Martin 4
(4) Edward E. Murray 8
(3) James Penland 5
(2) Oscar Smith 3
(3) Jack Springer 3
William R. Williams 3

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Harold Bryson 7
(6) Howard Clark 10
Joseph Christine
(2) Baxter Foster 4
(3) Lawrence Guffey 6
(3) Albert Goodman 3
(3) William Kirk 8
Paul Mullis 2
(6) Donald Newman 10
Filmore Oliver 8
(3) John Uptegrove 6
(4) Fred Williamson 9
(6) Berchell Young 10

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Charles Batten 8
(2) Charlton Henry 5
Thurman Knight

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Harry Flowe 6
Isaac Hendren 2
(4) James Lane 5
Clyde Murphy
Jordan McIvester 8
Irvin Medlin 4

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Monte Beck 4
Robert Coffer 3
(3) James Kirk 8
(2) Troy Powell 4
(2) John Robbins 6
(3) Paul Shipes 6
(2) William Thore 4
Desmond Truitt
William Warf
(2) Harvey Walters 5

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Warren Bright 6
Sidney Delbridge 3
(2) Hobart Gross 8
(2) Joseph Hyde 7
Hoyt Hollifield 5
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(7) Caleb Jolly 9
Cleo King 3
John Mathis 4
(3) Connie Michael 8
(4) Raymond Mabe 8
(8) James McGinnis 9
Harold Oldham 2
(4) Alvin Powell 10
Wilson Rich 9
James Watson 5

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Ira J. Chavis
(2) Joseph Cox 7
(2) Reefer Cummings 2

---

One goes forward without knowing the future and without knowing whether success will come. But it is necessary to go forward all the same.—Selected.

FEB 7 1938
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 5, 1938 No. 5

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## REVERENCE FOR OUR LAWS

Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in the schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in alamanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

—Abraham Lincoln.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL STATUE | By Marion H. Addington | 10 |
| THE BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN | By F. W. Boyer | 12 |
| CHARLOTTE LAST CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY | By Mary Winder Osborne | 15 |
| THE AGED | By Bishop Warren A. Chandler | 19 |
| THE KING'S EMERALD | (Selected) | 21 |
| A PLANTATION TALE | By Cobe Funderburk | 23 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MEMORY

My childhood home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it, too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly, vile,
Seem hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We lingering, list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, and know no more.

—Abraham Lincoln.

## LINCOLN—A MAN FOR THE AGES

A dying mother touching with loving fingers the tear-streaked face of her boy and whispering, "Be somebody, Abe;"

A lanky, homely lad stretched out on the floor before the open fire, reading, thinking, far into the night;

A splitter of rails; a champion wrestler; a farmer; a storekeeper;

A funny story teller who could "make a cat laugh";

A young lover turning away from the grave of his sweetheart with the face of a man grown old;

A candidate for office whose first speech was "as short and sweet as the old woman's dance";

A sincere man, lover of justice, a hater of cruelty, who said of slavery—"If I ever have the chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard";

An awkard orator with coat sleeves and trousers too short, but with a spiritual light in his eyes;

A man who rode in the day coach while his opponent traveled in a special train;

A man who was found down on his knees playing marbles with a group of boys when news came that he had been elected President of the United States;

A gaunt, tired man on the rear platform of his train in a drizzling rain, bidding good-bye to the neighbors he loved;

A man with one desperate idea: To save the Union;

A writer of tender letters to widowed mothers who gave their sons for the cause;

A pardoner of boys who could not be blamed if their legs were cowardly;

A man of infinite patience, "who held on through blame and faltered not at praise";

A man so humble he said he would hold a general's horse if that general would win victories;

A man who loved all men and lived and preached "charity for all and malice toward none";

A man who signed with steady hand a proclamation that struck the shackles from the slaves;

A man who lived to see his cause triumph;

A man whose death set free for all mankind a great soul that shall bless, and benefit, inspire and encourage, until time shall be no more.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

## THE VALUE OF COUNTY HEALTH UNIT

There are one hundred counties in the state, sixty-seven have health units, leaving thirty-three without one of the most vital con-

tributions to the welfare and happiness of any community. The ommission of such a vital interest to help the indigent, and safeguard others in every walk of life against diseases, right now eliminates counties without health departments from participating in the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation specifically to fight syphilis, termed the "great killer". Besides these same counties miss other benefits such as clinics, office care and advice that help to prevent illness.

This county has continued to sponsor a Health Department since 1919, Dr. Sidney Buchanan, the first all time health physician and Miss May Stockton the all time nurse. The department did a most outstanding work in its genesis, so recognized by the State Health Department, and has continued up to date to sustain its reputation.

Dr. Buchanan had a difficult task to teach the people that his duties were not to give bed side attention but to put on a campaign of preventive measures that would touch all people. He finally succeeded and the work has proven most valuable and continues to be.

It was just at this time the King's Daughters stepped in and ably helped to do a far reaching service to humanity by sponsoring the salary of the first nurse, and later with the assistance of Dr. Buchanan a Metropolitan nurse was secured that proved a most valuable acquisition to the efficiency of the local health unit.

It is evident that the activities of any county government without these units of humanitarian service are incomplete. The work is vital. It touches the indigent, helps the aged and defenseless child through its better health crusade for a stronger and better citizenship. Cabarrus county feels reasonably proud of the local health department, because it has functioned most successfully and each year grows stronger in its service.

* * * * * * *

## LET US "TALK SHOP"

The lady associate editor of this album of song has gone to Florida to spend the month of February. Hope she will have a good time and realize all of her expectations.

Before leaving she called in a one time "printer's devil" now known as "one of the old time printers"—to help Charles E. Boger, the editor, Cook the mental pabulum, and tuck The Uplift snugly in it's press bed each week during her absence.

("Printer's devil?" Don't know who he is? He's the last small boy to enter a printing office to learn the trade, in old times, and he was privileged to do chores and spread more ink on his face and hands than he put on paper, in handling the rollers.)

I am thinking what a handsome thing it would be—and what a pleasing surprise it would be to the Missus, when she returns—to find the subscription list of The Uplift doubled.

How!

By each present subscriber sending in one new subscription; or a club of several—or subscribing for a friend, as a token of appreciation for her work, and that of Mr. Boger, on the The Uplift.

Don't you think that would be fine?

Then do it!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WE MOVE WITH TIME

Did you ever stop to think that we move with time, or time leaves us behind. Time that leaves us behind is time which can never be reclaimed. Time never returns. Opportunities rarely do so.

The only time you really have is the present time. You may have future time, and you may not. Future time is not what business of today needs. It needs present time, and if you haven't time you're out of luck.

Business transacted today puts you ahead of tomorrow, and tomorrow, if it ever comes, has business of its own.

Business always comes before pleasure on the road to success.

Remember these things and let it be said of you that you had time for business any time.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## GOOD FOR VALDESE!

Valdese, a Waldensian settlement three miles this side of Morganton, in Burke county, is the fastest growing community, spunky, if not the spunkiest town in North Carolina. It's inhabitants attend to their own business, and they do not rely on the government for help. They help themselves. They work their own industries, and throw a smile to the outside world.

Valdese's ambition this year is to erect a Y. M. C. A. building for the pleasure, guidance and instruction of the youth of its community. A most worthy undertaking. The idea is to provide a zestful diversion for relaxation and exercise, and afford a wholesome and uplifting atmosphere for young people, and make a happy community. Caring for the morals and welfare of the youth of the next generation is praiseworthy. Youth needs guidance in the fundamentals of life, and happy is the community that engages in this occupation.

The Morganton News-Herald, in a sincere and feeling editorial, salutes Valdese and says: "As the movement runs in fulfillment, there comes this widespread wish from neighbors—'More Power to Valdese.' "—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Example is a great factor in forming character. It has ruined many a person. A story has been going the rounds of the press of a grocer's son, taken into custody, and frankly admitting that an inspector of the bureau of weights and measures had caught him in the act of short-weighting customers. He said that he had gotten the idea from seeing his father do the same thing.

How many parents are able to realize fully the value, the effect of the examples which they set their children?

We have heard a great deal of lack of parental control in the home. Perhaps, it isn't so much lack of control of children as it is the bad example many parents unconsciously set their boys and girls.

You have often heard the old adage. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." In this connection it is well for all parents to remember that the examples they set their children comprise the greatest influence in the formative years of youth.

Don't do those things which you wouldn't wish your child to do.

—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

MERCIES AND MISERIES

"If you will meditate upon
Your mercies day by day,
And not your miseries so much
Which take your joys away,
I'm sure you'll have a better time
And life will sweeter be:
You'll save yourself of many frets.
And worries less you'll see."

The way to be different. Drive slow.

Some people's shoes shine in society to a better advantage than they do.

The love that does not touch the tongue, and teach it charity, is not of God.

Many women are forced to become nags because their husbands behave so much like mules.

There is more truth than poetry in the saying, try and you may. Don't try and you won't.

Many a man who says marriage is a failure, no doubt finds single life just as much so.

A woman's tears are like water rushing through the flood gates, and can wash everything before them.

Girls wearing zipper jackets should be cautious when they sneeze. It is likely to cause them some dis-dress. One sneezed a zipper open the other day.

It must be awfully embarrassing to a woman to take her husband up to a soda fountain and have him paw around absent-mindedly feeling for a railing.

There are some people who do not know who won the World War, and are talking about going into another. It seems that some people never get enough of anything.

A Yale instructor says humor should be taught in college. From some of the products that colleges turn out, it would seem that enough of it is already being taught.

So many cold remedies are broadcast over the radio these days that you almost catch cold listening to them; and you think you have the symptoms they describe.

It used to be the custom for people to marry for better or worse, until death doth part. Nowadays, when they think they can do better, they seek the divorce court, and try another mate.

Six year old Mary was talking to her aunt Della. She said, "Well, Mary, I suppose you'll start to school next year." "Oh, no, auntie," replied the girl, "What would I do in school? I can't even read or write."

Voice (over the telephone): "Are you the game warden?" Game Warden: "Yes ma'am." Voice: "Well, I'm thankful I have the right person at last! Will you please give me some suggestions for games suitable for a child's party?"

Civilization has brought many comforts and conveniences to the home, but nothing more excruciating than the expression on the face of a women who dials a telephone and puts on the wrong numbers. She has no one to blame but herself, and she does it with peevish perceptibility, as if she could bite the telephone to pieces.

---

Both Jesus and Saint Paul teach that the man who serves God is free. The meaning of liberty, however, is not always clear. It does not imply freedom to do as one pleases, with no brakes whatever upon one's inclinations. That is license. Liberty consists in obedience to, not in freedom from, restraint. And the higher and more demanding the restraint, the greater and purer the freedom. The more loyal one's allegiances are, the more liberty one possesses. To belong body, mind, and spirit to good, truth and love is not servitude but freedom. To be the slave of God is to be liberated from all the less worthy slaveries which hinder and defect the soul. This is the glorious liberty of the children of God.

---

There is a night coming for every creature now living. Men have done mighty things in the world, but the greatest of all is when by the help of the Holy Spirit man accepts Jesus Christ as his Savior. Do not put it off, for the night cometh. Bishop Whipple tells the story of an Indian who was confirmed late in life. His rheumatism made kneeling very painful to him. He said to the Bishop: "I put it off too long. I ought to have done it when my knees were not rheumatic." There are those who put off any attention to their spiritual welfare until it is too late. Opportunities have been neglected, the ears have grown dull to the Lord's call, "Come unto me," the shadows are longer, the sun touches the horizon, the night cometh. We must do the work of Him that sent us while it is day.

---

## "ENCLOSE A STAMP"

At a lodge in Philadelphia, a score or more years ago, a group of very old veterans were telling stories about Lincoln. "My wife collected autographs," said one, "She wrote Lincoln for a sentiment and she got in reply a note which said: 'Dear Madam, when you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's your autograph, A Lincoln.' "—Selected.

# THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL STATUE

**By Marion H. Addington**

One of the great statues of the world is that of Abraham Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C. The statue itself, housed in a beautiful white marble building, is thirty-two feet high and weighs nearly 200 tons. It shows Lincoln sitting in a wide chair, with the American flag thrown across the chair back. His strong hands rest on the arms of the chair; one open, one closed, in a way almost symbolic both of gentleness and firmness of purpose. He looks straight ahead, as into the future, at something that others cannot see. An expression of deep thought sits on his kindly half-sad countenance.

The statue was carved by Danel Chester French, sculptor. Mr. French made two working models of the figure before it was finally blocked out in marble. The first, not three feet high, was modelled in clay. From this the sculptor made a larger figure, also in clay, and five feet tall. The final carved piece was of Georgia marble.

Eighteen months were required to complete the statue. Since no one block of marble was large enough, the figure had to be made in sections of twenty smaller ones and fitted together. Each of these sections weighed from five to forty tons.

Before the work of chiseling commenced, plans were very carefully drawn Delicate instruments were used for measuring the various parts of the statue before cutting the marble blocks. Every inch of the surface was marked off into "points,' and by means of these the figure was outlined on the hard surface. Each block was chiseled separately. Small holes drilled in the marble served as guides, or patterns, which the first cutters could follow.

These first marble cutters, who did the heavy work of getting the marble into shape, were directed by a band of six men who later did the more artistic work of carving. These men were brothers, named Piccirilli, and were from New York. Each of the brothers was an artist in his own right. He could work, not only alone, but with any of the other five; could take up the chisel where any one of them laid it down and carry that portion of the carving to completion.

For eighteen months the men toiled and chiseled away at the hard surface. Then, finally, from these great inanimate blocks, there emerged in the rough, the various portions of a man's figure. Then the brothers Piccirilli put the work into more finished form.

After their part of the carving was finished, then came Mr. French, the master sculptor. He put on the last and finer touches. The figure, already perfect in form and proportion, came to life under his hands. It became flesh and blood instead of cold marble.

Later, the statue, still in its twenty pieces, was hauled to Washington on freight cars. There in the great hall of the Lincoln Memorial building, it was assembled—slung into place by means of numerous pulleys. The workmanship had been so careful, and the measurements so exact, that the whole was perfect. Each single piece fitted exactly into place.

When all was finished, electric lights

were placed above the statue. They throw the thoughtful face and massive head and figure of Lincoln into high relief.

The statue is so great, and so life-like, that it creates a real reverence in the beholder. The Great Emancipator is there, sitting in his chair, and looking out over the city of Washington, the capital of the country which he loved. It is the giant statue of a giant man; one who thought with and for his people—a man with a giant heart and intellect

---

## LINCOLN AND HIS SON TAD

Abraham Lincoln was truly a father to all, and in his own home he was a most devoted one. Sometimes he was criticized as being over-indulgent and spoiling his own sons. Doubtless he was, but remembering his own hard life of toil in the wilderness, nothing was too good for the boys. His lack of books to read and study made him more than anxious to give his boys the best of everything, and again and again he would put aside important matters to read and tell stories to his children.

His old neighbors in Springfield tell many interesting stories of his home life there. One day Mr. Lincoln was seen striding rapidly down the street with a small boy hanging under each arm and both boys howling lustily. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter with your boys," asked a friend. "Just what is the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied with a laugh. "I have three walnuts and each wants two."

With all Tad's faults, he was a most generous and kind-hearted little fellow. All animals were his pets, all people were his friends, especially poor children and all people who were weak and in distress. One time he tried to feed seven hungry boys in the kitchen, but, meeting with opposition from the cook, he rushed into an important cabinet meeting shouting in anger: "Papa, isn't the kitchen ours, and can't I feed some of my friends if I want to? Peter says 'No,' and mama is out."

"How many do you wish to feed, Tad?" inquired the patient President, as, putting aside all other business, he gathered the small boy in his arms.

"There are seven of us, and we are all terribly hungry," answered the boy.

The President looked at his waiting cabinet and said gravely: "Mr. Seward this is a case for your diplomacy, sir."—Selected.

# THE BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**By F. W. Boyer**

Great streams and great men go well together. We associate David with the river Jordan, Socrates with the Ilyssus, Caesar with the Tiber, Napoleon with the Seine, Gladstone with the Thames, Washington with the Potomac. Nolen Creek is rather difficult to find on the map. No cities stand along its shores, no ships can sail upon it, and yet Nolen Creek must have a place in song, story and history.

Not far from Hodgenville near Nolen Creek in Kentucky, there once lived Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks who had established for themselves a home where, on February 12, 1809, a baby boy was born—Abraham Lincoln.

It is interesting to know how this wilderness stream was so named. Hodgenville was once a Baptist settlement and one of its founders was a Baptist preacher For him Nolen Creek was supposed to have been named. He wandered away and was reported to have been killed by the Indians, and when the hunting party came back they sadly said, "No Lynn." Hence the name No lin, or Nolen.

About three miles from Hodgenville is situated the Lincoln farm. From this Kentucky town it is a pleasant morning's walk south on the Jackson Highway, which leads over a rough but beautiful section of farming country, until one comes to a sign on the right, "The Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln." Entering there and walking down a winding driveway, past several old log cabins and well-kept lawns, enclosed by rail and wire fences, one comes to a ravine or gully in a beautiful park, and in sight of the memorial on a rising slope of ground.

One place of interest there is the sinking spring—a very extraordinary and picturesque feature, and one of the loveliest spots of its kind to be seen. It is at the foot of the hill and to the left from the memorial. The spring was originally in a cave but today is open at the top and enclosed on three sides about four feet from it by perpendicular walls, five feet high, partly natural rock and partly flat stones. On the fourth side which is nearly level, several broad stone steps replace the path once leading to the spring. The spring is somewhat bowl-shaped, approximately two feet in diameter and the same in depth. Behind it the water rises from beneath a low bluff and flows away through a subterranean channel. The spring is situated amid lofty shade trees and a graceful clump of foliage, which assists in making the place always cool and the water refreshing. This was the source of the water supply for the Lincoln family. It was because of the location of this spring that the cabin was built on the near-by hill. It was the spring for which the farm was named, "The Sinking Spring Farm."

There is the "spreading oak," which is so frequently mentioned in connection with the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. This is a large white

oak tree standing not over a hundred feet from the spring and not over three hundred south from the memorial. The tree is as fine an example of this noble species as anyone would want to see. This is indeed a giant, a wonder. At a point about six feet above the ground its trunk has a circumference of over fifteen feet, while its foliage in midsummer has a spread of over a hundred feet. It is said that the tree was known for its immense size and marvelous beauty as early as 1822. Today it is still sound and in a state of perfect preservation. The writer, who visited Hodgenville this past summer and saw Lincoln's birthplace, learned from the custodian of the memorial that this tree is fully 300 years old. There it stands, its staunch limbs pointing heavenward and its gigantic boughs enduring the severest winds and storms. From a small tract which I picked up in Hodgenville, I learned that from 1827 surveyors used this tree as a landmark and it was one of the corners of the 300 acre tract of land owned by Abraham Lincoln's father.

The most interesting feature is Lincoln's birthplace, since it is one of the world's greatest shrines. The cabin stood near the top of a rising slope overlooking the sinking spring. No doubt the cabin during Mr. Lincoln's childhood had the same lovely surroundings that you may see today —trees of every variety, vines, shrubbery, and fruit.

Walking up four broad flights of steps—a stairway of marble—one comes to the memorial in which is housed this humble cabin. On either side of the ascent, separated from the natural growth of forest, is a margin of gorgeous landscape and verdant hedge-fences. The approach is a joyful place to see. The memorial is magnificent. I, myself, cannot describe it. I have read much about it, have seen pictures of it, yet since I looked upon it I feel wholly unprepared to tell what a most delightful spot lay before me.

Inside this imposing temple-like structure of somber granite is preserved the humble log cabin in which the Great Emancipator was born. Looking at the cabin, worn by time, one is greatly amazed and deeply thrilled. There it stands so simple, a thing without pretention. There is only the one room log structure, the wooden chimney; but every identical piece of timber of the cabin and the chimney is there as it was when Mr. Lincoln was born that cold, bleak day in February, 1809. There is no sound, no stir, for a peaceful silence rests over the place.

The Lincoln family resided on the "Sinking Spring Farm," and in this cabin for only two and one half years after the birth of the President. It is rather a pity that Thomas Lincoln and his family did not live there long enough for little Abe to have tasted its joys, to have seen the sinking spring, to have played under the spreading oak. All that Abe knew of his birthplace was what his father and mother told him. Little of it, if anything, did he remember, for before he was three years of age his father moved to another farm, twelve miles northeast and situated on Knob Creek.

In an autobiographical sketch which Mr. Lincoln prepared in 1859 for John L. Scripps, he said in part: "I was born February 12, 1809, near where Hodgenville now is, then in Hardin County, now in the more recently

formed county of La Rue, Kentucky. As my parents have told me, I was born on Nolin River, a mile or a mile and one half from Hodgen's Mill. My parents being dead and my memory not serving, I know no means of identifying the precise location— The place on Knob Creek I remember very well— My earliest recollections, however, are of the Knob Creek place."

On the courthouse square at Hodgenville is the Lincoln statue. This is a bronze statue, the work of A. A. Weinmann of New York, a pupil of St. Gaudens, and was pronounced by Robert T. Lincoln to be the noblest statue of his father.

Hodgenville and Kentucky welcome all tourists. Kentucky is a mecca for thousands of tourists yearly who visit these and many other points of historic interest.

---

## LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

Although the great Lincoln was alive to a joke with a friend, and was able to grasp quickly the comic side of a question, he was more often given to serious thought and deep thinking. His love for some of the great authors, such as Shakespeare was known among his close friends. Illustrating this, F. B. Carpenter, a secretarial aid was with the President for several hours on March 22, 1864, busy with pen and papers. Mr. Lincoln, pushing the matters of state aside, spoke to the secretary about the noted writer and read several passages of Shakespeare's plays that were favorites to him. He then spoke further of a favorite poem, one written by William Knox, a Scotchman, and then half closing his eyes, recited from memory the full 14 verses of the poem. The first two verses are as follows:

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie."

—Selected.

# CHARLOTTE LAST CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY

**By Mary Winder Osborne, in Charlotte Observer**

An appropriate sequal to the observance of General Robert E. Lee's birthday, which occurred this past week, January 19, is the story of the dissolution of the Confederate Government which followed three weeks later at Charlotte, the last capital of the Confederacy.

Through daily newspapers accounts of the wars now going on in Spain and China the reading public has become familiar with the strategy of changing the location of a nation's capital from one city to another in order to preserve an orderly civil government in spite of military reverses. But few writers on the War Between the States have given due emphasis to the significance of the removal of the capital of the Confederacy from Richmond to Charlotte when the retreat of General Lee from Petersburg made the Virginia capital untenable.

Montgomery was the first Confederate capital and Richmond the second. When the exigencies of war forced the Confederate cabinet to choose a third capital President Davis with his official family, the governmental archives and the Great Seal were all transferred to Charlotte and this town became the third and last capital of the Confederate States of America.

In the thought of many people the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General R. E. Lee marked the end of the government set up by the seceded States. Or they think of this government as going to pieces at Danville where President Davis and some of his cabinet were assembled when a courier on horseback, who had escaped through the encircling Federal lines, brought the news of the surrender at Appomattox.

As a matter of fact and record the Confederate government functioned in all its departments until its practical dissolution at Charlotte, one hundred and fifty miles south of Danville, on April 26, 1865, nearly three weeks after Lee's surrender.

At Charlotte was held the last meeting of President Davis with his cabinet when all members were present and here he authorized the surrender of the army under General Joseph E. Johnston.

The surrender of General Johnston, following the loss of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee, completely sealed the fate of the Lost Cause, and ended the South's military resistance except for those minor activities of smaller groups still under arms in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and west of the Mississippi river.

The last battle of the war was a Confederate victory on the Rio Grande river on May 13 and General E. K. Smith, in command of the Trans-Mississippi army did not furl his battle flag until May 26, six weeks after Lee's surrender to Grant. Captain Waddell did not learn of any of these things for months and then he brought his fighting ship into a British port

and drew down her flag. But these were only the dying struggles of a defeated nation.

When President Davis adjourned the last full meeting of his cabinet on April 26 and rode out of Charlotte, the real government of the Confederacy was at an end.

It is often stated that Washington, Georgia, was the last meeting place of Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. But when it is remembered that only three members of this cabinet reached Washington and that the governmental organization was by that time completely demoralized and its military power virtually destroyed, the so-called cabinet meeting in Georgia becomes little more than a conference between the fugitive President and a few hopeless but loyally heroic members of his official family. When the complete record of events is studied nothing is left to surmise or speculation and the distinction of having been the last capital goes to Charlotte.

This claim becomes more obvious as we briefly review the sequence of events.

When President Davis, while worshiping at St. Paul's church in Richmond on that fateful Sunday morning April 2, received message from General Lee that retreat from Petersburg was imminent he went that night by train to Danville to await there the arrival of General Lee and his army. His plan was to move southward, set up a new capital farther from the hostile front and unite the army under General Lee with the army under General Johnston which at that time was facing General Sherman near Raleigh. For the time being he was forced to surrender Virginia to Grant's army but he hoped with combined forces of Lee and Johnston to defeat Sherman and then return to Virginia soil. He sent a proclamation holding out this encouraging hope to the people of Virginia.

President Davis definitely states in his "Short History of the Confederate Government," page 465, that it was not his purpose to establish a permanent capital at Danville. He says:

"Though the occupation of Danville was not intended to be permanent, immediately after arriving there rooms were obtained in the W. T. Sutherlin home and the different departments resumed their routine labors."

But with the news of the surrender of Lee's army these activities quickly came to an end and the government was moved to Charlotte, the place which he had selected before leaving Richmond.

That Charlotte had been chosen to take the place of Richmond for the new seat of government is borne out by the fact that on March 28, five days before the evacuation of Richmond, Secretary Judah P. Benjamin had sent the archives and the Great Seal of the Confederate States to that city. So passing on from Danville with a short stop at Greensboro, President Davis reached Charlotte on April 18 and was there joined for the first time after leaving Richmond by every member of his cabinet. It is of interest to note that on reaching Charlotte, as he was dismounting, a telegram was handed him conveying the news of President Lincoln's assassination.

Someone may ask if there were really any affairs of government to be carried on after Lee's surrender. Yes, certainly.

General Lee had surrended all that was left of the brave army of Northern Virginia, at the time numbering less than 30,000 men, but he had only surrendered these. There still remained the army of the south under General Joseph E. Johnston, of over 80,000 men, and there were 60,000 more soldiers in smaller cammands in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and west of the Mississippi river. The strongest division of this force under General Johnston himself, well-provisioned and equipped, had recently got the better of the Union Army at Bentonsville, North Carolina, in its stubborn retreat before Sherman. The surrender of Lee undoubtedly was the beginning of the end but not the end.

The popular impression that Lee's surrender was the complete end of the struggle is probably due to the fact that General Lee at the time was, under Davis, in command of all Confederate forces. But under the Constitution of the Confederate States, as under the Constitution of the United States, the President was the commander-in-chief of the armies of his nation. President Davis did not intend to surrender although he had lost his strong right arm at Appomattox. In leaving Richmond he had not abdicated his office. He was moving his seat of government to Charlotte.

If General Joseph E. Johnston had supported his President with the intrepid spirit and loyalty of General Lee, who knows what may have been the outcome? For it has been reliably stated that at this time, in spite of the loss of Lee's army the Confederate government had in the field a military force almost as large in number and far better equipped than any time since the war began in '61. But numbers and arms alone do not make an effective fighting force. There existed a breach between General Johnston and President Davis. The whole country was sick and weary of war. Morale was fatally shattered by the loss of Lee and Richmond.

After President Davis reached Charlotte, on April 18, events followed in quick succession. The courageous Commander-in-Chief stood almost alone in his determination to carry on the war. For eight days the whole South awaited anixously the momentous decision to be made at the new seat of government.

It is with reference to official action at Charlotte that Davis writes in the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," page 688, "with the concurrence of my constitutional advisors I gave approval to General Joseph E. Johnston's terms to surrender to General Sherman if ratified by the United States Government." The terms were rejected at Washington.

On April 24 General Sherman gave notice that the armistice would terminate in forty-eight hours. So on April 26 General Johnston surrendered all the soldiers under his command on the same terms made between Lee and Grant and without authority he also included the Confederate commands farther south. On the same day, April 26, President Davis with four members of his cabinet and an escort of 2,000 cavalrymen left Charlotte still hoping to be joined by other forces and make his way across the Mississippi river. It was still his determination to maintain an armed force in the field and thereby secure better terms for the defeated States.

But he was no longer head of a real government and the remaining units of the Confederate Army were rapidly disintegrating.

When President Davis left Charlotte he had said good-bye to Secretary Trenholm and Attorney General Davis and when his escort came to the Savannah river Breckenridge remained there with the cavalry. Only Benjamin, Mallory, and Reagan passed over into Georgia and reached Washington. Whether the conference held at Washington, Georgia, with only three members of his cabinet present, can be called a cabinet meeting must be decided by the reader. Reagan alone was with him when he was captured.

According to records and facts Charlotte has a just claim to be called the last capital of the Confederacy.

There were the archives that had been sent from Richmond and the Great Seal, a symbol of authority. There the surrender of the army under Johston was formally authorized and there the last full meeting of the cabinet had assembled and adjourned. No other town after Richmond can reasonably be called a seat of government.

A visitor to Charlotte may find two markers indicating the place of the cabinet meetings held in that city. The first of these markers was placed by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It marks the site of the First National Bank building on South Tryon street where the regular sessions of the cabinet were held in the directors room. The other marker, placed by the Federal government, stands on North Tryon street in front of the old Phifer home, where Secretary Trenholm was a guest and ill in bed. The meeting or meetings held in this home were in the sick-room. This was the last full session.

When the first of these markers was unveiled Oct. 6, 1915, Mrs. J. A. Fore of Charlotte, a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy and an accurate historian, published several interesting stories of this period.

The account which President Davis himself gives of the last days of his government is final authority for the principal facts related in this writing.

In her story of this period Mrs. Fore tells how the archives sent to Charlotte were stolen and sold to the United States government for $75,000, of how the Great Seal was purchased from an officer of the United States Navy by some patriotic Richmonders and placed in the Confederate Museum in that city, of the Navy Yard at Charlotte, 200 miles inland, under command of Captain John Wilkes, son of Admiral Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy, who had taken the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, from a British ship, thereby nearly precipitating a breach between the United States and Great Britian, and of many personal and intimate details connected with the last days of the Confederate government.

Those who may wish to read further will find valuable data in the records published by Colonel Burton Harrison, private secretary of President of this time, in the "Century Magazine" of November, 1883, and in the diary of Secretary Mallory, cabinet member, printed in "McClure's Magazine" of January 1901.

# THE AGED

## By Bishop Warren A. Chandler

Saint Paul describes himself in one place as "Paul the aged." He did not live to extreme old age, but he felt the burden of years when he had the care of all the churches.

Sooner or later every man who lives beyond three score years feels the weight of age. The changes he has seen in his private life and in his public observations impress him with his age.

The aged are to be esteemed, not for their age alone or achievements, but for their experience and accumulated wisdom.

Youth must lead the world in enterprise and activities, but it needs the sobriety of old age to surround it and save it from blunders and guide it in wise ways.

A celebrated Roman historian has written an admirable essay on old age; and the reading of this work, entitled "De Senectute," is most profitable to persons of any age, whether young or old.

It brings before us the sober reflections of mature years, and gives us admirable suggestions of wisdom and truth.

It was fortunate for Great Britain and the world that Gladstone lived so long. He did not grow less wise with advancing years, but did rather grow wiser and better.

John Wesley lived to be above four score years, and his last years were as fruitful of good as any of the years preceding them.

The labors and influence of Wesley in his old age and Gladstone in his last days were not overestimated.

There are not many of "the elder statesmen" left, but the world can never forget the labors of Webster, Clay and Calhoun.

They differed among themselves, and the sparks that flew from their conflicts were themselves most enlightening.

Our younger statesmen are not to be depreciated; but no one will think for a moment that among them there is any equal to the great triumvirate just named.

Our country has grown much since the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and much of its greatness at the present time is attributable to their wisdom; and we need now men of mature age to direct the great public in the present and for the future.

The ambition of youth is a very valuable asset in the welfare of the country, but it cannot take the place of the wisdom of mature years.

Hitler is young and vigorous, but no man would esteem him to be the equal of Bismark.

Perhaps the greatest living statesman in Europe today is Mussolini; but he is inferior to the strong Italian statesmen who went before him. He inherited the fruits of their labors, but he can hardly be expected to produce fruits of equal value for those that come after him.

All around the world today there is a manifest want of the highest statesmanship. The present is a period of pygmies as compared with the great leaders of the past.

Of course, this will not continue always, or, perhaps for many years to

come, but the need of mighty men is keen.

Great Britain has led the world for more than a century in mighty men, but the present premier of Great Britain, although he is perhaps as competent as any who could be found, is not in the class of Palmerston, Gladstone or even Disraeli.

But while the lack in Christendom of great men is manifest, the problems now before the world, or near at hand, are the most momentous.

China is awakened, and when that great nation is aroused we shall find among its people the most intellectual leadership in the world. The Chinese are not a stupid people, but they have fallen behind other nations during the last fifty years.

But the Celestial Empire is now aroused and its statesmen are progressive in their plans and purposes.

Japan has occupied the front place on the Oriental stage for some years, but Japan cannot restrain the advancing power of China. In that quarter the statesmen of the west need to look, and for the peace of the world need to labor with most care and wisdom.

China is no longer what men have called a heathen nation, if by that they mean an ignorant people. It is inhabited by an enlightened people and led by some of the greatest statesmen of the day.

It will occupy a large place in the history of the near future, and it should be dealt with wisely and considerately.

The wisdom required for such a period must be the wisdom of mature men of strength. Youth may do much, but it cannot take the place of such men at the present stage of the world's history.

Perhaps there has been too much haste in putting forward a great many of our public men. They mean well and try to do their best; but they are intellectually raw and fall far below the statesmen of former days.

There are perplexing problems confronting our own nation in its domestic life as well as in its foreign relations and obligations

These problems require for their solution mature minds and profound thinkers.

Perhaps we should say also there is need of reading the older books, such as were written by the elder statesmen of England and the older leaders in America.

Those books may be thrown aside as being out of date, but they are worthy of present day consideration as never before.

In our day the making of many books has no end, but most of the books made are far inferior to the writings of former generations.

Our day is filled with too many distractions for the most profound thinking and the noblest writing.

---

"Let me tell you that if the people remain right, your public men can never betray you. If, in my brief term of office, I shall be wicked or foolish, if you remain right and true and honest, you cannot be betrayed. My power is temporary and fleeting; yours as eternal as the principles of liberty."

—Abraham Lincoln,

# THE KING'S EMERALD

**(Selected)**

Rupert stood by the side of the road watching an unusual number of people hurry past. At length he saw someone he knew, little Giovanni, who came to play with him sometimes. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" Rupert asked.

Giovanni paused and gazed at him in surprise. "Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"I have heard nothing," Rupert answered eagerly. "What is the news?"

"Why, the king has lost his royal emerald!"

"Yes, the king's emerald," Giovanni went on. "Yesterday he attended a wedding of the nobility and wore the emerald on the slender golden chain around his throat. In some way the emerald became loosened from the ring that holds it to the chain, and it must have dropped into the road. All the countryside is searching, for the king has offered a reward of ten pieces of gold to the one who finds it. Come, we must hurry."

"But I cannot go without asking grandmother," Rupert faltered.

"Then I cannot wait. Join us later. Who knows but that you or I might be the one to find the emerald!"

Rupert's eyes sparkled as he hurried back to the cabin at the edge of the woods. How splendid it would be to find the precious gem and earn not only the reward of ten pieces of gold, but the gratitude of the king as well! His feet fairly flew over the ground.

But at the cabin disappointment awaited him. From within came the sound of soft groaning. "It is the misery in my bones," his grandmother groaned as Rupert opened the door.

"Once again it has come upon me. I must stay in the house today."

Rupert almost groaned with her. "The king has lost his emerald, Grandmother," he said. "He offers a reward to the one that finds it. If I could go and help in the search perhaps I might find it, and then we could leave this hut with its dampness and buy a piece of high land up on the hillside."

His grandmother shook her head. "What would the sheep do?" she asked. "Already they are restless in the pen. You must take them into the fields to feed on the green grass, and do not forget to take them to water when the sun shines high in the heavens."

Very slowly Rupert drove the sheep from the pen and into the woods and very listlessly he walked after them. If only he could have helped in the search for the emerald! "Other boys have their chances, but I never do," he said sadly. "There always something that I must do—the sheep to herd or the sticks to gather for the fire or the weeds to pull from the garden patch."

But sad and disappointed as he felt, he was gentle with the stupid sheep, and when the sun was high in the heavens he drove them toward the brook that flowed through the woods.

Rupert sat down on a large stone by the stream. "If I could only have had a chance to look for the king's emerald!"

Turning his head he gazed down

into the sandy bottom of the brook. Suddenly he started and stared into the water. What was it—it couldn't be! He leaped suddenly into the water.

His gripping fingers held something that was green with delicate threads of yellow, slender strands of gold woven into a crest.

"The king's emerald!" shouted Rupert. "It must have been flung from the chain when the king was crossing the bridge on the highway and the water washed it here! I have found the king's emerald! I would never have had a chance to find the emerald if I had not been following my duty!"

With shining eyes, the king's emerald clutched in his hand, he drove the sheep homeward.

---

## REASSURING

Regardless of political affiliations and ideas of government it is refreshing and reasurring to know that the President of the United States retains his sense of humor. The truth of this fact is disclosed in his letter to Vice-President Jack Garner. The vice-president had invited 24 members of the Senate to help him eat the deer that has been so much publicized. The letter:

The White House, Washington
Private but not too confidential.
Dear Jack:

I have read in the papers that tonight you and 24 members of the senate are attending the funeral of my old friend Bessie. I knew her many years ago when I was hunting in northern Pennsylvania. She was the pet of the camp and would always come when you whistled and eat out of your hand.

I am sorry indeed that Joe Guffey removed the tinkling little bell which was always worn around her neck. It makes me feel so chokey when I think of her untimely demise that I do not think I could attend the funeral service tonight even if I had been invited.

I understand fully, of course, that this unfortunate hunting accident was not your fault—and I am glad, too, that if Bessie had to go, you shot, instead of whistling her up and cutting her throat with a knife. Dear Bessie probably never knew what hit her.

Under all the unfortunate circumstances attending her death, I hope, nevertheless, that all of you will enjoy the wake.

As ever yours,
Franklin D. Roosevelt.

# A PLANTATION TALE

**By Cobe Funderburk**

In July of 1936, a few of the young lawyers in Monroe decided that they would have a chicken stew and some of them suggested that since I had been telling some ghost stories about a haunted house in the lower edge of the county that we go there to have our chicken stew.

So the arrangements were made and the following from Monroe attended the party. Lawyers Henry B. Smith, C. H. MsSwain, Edison E. Collins, and myself, Dr. W. A. Ingram, dentist, Oscar Baucom, ice and fuel man, Ralph Elliott, county surveyor, and along with this bunch was taken two nergo men to cook the chicken. The crowd gathered at the old house about an hour before sundown and we started a horse-shoe game and pitched horseshoes until dark. Then we sat around under trees just back of the old house and I began to tell all the ghost stories or tales that I knew or had ever heard about this old house, while we were waiting for chicken to finish cooking. I noticed that two or three of the fellows would listen very attentively when I would start a new ghost tale but when I got to the scarry part and would point out a tree, bush or the side of the house right there around us where a certain thing had happened, some of the boys would start talking about something else, or would want a drink of water, right then, or do something to get their minds off the tale that I was telling.

Well, when they began to do that, I knew that my plan wos working and everything was going to be fine. Just after it got dark we heard the most unearthy noise that you ever heard, start in the woods near an old sawdust pile which was about north of the house.

The house was completely surrounded by woods and one of the most desolate looking places you ever saw in your life. There were no neighbors that lived any way close to the old place. When that noise broke out up in the woods every man in the crowd was on his feet in the twinkle of an eye. The negroes stopped their work where they were and stood and listened with their white eyes shining as they looked in the direction from which the noise was coming. One of the negroes had a chunk of wood in his hand fixing to put it under the pot when the noise started and he stopped as if frozen there in that bent position and stood there like a statue until the noise died away.

Everybody moved around to the north side of the house and looked across the field about 150 yards to the sawdust pile. The moon was shining bright that night and at that time was almost straight over head. We could see nothing at the sawdust pile and the noise seemed to be coming from just beyond it. Just about that time the noise started on the opposite side of the house from where we were and sounded as if some wild beast were growling in a loud blood-chilling howl. Well, when that noise started you should have seen those lawyers doctors, and surveyors move in closer together. About that time the noise started from behind the sawdust pile again, and everyone knew that it could

not be the same ghost or beast creating them both. About that time someone said in a hoarse whisper, "Yonder it is right there beside the sawdust pile." We all looked and sure enough it was. It started coming across the field toward us and it looked as if it were someone with a white robe over him. It came about 50 yards across the field while the whole crowd of fellows stepped around nervously but never left the crowd or took their eyes from the white object in the field Then while we all stood there and looked the white ghost disappeared right out there in the middle of that field, which had nothing growing in it much higher than a man's hand. The thing just seemed to vanish in thin air and the noise stopped.

Well, everybody stood and looked with all eyes they had for at least two minutes, but nothing further was seen or heard and then one of the fellows said in a oud voice, "My God, look there behind that tree!" We looked and there just, stepping out from behind a small tree, and no more than six steps from us, was a man without a head, or so it appeared. The unwelcomed visitor appeared to be dressed in a white shroud which went straight across from one shoulder to the other and left no place for a head and there was no head on his shoulder, but he was carying his head in his hand and the eyes in his head, which he was holding in his hand appeared to be red pools of living fire.

Well sir, when our attention was called to the thing being right in our midst it was just too much for brave boys to stand. They turned almost as one and began to make their departure as if they wanted to get into another county and get there quick, and there wasn't a one of us that stood. Later on, one of the lawyers said that he did not leave there running, well that much is true, but he sure started off from there leading the whole crowd. But one of the long-legged fellows weighing about 200 pounds ran square on the top of him, knocked him down and kept going. He didn't seem to notice the lawyer any more than if he had been a corn stalk in his way. That same fellow that ran over the lawyer and left him on the ground to be gobbled up, hit it straight across the corn field for the nearest woods that he could find. There was an old black stump out near the middle of the corn field with a big white rock lying on it, but the "flying dutchman" was looking back at the ghost behind and did not see the stump until he was in about 40 yards of it. When he did see it he was running so fast that he thought the stump was another ghost coming from that direction to cut him off. He turned at a right angle and headed in another direction with renewed energy and speed. But during the meantime one of the negroes we had cooking chicken for us, and who was a long-legged colored brother, had headed for tall timber also, and it just so happened that when the fellow turned from the stump and started in another direction he ran across the path of the long-legged negro. And when the big man and the long-legged negro went together out there in the middle of that acre corn field, you coud have heard the crash for a quarter of a mile and both of them hit the ground stunned.

Well, by that time the white appariation had disappeared in the shed door of the old house. We got all the crowd rounded up again and got

them back up to the fire where the chicken was cooking, which was only about 15 yards from the shed door where the ghost had gone in. By that time some of the surprise scare had left some of the boys and this same young lawyer who got run over by the big man called for a gun but there was not a gun in the crowd. When he could not get a gun he grabbed the ax and said that he would go to the house and cut the ghost to pieces and bring him out in hunks. Well sir, he took the ax, walked up to the shed door and yelled something to the ghost as he drew the ax back over his shoulder. Then all at once he dropped the ax. He didn't throw it down, he just loosened the grip of his hands and let it fall. When he came back to the fire where we were he was not exactly walking and when he got there his face was about as white as you ever see a man's face out of a casket. This is what he stuttered, "That thing drew back and started to throw its heard at me."

Well, in about a minute's time the ghost came out of the shed and it seemed to guide rather than walk, right up into the edge of the fire light from the pot, and then the tall negro, who had had the ruin-in in the corn field, said, "I ain't scared no mo', that is somebody, I dun seed his sheets." Just at that time the ghost began to rock back and forward and appeared to get smaller and smaller until it was down to about waist high. As the ghost went down and got smaller, the negro, who had said that he was not afraid any more, bent lower and lower and his eyes began to bulge and run out on stems. When the ghost quit diminishing and stood there as if it were perfectly shaped, but was only about 2 1-2 fet high, I said, "Look at that ghost change himself into a midget!"

Well sir, that darky stood there in a stooped position for just a moment with his white eyes shining and gazed at the ghost, which by this time was perfectly still. The eyes in the ghost's head were as red as fire. The negro began to turn his body slowly but kept his eyes and head stationary as he slowly turned the front part of his body away from the ghost. About that time, I heard Henry B. Smith say to Ralph Elliott, who was standing a little ways behind the negro, "You had better move, for he is fixing to come this way." Well, he did come that way! When he left the ghost, of which he was in about four steps, he left there so fast until he threw gravels back with his feet as a car wheel throws mud when it is spinning in a mud hole. The gravels litterally rained behind him as he left there, and he was running so hard until I hardly believe any part of his body was over two feet above the ground.

Well, we never got that negro back to the fire, and the chicken was done and ready to eat by this time, until we got Clyde Williams, who was the ghost in a sheet, to take it off and let the negro see that it was somebody. Then we called Clyde's accompanist, Leamon McIntyre, who was around behind the house making that unholy noise all the time the rest of this was going on, with a tin can, a stick, a string and a nail. One of the darkies said later that that was the first time and the last time that he ever had or ever intended to eat supper with a ghost.

Henry Smith and I had planned this and we were the only two in the

crowd that knew McIntyre and Williams were out there. I would have written this sooner but I wanted it to get a little older, for some of the boys were not exactly please with Henry and myself for causing them to run.

---

## WHY PEOPLE FAIL

As one looks over the pages of history, current and past, he often wonders why so many failures in life. Some are wont to blame it on economic conditions, others on bad luck and others still on political policies. The greatest cause for failure is general "cussedness" or pure downright laziness. There is always room at the top, but too many want to start at the top where there is no place to go but down.

The fellow who will not be defeated cannot be defeated. And here's where some sound advice from the lady editor of The Lincoln Times comes in:

How often we hear someone remark, "That's not my job, let someone else do it." The workman who wants to get ahead; to make a success in life never hesiatates to do not only that which is required of him but is willing to do a great deal more that he might just as easily get by without doing. Watch the man who is never willing to do any more than "his share" and you will see that he never gets very far in life.

The successful men are those who are always willing to do just a little more than is necessary; a little more than is required of them. It is the spirit of the thing that counts. The clock watcher is not an asset to any business. His chief interest is in getting all he can with as little effort as possible. He is so interested in trying to avoid doing a little too much that he fails to give full value. In the hustle and bustle of modern life one must be always on the alert to achieve more than ordinary success.

Don't be afraid of doing too much. You are only hurting yourself and the price you pay in the end will be far more than the little effort you failed to exert would have cost you.

—Mooresvlle Enterprize.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The mumps seem to be spreading at the School. To date there have been about sixty cases among our boys. All are getting along well.

---

The regular weekly picture show last Thursday night consisted of the feature, "The Big Game," a football story, which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. A one-reel educational picture was shown at the same time.

---

The old playground equipment at the ball grounds is being repaired and several new swings and sliding boards have been added. This will enable the smaller boys to amuse themselves while the larger ones are playing baseball and basketball.

---

Miss Eva Greenlee, matron in charge of Cottage No. 12, is in the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, where she underwent and operation on her eye. Reports from that institution are that she is getting along very nicely.

---

The nice warm days we have had all week have caused our farmers to turn their thoughts toward plans for spring planting. We hear them discussing the purchase of fertilizer, planting gardens and early field crops, which would indicate that spring is just around the corner despite the fact that the old groundhog did see his shadow when he emerged from his burrow last Wednesday.

---

Miss Margaret Gibbon, Mrs. C. A. Hamilton, Mrs. John M. Griffin Mrs. J. S. Tipton and Mrs. J. H. Bennett, members of the King's Daughters, of Charlotte, visited the School last Thursday. They brought fifty-seven books and a number of magazines for the King's Daughters Library here. We appreciate this kindness on the part of these ladies and assure them that we are grateful for their kindly interest in our boys.

---

Rev. L. I. Nchols, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of Hebrews, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Running the Race."

The speaker began by calling special attention to Paul's words in the first verse of the Scripture lesson: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." He stated that if we wanted to be successful in a race, we must first lay aside my encumbrances which might impede progress. So it is in life. If we desire to reach the goal at the end, we must do away with evil ways of living.

Rev. Mr. Nchols said that another thing needed for this race is patience to overcome any obstacles of inter-

ference. Then, too, we must be ready to start. While it is necessary for us to start, the start is not the most important thing—the finish is what counts.

In conclusion the speaker stated that in the Christian race we should strive to keep Christ's example ever before us. Faith in Him is the only thing that will enable us to run the race successfully and enable us to reach the goal at the end of the journey.

---

Following are the names of boys who were on the monthly School Honor Roll during the year 1937, grouped according to the number of times their names appeared on the roll:

11—James V. Harvel.

10—James Coleman.

9—Thomas Braddock, Robert Coffer, Horace Journigan, Felix Littlejohn, Oscar Roland, Albert Silas, Charles Taylor.

8—Theodore Bowles, Fletcher Castlebury, Bruce Kersey, Charles Williams, Fred Williamson, W. J. Wilson.

7—Arthur Craft, Frank Glover, William Howard, Thomas Maness, Edward E. Murray, Eugene Patton, Theodore Rector, Paul Shipes, James Stepp, Ross Young.

6—Floyd Combs, John Grider, William Hawkins, Arthur Martin, James Martin, James McGinnis, Garfield Walker, Harvey Walters, Melvin Walters, Ralph Webb, R. L. Young.

5—Earl Bass, Walter Blevins, Fletcher Boggs, J. T. Branch, Marshall Bryson, Letcher Castlebury, Talmage Dautrey, Lewis Donaldson, J. C. Ennis, Samuel Ennis, Albert Goodman, George Hedrick, Donald Holland, Hubert Holloway, Houston Howard, William Kirksey, Thomas Little, Raymond Mabe, Charles McCoyle, Milton Pickett, Wilson Rich, Howard Roberts, Eugene Smith, Harvey Smith, Jack Sutherland, William Warf, Jack West, George Wilhite, Preston Yarborough.

4—Julian Andrews, Claude Ashe, William Bell, Edgar Burnette, Edward Chapman, Heller Davis, Randolph Davis, Baxter Foster, A. L. Gaines, Jeff Gouge, Giles Green, Henry Harris, Edgar Hatley, Vincent Hawes, Caleb Hill, Caleb Jolly, Elbert Kersey, James Kirk, William Kirk, William Martin, Wayland Morgan, Hubert McCoy, William New, Jack Norris, Norman Parker, Frank Pickett, Wallace Smith, Holdren Sweeney, Richard Thomas, N. C. Webb, James West, Joseph Wheeler, Joseph White, James Wilhite, Glenn Williams, Marvin Wilkins, Brooks Young.

3—James Andrews, Earl Atwood, Clyde Barnwell, Virgil Baugess, Sam Belk, Garrett Bishop, Burris Bozeman, Glatley Branch, Norman Brogden, Howard Clark, Lake Cooper, Martin Crump, Nelson Daubenmeyer, Thomas Doby, Reuben Duggins, William Estes, Jack Foster, William Goins, George Goodman, Hobart Gross, Robert Hailey, L. M. Hardison, Isaac Hendren, Edward Johnson, Monroe Keith, Harvey Ledford, Max Lindsay, Bruce Link, Rufus Linville, Edward Lucas, June Malone, Elmer Maples, Asbury Marsh, Edgar Merritt, Connie Michael, J. C. Mobley, Edward Murray, Ray McDonald, David Odham, Ewin Odom, Glenn O'Quinn, Richard Palmer Claudius Pickett, Kenneth Raby, Ralph Rainey, Jack Springer, Raymond Sprinkle, Julius Stevens, Wilburn Suite, Walter Taylor, John Tolbert,

Charles Webb, William Young, F. M. Younger.

2—Felix Adams, Burl Allen, Grady Allen, Shelton Anderson, Lewis Andrews, Norton Barnes, William Brackett, Odell Bray, Junius Brewer, Charles Bryant, Harold Bryson, William Burnette, Craig Chapell, Fred Clark, Ben Cooper, Frank Crawford, Frank Dickens, Clarence Douglas, Lee Dowless, Spurgeon Dowless, Marvin Edwards, Noah Ennis, Henry Fredere, Robert Gaines, George Gibson, Julian Gregory, Blaine Griffin, Jack Gunter, Columbus Hamilton, Douglas Hinson, Hoyt Hollifield, Richard Honeycutt, Ernest Hudspeth, Ralph Johnson, William Knight, Wilfred Land, Harry Leagon, Guy Lewis Clifton Mabry, James Mast, John Mathis, Robert Maultsby, George May, Robert Mims, John McIntyre, Jordan McIver, Joseph McPherson, James Nicholson, Weaver Penland, Grady Pennington, Lloyd Pettus, Alvin Powell, John Robbins, Ira Settle, Mack Setzer, George Shaver, Carl D. Shoffner, Percival Shuler, Wallace Summers, Morris Starnes, Percy Strickland, Sidi Threatt, William Thore, Walker Warr, Samuel J. Watkins, Robert Watts, Myron Whitman, Frank Wilson, Woodrow Wilson.

1—Henry Abernathy, Clyde Adams, Robert Allen, Harold Almond, Albert Andrew, Arthur Ashley, Lloyd Banks, Jewell Barker, Earl Barnes, Emerson Barnhill, James Bartlett, Charles Batten, Robert Blevins, James Blocker, J. C. Branton, Marvin Bridgeman, Robert Bryson, James Burns, John Capps, Fred Carter, Hubert Carter, Archie Castlebury, Joseph Christine, Robert Coleman, Glenn Collins, Walter Cooper, William Corn, John Crawford, Charles Davis, Duke Davis, Robert Deyton, Neely Dixon, Matthew Duffy, George Duncan, James Elders, Charles Furchess, Mathis Garrett, Kenneth Gibbs, Merritt Gibson, William Goodson, Coolidge Green, Eugene Green, Howard Griffin, C. D. Grooms, Lawrence Guffey, Thomas Hamilton, Charlton Henry, Franklin Hensley, Walter Hill, James Howard, James C. Hoyle, Edgar Jackson, Henry James, Melvin Jarrell, William Jerrell, Mark Jones, James Jordan, Robert Keith, Alexander King, Andrew Lambeth, Robert Lawrence, Floyd Lane, James Lane, Frank Lewis, Stacy Long, Clarence Mayton, Kenneth Messick, Rayvon Michael, William Mickey, Blanchard Moore, Garland McPhail, Thomas McRary, Fonnie Oliver, Robert Orrell, William Peedin, James Penland, John Piner, Ray Pitman, J. D. Powell, Eugene Presnell, Jack Pyatt, Frank Ramsey, Esmond Reams, James H. Riley, Winford Rollins, Fred Seibert, Marshall Scoggins, Canipe Shoe, Hubert Short, James L. Singleton, Burl Smathers, Harvey J. Smith, John Smith, Carl Speer, Kenneth Spillman, Eugene Stallings, Williams Stevens, Melvin Stines, Cleveland Suggs, Thomas Sullivan, William Surratt, Robert Teeter, Carl Toney, Jack Turner, Harold Walsh, Dewey Ware, Donald Washam, James Watson, John Whitaker, R. V. Wells, Marshall White, Richard Wiggins, Luther Wilson, Thomas Wilson, Richard Wrenn, Berchell Young.

---

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending January 30, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Marvin Bridgeman 9
(4) Leonard Buntin 4
(4) Ivey Eller 11
Leon Hollifield 11
(7) Edward Johnson 11
(12) Edward Lucas 12
(4) Warner Sands 4
(3) Mack Setzer 3

### COTTAGE No. 1

(3) J. C. Cox 8
(2) Edgar Harrellson 6
Blanchard Moore 4
H. C. Pope 3
(4) Howard Roberts 6
Albert Silas 6
(2) Robert Watts 3
James West 4
(5) Preston Yarborough 8

### COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 4
Frank Cobb 3
Samuel Ennis 3
Kenneth Gibbs 2
Warren Godfrey 2
(2) Julius Green 6
Melvin Jarrell 6
(2) Lindsay Jones 3
James Jordan 3
Wilson Myrick 3
(2) Nick Rochester 7
Carl D. Shoffner 4

### COTTAGE No. 3

James Burns 3
(2) Neely Dixon 7
(6) Henry Floyd 9
(3) Coolidge Green 5
(3) Norwood Glasgow 4
James McCune 4
(5) William New 10
(9) Frank Pickett 10
(3) J. C. Robertson 3
(2) William Smith 5
Fred Vereen 5
(9) Allen Wilson 11

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 5
(9) Odell Bray 11
(7) James Hancock 11
Henry Harris 3
Hugh Kennedy 4
(5) Thomas Maness 9
(3) Charles Mizzell 6
Hubert McCoy 7
(4) Robert Orrell 6
(9) Lloyd Pettus 9
(12) Frank Raby 12
Melvin Walters 9
(2) Leo Ward 8
(3) James Wilhite 6

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Brothers 10
(6) Ernest Beach 10
(4) Monroe Keith 5
Richard Palmer 3
Winford Rollins 6
(4) Burl Rash 4
Thomas Sullivan 4
(2) Ralph Webb 4
Dewey Ware

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Dellinger 4
(2) Robert Deyton 6
Noah Ennis 7
(5) Frank Glover 9
(5) Columbus Hamilton 7
(6) Neal Hamilton 9
Thomas Hamilton 5
(5) Jack Harward 6
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
Leonard Jacobs 3
Clinton Keen 4
(2) Spencer Lane 7
(2) James Rackley 10
Ray Pitman 7

### COTTAGE No. 7

James Davis 3
William Estes 5
Blaine Griffin 3

Caleb Hill 8
Houston Howard 5
Hugh Johnson 6
N. B. Johnson 2
Elmer Maples 5
J. C. Mobley 7
Milton Pickett 8
J. D. Powell 3
Earthy Strickland 4
Kenneth Spillman 6
William Young 5

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(4) Duke Davis 5
(2) Rayvon Michael 3
(2) Warner Peach 4

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(9) Wilson Bowman 10
J. T. Branch 9
(10) Thomas Braddock 11
(2) Edgar Burnette 9
James Butler 4
Gladston Carter 5
(2) Hubert Carter 7
(2) James Coleman 2
Craig Chappell 2
Earl Stamey 7
(2) Thomas Sands 8
Homer Smith 10
(2) Luther Wilson 8
Thomas Wilson 5
Samuel J. Watkins 8

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(2) Clyde Adams 4
John Crawford 8
Walter Cooper
(5) Mack Joines 11
(4) James Penland 6
(4) Jack Springer 4
(2) William R. Williams 4

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Matthew Ballard
(3) Harold Bryson 8
(4) Albert Goodman 4
(4) William Kirk 9
Edward Murray 5
(7) Donald Newman 11
(2) Filmore Oliver 9
Theodore Rector 8
Julius Stevens 7
(4) John Uptegrove 7
(5) Fred Williamson 10
N. C. Webb 2
(7) Berchell Young 11

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 5
(3) Charles Batten 9
Ben Cooper 6
Frank Dickens 6
James Elders 6
Max Eaker 7
Hubert Holloway 6
S. E. Jones 4
Lester Jordan 4
Alexander King 9
(2) Thurman Knight 2
Tillman Lyles 4
Asbury Marsh 8
Clarence Mayton 6
Ewin Odom 9
William Powell 6
Howard Saunders 7
Harvey J. Smith 7
Carl Singletary 4
William Trantham 7
Charles Williams 6

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Wilson Bailiff 2
Jack Foster 4
(5) James Lane 6
John McIntyre 3

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Robert Coffer 4
Harry Connell 4
(4) James Kirk 9
John Kirkman
(3) Troy Powell 5
(3) John Robbins 7
Harold Thomas 3
(3) Harvey Walters 6

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Wilson Rich 10

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Ira J. Chavis 2
(3) Joseph Cox 8
(3) Reefer Cunnings 3
C. D. Grooms 7

---

An egotist is a self-made man who worships his maker.
—Selected.

FEB 14 1938

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 12, 1938 No. 6

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## HOME

"A house is built of bricks and stone,
Of tiles and posts and piers,
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years."

And loving deeds imply the presence of loving hearts, which are the dwelling place of the Eternal. For God is love and the author and finisher "of loving deeds that stand a thousand years." Not houses but homes guarantee happiness and build the bulwark of the nation both high and strong. The true measure of any people is the qualty of their homes.—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE LONE STAR STATE | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 10 |
| GASTON'S FAME AS SONG WRITER OBSCURED HIS LEGAL CAREER | By Archibald Henderson | 12 |
| FIRST U. S. RAILROAD WAS BUILT IN 1827 | By Conrad Frederick Smith | 16 |
| THE EVOLUTION OF THE PRINTED WORD | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 18 |
| BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST | By L. L. Wightman | 21 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY | | 28 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

### IT'S EASY TO QUIT

It is easy to quit. Anyone can say,
"The hill is too high," or "it's too far away."
Anyone can say, "I'm too tired to keep on,"
And stop halfway there. But don't be that one.
Whenever life gives you a task hard to do,
Don't stop in the middle, but see the thing through.

It is easy to quit. Any fool can explain
To himself and his friends why the struggle was vain.
It doesn't take brains when you start cutting loose
From a difficult task to think up an excuse.
There is always a plausible, soul-soothing excuse
On the tongue of the chap who says "it's no use."

—Author Unknown.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The 14th of February is a day sacred to St. Valentine. Bishop Valentine's name was a great one in the rubric. He is one of the heroes in the old romance of "Valentine and Orson," which is of uncertain age and authorship, though it probably belongs to the 15th century.

It was a very odd notion, alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day birds began to couple; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection. This has been a custom for ages.

In this day young people revel in sending love missives to their dearest friends. Others take advantage of the occasion and send cutting and satirical messages to those they dislike or have a grudge against. This is reprehensible!

But there is a lesson in the usage for grown-ups—the man who talks roughly to his wife, and those about him; the wife who nags her husband, and spares not her friends and neighbors. Tender words, in low tones are just as lovely and sweet now as in sweetheart days, and tend to happiness.

Kindness is the first law of life. The rules of human behavior are based upon it. If you think of others first, you are a rare friend, and this idea is calculated to make you always a sweetheart to your sweetheart!

If the dove of peace and love reigns in your home, you will not be at strife with your neighbors. If this same dove were the symbol of the feeling between nations, war would fast become nothing but a memory of the barbaric past.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## SEE NORTH CAROLINA

There is an old Venetian saying: "See Vienna and die." We would paraphrase that expression by saying: "See North Carolina before you die."

At the meeting recently held by the North Carolina Press Institute, at Duke University, Durham, in connection with, and cooperating with the University of North Carolina, there was displayed a long room, the walls of which were adorned with wonderful photographs of various places and scenes of interest in the State, taken on the recent tour of the Conservation Committee. It was a striking panoramic view of a wonderful State, and also a wonderful revelation to those who are not acquainted with the attractive commonwealth.

North Carolina is truly beautiful as a whole—a sun-lit, golden picture, entrancing and wonderful in it's entirety. Every part of the State has something to offer that attracts and holds. Already it is outstripping many other commonwealths, and even now, with it's varied world and national activities, others will revolve about this southern star, and North Carolina, and the South, will become the seat and head center of twentieth century America's life and progress. Present trend and status strengthen and confirm the prophesy.

Scenic beauties abound, but no where else are they combined in

such infinite variety as in the "Old North State." Here Nature bestows her manifold charms prodigally. In verdant valleys, sloping hills and towering mountains, with the majestic Atlantic ocean lapping peaceful shores; with Mt. Mitchell, Chimney Rock, Blowing Rock, and other prominences, rising, sentinel-like, from their massive foundations, sloping down amid paved winding highways, butter-fly roads, verdure-laden, to miles and miles of beautiful beaches. Where else may such multiplied beauties and wonders be found; to say nothing of so beneficent and envigorating all-year climate.

A paradise! Unquestionably, and its surpassing glory but half told.

In its variety of charm this State is outstanding and incomparable. Manufacturers find a cordial welcome here and they with home-seeker and tourists will look in vain to find its equal.

Let the slogan ring true. Let it sound and resound far and wide: "See North Carolina before you die!"—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## INVEIGLING THE YOUNG

The North Carolina Council of Churches, in their recent meeting, made a most earnest protest against the effort of an alphabetical group of the War Department to introduce junior units of its order into the public high schools. In other words, "to militarize the mind of youth." Not in this State, if you please.

The Council affirms that "the high schools should concern with those interests, values and possessions that make for constructive citizenship and moral good will among men; the Council earnestly protests any move to introduce militaristic propaganda into high schools of North Carolina, and it urges the forces of peace and righteousness in every local community to resist this effort of the War Department to instill the military spirit in the minds of the youth."

The North Carolina Christian Advocate hits the nail squarely on the head when it says: "Military ideas put in the heads of boys and girls are expected to prepare a nation for military conquest. How the war crowd do detest the champions of peace. They worship Mars and not the Prince of Peace."

The truth well said.—J. A. R.

## THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

The elements of success embrace many important points, like the education of the mind, along all lines to make the full, strong man.

They may be summed up something like this:

Doing your job the best you know how. Faith in God and yourself. Being just to your fellow man. Learning how and why. Thinking high. Dreaming little and doing much. Keeping in touch with the finest words, thoughts and deeds. Making a brave romance out of labor. Keeping clean and playing fair. Laughing at despair. Fighting bravely, but keeping sweet. Going on despite defeat. Drinking deeply of life and love. Struggling on determined to win. Taking loss with a cheerful smile. It's sharing sorrow, work and mirth with your fellows. Making better this world. Serving, striving through strain and stress. It's doing your noblest.

That's success!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

Rely not upon others; but let there be in your own bosom a calm, deep, decided, and all-pervading principle. Look first, midst, and last to God, to aid you in the great task before you; then plant your foot on the right. Let others live as they please—tainted by low tastes, debasing passions, a moral putrefaction. Be you the salt of the earth; incorrupt in your deeds, in your inmost thoughts and feelings. Your views of duty, not narrow, false and destructive, but a savor of life to all around you. Let your speech be with grace, truth, honor and benevolence. Be prudent. Life, to youth is a fairy tale just opened; to old age, a tale read through, ending in death. Be wise in time, that you may be happy in eternity.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

There are several hundred thousand graves in this country that constitute mute testimony to our past laxity in controlling the automobile. Law enforcement must be strengthened. It must be realized that driving a car on the public highway is a privilege, not a right to be abused. There must be swift and sure punishment

for the reckless or drunken driver. Unless public forces a change, and more stringent laws, you may fill one of the thousands of new graves that, figuratively speaking, will be dug by motorists in the years to come.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

What scene can be more lovely, more like the heavenly home, and more pleasing to God, than that of a pious family kneeling with one accord around the home-altar, and uniting their supplications to their Father in heaven! How sublime the act of those parents who thus pray for the blessings of God upon their household! How lovely the scene of a pious mother, gathering her little ones around her, at the bedside, and teaching them the privilege of prayer! And what a safeguard is this devotion against all the machinations of Satan!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

The man who has no occupation is in a band plight. If he is poor, want is ever and anon, pinching him; if he is rich, ennui is a more relentless tormentor than want. An unoccupied man cannot be happy—nor can one who is improperly occupied. We have swarms if idlers among us, the worst of whom are gentlemen idlers; that is, men who pursue no useful occupation, and sponge their way, often enjoying the luxuries of life, living upon the hard earnings of others—the cancers of a community—pseudo patterns of bipeds —leeches on the body politic.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

God never intended that strong, independent beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. The difficulties, hardships and trials of life—obstacles one encounters on the road to fortune—are positive blessings. Peril is the very element in which power is developed. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," says Pythagoras. The wisest charity is to help a man to help himself.—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### DON'T KEEP IT IN

"Don't keep the good things in you so,
Throw wide the gates and let them go;
Aye, crack your heels and lift your eyes
In gladness to the smiling skies;
Don't keep it in, the good you feel
That helps life waken and be real."

---

A girl may not be able to play a tune upon a violin, yet she can draw a beau.

---

People who are traveling in circles should try a straight line for a change. You will get further.

---

Selfishness, fear and greed ruin individuals as well as nations. Beware of the three shackles.

---

Bear this in mind: Whatever we do, it is done in the presence of two great witnesses—God and our own conconscience.

---

No person's education is really complete until after they die. There's always something to learn till the last breath.

---

Wise is the person who can learn from experience of others, and profit thereby. Experience is the father of wisdom, and memory the mother.

---

Some people spend half their lives undoing the things they spent the other half in doing. Atoning is a long and hard job—and sometimes thankless.

---

A doctor says there are 18 kinds of "flu." When a fellow gets in the grip of the "flu" it seems to him that he is entertaining the whole bunch, and wants to fly or flow.

---

A syndicated science service says there are four earthquake shocks a day in Japan. But they do not seem to be strong enough to shake Japan out of the China shop.

---

"Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," says St. Matthew. I have known some people to look around to see if they had an audience before they did a good deed.

---

A county in Indiana is to have a cemetery for the poor. It is some consolation to know that the poor are to have some consideration after they die. Some of them get very little while they are living.

---

A Massachusetts judge rules that there is nothing in the law to prevent a man's criticizing his wife. But a man is a fool to try it. In a family the wife is the supreme court, and you can't over-rule her.

---

Grit newspaper "hopes that the gunner who was firing aboard the ill-fated U. S. S. Panay minus his pants was not setting the style for future wars." No; he was showing them how to shoot behind the breech's.

---

It is said that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, is hunting "a moral substitute for war." He might look into the peace which comes from nations forsaking their sins, turning

unto the Lord for guidance, and heed the prophecy of Isaiah (2-4): "When He shall judge among the nations, and rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up swords against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

---

Making sacrifices is not a pastime. Those who consider it so are not really sacrificing. We would avoid real sacrifices if we could. They mean hardship, difficulty, loss.. Who wouldn't avoid it if he could. On the other hand, there's satisfaction in sacrificing. Only those of big worth can appreciate it. These see beyond the advantage of the dollar mark. Faith and fitness urge the test of life. And before you know it you are struggling against great odds. The resultant victory is worth all you put into it. There is great comfort in conscience to know you have done your best. Defeat may cast its shadow over you. Still to fight on and continue doing right in the face of opportunity of doing otherwise shows the character. And those who do it have within them the evidence of approval. This is worth more than money can buy. Life craves approval of its own best judgment. Step into life problems and pay the price. The worth to your future will tell in achievement. Sacrifice when you must. Live in the spirit of it always. The result is a fit life. A sacrificial heart is well-pleasing to the Lord.

---

## YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

With the beginning of today, yesterday becomes a thing of the past. All the events that were crowded into those twenty-four hours are history, only a memory. Not one moment can be recalled, not one word may be taken back. They are gone forever. But as we carry on today, yesterday can and should be of great help to everyone of us. Each task that must be done, should be carried to a successful finish with greater ease each succeeding day. If we do not become efficient through each day's labor, we are not getting the most out of life. We are cheating somebody. Perhaps ourselves most of all. Make the most of today, for tomorrow, today will be yesterday, beyond reach or recall. Plan for tomorrow as you go through today, for the new day will have new problems to solve, new situations to be met, and who knows, there may be greater work to be done. Surely as time goes on, we, too, must go on always to greater and finer things, profitting by yesterday, getting the most out of today, always planning for tomorrow.

—Selected.

# THE LONE STAR STATE

**By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter**

Have you looked closely at a map of Texas recently enough to remember some of the names of towns and cities? Romantic, fascinating names, full of color, charm and suggestive of languid nights under a near tropic moon. El Paso, San Antonio, Port Arthur, Galveston, Fort Worth . . . all bespeak the land of adventure of gallant conquistadores, of chivalry, and each has some historical association. The very architecture of many of the buildings, the manner in which the towns are laid out, show the Spanish-Mexican influence of the times before Texas became an integral part of the United States.

For a moment let us forget the intervening years and see what has happened to this state that is approximately eight hundred miles long and seven hundred and fifty miles wide, an area which comprises about one-eleventh of the total area of the United States. Today, Texas is the greatest cattle-raising section of the entire country. Together with California, the Lone Star State supplies more than one-seventh of the world's supply of quicksilver (mercury) . It ranks first in the United States in the production of petroleum or rock oil. Dallas, one of its principal cities, leads in the manufacture of agricultural implements, a fact which is indicative of the wide agricultural interests in the state. Galveston ranks second only to New York as being the port in the United States which leads in exports. Fort Worth, another large city, is the chief railroad center for the entire state.

Texas, while enjoying a prosperous present, has had a very turbulent past, and the flags of many different governments have been raised over its soil. At one time it belonged to Mexico, and that country, in turn, belonged to Spain. Mexico revolted from Spain in 1821, and for the time being what is now Texas came under the jurisdiction of Mexico. It is extremely doubtful if our Texas would ever have been extensively developed if circumstances had not led to its annexation by the Union.

The first Europeans ever to reach Texas were Cabez de Vaca and three companions, all who remained of a band of four hundred and fifty cavaliers who started from Florida on the way to Cathay with its fabulous treasures.

In 1540, to confirm the claim of Spain to Texas, Vasquez de Coronado went forth from Mexico in search of Cilbola, the fabled seven golden cities of ancient America. At a little Indian village situated on the banks of the Rio Grande, Coronado took possession of the land in the name of Spain.

Over a hundred years later, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, took possession of the land in the name of Louis XIV of France, and with him went a small band of colonizers from la belle France.

It is only natural that the monarchs of Spain and France should wage bitter war over this new land. Expeditions went by sea from Mexico, but no trace of the French colonists could be found until Alonzo de Leon

and Fray Martinez discovered ruins left by the Indians. No trace of La Salle has since been found, and the fate of the party of French colonists is hidden in the unwritten history of the past.

Fray Martinez built the Spanish Mission San Francisco de las Texas, supposedly some fifty miles southwest of Nacogdoches, the oldest Spanish city within the state today. A follower of his, Fray Olivarez, built the Mission San Antonio de Valera. Moved several times, this mission reached its present site in 1744 and was known as the Alamo. It was destined to be intimately connected with the history, glamour and romance of Texas.

At the time that Texas was under Spanish domination many Americans went to Texas from the adjoining states of Kentucky and Tennessee, some even going there from much further north. With the commencement of the Mexican revolt against Spain, the Mexican government actually gave each head of a family of new settlers a grant of seven square miles of land, a procedure which is indicative of the extent of land to be settled.

Apparently quite unconnected with Texas was the gift of Louisianna by France to Spain in the middle of the eighteenth century. It proved, however, to be very much of a white elephant to Spain, and after a year she returned the gift of France. Napoleon then sold the territory to the United States, and this later led to the annexation of Texas, an event which finally took place December 29, 1845.

Prior to this event, the Texans were not satisfied under Mexico as that government prohibited slavery. This was not acceptable to the Texans, most of whom were from the South, where slavery had long been established. Mexico also promulgated a law preventing any further immigration of Americans to Texas. These two issues brought about a revolt. Under the leadership of General Sam Houston, a decisive and victorious battle was fought at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. At the Alamo, another battle was staged. Some three thousand Mexicans fought a hundred and eighty Texans. The fight waged bitterly, and day by day, one by one, the Americans were killed off until only a few women and children were left alive. This deplorable disaster acted as an impetus during the rest of the war, for the phrase, "Remember the Alamo!" spurred the Texans on to their final victory.

The question of slavery in Texas held up the annexation of Texas to the Union. The Northerners feared adding a large slave territory. while the Southerners favored its annexation. James K. Polk and the Democratic Party finally hit on a compromise by the annexation of both Oregon and Texas. This pleased the Northerners, for they desired the inclusion of Oregon, and their qualms about the anexation of a slave state were more or less quieted.

Texas today has proved itself, and proved the faith of those who were in favor of its annexation. Its contribution to the commerce and agriculture of the United States has more than vindicated the pioneer effort of the early American settlers. It is a vast and interesting section of our great country.

# GASTON'S FAME AS SONG WRITER OBSCURED HIS LEGAL CAREER

**By Archibald Henderson, in Charlotte Observer**

Mark Twain says somewhere that upon the heart of every American, could it be examined, would be engraved the date 1492. That and the date 1066 are the only dates known by many American school children. By the same token, it might be said that the only thing most North Carolinans know of William Gaston is that he was the author of the State song, "Carolina," with its benignant appeal:

"Carolina, Carolina
Heaven's blessings attend her."

And yet, those who speak with authority mention his name, almost with bated breath and in accents indicative of well-nigh supreme admiration. This is all the more to be wondered at, since Gaston never held any of the higher offices in the gift of the American people and had an almost instinctive aversion from public life. There was something impressive, if not majestic about his personality which profoundly impressed his contemporaries. While he served only a few terms in the legislature of his native State and two terms in Congress, he nevertheless left behind him the reputation for political wisdom, broad liberality regarding public questions, and for enlightened statesmanship of truly national scope and caliber.

As a jurist his eminence was unquestioned; and it is a remarkable fact that probably the two greatest jurists North Carolina ever produced cast lots for the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. As the most brilliant and able of Gaston's contemporaries—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster—were never able to attain the presidency, so Gaston never held the highest judicial office in North Carolina, although serving eleven years as associate justice of the Supreme Court. Although each shone in different departments of legal learning and were often engaged in the same cases, either in association or opposition, William Gaston and Archibald Henderson were regarded by their contemporaries and colleagues in the profession of the law as North Carolina's greatest legal luminaries. They were alike in several respects—a similarity which brought them close together. They were both extravagant admirers of Washington and devoted members of what Gaston called "the proscribed sect of Federalists." Each served two terms in Congress and found the strident clamors, cheap motives, and unscrupulous ambitions of public life little to their liking. Each was a profound student of the law, a jealous upholder of the highest traditions of that great profession. In the case of these two men, greatness was not the fancied result of holding high public office. Gaston was not tempted by senatorship or cabinet position—which might have been his, not for the asking, but for the taking. He preferred the role of great juristic authority. And no other North Carolinian, of that or any day, was more eagerly consulted by the greatest legal and

national figures of his day—by Story and Kent on involved legal issues, by Webster and Marshall on basic constitutional questions.

William Gaston was a man of extreme sensitivity, and bore through life the marks left by the tragic deaths of both parents. During the Revolution a royalist force, including Rritish regulars and local Tories, captured New Berne and callously murdered Gaston's father. Two years later, convulsed with nervous dread on hearing the perturbing news that British ships were approaching New Berne, Gaston's mother had a seizure and quickly passed away as the result of the shock. Such tragic memories clouded through life the spirit of Gaston, who was left an orphan at the tender age of three.

Gaston had a singular mixture of strains in his composition: a French Huguenot great-great-grandfather, Jean Gaston, who fled to Scotland in 1640; a great grand-father, who with two brothers, settled in the north of Ireland; a grandfather, William, born in Ireland; and a father, also born in Ireland who studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh. His grandfather's brothers, John and Alexander, settled in Connecticut and founded the New England branch of the family which produced Governor William Gaston of Massachusetts.

William Gaston was born in New Berne, North Carolina, September 19, 1778, He was carefully reared by his devout mother in the Roman Catholic faith. Born Margaret Sharpe, in England, she is said to have been "gifted with a beautiful person, fine properties of mind, and a character of unusual strength." Celtic in nature, impetuous by temperament, William Gaston himself confessed that this Irish impetuosity had been carefully restained through the tender ministrations of his mother. Although his mother was in straightened circumstances, she gave her children the best possible education this country could afford. At the age of thirteen Gaston was sent to Philadelphia where he received preparation for college, being later enrolled as the first student of Georgetown university. After two years at Georgetown and a year at the New Berne Academy, he entered the College of New Jersey at Princeton in 1794 whence, two years later, he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. In 1798, after receiving at New Berne careful tutelage in the law under that eccentric character, diligent printer, dull historian and learned jurist, Frances Xavier Martin, he was admitted to the bar.

Gaston's career does not readily lend itself to the subject of popular biography. There are, however, certain qualities of his genius and certain features of his public life which will always keep his memory green in North Carolina.

Gaston was naturally eloquent; he was scholarly in temperament; and indefatigable in his legal researchs. At times he astounded his listeners with the extent and minuteness of his knowledge. It was a peculiarity of his disposition to rise to his feet with diffidence and at the outset to indicate his timidity by his obvious nervousness and the tremor of his voice. But he soon regained command of himself, and carried along his audience upon the flowing tide of his eloquence. In the hall of the legislature, on the floor, he spoke often and upon the leading questions. His hearers were

profoundly impressed by the breadth of his views and the range of his knowledge. In his debate with Henry Clay on the subject of the "Previous Question," a moot parliamentary issue of great theoretical and practical importance, he caught the facile Henry Clay unawares; and by reason of his exhaustive knowledge of the subject, thoroughly trounced the able Kentuckian, who withdrew from the field with an acknowledgment of his defeat. Of this speech Chancellor Kent wrote: "It is a masterly and scientific legal and constitutional argument, with the most diligent examination, and keen critical analysis of the documentary authorities."

As an advocate, Gaston was energetic and aggressive, boldly attacking his adversary's position and, with logic fired by eloquence, marshalled his arguments with an intellectual force compelling conviction. The four great rivals at the bar of the day were Thomas Ruffin, George E. Badger, Archibald Henderson, and William Gaston. As a jurist, "full of wise laws and ancient instances," William Gaston belongs in that band of North Carolina's greatest jurists—John Haywood, Leonard Henderson, Thomas Ruffin and Richmond Pearson.

William Gaston was an ardent and pronounced Federalist, and regarded with somewhat sardonic humor the disrepute into which Federalism fell after the advent of Thomas Jefferson. He had an exalted admiration amounting almost to reverence of Alexander Hamilton, on one occasion praising his "spotless patriotism, heroic virtue and eminent services." In Thomas Jefferson he divined something at once Machiavellian and disingenuous, looking upon him, says one of Gaston's biographers, as a "dangerous proletarian, half Jacobin and half Voltairean." In a powerful "open letter" to Jefferson, published in the Raleigh "Minerva" he caustically takes him to task for inviting to return to this country in a national ship the "infamous Tom Paine." Gaston's admiration for Washington had no bounds; and in the open letter to Jefferson he sternly queries: "Was it wise of you, Sir, to strengthen this unfavorable impression (of Jefferson himself as one who denied the truth of divine revelation) by manifesting your friendship for the calumniator of Washington, and the reviler of the Christian faith?"

Gaston's most memorable speech, which has been described as "the greatest speech made by him in any deliberative body" was made before the constitutional convention at Raleigh in June, 1835. The question was on striking out, or modifying, the Thirty-second article of the Constitution. At issue was the question of Gaston's eligibility to fill the office of associate justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The article in question disqualified officers who denied the truth of the Protestant religion. Gaston, supporting the amendment to substitute in the article the word Christian for the word Protestant, won a great triumph, at once personal and political, the final vote standing 74 to 52. James Kent wrote approvingly to Gaston: "You have demonstrated the folly and absurdity of instructions, and the narrow and persecuting spirit that would retain the clause in question, and which I think with you disgraceful to the State and to the age."

At the age of sixty-six, in the plenti-

tude of his great powers, William Gaston died of apoplexy in Raleigh, January 23, 1844. In the "Raleigh Register," announcing his death, occur these words:

"For forty years he has been the ornament of his profession, the idol of his friends, the admiration of all who knew him, the able jurist, the upright judge, the elegant and accomplished scholar, the urbane and polished gentleman, the meek and dignified Christian."

---

## MILLIONS OF FISH PLANTED IN STATE'S STREAMS

Nearly 4,000,000 fish, reared in the various state fish hatcheries, have been released in the streams in all sections of the state this year so that 1937 is going to be a banner year both in the number of fish hatched and released, according to Commissioner John D. Chalk of the game and inland fisheries division of the Department of Conservation and Development. Of the 4,000,000 fish produced during 1937 all but a few thousands have already been released. Those not yet released are several thousand rainbow and brown trout which are being held in some of the mountain hatcheries until they attain more size, when they will be released in mountain streams. This is the largest number of fish ever produced by the State hatcheries.

The number of fish reared in hatcheries this year, by species, are as follows: brook trout, 1,500,000; rainbow trout, 2,000,000 brown trout, 85,000; bass, 300,000; bream, 150,000; crappie, 75,000.

The trout were reared in the mountain hatcheries while most of the other, or warm water species, were reared at the Fayetteville and Marion hatcheries.

Virtually all of these fish were planted in public waters by the division's trained hatchery employees and were transported in its own trucks so, that there was a minimum loss of fish due to transportation and handling, Mr. Chalk pointed out. Some fish were also released from the U. S. Government fish hatcheries at Edenton, Hoffman and Smokemont.

With improvements now under way at the Fayettevile and Waynesville hatcheries, next year's output of fish is expected to be still larger.—Selected.

# FIRST U. S. RAILROAD WAS BUILT IN 1827

**By Conrad Frederick Smith**

The bell rang and the bars swung down across the wide Pennsylvania highway. Automobiles stopped in line. Out of the distance there come a long-drawn locomotive whistle. Almost in an instant there appeared a silver comet out of the north—a whizzing appartition of speed and power.

It was the new streamlined steam locomotive of the Reading railroad and it pulled a streamlined train that typified the new era in American railroading.

And as I sat there a month ago and watched the bullet-like train flit by, I thought of the doughty little "General", the tiny locomotive that stands in the Southern station in Chattanooga, a silent relic of railroading during the fiery days of the War Between the States. There was a great gulf between the little engine with its funnel-shaped stack and spindly driving wheels and the giant locomotive that had just thundered by.

The railroads are on the march again, just as they were years ago when they surged across the continent under the impetus of adventurous men whose genius lay in empire-building and who knew how to fashion capital and industry into a great system of transportation. They may have faltered during recent years and let other means of transportation slip up along-side them, but the throttle is wide open now!

In this streamlined age the steam locomotive has become a more beautiful and more powerful giant. It now pulls trains that are air-conditioned in summer and winter, that are luxurious and safe. It is steadily cutting down schedules as well as pulling greater pay-loads. And it has still greater possibilities for the future when science discovers how to obtain a greater efficiency from generated steam.

The railroad is still young in years. It is essentially the same mechanically as it was when the first miniature locomotive and crude cars rumbled along rails made of timbers capped with an iron strip. But it is a giant today—a giant that transports the nation's foodstuffs and fuels, its manufacured products, and its people. Remove the railroad suddenly tomorrow and you would have a country stagnated and helpless.

It is a long way from the first railroad built in 1801 to haul coal by horse-drawn cars over crude tracks in England to the present four-track lines with their block signals, powerful rolling stock and vast system of coordinated effort and ability. George Stephenson's first prize locomotive "The Rocket", which whizzed over the English landscape at the tremendous speed of 14 miles an hour, would look like a midget beside a giant of today. The early passenger trains were as nothing compared to the luxurious trains that now speed across the continent in perfect safety and comfort.

The United States saw its first railroad in 1827 when a short line was built to haul granite for the Bunker Hill monument in Massa-

chusetts, The Baltimore & Ohio built the first steam line in 1830 and shortly afterwards the Charleston & Hamburg line was built in South Carolina. After a slow start railroads began their tremendous spread over the entire country. Subsidies were granted them, large land grants made and every inducement offered.

The continent was crossed by the Union Pacific and the trails that once saw the covered wagon and pony express were covered with steel. Cities grew alongside these new roads. River commerce became a thing of the past in many places. Railroads made new cities and towns, new industries, created new jobs and filled a transportation need that could have been filled by nothing else.

Larger boilers and superheaters enabled locomotives to produce more power. Stronger rails came with large cars. Westinghouse with his air brake was responsible for long trains and Pullman brought a new era of passenger traffic. Electricity opened up new fields. Depressions came and went, some roads faltered but in the main the industry prospered with a growing America.

American railroads have a right to be proud of their record of safety. They do their work on schedule time, know no rest and carry on against all kinds of adversities of man and nature. Truly, this country should be proud of them.

---

## LIFE'S HIGHWAY

As I journey along the highway of life
I see many joys, and much of its strife;
I see selfish people, unselfish ones, too,
In which class am I, in which class are you?
Am I doing something to wipe out the strife,
As I journey along the highway of life?

As you journey along the highway of life
Do you look for its joys, forget all the strife?
Hear the song of the bird, as it flutters on high,
Forgetting the clouds, see the blue of the sky?
Just what you put in, you will get—joy or strife,
As you journey along the highway of life.

Only once we journey this highway of life,
So let's help to blot out and end all its strife;
Have a song in our hearts and much joy within,
Make happy our friends, as well as our kin;
Then all will be joyous, we'll end all strife
As together we journey the highway of life.

—Selected.

# THE EVOLUTION OF THE PRINTED WORD

**By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter**

Without the printed word we would be today as limited in our general knowledge as primitive man, and it is fascinating to trace back to the beginning of all recordings and to see the developments which came about to give us the printed page.

In ancient times, man expressed thought in the form of pictures chiselled on rocks by the aid of crude tools. Gradually hieroglyphics or picture-writing came into existence and sometime thereafter a written language gradually evolved.

Strangely enough, the origin of the first alphabet is not known. That is truly remarkable, for one would think that there would be extant some record of the earliest form of writing which must have come into being while hieroglyhics were still being used by the Egyptians. It is believed that the Greeks took the simpler signs which were used by the Phoenicians to express sounds made by the human voice, and added to them until a complete system was devised for writing voice sounds. The word "alphabet," which we use to denote the letters of language, is taken from the first two letters in Greek, "alpha" being their first letter and "beta" their second.

As knowledge became more diversified and the world more populous there was great need for education and for a recording of acquired knowledge and events, so writing, as we know it, became generally accepted as a medium of expression.

Silk and papyrus were used as a means of conveying the written word from place to place. Paper was developed, and it is on this medium that the story of civilization itself is recorded for all who care to read. So general has education become owing to the ease with which knowledge may be acquired from inexpensive, printed books, that it is only a very small minority of the peoples of the world who are unable to read and write.

About 700 B. C. a curious practice flourished between the time when important events were recorded on rock and the discovery of paper, for women would carry secret messages marked on small rolls of thin metal which they wore as earings.

Bronze tablets were used by both Greeks and Romans for recording laws and public records in early times, and long before the Israelites came out of Egypt they were recording events on parchment, and on this medium were written many of the beautiful books in medieval times Excellent examples of such works exist today and are, of course, of great value. Laboriously these books were written by hand, and it was only the learned men, the monks and lawyers, who could write skillfully enough to prepare the books, and this naturally limited production. Comparatively few books, therefore, were written before the advent of mechanical writing in the form of printing became common practice.

According to all indications paper was first made in China over two thousand years ago. Ts'ai Lun, minister of agriculture to China, is reported to

be the inventor of paper, A D. 114. After hundreds of years, the art of papermaking became known in western Asia, thence in Egypt and, finally, in Europe, from whence the art came to this country.

Of course, the first paper was handmade, and even as recently as one hundred years ago it took three months to manufacture hand-made paper from rags Modern machinery has completely revolutionized the process, and rags may be converted into paper for the printing press in a day, such is the tempo in the papermaking business.

The earliest method of transferring marks to paper by means of relief printing flourished long before Gutenberg introduced moveable type to the world and printed the famous Gutenberg Bible in 1455-6. Many volumes, too, were published from wood engravings.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, John Gutenberg was born at Mainz in Germany and he is credited by many authorities to be the inventor of moveable type, though others are also credited with the invention. Whoever may or may not have been the inventor, it is certain that the result has revolutionized the world Prior to that discovery it was only possible to make outlines of letters cut in blocks of wood and much time would be consumed in the carving out of the words which were then transferred to to parchment or paper by first being inked over and then an impression or a number of impressions would be taken off the block of wood. With moveable type, the words could be put together in much the same manner that a small child would play with lettered blocks. After any number of impressions were taken or printed from the moveable type which was set in a frame to hold it in position, then the type could be sorted or distributed into alphabetical order in a large partitioned tray—the same as is used today in job printing shops—and used over and over again. The first moveable type, though, consisted of letters cut separately on pieces of wood, but Gutenberg took a metal worker into his business and shortly after that event metal type became the accepted thing in the printing business of the day. Gutenberg died in 1468, leaving the world vastly richer than any man who has since left it, for he gave us a medium of expression which has resulted in inexpensive books, magazines, newspapers and all the modern printing.

William Caxton, an Englishman, born about 1422 and therefore a younger man than Gutenberg, became interested in printing and translated into English a history of Troy. It is claimed that he set up a hand press in Cologne, Germany, on January 30th, 1474, and set the type and printed the volume which was the first to appear in English. Whether or not he did the actual work or hired someone else to do it at his direction is not definitely known. Two years later he left Germany and established himself as a printer in England, and books printed by his press in those early days now fetch fabulous sums when put up for sale.

Harvard College has the distinction of having the first printing press to be set up in the United States. Brought from England in 1638, the press and type were installed in what was then known as Harvard Academy, and in January, 1639, America's first broadside made its appearance with

the printing of the "Freeman's Oath." In 1640, this press produced the first book to be printed in America: "The Psalms in Meter," and thus began the history of printing and book production in this country.

Some of the works of the early printers, though painstakingly undertaken, were not very good, and through the centuries many improvements have been made both in type and presses. Many different kinds of type letterings have been developed, and nowadays very little of it is set by hand, except in small job printing establishments or by those artists who prefer to produce exquisite handprinted books on hand-made paper. The old hand-press has practically disappeared, and enormous presses, electrically powered, have been developed, which print and fold our daily newspapers, for example almost with the speed of lighting so quickly is it done.

Speed in manufacture of paper and its different grades, plus quantity printing and various types of binding, make possible books on practically any subject at prices so low that everyone can purchase them. And that none may be without desired knowledge, our public libraries are well stocked with volumes to instruct and entertain.

---

## TALKING THROUGH THE MUSIC

Beethoven's music, conducted by Beecham—and even that could not stop the chattering of certain stupid people at Covent Garden. Sir Thomas Beecham is a famous man, and can afford to do what we ordinary people cannot. When he turned round and ordered the well-dressed prattlers to "shut up," he said what we have all longed to say at various times. All who love music and hate stupidity are grateful to him.

But are we quite sure that we ourselves are entirely guiltless of talking through the music? There is a disease of talking in this noisy age. We are more anxious to talk than to listen; and we seem to think that our tinkling chatter is more important than the most heavenly music.

God is speaking to us in a mighty harmony of all beautiful things. Music and pictures and the loveliness of the Maytime; courage and cheerfulness and patience and loyalty and self-sacrifice, displayed in the beauty of countless lives, both glorious and obscure, the peace of the quiet conscience and the proved consolation of prayer and faith: all these things sing to us incessantly of the reality of the spiritual world and the rewards of those who dare put their trust in beauty and goodness, believing that they must prove eternal truth. But we cannot hear them for the sound of our own sweet voices, propounding our precious "views and opinions." If we would only be quiet and listen to the music!—John Roadmender.

# BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST

**By L. L. Wightman**

Don Bailey roused with a start as the local slowed down at the station. Peering through the car window into the darkness outside, he read the large letters on the end of the depot. M A N — — — —. The last of the name was obscured in a flurry of snow, but he had seen enough to send him into action. Whew! He didn't realize he had slept so long, for he had no idea he was so near his destination. Slipping on his overcoat, he grasped his traveling bag and started for the rear platform.

Dropping to the ground, Don pulled his collar high about his face, for a strong wind whipped the snow in furious gusts. About to enter the station, he was checked by a husky voice in his ear.

"Goin' up to camp?"

Don turned turned to face a lad about his own size and age. "Sure thing," he replied. "Are you going there?"

"Straight away," the stranger replied. "Follow me. We'll wait for introductions till a more convenient time. Nasty storm this."

Don followed the lad to the farther side of the depot where two cutters and horses awaited them. "Ride in the second one," Don was directed. "You won't be bothered with conversation. Your driver is of the non-talking variety. Don't mind that. You'll have your head buried in a blanket most of the trip."

All of which proved true. The driver mumbled a few words as Don climbed into the cutter, after which he lapsed into silence. Don arranged himself as comfortably as possible amid the blankets. After three miles of riding in the storm he was thankful for a non-talkative companion. The wind was bitterly cold, driving him deeper into the blankets.

"How much farther?" he ventured to shout at his companion, his voice sounding as though it came from a deep cave.

"Four miles." The gruff, curt reply was followed by silence.

After what seemed a ride of many hours Don heard a gruff "Whoa," which brought the horse to a standstill. A jab in the ribs by a sharp elbow accompanied the command, "Get out!"

Don breathed with relief as he stepped down into the snow. The cutters had stopped in front of a large, log structure deep in the woods. So this was the winter camp. Now for a whole month of pleasure.

A burly man, bulky in his ample mackinaw, strode through the snow towards Don's driver. "Take those other fellows to Camp Two," he commanded. "I'll take charge of this lad. Grab your stuff and follow me," turning to Don.

He turned his back and strode towards another log structure some rods away. Don followed, stepping lively to keep his guide in sight.

"Here's your headquarters," the man said, leading the way into the building. "You'll sleep in the back room with the cook. Hey, Jerry!" A middle-aged Irishman appeared from the back room. "Take this young fellow in charge. He'll help you in the kitchen."

"In the kitchen!" Don dropped his

traveling bag in his astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. You're the cook's helper. Jerry will give you orders." The man towered over Don like a huge bear. "And I, Tom Damon, boss of this outfit, will see that his orders are obeyed."

"Give me orders? I'm not working here. I've come here to spend a month in winter vacation. My father sent me here."

"And who might your father be?"

"Edward Bailey, the lumber magnate." There was pride in Don's voice as he uttered that statement.

A smile of skepticism parted Tom Damon's lips. He had seen this act tried before. 'Twon't work here, my lad. You picked a poor place to pass yourself as Ed Bailey's son right here in Bailey's lumber camp Number Five. Listen to me, son. You'll do the work you were sent here for. Forget the funny stuff."

"But I don't belong here," Don insisted. "I'm on my way to Derrick's winter camp for boys. I got off at Manville, and supposed the driver was taking me to the camp."

Got off at Manville? You got off at Mandon. Manville is fifty miles from here."

M A N — — — —. Don remembered those letters. What a mistake he had made in not completing the word! He was at his father's lumber camp instead of the boys' camp. He attempted further argument, but was checked immediately.

"No more argument," Damon declared. "You can't pull that gag on me. You're here to work, and you'll do that very thing."

Sick at heart, Don retired for the night amid a coarse blanket in a rough lumber camp as a cook's helper! In the morning he would get this matter straight. Somebody would suffer for this insult.

A rough hand shook him. "Roll out," Jerry's voice boomed in his ear. "Time to get grub ready."

Don rubbed his sleepy eyes. "What time is it?" he mumbled.

"Four-thirty."

Four-thirty! Rolling over, he settled down for another snooze. A muscular arm dragged him from the bunk and dropped him on the floor with a thud. Resentment and anger flared forth, but a dipper of ice water cooled him. Sputtering and spitting, he climbed to his feet, wiping his head and face. Treating a fellow like this was carrying things too far.

"Somebody will pay for this as soon as I can phone my father," he vowed. But to avoid further mistreatment for the present, he decided to do as told.

Before daylight the men came pouring into the mess-hall for their breakfast. And what a razzing Don got from that crowd!

"Hello, Marie, when did you sign up? . . . Must be a sissy to hold this job. . . . Claims to be the boss' son? Haw, haw, haw! . . . Come on sister, dish up the grub."

Don's face burned with humiliation and chagrin, but there was no escape for him. At last he refused to wait on the men, even continuing his refusal when Tom Damon ordered him on.

"Take him to the cooler, boys," Damon ordered.

Don's struggles availed nothing as two of the men dragged him through the snow and tossed him into an outhouse used for storing tools.

"We'll let you out when you're ready to work," they informed him, snapping the lock and leaving Don to himself.

The building was cold At the end of an hour Don was plenty chilled, for the thermometer registered zero. When two hours passed he was ready to do anything to get where there was some heat. He shouted for help, thoroughly cured of his rebellion.

"Grit your teeth and buckle into it, lad," Jerry advised as he released him. "The boys aren't so bad if you'll meet them halfway."

That afternon Don asked permission to use the one phone in camp. "Can't do it," the office-man informed him. "The boss has forbidden it."

"Then you call my father and tell him about my situation," Don coaxed, only to be refused again.

At last it dawned on Don he was the joke of the camp. One thing remained—running away. The next few days he performed his work in earnest, watching his chance for a break. If he could reach the station at Mandon, all would be well.

Occasionally conversation at the table centered on the owner of the camp. Many of the men knew Edward Bailey by reputation, repeating the stories of his upward struggle from a common worker in the camp to the magnate and owner. He was honored and respected by his employees. As Don listened to the tales of the lumbermen, his pride in his father grew. Dad sure was a real man! Would he ever command the respect his father did? He shrugged his shoulders. He hadn't shown much of his father's nature. These men held him in contempt.

A determination seized Don. He wouldn't run away. He would make the men quit calling him sissy and "Marie."

One night the subject of conversation drifted to basketball. Basketball in the woods? Yes, Camp Two and Camp Five played a game each year. The players didn't know much about the game, but what they lacked in knowledge they made up in rough-and-tumble. The annual game proved a hummer.

"I play basketball," Don informed Chet Blake, spark-plug of Camp Five team.

Chet shook his head. "No good here. We don't play girls' rules."

Don blushed at the roar of laughter which followed. This joke business was getting unbearable. But he decided he stood little chance of playing basketball. Then came the accident in the woods when Chet Blake became entangled with an unruly tree which left him with a fractured leg. Dismay swept through Camp Five at the loss of their star just three days before the game.

Three weeks had passed since Don Bailey made his debut at the camp. One more week and he must go home —if he could persuade Tom Damon that he was really the son of Edward Bailey. With Chet Blake's injury a plan became feasible. He would try for a place on the basketball team. By playing a good game he could redeem himself in the sight of the men, and it would give him the opportunity to reach Mandon. Once there he would make a break for liberty.

Don demonstrated his ability to toss baskets so effectively that he was accepted to fill Chet Blake's place on the team. The practice court was the ground covered with snow and two

sticks with improvided baskets.

The game started before a packed house at Mandon Don felt more at home on this regular court. The hall was in an uproar as woodsmen vociferously backed their own team. On the first toss-up Don leaped in to get the ball. A sharp elbow caught him in the stomach, knocking the wind from him and leaving him gasping on the floor. A roar from Camp Two followers announced their possession of the ball. A basket resulted.

Don protested the foul to the referee. That individual merely laughed. "Never saw it," he declared. A roar of laughter came from Camp Two section.

"Get in there and fight," yelled a voice behind Don. "This isn't a girls' game."

Don whirled to see Chet Blake lying on a stretcher on the sidelines. Crippled though he was, he must see that game. And what a man to fill his place!

Don saw red for a minute. So that was the game! No fouls, even if they knocked a man out. His jaws clicked together. That Bailey blood was aroused at last. He would show this crowd some basketball they had never seen before. And he wouldn't play dirty either! They had made a joke of him for the last time.

If ever a whirlwind swept a basketball court, that crowd at Mandon saw it. When the first half ended Camp Five led 16-6.

During the second half Don Bailey ran the Camp Two team ragged. He was a flash of speed dribbling down court. They elbowed and tripped him, and all but knocked him out. Bruised and battered from the drubbing he received, knees skinned and bleeding, blood tricking down his arms where finger nails raked him, he fought as a crazy man, dropping baskets with unbroken regularity.

Woodsmen from Camp Five went wild. Was this the cook's helper, the sissy of the camp? Was this gentle "Marie"? The score mounted. And now Camp Two followers were shouting for Don. Those rugged hearts appreciated a fighter and a sportsman. One minute before the game ended Don went down, knocked clean out. The score stood 34-13 in favor of Camp Five.

As Don staggered to his feet, a man elbowed his way through the crowd to reach the court. In the heat of the game he had gone unrecognized. But now a roar of cheers greeted him. Don gasped. His father! Of all men to be present in that crowded hall!

"Good work, son," the elder man said, seizing Don by the hand. Then he turned to the crowd, raising his hand for silence.

"This boy is my son," he informed the crowd. "How do you like him?"

Camp Five men gasped. The boy had told the truth! He was the old man's son! Swift reaction came. They dashed onto the court, lifting father and son on their shoulders to form a parade about the hall. The scene was a wild tumult. There was no question now how Don stood with the crowd.

Later he tried to explain to his father, but his father checked him. "No need to explain, son. I know all about it. Tom Damon telephoned me, and I told him what to do. He alone knew your identity. You see, son, I'll need you here in the office next year, and I wished to see how you would react to a difficult situation, to

see whether you were a real Bailey or not. That's how I utilized your error of getting off at the wrong station."

A job at Camp Five! Man, what a crew of timbermen with whom to work! And he was one of them by right of conquest! They had accepted him at last! Never a man would receive a warmer welcome in that camp than Ed Bailey's son.

Chet Blake shouted at him. "Boy I'd fracture the other leg to see you do that again. I'll say you don't play girls' rules. Talk about lightnin' travelin' fast. You're a winner, and we'll all be lookin' for you to come back."

The place Don hated at first would be a welcome spot to which he would return, for he was a man among men there.

---

## CHUMS

He lives acrost the street from us
An' ain't as big as me;
His mother takes in washin' cuz
They're poor as they can be.
But every night he brings his slate
An' 'en I do his sums,
An' help him get his lessons straight,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hi'self one day
The summer before last.
An' at's what makes him limp 'at way
An' don't grow very fast.
So w'en I got a piece of pie,
Or maybe nuts or plums,
I always give him some, 'cuz I
Get lots—an' we are chums.

But my! his mother's awful queer;
'Cuz w'en we're home again,
She wipes her eyes—a great big tear—
An' says: "God bless you, Ben!
Th' Lord will bless you all your days
W'en the great judgment comes."
But I say I don't need no praise
Cuz him an' me is chums.

—J. W. Foley.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his group of young carpenters have been making some repairs to the porch railings at the Cannon Memorial Building.

---

For the first time in several weeks, another killing of hogs has taken place at the School. This will mean a good supply of spare-ribs, sausage, liverwurst and other delicacies of the hog-killing season.

---

Mr. Walter Hook and Mr. Graves, of the firm, Hook & Hook, architects, Charlotte, spent one afternoon at the School last week. The purpose of this visit was to go over the plans for our new infirmary and gymnasium. These buildings are very much needed at the School and we hope work on this project will soon get under way.

---

Mrs. E. E. Peele and Mrs John L. Kimbirl, of Charlotte, visited the School last Wednesday, bringing with them 151 books for the King's Daughters Library here. These volumes, consisting largely of encyclopedias, history, biography and children's literature, will be a valuable addition to the library, and the kindness of these ladies in furnishing same is greatly appreciated by all who are connected with the School.

---

Superintendent Boger received a letter the other day from Julian Andrews, who left the School recently and is attending the Asheville Farm School at Swannanoa. He writes.

"I hope all of you are getting along nicely. I am doing well in all of my work and am going to stick it out until the end.

"Please tell everyone at the School 'hello' for me. I want to thank you and all of the officers for the things you did for me while I was there, and I am sure it did me a lot of good. I only wish some of the boys I know, who have gotten on the wrong track, could be there, for I feel sure it would do them some good, too."

---

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 11th chapter of II Corinthians, and the subject of his most interesting and helpful talk to the boys was "Winners and Losers."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Tuttle stated that St. Paul, the writer of the Scripture Lesson, was a man who did more to change the world than any other man, yet he had to go about his work with folks on every side belittling him and trying to make it impossible for him to carry on his labors for the Master.

We all know what it is to win and what it is to lose, continued the speaker. It sometimes takes a lot of strength and character to be a good loser—in many instances more than it does to be a winner. Winning is a deep thing when we think of it serious-

ly. The important thing is how did we win. The world can only judge by outward appearances, but God can tell what is going on deep down inside us. It doesn't make any difference whether we win or lose, but whether we played the game fairly. Sometimes a person seems to win, but does not. He may be losing a great battle down in his heart and soul. No matter how you think about it, you have lost when you gain advantage over another by unfair means.

Business men, continued the speaker, may put across shady deals and people may soy that they have won, but no matter how much money they may make, they have lost. On the other hand, many times in life you can win while you are losing, or seem to be losing. Any victory that a man can win, if it shrivels his soul, it is a defeat. It is far better to lose in something that some day will triumph than to win in something that will fail in later years.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then stated that Jesus Christ was the greatest example of a man winning a great victory in what seemed to be defeat. His enemies persecuted Him; they finally accused Him falsely and killed Him. This was not a defeat for the Master, for He finally triumphed over the grave. By following the teachings of Jesus, we can overcome any obstacle in life, and turn handicaps into victories.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to always try to be winners, but above all, try to win fairly, and should defeat come to them, to take it with good grace, and try all the harder to win the next time.

---

## THE BOOKS OF BOOKS

The Bible contains 66 books and is a library in itself.

There are 39 books in the Old Testament and 27 in the New Testament.

It took 1,500 years to write and over 30 people were used to write it.

It has lasted 17 centuries in its present form.

It has been translated into over 800 languages and dialects.

It is the best selling book in the world.

More than one billion copies have been sold in the last hundred years.

It contains the mind of God and the state of man.

It is suitable for young and old, rich and poor.

It speaks of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ.

It speaks of sin and salvation.

Read three chapters every week-day and five on Sunday, and you will read it through in a year.—Samuel M. Lindsay.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

## FIRST GRADE

—A—

Howard Baheeler
Burris Bozeman
Lewis Donaldson
William Estes
Hubert Holloway
James McGinnis

—B—

Paul Briggs
James McCune

## SECOND GRADE

—A—

Martin Crump
Hurley Davis
Frank Glover
Bruce Kersey
Elbert Kersey
Wilfred Land
Franklin Lyles
Felix Littlejohn
Edward Murray
Cleveland Suggs
Hildren Sweeney
Samuel J. Watkins
Leo Ward
George Wilhite

—B—

James Bartlett
Robert Bryson
Fletcher Castlebury
Kenneth Conklin
Noah Ennis
Blaine Griffin
Lawrence Guffey
Odie Hicks
William Jerrell
James Jordan
Conley Lunsford
Joseph Mobley
George Newman
Fonnie Oliver
William Smith
Canipe Shoe
Thomas Sullivan
William Surratt
Dewey Ware
James Watson
Woodrow Wilson
George Worley

## THIRD GRADE

—A—

Junius Brewer
Jack Foster
Albert Goodman
Hubert McCoy
Weaver Penland
Raymond Sprinkle
Thomas Wilson

—B—

Lewis Andrews
James Coleman
Ray Pitman
Carl Singletary
Garfield Walker
William Wilson

## FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles
George Duncan
Thomas Hamilton

—B—

Joseph Christine
William Hawkins
Howard Todd

## FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Barden
Heller Davis

—B—

James V. Harvel
Isaac Hendren
Thomas Maness
Oscar Roland

## SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes
R. L. Young

—B—

Felix Adams
Grady Allen
Marvin Bridgeman
Charles Davis
Edward Lucas
James Mast

Wayland Morgan
Norman Parker
Brooks Young

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Duke Davis

William New
Albert Silas

—B—

Connie Michael
Charles Webb
Fred Williamson
Allen Wilson

## APPRECIATION A VIRTUE

Appreciation is a cardinal virtue. A wife is filled with pleasure at the slightest token of it. It is probably that she has not been used to it. You would have praised in another woman what you have simply taken as a matter of course in your wife. And a husband likes a little of it too. He has been good, and faithful and kind to you through all the years. To be sure he has not been able to buy a mansion, but he has done his best. If he could see that you really appreciate him, he would feel like a boy again. Won't you husbands and wives talk this paragraph over and then won't you kiss and make up, and determine to be to each other what you started out to be?

Other people like appreciation too. Even the servant in her ceaseless round of humble duties would feel that a mighty load had been lifted if she could hear some words of genuine appreciation. It is so with the clerk, with the stenographer, and bless your heart it is even so with the minister. No true man wants to be flattered but all of us want to be appreciated. Kind and appreciative words do not cost much, but they are of priceless value. And then they would really express your feelings, would they not?

Wearied with the work of the day, a pastor sat wondering as to whether his ministry was helping the people. He turned the pages of a little friendship calendar upon his desk and read these words from a noble and capable woman: "Dear Pastor, you have taught me to see my God more plainly, to love him more dearly, and desire to serve him with my whole heart." The words were God's message to him and they filled his heart with unspeakable peace and joy. Such words make life worth living. But above all let us pray that we may be worthy, that we may really merit appreciation.—The Watchman-Examiner.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending February 6, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(10) Marvin Bridgeman 10
(5) Ivey Eller 12
(2) Leon Hollifield 12
(8) Edward Johnson 12
(13) Edward Lucas 13
(5) Warner Sands 5

### COTTAGE No. 1

(4) J. C. Cox 9
(3) Edgar Harrellson 7
William Haire 6
William Howard 4
(2) Blanchard Moore 5
Fonnie Oliver 8
(5) Howard Roberts 7
(2) Albert Silas 7
Frank Walker 5
(3) Robert Watts 4
Preston Yarborough 10
(6) R. L. Young 11

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 4
James Blocker 3
(3) Julian Green 7
Oscar Roland 4
Fred Seibert 7

### COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Bass
(3) Neely Dixon 8
(7) Henry Floyd 10
(4) Coolidge Green 6
(4) Norwood Glasgow 5
F. E. Mickle 6
(6) William New 11
(10) Frank Pickett 11
(4) John C. Robertson 4
(2) Fred Vereen 6
(10) Allen Wilson 12

### COTTAGE No. 4

(10) Odell Bray 12
Hurley Davis 6
Lewis Donaldson 7
(8) James Hancock 12
(2) Henry Harris 4
Grover Lett 5
(2) Hubert McCoy 8
William Surratt 4
(2) Melvin Walters 10
(3) Leo Ward 9
Rollin V. Wells 3
(4) James Wilhite 7

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 6
Harold Almond 9
(3) William Brothers 11
J. C. Ennis 2
(2) Winford Rollins 7
Hildren Sweeney
(3) Ralph Webb 5

### COTTAGE No. 6

Martin Crump 2
Fletcher Castlebury 6
(6) Frank Glover 10
(2) Clinton Keen 5
(3) Spencer Lane 8
Charles McCoyle 5
Randall Peeler
(2) Ray Pitman 8
Canipe Shoe 7
Hubert Smith 4
Melvin Stines 2
William Wilson 5
Woodrow Wilson 9
George Wilhite 8

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 9

(10) Wilson Bowman 11
(2) J. T. Branch 10
(11) Thomas Braddock 12
William Brackett 6
(3) Hubert Carter 8
(3) James Coleman 8
Heller Davis 9

Woodfin Fowler 8
James C. Hoyle 4
Mark Jones 5
Elbert Kersey 4
(2) Earl Stamey 8
Cleveland Suggs 5
(2) Homer Smith 11
(2) Thomas Wilson 6
Horace Williams

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(6) Mack Joines 12
Thomas King
William Peedin 3
Oscar Smith 4
(5) Jack Springer 5

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Charles Bryant 8
(4) Harold Bryson 9
Howard Clark 11
Earl Duncan 5
Lawrence Guffey 7
(5) Albert Goodman 5
(5) William Kirk 10
Ballard Martin
(2) Edward Murray 6
(8) Donald Newman 12
(8) Berchell Young 12

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(4) Charles Batten 10
(2) Ben Cooper 7
Charlton Henry 6
(2) Hubert Holloway 7
(3) Thurman Knight 3
(2) Ewin Odom 10
(2) William Powell 7
(2) Howard Saunders 8

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Norman Brogden 9
Clarence Douglas 6
Merritt Gibson
Conley Lunsford
Jordan McIver 9
(2) John McIntyre 4
Irvin Medlin 5

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Monte Beck 5
(2) Harry Connell 5
(5) James Kirk 10
Feldman Lane 4
(4) Troy Powell 6
Garfield Walker 5

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Warren Bright 7
John Brown 7
(5) Leonard Buntin 5
Granville Cheek 5
Sidney Delbridge 4
Hobart Gross 9
Joseph Hyde 8
Dallas Holder 4
Hoyt Hollifield 6
Caleb Jolly 10
Cleo King 4
Clarence Lingerfelt 5
John Mathis 5
James McGinnis 10
Raymond Mabe 9
Alvin Powell 11
James H. Riley 9
Paul Ruff
Richard Thomas 6
James Watson 6
George Worley 6

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(3) Ira J. Chavis 3
(4) Joseph Cox 9
(4) Reefer Cummings 4
Filmore Oliver

---

**We mean by education that training in virtue from youth up which makes a man passionately desire to be a perfect citizen, knowing how to rule and obey with justice.—Selected.**

FEB 19 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 19, 1938 No. 7

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## WASHINGTON

Our Nation's birth gave history to your name,
Recording on its pages your great deeds.
No hesitation marred when duty came,
No clouds obscured from you your country's needs.

Pure were the thoughts you planted in man's heart,
Nor is your harvest fully garnered yet;
Still grows and thrives the tree that had its start,
In hallowed ground with honest purpose wet.

Each passing day your wisdom is revealed,
Each added year some richer promise gives;
Your presence led our fathers in the field,
Your spirit leads us still to that which lives
In Liberty and Peace, for which you fought
To gain Eternity, the goal you sought.

—John A. Prentice.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| WHERE WASHINGTON WENT TO CHURCH | By Gretrude Germond | 10 |
| RESTORED WAKEFIELD MANSION BUILT ON ORIGINAL HOME SITE | (Selected) | 13 |
| GEORGE WASHINGTON | (The Masonic Chronicler) | 15 |
| THE SIGN | (Junior Life) | 17 |
| SOUTH IS INCUBATOR FOR REST OF NATION | (Selected) | 20 |
| THE SIMPLE LIFE | By Mary Polk Ellenberger | 22 |
| ACRES OF DIAMONDS | (Selected) | 24 |
| THE SECRET OF WHOLESOME INFUENCE | (Selected) | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## WASHINGTON

Not in the clouds above our common lot he walked,
This leader when our nation's life began.
Not in the speech of prigs impossible he talked,
This great, austere, yet human-hearted man.
Fierce blood ran in his veins, his eyes flashed scorching fire,
When cowards fled and tricksters plied there art.
Yet in a leash secure he held his struggling ire,
And walked serene, and scorned to make retort.
Alone he fought, while small men fumed and lied and plotted.
They lost him battles, yet he fought again.
He kept his army in the field, his guns all shotted,
And won at last 'gainst Europe's best drilled men.
With vision keen, with hand that never wavered,
He steered the Ship of State through eddies wild.
His patriotism with just sympathy was savored.
Even of the foes he fought his thought was mild.
His character was noble like the form he wore,
A braver fight than that of arms he won.
As years slip by, all men shall love him more,
And reverence the name of Washington.

—Selected.

## GEORGE THE GREAT

American history of the Revolutionary period has a long roll of heroes: Moultrie of Charleston; Jones of the Bon Homme Richard; Allen of Ticonderoga; Prescott of Bunker Hill; Putnam of the deadly Boston Front; Montgomery of Quebec; Stark of Bunker Hill and Bennington; Dan Morgan of Virginia; Mad Anthony Wayne of Monmouth and Stony Point; DeKalb of Camden; Rev. Caldwell who made his hymn book into wadding at Elizabeth, N. J., Captain

Nathan Hale, America's first great intelligencer, dying with the words, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." General Green and General Schuyler of all the Revolutionary fronts; Robert Morris, the war's finanicial wizard; Jay and Adams, the diplomats; Franklin who captured the favor of half of Europe for the American cause; yet in the American heart, George Washington was, is and ever shall be the greatest of them all.

Winthrop said of Washington's military career, "Take it all in all, its long duration, its slender means, its vast theatres, its glorious aims and results, there is no parallel in history."

Frederick the Great, writing of Washington's movements on the Delaware, declared them "the most brilliant achievements in the annals of military action."

Lork Erskine wrote to Washington: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence."

Lord Brougham said: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

William E. Gladstone said: "If among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of exceptional nobility and purity I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it my choice would light upon Washington."

Kings and great statesmen of Europe compared Washington with Caesar, Charlemagne and Alfred the Great.

And, his mother said, simply, when told of the final results of the Revolution, "George has always been a good son."

This nation is content to let the voice of his contemporaries bespeak the esteem of which he was held as a soldier, statesman, son and husband, and to allow the fruitage of his planting to proclaim his greatness among the nations of the earth.—Granville.

* * * * * * *

## THE WAY TO KEEP OUT OF WAR

Dr. Clarence Poe, editor of "The Progressive Farmer," a pacifist, writes interestingly and clearly on the subject of war:

"Every generation hates war—yet every generation waits till

too late to do anything about it. The result is that from each generation this bloody juggernaut god of war takes its hideous toll —puts into millions of graves the corpses of young men suddenly changed from beauty into carrion, puts on other millions the crippling or multilating wounds of its gory talons, and slowly suffocates other millions who have been exposed to its serpent-breath of poison gas.

"How can the youth of America be saved from this ever-threatening curse? Will our new so-called neutrality law save them? Or will it merely save some lives today but bring on consequences that will destroy a million lives tomorrow? In my opinion, your boys and mine will be far, far safer if America adopts a policy of world co-operation to promote peace than if it depends on mere isolation and neutrality as the way to peace. As has been well said: 'The world is now so small that for one nation to try to keep out of war when all other nations are fighting is like one man in a crowded room trying to keep neutral and unhurt when everybody else is shooting.' Would there not be perpetual fighting and death between individuals if we had no courts to which men could go and have their causes heard and settled—settled by courts whose governments enforce their decree? And are not wars between nations likwise inevitable so long as there is no Supreme Court of Nations to hear cases and with power to enforce its decrees?"

* * * * * * *

## GITTING RID OF AN ENEMY

It is a well-known fact that animals, especially horses and dogs, warm up to the person who treats them kindly. They know who their friends are.

A Grace Gray, in Our Dumb Animals magazine tells an interesting little story which illustrates the idea we have in mind: She says, "A resident of North Toronto relates how she was puzzled for a long time to see every morning a huge collie dog running ahead of a milk wagon. She at length telephoned the dairy to find out the reason, and was told that this dog had once been a snarling, vicious creature—the dread of all callers at his owner's home and of the milkman in particular. The latter, in order to propitiate his foe, who faced him at the back porch each morning and with bared

teeth dared him to ascend the steps, formed the habit of bringing him peace-offerings in the form of meat, biscuits, and other food. Through such attentions the dog became swiftly transformed from an enemy into a friend. He made himself the inseparable companion of the milkman, running ahead of his wagon throughout his thirty mile route each day. Even though he returns home utterly exhausted for rest and sleep, yet nothing will deter him from accompanying his adopted friend on his daily route."

Kindness pays, to humans as well as to animals.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## KEEP THE MIND OCCUPIED

Never let the mind relapse into idle, injurious thoughts. It is like letting weeds grow up in flower gardens, choking and overshadowing the violets and pansies. Occupation for the human heart is a glorious thing!

Those who work hard, seldom yield to fancied or real sorrows. When grief sits down, fold its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving into a funeral pall the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow become your master.

Whatever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise, in these things, think on them. Evil, can little encroach on the domain of good as darkness can force its way into the circle of radiance which an electric bulb flings out into the night.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THE UNBALANCED BUDGET

The world is greatly disquieted. With wars, and rumors of wars, the public pulse throbs with uncertainty. America is not free from this feeling of unrest. We have internal troubles that seem to be difficult to smooth out. Contentions worse confounded.

The budget which President Roosevelt sent to Congress for the year beginning July 1 shows a deficit of $950,000,000. This is not so much as it was last year, but it is still more than business men would like to see. They think that business might improve if the budget were balanced.

"How would you do it?" asked the President. "What expenses would you cut?"

He points out that one of the biggest expenses is the billion dollars set aside for relief. If business should improve, creating more jobs, this could be cut.

The budget provides also for another great expense—an increase in our national defense. Nearly a billion dollars will be set aside to build a large Army, Navy, and air fleet. This is almost $55, 000,000 more than was spent last year.

It is possible that the President may ask for an even larger sum, in order that our Navy may be strengthened. He believes that troubled world conditions make preparedness the best policy.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THE NEED FOR SHIPS

Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy of the Maritime Commission is of the opinion that American ship lines must have subsidies—(and subsidies mean financial aid)—of around $25,000,000 a year if they are to survive. High building and operating costs, as compared with those of other countries, are the reasons given for the necessity for government support of the merchant marine.

There are people in the inland country who have not the slightest idea of the importance of a mercantile fleet. They do not understand that the United States normally sells ten per cent of its movable goods in foreign countries and that under the Reciprocal Trade Treaty program, our foreign commerce is moving upward. This year the world will pay something like three billion dollars for American goods. To maintain that commerce and assure its increase in a competitive world, Mr. Kennedy wants American ships modernized and subsidized so that they can maintain twenty-three world trade routes.

The question is: Will Uncle Sam do it?—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

SUNSHINE

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong.
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along."

---

If ertical people will just remember their own faults, they will not see so many in other people.

---

The trouble with this country is we have too many people telling other people what to do, istead of doing some of it themselves.

---

A great many of our public servants seem to have forgotten the basic principles of public service. It is to serve the public instead of themselves.

---

A lot of people who have been turned down are still waiting for something to turn up. And when it does they find that it was not worth waiting for.

---

All kinds of flowers are very meager at this season of the year. But the blooming idiots are still with us. They have, like death and taxes, all seasons for their own.

---

Of all the causes for divorce in this country there is one that seems to be overlooked, or ignored, and that is that business should be divorced from politics, or vice versa.

---

Every now and then the controversy arises over whether or not Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Well, as long as Shapespeare brought home the Bacon what does it matter anyway?

---

The fishiest thing I have heard of lately, is that report that a German corporation says it can grind up fish and make a substance, called "viking" which can be used in the place of eggs. This is eggs-traordinary!

---

The Winston-Salem Sentinel compares the civil service progress in this country to the fable of the frog trying to climb out of the well—climbs three feet and drops back two,—and adds: "Like the frog, the civil service makes a little gain all the while. Wherein lies the hope for the future." Wonder if he did not mean "the hop" for the future.

---

There perhaps has never been a day when folk were so restless. The highways are crowded, the streets are thronged, amusement centers are jammed, and often the church itself is "careful and troubled about many things." In the clamor and din of modern life, many of us have become pitifully confused. Each day we leap upon the treadmill of life without stopping to see if there is grist in the hopper. If ever men needed quiet and meditation, an opportunity to pull themselves together, to think things through, that time is now. Even if direct communion with God were impossible, such an hour would be priceless. But God is ever ready to speak to the listening heart. Read

the 46th Psalm. The keynote, it seems to me, is the passage, "Be still, and know that I am God." Be still until the very atmosphere about you is tense with His presence and from that communion you can go to lift life's heaviest burdens, meet its severest tests, and in the consciousness of His nearness, work out a more excellent salvation.

---

Negro philosophy is always interesting, and some of it is as close to Nature as is possible to get. Some time ago I noted a skit from Moses Avery, of Durham. Now comes another good bit of semi-sarcastically woven philosophizing, as recorded in the Oxford Public Ledger. It reads: "Uncle Cephus Slabsides broze into town in his five-passenger Model T without a top . . . it was his first visit in quite a spell . . . he was seeing about some fertilizer . . . asked what the news was beyant the mountain, he said he had been mighty nigh ditched by a feller on the wrong side of the white line . . . 'I've always obeyed the law,' he continued . . . then seeing an inquiring look in the eyes of the Pumper, he added . . . 'or anyhow came in reasonable distance of doing so' . . . he went on to ask . . . 'but what's the use? . . . if you don't the chances are you won't be caught . . . if caught, the chances are you won't be tried . . . if tried, the chances are you won't be convicted . . . if convicted, the chances are you won't be sentenced . . . if sentenced, the chances are you'll never get to the pen . . . if ever in the pen, the chances are you will be paroled . . . so why bother?' . . . this question is left for readers (if any) to answer."

---

God pity eyes that have not seen the dawn,
Twilight, or shadow, or wind-blown tree,
But pity more the eyes that look upon
All loveliness, and yet can never see;
God pity ears that have not caught the notes
Of wind or wave, of violin or bird,
But pity more that, daily, music floats
To ears that hear and yet have never heard.

God pity hearts that have not known the gift
Of love requited, comfort and carees,
But, O God, pity more the hearts that drift
From love's high moment to forgetfulness.
This is the tragedy of common sense:
To dim all wonder by indifference.

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

# WHERE WASHINGTON WENT TO CHURCH

**By Gertrude Germond**

Although a constant church-goer wherever he might be, Washington's greatest interest naturally lay in his "home churches" as we might call them; Christ Church, Alexandria and Pohick Church, sometimes known as Mount Vernon Church. In the building of the latter he took an active part.

This church connection began at an early age, for he was taken there while he was still a baby in arms. When the little George was three years old his father was elected vestryman of Truro Church. Over nine miles of country road Washington went to this church all during his youth, seldom missing a Sunday. When he had grown to manhood he, too, was made a vestryman and served faithfully and long.

When he brought his bride to Mount Vernon, they attended services in the old frame building of this same Truro Church which has long since disappeared. It must have become hopelessly out of repair for in 1768 a meeting of parishioners was called to consider the building of a new church.

Among these parishioners were George Washington and his friend and co-patriot George Mason of Bill of Rights fame.

The question arose of building on the old site or of choosing a more convenient one. It divided them into two parties although we have no record of the discussion being anything but amicable.

George Mason was strongly in favor of the old location, on the ground that it was the place where their fathers had worshipped and that many of them slept in its graveyard.

George Washington led the opposing party. Not being able to come to any agreement, the meeting adjourned and a date was set for another one.

In the meantime Washington painstakingly surveyed the neighborhood and at the next meeting produced a map drawn by his own hands. It showed the location of each house and distances were carefully marked. This seems to have proved to the general satisfaction that the new site was more central and convenient. So Washington, not for the first nor the last time, won the day.

The new site was on the other side of Pohick Creek and about two miles from the old church.

Washington threw himself with enthusiasm into this project. He is said to have drawn the plans himself. He had to do with the letting of the contract to Daniel French and took great pleasure in riding over to oversee the building operations. He also contributed largely to the expense.

In 1773 when the church was ready for use Washington bought pew number 28 and also pew number 30. One pew was not enough to hold the family and the guests from hospitable Mount Vernon.

To the square brick building came the people from the countryside, white and black, too, for a visitor to it in the old days tells us that about half the congregation were negroes.

This same visitor describes the

picturesque scene in the churchyard as they gathered for service; the men on horseback and the ladies in huge coaches. We may be sure that a prominent figure on that occasion was the dignified Washington for he never let weather, bad roads, or any company keep him from traveling the seven miles from Mount Vernon. He often took home with him as guests to Sunday dinner, those he chanced to meet there, often the minister himself.

1773 was not long before the days of war which took the master from Mount Vernon to duties other than farming. Pohick Church saw him little or not at all during those dark years.

Sometime after his return home the church appears to have fallen into disuse, probably because changes in the neighborhood, following the war, had taken many of its members away. No regular minister was maintained and services were held at infrequent intervals.

At about the same time that Pohick Church was being built another church was rising in Alexandria, Christ Church. Although Washington did not participate in the building of this church he was interested in it. Upon its completion he bought at the highest price a pew there, also.

It was a square brick structure much like that at Pohick but had a steeple at the front. In the specifications provision was made for a roof sufficiently high pitched to admit of galleries. The contract called for mortar made with two-thirds lime and one-third sand, and for cypress shingles three-quarters of an inch thick. This probably accounts for the church standing strong and sturdy after more than a century and a half of weather and vicissitudes

About 1785 Washington began to attend Christ Church regularly. He and his wife and guests drove over from Mount Vernon in a cream colored coach with the Washington arms painted on the doors and pictures of the four seasons on the panels.

Visitors to the Capital who are interested in our first president should not omit from their itinerary these two churches so intimately connected with his life. In fact the sight-seeing tours that include a visit to Mount Vernon usually stop at Christ Church. If one is driving it is not at all hard to find, as it is in the town of Alexandria. Pohick Church is not much harder to find. It is on the main highway between Washington and Richmond, below Mount Vernon.

We had been visiting Mount Vernon and were on our way to Richmond when our attention was attracted by a sign inviting us to stop at "Old Pohick Church.' Something in the name stirred vague memories.

We found a church of simple lines, of brick, but now clothed with luxuriant ivy. This was not there in Washington's day for we are told that the bell was hung to a tree.

A young girl greeted us most courteously at the door. The church seemed bathed in a pure white light making it a place apart from the noisy world. These simple interiors of the old churches with their white woodwork make one to walk softly and talk in reverent tones. It has, so far as I know, none of the original appearance. It was long in a state of disrepair, and many things were destroyed or carried away.

Christ Church stands in the town of Alexandria, a little back from the street. It is much like Pohick Church

with the exception of the steeple or tower at the front. Inside the same soft white light, the same simple lines, the small paned, tall arched windows. The old box pews with their latched doors remain. Washington's pew is as it was in the days when the great man and his family and guests came from Mount Vernon and sat on the cushioned seats that ran around the sides of the pew.

The church has honored the memory of its two most illustrious members by memorial tablets, one at either side of the chancel, George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

---

## SPORTSMANSHIP

If you could arrange to have people think of you as you would desire, what would you have them say to you? In all probability you would like to have them call you a good sport. Considering all the traits that go to make up the character of an individual, sportsmanship is perhaps one of the most desirable. This quaity can be acquired by anyone with the ability to "take it" when the going is rough. Anyone can grumble when things fail to break right, but it takes the man with something besides jelly in his spine to grin and bear it. Sportsmanship is something that a person canot wear so that it can be seen. It becomes visible only in times of stress; at the moment when the individual is least likely to have time for deliberation, so that consequenty it is a difficult thing to simulate or bluff about. One might lay claim to almost anything, but the very circumstances under which sportsmanship becomes tangible, prohibits one falsely laying claim to it.

What is sportsmanship? Sportsmanship is playing the game without taking unfair advantage even when it is available and could be used without anyone being the wiser; it means losing with good grace, without whine or alibi, being content with the knowledge that the game was played fairly; it means cheering the loser and giving the winner the credit due him, sincerely and whole heartedly.

This thing called sportsmanship is not limited to the baseball field, the football game, or the foot race, but is something very essential to living. Life is a contest in which we all must take part, whether we want to or not, and if we learn the lesson of good sportsmanship, we shall be able to take our losses with good grace and humbly accept our reward when victory is ours.—Selected.

# RESTORED WAKEFIELD MANSION BUILT ON ORIGINAL HOME SITE

**(Selected)**

Wakefield, birthplace of George Washington, is but a scant 50 miles south of the nation's capital, situated on a small Virginia peninsula between Bridges and Popes creeks, facing the Potomac river. The house is on the bank of Popes creek and not far away on the Bridges creek side, is the family graveyard. The house is a two-story, red brick colonial style mansion, rebuilt mostly from oral description by the oldest inhabitants of the region. It resembles, too, the old Christian home at Providence Forge, Va., which one of the Washington descendants, Col. Burgess Ball, said was similiar to the original Wakefield house.

All the bricks used in the reproduction were made within 100 yards of the site. On the left may be seen a corner of the frame kitchen which also accupies its original site as near as possible. Inside the house are many relics and old pieces of period furniture or reproductions. In the bedroom in which history says Washington was born and slept as a baby there is a reproduction of an early cradle. When this cradle was first acquired for the mansion some published accounts said it was the very cradle in which the Father of His Country was rocked to sleep. Much of the furnishings and dishes, etc., have been donated or loaned by interested persons.

Not long after Wakefield's restoration the correctness of the location of the house was questioned and claim was made that the original home had stood on the banks of Bridges creek near the famly burying ground. The controversy became so great that Prof. Charles O. Paulin, director of the historical research division of the Carnegie Institution, began an investigation which ended only when he had definitely established the fact that the restored home stood upon the exact spot of the original ancestral home.

There was but one way—by carefully tracing the acquisition by purchase and inheritance of all the lands owned by the Washingtons from the time of the first emigrant, John, grandfather to George, on down. Most of the deeds and other documents contained only indirect references; but one, in mentioning the Popes creek land (owned by George's father), referred to it as 'the land where he now lives." This was in 1726 and it was found that the Bridges creek land was not acquired until 1742, 10 years after George's birth.

There were several reasons for the neglect of Wakefield during the 19th century. George had been taken away when he was but three years old and never returned to the place of his birth except as a visitor. Years later, some say Christmas eve, 1780, the house was accidentally burned down and was not rebuilt. After the Revolution Washington spent his remaining days on his beautiful plantation, Mount Vernon.

Still Wakefield was not neglected to the point where it was apt to be actually forgotten. George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha and a ward of George, sailed down the

river in 1815 and dramaticaly placed on the site a marble slab bearing an inscription to the effect that Washington was born there. But it did not last long. Souvenir hunters carried away the remaining pieces just about the time of the Civil war. Preparation of the state of Virginia to erect a memorial was interrupted by the war and her intentions were never carried out. In 1896, however, the federal government erected a granite shaft 50 feet high to mark the old home site. When construction work began on the present building this tall marker was removed and placed at the entrance of the grounds where it stands today.

In the meantime the Popes creek land had passed through several hands. It was originally purchased by Capt. Augustine Washington in 1717 and eventually descended to George Corbin Washington. He had no use for it as he lived in Georgetown (now a part of the District of Columbia) so he sold it to John Gray, reserving only the family graveyard. This was passed on by his son Lewis William to the state of Virginia which in turn transferred it to the federal government in 1882. In 1883 the government purchased 11 acres of land and erected the monument in 1896.

Real restoration had its origin in 1923 with the forming of the Wakefield Memorial Association composed mostly of Washington descendants. More land was purchased around the old home place but the money for the work was slow in coming in. They appealed to the federal government for aid and were granted $80,000 in 1930 for the purpose of constructing a building and improving the grounds. This work was completed under the supervision of the National Park Service. Its work ended, the memorial association officially conveyed its land holdings to the government in 1932, thus increasing the total to approximately 400 acres including the famous Digwood swamp and the burial place of this famous family.

---

The Philadelphia General Hospital has just opened a unique bank, whose guaranteed assets are completely liquid. It is a "blood bank" whose deposits of preserved blood are immediately available for emergency transfusions. This is a practical and systematized application of the method of blood perservation discovered by Russian scientists, and at present in constant use on Spanish battlefields. Cook County Hospital, Chicago, has a similar depository, and it is highly probable that the system will spread. Refrigerated vaults keep the blood fresh at 38 to 42 degrees temperature, and it can be drawn upon for use with fifteen minutes' notice. It is interesting to note that a prospective patient may even deposit some of his blood a week or two in advance for his own use—certainly a handy and accurate process where the matching of blood is so essential.—The Lutheran.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON

## (The Masonic Chronicler)

George Washington, in the hearts of the citizens of our land, has become an idealized character. Set upon a pedestal as an almost superhuman hero, clothed with the attributes of faultless principles and conduct, endowed with superlative excellencies and ability, passing time is weaving a halo about his head which will leave him as a symbol to be venerated and loved. It is well that it is so. Robbed of idealism the human mind is deprived of its greatest inspiration. Men do not deceive themselves when they glorify Washington; they are aware that he was a human being, that he may not have withstood all the temptations of life, that he lived according to the manner of his time, and that the captious critic will find evidence that he had feet of clay. The measure of his integrity and honor, the achievements of his mind and courage, and the judgement and wisdom he displayed as an executive and nation builder, justly merit the exalted position he holds in the annals of our country.

Fortune plays a part in the lives of all men, and had George Washington lived at an earlier or later day he could not have fulfilled the destiny awarded to him. Let it not be supposed, however, that his fame rests on the fortuitous circumstance of being thrust into chief command of military forces that fought the war of independence to a successful conclusion. Successful in practically all of his undertakings, he would have been an outstanding man wherever his lot had been cast or in whatever age he had lived.

It is fitting that in this year, embracing the 206th anniversary of his birth, the entire nation should celebrate and sing his praises, review his life and accomplishments, study carefully how well we have preserved the priceless heritage he left us and pledge anew our fealty to the principles and ideals upon which our country was established by Washington and his compeers. False doctrines and insidious disloyalty are ever present. They feed upon discontent and are propagated be economic depression, which unfortunately is temporarily our lot. A perusal and appraisement of the life of Washington is a splendid antidote.

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek plantation, Westmoreland county, Virginia, at 10 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 22, 1732 (old style calendar Feb. 11) The Washington, or de Wessynton, family has been traced back for 800 years in England, and in 1657 George Washington's great-grandfather, Colonel John Washington, with his brother, Lawrence Washington, came to Virginia. Augustine Washington, father of George, was born in 1694. George's mother was Mary Ball. On both the paternal and maternal sides, George came of fine ancestry, branches of both the Washingtons and Balls being prominent in English records for centuries.

George's father died when he was 11 years old. His schooling was doubtless the best obtainable at the time, and he early interested himself in surveying. About the time he was 15 years old he went to live at Mt.

Vernon with his half brother, Lawrence, and later began his work as a surveyor for Lord Fairfax.

It was in 1759 that George Washington was married to Martha Dandridge Custis, a widow with two children. The couple shortly went to Mount Vernon, the estate inherited by Washington from his half-brother, Lawrence, where for fifteen years he lived the happy life of a wealthy farmer. In 1774 the stirring times of the Revolutionary period were approaching and in the following year Washington was placed in charge of the American forces. His part in this conflict is so well known that nothing need be added. His service as the first President of the United States, from 1789 to 1797, was followed by his retirement to Mount Vernon and his death Dec. 14, 1799.

Into the brief span of one man's life George Washington crowded activities which will be remembered throughout the ages. An aristocrat by nature and by birth, blessed with wealth and high station in life, he was surrounded by every inducement to live a life of ease and security, yet he took his place in the affairs of the world with a determination that could not be swayed by either hard work or danger. He offered his life, his fortune and everything he possessed to his country, and had the fortunes of war been adverse everything would have been swept away. Celebration of his birth should bring the debt of gratitude we owe to George Washington.

---

## MUSINGS

The man who really knows more than the boss, usually gets to be boss. If he only thinks he knows more, he usually gets fired.

The man who has to depend on his secretary to write business letters ought to trade jobs.

Unless you do a little thinking and planning tonight you are not going to be any better tomorrow than you were today.

You can't just hope for success—you've got to leave off the "e."

You don't have to be listed in "Who's Who" to know "What's What."

Did you ever notice that the man who knows what he is talking about has little to say? That isn't a measure of his knowledge but a knowledge of his measure.

Yes a lot of fellows never had a chance—and the Wright boys never had an airplane until they made one. Get the idea?

Count the men you know and—now think—ask yourself how many of them you would change places with. You see, you are not so bad off after all.—Selected.

# THE SIGN

## (Junior Life)

Talitha awoke with a shiver. It was so cold in the cabin, colder than usual. In the night mother had placed an extra feather bed over her. Was there ever such a winter?

From the kitchen she heard voices. It was father talking as he piled the logs high behind the pine settle. "Looks to me as though they might as well give up and go home. Soldiers can't live through many more weeks of this."

Talitha hopped from the bed, wrapping the bearskin around her. "Get to the fire, child," admonished mother, at sight of her. "There was never a morning like this. Hens are frozen on the roost. It must be many degrees below zero. There'll be no going to the meeting-house today. We must read the Bible at home in place of it. And now stir yourself. Make haste to be clad and have hot mush to warm you."

Father, rubbing his mittens by the fire, was talking again. She knew it was of the army quartered in the valley just a mile below the cabin. Did he mean that the army could not win?

"Not win, Father?" She could not hold back the question longer. "You mean that Washington can't win for us?"

The father nodded ."How can even good Washington lead his faithful men to victory when the weather is against them? Never such cold and storms! The soldiers have little to eat. Their courage will not hold out."

Talitha ran to the door. It had a great chink in it through which one could see, for the oiled-paper windows did not permit eyes to gaze outside. Through the chink she peered out eagerly. Below, in the valley of whiteness, smoke was rising in little, curly threads. It was Valley Forge, where Washington and his army were camped until spring.

"They have fuel, Father. They are warm this cold morning and maybe the men can shoot more game."

"Plenty of fuel with forests all at hand is to be had," said mother, stirring the great kettle of mush in the fireplace. "But with such cold even the game has gone southward. Spring will never come, it seems." And the good wife sighed.

"It's February," said Talitha. "Spring is not far away."

"Dress and eat, my child," chided the mother. "Your father is driving in the sleigh to the camp to take what few provisions he has this morning. You will want to see him off."

Mr. Quinlan had sold regularly twice each week his eggs, butter, chickens and what the little farm on the hillside afforded to the Continental Army. So did all the farmers about Valley Forge. But it seemed as if there was not enough food raised to go around. The soldiers were hungry more often than not. It had become serious. Could the army endure such suffering until spring would bring warm days and better conditions? It was told about that even the calm, courageous Washington was discouraged.

And her father was going to camp. How often she had asked to be taken along. But today—well, she must go.

When Mr. Quinlan was ready to drive away on his long, home-made sleigh, neither father nor mother could find Talitha. "She must be hiding to tease us," the mother finally decided. "Go on and take care for the cold. I have placed many hot stones for your feet and there is an extra bearskin. Talitha will miss seeing you start."

But when Mrs. Quinlan climbed the steep ladder to the loft where the family slept, she found no Talitha. Instead, there was a note written in haste and pinned to the coverlet on the bed: "I have gone with father to see Mr. Washington."

"She is hidden under the skins," said the mother to herself. "What could ail the child to act thus?" And then, because it would do no good to worry, she set about the work of dipping the candlewicks that there might be a goodly supply on hand for the long winter evenings.

Meanwhile the sleigh hurried on, drawn by the stout team. When it drew up at the camp, Talitha heard the guard stop the father. Then they were off again. Soon Mr. Quinlan was backing the team up at the supply house. And then he was lifting off the covers from the provisions. There, among apples and meat, was a red-cheeked girl in a woolen cap, mittens and a bearskin jacket.

"What means this, Talitha?" Father could be stern when he chose. "Arise and explain yourself."

Oh, if he should stop her now! This was no time to explain. With a smile in her blue eyes, she hopped from the sleigh. "Wait for me, Father," she called, and ran off through the snow like some little run-away deer.

On and on she went past row after row of log huts. The old stone house, she had been told, was the headquarters of General Washington. At last she glimpsed it. Smoke was rolling out in a black cloud and two guards were marching past the door.

Talitha curtsied in her best manner, as taught by a careful Colonial mother. "May I see General Washington?"

"Not here," said one of the guards. "He is some place in the forest, as is his custom each morning before the noonday lunch."

The girl hurried on. Snow caked her shoes, her hands were numb with cold, but she must find General Washington. She had a mesage for him, and him alone!

At the edge of the next grove of oaks she saw a horse, blanketed and tied to a tree. Running closer, she saw a tall man in dark cloak, walking in circles in the deep snow, as if in thought. He had snow upon his knees. He might have been kneeling. Perhaps he was some faithful friend or guard of the general's praying for strength and courage.

"Prithee, sir," Talitha was trembling with fright and cold. "Do you know where General Washington is? I must see him and can hunt no longer. My father waits yonder for me and is, no doubt, impatient and angry."

The tall man with steel-blue eyes smiled "It is of a truth a cold morning for a little maid to be out, and deep is the snow of last night. Your hands and face look to be freezing. Come, I will carry you to the fire."

Talitha had been taught to mind her elders. But this February morning the importance of her mission erased even well-taught manners from

her like a piece clipped from a cloud on a mind. "Sir, the time does fly. My father will be seeking me. I cannot find Mr. Washington. If you are his friend, will you give him this? Please!"

Tears shone in her eyes as she drew from the deep pocket of her coat the precious gift she had risked danger, cold and disobedience of her beloved family to bring herself.

It was a feather, a tiny, soft, blue feather.

"I found it on my window ledge yesterday. A bluebird has been here. It is ever a sure sign that Spring is on the way. Though the snow be deep and very cold, my grandmother taught me that the birds know when the Spring will be early. Already they are on the way to the Northlands. Here is the feather of one brave adventurer sent on ahead. Oh, kind sir, will you give it to the General? Tell him to take heart. Spring will be early and the soldiers must keep up their courage."

The tall soldier did not speak for a second. The wind howled cold in the oak's bare branches. The horse stamped impatiently. When he replied his voice was low and tender.

"Little maid, Washington will not foget your kindness. That you are thinking of him and his brave men will warm his heart when the days are bitter cold. This little token of your faith and of God's Spring will be one of his dearest treasures."

He bowed low as if she were a great lady instead of only a little farm girl in home-made cap and mittens. Then she was running over the snow back toward the entrance of the camp. There her keen eyes spied with fear her father and the sleigh awaiting her.

"Do not be angry, dear father," she was so tired and cold that she was quite ready to cry. "I had to come myself on an errand. No one else could have done it for me. Alas! after all, I could not find our General."

The father tucked her in the warm robes. "Here are the stones reheated, and the warming-pan full of coals put at your feet. You may have a bad cold for this and must take a goodly share of the 'oil of bitters' mother makes from daisy roots and barks. And as for not seeing George Washington, that was he himself I saw bowing to you under yonder tree."

The horses hurried off as if knowing they were making for shelter. The sleigh ran like water down a hill, and the snow crunched with a musical tune. But nothing ran so fast nor made such a melody as the beating heart of Talitha Quinlan as she sat hugging the great, brass warming-pan in her cold arms. "It was General Washington! It was General Washington!" her heart sang over and over. "I did really find him and gave him the feather. Now I shall not mind having a cold, even if it means a whole jugful of 'bitters.'"

And, from the top of a pine where it was hidden for shelter from the snow, a bird trilled a tune low and sweet.

---

The ghost of a former owner is said to haunt a New England house and break the crockery. That's the maid's story and she's sticking to it.—Exchange.

# SOUTH IS INCUBATOR FOR REST OF NATION

**(Selected)**

There seems to be actual basis for the oft repeated statement that the rural South is now the great incubator for replenishing the population of the United States. Those who travel to the great centers of automobile production, to the coal and iron mines, to the steel mills, and even to the camps of migratory laborers on western and far western ranches, return with the statement that they hear mostly Southern voices, songs and tales in their labor centers. Naturally most of these persons come from that portion of our population whose income is so low and living conditions so meager that they must find work in other sections.

If then, the rural South is pouring out its citizenship to other sections, the Nation and the South are concerned at what is happening to the group of people producing this excess population. We have heard that human erosion is going on along with soil erosion. As the soil wears out, the human population sinks to lower levels of living and then the surplus which goes to other sections is not so good. In fact, the residue which remains is not so good. What then shall we do about it? We must face the facts and see if the lot of the small farmer, the tenant farmer and the farm laborer cannot be improved. If these are the people who will populate our land, then we need to build these people that we may be proud of them. That then is a task of the South today.

We may as well use our common sense and face the problem. I get as mad as any one when I read stories and see pictures reputed to be representative of the South, yet showing extreme poverty and such decadence that one cannot believe them to be true. I know that one can find the same and even worse conditions in the North. I have seen more human misery along one street in a Northern city than I ever saw on the farms of the South, taking everything into consideration. Yet those families on that Northern Street were not turning out a surplus population to repopulate the country. Most of them looked as if they would not live out the year. Our folk from the farms of the South are from white families that have some of the best blood of this section flowing in their veins. They have simply reached the limit of endurance and are doing something about it.

Therefore, I think there is a great field in this section for the Farm Security Administration. Aside from helping tenants to own land of their own; aside from rehabilitating famlies ruined by adversity, aside from exercising management over farm families on relief, they have lately begun another service that I think is excellent. I believe they call this "loans for simple services." This is one of the important rehabilitation ideas. It means simply that if several of us in a community grow wheat, but do not have a reaper, that one of us can get a loan to buy the needed reaper, and pay for it by charging the

others in the community a fair price for handling their wheat. Or—A number of us in a community may have brood mares, yet none is able to buy a jack or stallion with which to raise colts. The Farm Security Administration will make one of us a loan with which to buy the animal, if the others will agree to use the service at a given price so that the loan may be repaid.

As a matter of fach the loan can be secured by the entire group but it is better to have a master borrower, as he is called, so that much of the red tape in getting the money is eliminated. Where the whole community can use an implement that no one person would need alone, it would seem wise to let this one person buy the implement, keep it in good shape, be responsible for it, and allow the others to use it by the payment of a small fee. In one county, the Farm Security Administration found that 82 out of 84 clients were producing small grain. Only 22 out of the 82 had grain drills. Two others borrowed money to buy a drill, making 24 in all. No one knows what the other 58 growers did. If this group could have set up one or two master borrowers and secured drills for the others to use, perhaps the whole thing would have worked out all right. Certainly it was useless for each one to buy a drill when perhaps he seeded only a few acres.

I understand in one conutry in Virginia, the farm women of a community got together and secured enough money to erect a small laundry. They paid a rate for their work that enabled them to pay off the loan and now they own a co-operative laundry. In this case they all borrowed the money together instead of having a master borrower to whom the laundry would have belonged when the debt was paid. I do not suspect that the Farm Security Administration is the only place where people in a community can get money for these simple services; but since the Administration does have such money available, we in the South should avail ourselves of the opportunity to have these things that make farm life more profitable, more interesting and more livable. This is one way to rehabilitate living, that our human erosion may be stopped and we can really began to live on our farms.

## IF YOU WANT FRIENDS

Don't contradict people even if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of your friends.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you never had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe all the evils you hear.
Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
Don't jeer at anybody's religious beliefs.
Learn to hide your aches and pains. Few care.—Selected.

# THE SIMPLE LIFE

**By Mary Polk Ellenberger**

"Men have come to see that to be saved is to share the life of God, and to share his character."

It is a forgone conclusion that our greatest thinkers, reformers, teachers and workers in all lines of Christian progress have eliminated the non-essentials that make civilized life so complex and have clung to simplicity of life. In short, greatness of mind and heart and simplicity are inseparable. Count Tolstoi sacrificed wealth and luxury and the wordly honor accruing to his title and lived in rude simplicity the peasant life of his people that he might get nearer to them, be one of them in his effort to uplift them and improve their lot. He wore the peasant costume, ate the peasant food, and slept in a lowly cot, became estranged from his proud wife and family, forgot wealth and title and lived for his people alone.

Men and women who live with a definite purpose in view, who "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" very naturally choose to live the simple life—that their mental power may be unfettered—their spiritual aspirations unhampered.

Paul, who might easily have claimed worldly pomp and honor because of his mental attainments, chose rather to free his great soul form worldly trappings and remain imprisoned by the Holy Spirit, forgetting all else "save this one thing."

Living the simple life gives us much valuable time for the real worth-while things.

Women who say,"I do not have time to read my Bible," "I have not had time to prepare my Sunday school lesson,"simply advertise the fact that their minds are cultered with worldliness, that they esteem other things of more value than the study of God's Word. They are managing their lives themselves independent of God. God never so plans a life that time for the study of his Word is left out or made impossible.

We have not asked him to "so number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." We have forsaken the tree of life for the apples of Sodom. There is something radically wrong when we find God and his Word so crowded out of our life. We should ask God to help us to a sense of the true values in life. Reconstruction should begin at once.

One of the very serious, we may say criminal, effects of the prodigality of Christian people with time, brains and money with which God has entrusted them, is that millions of souls remain unsaved, souls that might have been redeemed but for the awful waste of our God-given gifts. The evangelization of the world has been halted by our indulgence in fashions, follies and expenses, questionable amusements craved by purposeless minds, trashy reading with which idle hours have been whiled away, money spent for tobacco and other revils. The progress of God's evangelizing forces has been hindered by these things. And while this great, sinful waste has been going on millions have perished unknown and unknowing.

If we would but consent to live simply, dress as Christians should dress, serve plain substantial food live above the cravng for the luxuries of life, advocate and practice tithing, giving God the great things that we have been wasting for many years past, the Forward Movement in the church would cease to be a problem and souls innumberable would be saved. Our churches would be supplied with pastors and well-epuipped Sunday school workers. The outgoing ships would carry many more missionaries to re-enforce our brave workers in the foreign fields. Our missions would be more fully equipped and our missionaries be made more comfortable, and their efficiency increased. Our schools would be supported in a self-respecting manner by the church for whose service they exist.

---

## PROTECTION AGAINST FOREST FIRES BEST IN HISTORY OF STATE

The facilities for protecting North Carolina's forest lands from fire are better now than they have ever been, according to Forester W. C. McCormick, in charge of forest fire prevention in the forestry division of the Department of Conservation and Development. Approximately 15,000,000 acres of forests are now included within the forest fire protection system, out of a total of slightly more than 20,000,000 acres regarded as needing protection, so that three-fourths of the forest areas in the state are now receiving fire protection, McCormick pointed out.

The forestry division now has 76 fire observation towers scattered through the protected areas, with houses for tower keepers at 53 of these towers while additional houses are being built by the Civilian Conservation Corps at many of the other towers. According to present plans, a tower house will be provided for almost every fire observation tower, so that all of the towers will be manned the year around, instead of just during the fire seasons. These towers range in height from 35 feet to 125 feet, depending upon the location and type of forest, although most of the towers are 100 feet high.

Each of these towers or each tower house is equipped with a telephone so that the fire observers may telephone to other fire wardens and fire crews whenever they need assistant in extinguishing forest fires.

# ACRES OF DIAMONDS

**(Selected)**

Five thousand times and more did Russell Conwell deliver his lecture, Acres of Diamonds. On the five-thousandth time he was presented in the city of Philadelphia, where he then lived, with five thousand dollars as a tribute to his work for the city in Temple University, and in recognition of his success as a lecturer.

The lecture takes its name from the story told to Conwell while traveling in the East. He had a guide who was fond of telling stories and finally told this one about Al Hafed.

Al Hafed was happy in his home life till a learned man came and told about how the world was formed out of a chaotic mass, and how after the silver and gold came diamonds most precious of all things. Why, said the great scholar, if you had diamonds you could have everything else you wished. You could place your children on thrones.

And now Al Hafed was no longer happy. He longed to possess the wealth and power that diamonds would give. So he sold his place and left his family to seek for diamonds. First he went to the mountains of the Moon, and then on and on till finally discouraged he was drowned in the Mediterranean Sea.

The man who bought the place from Al Hafed was out watering his camel when he saw a pretty stone in the pool in his garden and he picked it up and laid it on a shelf in his house.

One day the scholar came in and said. Has Al Hafed returned? He must have found diamonds, for this is one on the shelf.

No, said the owner of the place, Al Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond. It is just a stone that I picked up in my garden.

Yes, it is a diamond, for I know diamonds when I see them. And you have diamonds in your garden, acres of them, may be. And sure enough there were acres of them, for that garden was to become the famous Golconda Diamond mine.

From this story Conwell made his great lecture which was a help to thousands of young folks and may be a help to some one who is now dreaming of finding diamonds of wealth or learning at some future time and place when in his own garden of the mind or shop may be diamonds of wisdom and success if he would only seek for them now instead of hoping to do so by and by. For, as someone has said, the street of By and By leads to the house of Never.

Not much chance of finding diamonds at a place like this, some boy may bitterly feel in his heart. But another boy may say. I have a good opportunity to acquire a manly bearing in the drill. If Shirley Temple' brother was sent to a military school for training why not get it here for nothing? And as regards school, I can't very well play hookey, so why not make the most of my school days? My mind to me a kingdom is and it is free to read the best books and magazines and to store up in memory beautiful gems of literature.

Acres of diamonds for those who will look for them. Professor William James, of Harvard, said compared

to what we ought to be, we are only half awake. We are making use of only a small part of our physical and mental resources.

Why do we work crossword puzzles? Because we wish to keep our minds busy? No, not that. It is because our minds want to be busy. The millions of tiny brain cells are crying for something to do. If we do not give them something to work at they wear themselves out. As Longfellow said:

The millstone and the human heart
Are turning ever 'round;
If they have nothing else to grind
They must themselves be ground.

Acres of diamonds waiting for Al Hafed to find them. But when he sold his birthright, another found the treasure that he missed. Are you to be, another Al Hafed or the one to find the precious gems?

---

## CONCERNING ORPHANAGE WORK

(Excerpts from report of General Superintendent I. G. Greer to Baptist State Convention:)

In a recent Bulletin issued by the Child Welfare League of America the following statement appeared:

"Children's institutions and child caring agencies, state, county, municipal and private are expected to continue to carry the loads they now have, and to meet those new demands which each day brings. It is wholly clear that with the fullest development of tax supported child welfare services the private agency has as important a role to play as ever, indeed a more important one than ever before. The private agencies not only have their own definite job to do, but are continually called upon by public agencies to help plan, guide, interpret and carry on their work."

We have dedicated ourselves to the task of trying to find the best solution to the child welfare problem. While doing this, however, we have no disposition of power to declare a moratorium on the physical, mental and spiritual growth of more than eight hundred boys and girls.

So we may be assured that we are engaged in a work that is permanent and worth while. Whatever changes may take place, the child will be present year after year confronting us with certain fundamental problems that, if well solved, will call for the combined wisdom and efforts of a consecrated people.

# THE SECRET OF WHOLESOME INFLUENCE

**(Selected)**

Travelers have often remarked about the fragrance of the atmosphere in and around the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. Almost all of them have inquired as to the occasion of it. They are told that, when the mosque was rebuilt more than fourteen hundred years ago, in its reconstruction the mortar was mixed with musk, a powdery substance with a penetrating fragrance, and that from that day to this it has been throwing out that pleasant odor.

There is a law that tells us we tend to become like those with whom we habitually associate or admire. To live with Socrates must have resulted in becoming a wise man; to live with St. John a loving and gentle man; to live with Paul an earnest man; to live with Darwin and Audubon a lover of nature. This truth may be expressed most forcefully in the words of another: "We become like those who are crowned in our hearts."

We read in the early chapters of the Acts that the multitudes, friend and foe alike, knew as soon as they looked into the faces of two of the apostles and heard them speak that they had been with Jesus. That was only another way of saying that those men had the courage and the conviction and the love and the understanding of Jesus; in short, that they were different men because they had spent a few short years in the company of the Master, and that the holy fragrance of His life came to be associated with their lives. All of us have become what we are because so many persons have brushed against us, and we carry about in our persons a bit of all of them.

---

Even in the common walk of life a useful person is the most happy. Those who spend their energy in endeavoring to lift up the failing courage of another traveler, or to help a fellow toiler to find peace, at their everyday task, in the office, or at the shop, and learn to forget self; in a measure, while they take time to plan out those essential and necessary utilities that are conductive to right living.

The dissatisfied people are these who are simply seeking happiness for self.—Besant.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. C. J. McLeod, Superintendent Public Welfare of Montgomery County, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. He was accompanied by Miss Boots Swift, one of his assistants, and Miss Mary Harris, an employee of the W P A office, with headquarters in Troy. We were very glad to have them with us and trust they stop in and see us whenever they are in this section of the state.

---

James Stepp, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who left the School recently to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maxwell, near Hendersonville, wrote us the other day. His little sisters have been living with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell for some time, and James writes that he is very glad to be with them and is happy in his new surroundings.

---

Denzil Browning, who left the School six years ago, called on us the other day. After leaving us he finished high school in Burlington, and following his graduation there was employed in a hardware store for about one and one-half years. "Red" was on his way back to Miami, Florida, where he has been managing a small cafeteria for his father, and states that business is very good down there. He is now twenty-two years old.

---

We recently received a letter from Joe Johnson, formerly of Cottage No. 2 and a member of our bakery force. He was permitted to leave the School a little more than ten years ago, and has been engaged in the baking business ever since. He is now living in Goldsboro, is married and has two children. Joe was quite enthusiastic in his praise of what the Training School had done for him, and seemed to take great delight in calling our attention to the fact that he received his first training in baking at the School.

---

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Mr. E. F. Craven, who heads a company which distributes all kinds of road building machinery, located at Greensboro. He had many nice things to say about our little publication, and we cannot refrain from passing some of them on to our readers. He writes in part as follows:

"There are many publications which come to my address but there is none that I value more highly than The Uplift', I know not who selected the name, but it most certainly was named correctly, for the things published from week to week are really uplifting. I have before me right now the issue of January 29th. The front page verse on 'Satisfaction' is so worth-while, and then when you open up and read the 'Pointers', which is on the first page under the cover, again you feel strengthened and uplifted.

"It has not been my pleasure to visit your institution but three or four

times, but I frequently have a desire to attend some of your group meetings with the boys and hope that some day I may have that great pleasure."

Mr. Craven's estimate as to the worth of our little magazine is greatly appreciated. We hope that his wish to visit us may soon be realized, on account of his own pleasure as well as ours.

---

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his usual fine talk to the boys was "Men Who Wouldn't Play", in which he called special attention to Luke 7:31-35.

Rev. Mr. Summers stated that in this particular Scripture passage Jesus likened the Scribes and Pharisees to children. Not the children He had taken into His arms and blessed, but those spoiled children who would not play the game just because others would not play their way.

The Scribes and Pharisees, according to the speaker, would have nothing to do with Jesus because they said he was a gluttenous man. They said He was always going to eat with some one. They were acting as spoiled children then, because no one could please them. John could not please them, for he was too sad, and fasted; Jesus could not please them for He was too glad, and was always dining with some one.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers advised that if we will but let Jesus come into our lives, we will then know how to play the game.

---

The American standard version of the Bible, unchanged since it was published in 1901, is to be revised during the next five years, according to an announcement made by Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, chairman of the America Standard Bible Committee of the International Council of Religious Education. The work will be done under the executive direction of Prof. James Moffat of Union Theological Seminary, and will "embody the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures," and will preserve the "simple classic English style of the King James Version." The American Standard Bible Committee is made up of the leading scholars of America, and represents forty Protestant denominations.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending February 13, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(11) Marvin Bridgeman 11
(6) Ivey Eller 13
(3) Leon Hollifield 13
(9) Edward Johnson 13
(14) Edward Lucas 14
(6) Warner Sands 6
Mack Stezer 9

### COTTAGE No. 1

(5) J. C. Cox 10
Carroll Dodd 2
(2) William Haire 7
Vernon Johnson 2
(6) Howard Roberts 8
(3) Albert Silas 8
James West 5
(2) Preston Yarborough 11
(7) R. L. Young 12

### COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis 4
Warren Godfrey 3
(4) Julius Green 8
Clifton Mabry 5
Wilson Myrick 4
Thomas McRary 2
Nick Rochester 8
Richard Wrehn

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 6
(4) Neely Dixon 9
(8) Henry Floyd 11
James Mast 7
James McCune 5
(11) Frank Pickett 12
William Smith 6
(3) Fred Vereen 7
(11) Allen Wilson 13

### COTTAGE No. 4

Garrett Bishop 9
Paul Briggs 4
(2) Hurley Davis 7
(2) Lewis Donaldson 8
(9) James Hancock 13
(3) Henry Harris 5
John King 3
Van Martin
(3) Hubert McCoy 9
Lloyd Pettus 10
Frank Raby 13
(3) Melvin Walters 11
(5) James Wilhite 8

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 7
Ernest Beach 11
(2) J. C. Ennis 3
William Kirksey
James Page 2
George Ramsey 2
(3) Winford Rollins 8
Thomas Sullivan 5
(4) Ralph Webb 6

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 5
(2) Martin Crump 3
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 7
Robert Dellinger 5
Robert Deyton 7
(7) Frank Glover 11
Columbus Hamilton 8
Leo Hamilton 10
Thomas Hamilton 6
(3) Clinton Keen 6
(4) Spencer Lane 9
(2) Charles McCoyle 6
(3) Ray Pitman 9
(2) Canipe Shoe 8
(2) Hubert Smith 5
(2) George Wilhite 9

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel
William Beach 3
Archie Castlebury 8
William Estes 6
Caleb Hill 9

Houston Howard 6
Hugh Johnson 7
N. B. Johnson 3
Elmer Maples 6
Edmund Moore
J. C. Powell 4
Dewey Sisk
Earthy Strickland 5
William Young 6

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Howard Baheeler 3
Fred May 2

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 3
(11) Wilson Bowman 12
(3) J. T. Branch 11
(12) Thomas Braddock 1
(4) James Coleman 9
(2) James C. Hoyle 5
Eugene Presnell 6
(3) Earl Stamey 9
Thomas Sands 9
(2) Cleveland Suggs 6
Luther Wilson 9
Samuel J. Watkins 9
(3) Thomas Wilson 7

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 5
Edward Chapman 4
Milford Hodgin 11
(7) Mack Joines 13
William Knight 4
(2) Thomas King 2
James Martin 5
(2) William Peedin 4
(2) Oscar Smith 5
(6) Jack Springer 6

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(5) Harold Bryson 10
(6) Albert Goodman 6
(6) William Kirk 11
(3) Edward Murray 7
(9) Donald Newman 13
Julius Stevens 8
John Uptegrove 8
N. C. Webb 3

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 5
Alphus Bowman 6
Allard Brantley 3
Fred Carter 6
(3) Ben Cooper 8
Frank Dickens 7
Max Eaker 8
Charlton Henry 7
Richard Honeycutt 2
(3) Hubert Holloway 8
S. E. Jones 5
Lester Jordan 5
Alexander King 10
Thomas Knight 4
Tillman Lyles 5
Asbury Marsh 9
Clarence Mayton 7
(3) Ewin Odom 11
(3) William Powell 8
James Reavis 6
(3) Howard Saunders 9
Harvey J. Smith 8
Carl Singletary 5
Charles Williams 7
Ross Young 10

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Jack Foster 5
Bruce Kersey
James Lane 7
(2) Irvin Medlin 6

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(6) James Kirk 11
Marvin King
(5) Troy Powell 7
Richard Patton
(2) Garfield Walker 6
Harvey Walters 7
Harold Thomas 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Warren Bright 8
(2) John Brown 9
(6) Leonard Buntin 6
(2) Sidney Dellbridge 5
(2) Hobart Gross 10
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 7
Beamon Heath 3
(2) Joseph Hyde 9
L. M. Hardison 10
William Hawkins 4
(2) Caleb Jolly 11
(2) Cleo King 5
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 6
(2) James McGinnis 11
(2) Paul Ruff 2
(2) James H. Riley 10
Wilson Rich 11

Ira Settle 4
(2) Richard Thomas 7
(2) James Watson 7
Harold Walsh 6
(2) George Worley 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

(5) Joseph Cox 10
(2) Filmore Oliver 11

---

## WHAT THE BIBLE CONTAINS

The following comments on the Bible were found on the fly-leaf of D. L. Moody's Bible:

This book contains the word of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable.

Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword; and the Christian's charter.

Here paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed.

Christ is the grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully.

It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, a river of judgment.

It is given you in life, will be opened at the judgment, and remembered forever.

It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

—Selected.

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1938 No. 8

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THREE THINGS

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to work for—security, independence and happiness.

Three things to give—aid to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE SILENT CITY OF BLANDFORD | By Magdalen Bland Temple | 10 |
| LEAL PENCILS ARE NOT LEAD | By J. W. Blair | 12 |
| PECULIARITY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY | By Daniel Webster | 13 |
| LOWELL THOMAS | (Selected) | 14 |
| THAT WHICH IS FIT, SURVIVES | (Selected) | 15 |
| SOMETHING NEW | (Selected) | 16 |
| GLAMOR FOR THE WORK BENCH | (Lancaster Eagle-Gazette) | 17 |
| TAKING TIME | (Selected) | 18 |
| EVANGELINE AGAIN | (Christian Science Monitor) | 19 |
| WHITE SEALS | By Mary Paula Chapman | 20 |
| THE TEN | By Catherine Herzel | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## KINDNESS

Kindness keeps us young,
Anger makes us old.
With a bitter tongue,
Youth is hard to hold.
Youth will fly away,
As the birds depart,
From the sky of gray,
From an angry heart.

Anger furrows deep
Ev'ry frowning brow
Furrows we shall keep
Long, long after now.
Much we talk of fate,
When old age appears,
But the marks of hate
Mark us more than years.

Would you have the days
Gently deal with you,
You, in all your ways,
Must be gentle, too.
All life's gentle, too.
This the truest told:
Kindness keeps us young,
Anger makes us old.

—Douglass Mallock.

## LIBRARIES

A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. It is not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, and needing repairs, but a spiritual tree. It stands and yields its precious fruit from year to year and from age to age.

The influence of books upon man is remarkable—they make the man. Instead of having your mind a garret crowded with rubbish, make it a parlor with rich furniture, beautifully arranged, in which you would not be ashamed to have the whole world enter. A writer has said that "good books are the crystalline fonts, which hold in eternal ice the imperishable gems of the past."

A library, however, small, is a treasure that contains such volumes as the Bible, Shakespeare, Irving, Thackeray, Dickens, and the best authors of the day.

North Carolina has a few exceptionally fine libraries, but it is far down the line in public libraries, as compared with some of the other States, that have Library Commissions, to complete our schools and colleges systems. The last General Assembly did form a Library Commission, but it cut out all State appropriations. "This is comparable," says William T. Polk, "to a baseball club spending thousands of dollars to train a player and then refuses to give him a bat when he comes up to the plate with the bases loaded."

The Jackson Training School has a fine nucleus, around which it hopes to build up a library commensurate with the growth and needs of the institution. Contributions to this end are appreciatively received from well-wishers of the School, and it will push forward our work with greater alacrity.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## PROUD OF OUR BOYS!

The Jackson Training School is the open door of opportunity to thoughtless boys. The accomplishments of the School speak for themselves. The records of those who have gone out from this institution, in the years past, is something to take great pleasure in.

We are proud of our boys. They are a shining example of urbane living to those who are now passing through this door of opportunity to useful lives.

Many of our former boys come back to see us occasionally, and they add new luster to the aims and purposes of this Training School, and give encouragement and inspiration to the youngsters who are now struggling up life's highway to success.

This leads us to counsel all young people that accident does

very little towards the production of any great results in life. Though sometimes what is called a "happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

It is not accident that helps a man in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. They make a person sharp to discern opportunities, and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and purposeless, the happiest opportunities avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## MUSIC A SOLACE

"When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then Music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

We heard some mighty good singing the other day. Music hath a raptuous charm! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain in its spirit-chords of subduing harmony! Every emotion, from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will.

Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel-whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in song? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness, and brutal passion, when music gathers up her pearly love-notes to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise?

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made; and well it might be, for it had the most skillful Maker.

The "sweet singer of Israel" wedded his sincerest prayers to melody and wafted them upward, on the night air from his throbbind heart.

Music is healthful. There is no better cure for bad humors, and no medicine more pleasing to take. There are times when a song is as good as a prayer. Carry a song in your heart. The heart may make music when the lips are dumb. The Almighty made man to sing songs of praise to Him—now and throughout eternity.

The world needs music; uplifting songs that lead the soul upward. People grow tired of the inharmonious din of toil, and a

few sweet notes bring with them hours of pleasure to the weary and world-forsaken.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WAR SHRINES

The Wilmington Star laments the fact that the ravages of the tides are gradually blotting out Fort Fisher, a significant spot in the Confederacy's contest, and wonders why it is not restored to its original appearance, as a shrine.

In our ken of philosophy, the truth seems to be people are overfed on war shrines, and more inclined to peaceful scenes of happiness, instead of reminders of war.

The horrors of war are ever before us in the news of the day, and even Nature does her best to obliterate its scars of carnage, and yet, we as a Christian people, are keeping as reminders, the ravages of carnage.

History should be shrine enough for young minds. In peaceful times there's nothing so becomes a nation as scenes of uplifting endeavor, tranquility of mind, and dwelling together in harmony.

Instead of war shrines, let the youth of our land worship at the altars of peace!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WANTS TO DO THE RIGHT THING

Men are judged by their actions. It often happens, in this cosmopolitan and fast-moving world of ours, we have saints in prison and devils in priestly robes.

President Roosevelt has again said that he has no quarrel with business. His quarrel is with small groups of selfish men who want to control business and government itself for their own purposes. Control by such groups, he said, has no place in a democracy.

He is eternally right! The honest and good business men do what they ought to do; the selfish, mercenary, business men do what they can do. The good dwell in the kingdom of right; the bad sit on the throne of might.

Right actions is the foundation of the river of peace; might is the mother of war and its abominations. Right is the evangel of God

that proclaims the "acceptable year of the Lord"; selfish might is the scourge of the world that riots in carnage, groans and blood.

There are business men, politicians, and well-to-do private citizens, who make principle and right depend on policy. They are honest when they think it policy to be honest. Men of policy are honest when it is convenient and plainly profitable. It is hard to make honesty and policy work together in the same mind. When one is out the other is in. They cannot agree. They have nothing in common, save selfishness. One is the prophet of God, the other of Baal.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## TO HAVE NEW NICKELS

The news comes out from the Treasury Department, at Washington, that we are to have newly designed nickels, to take the place of the familiar signs upon the present jitneys. Americans have chased the Indian and the buffalo to the last extremity, and now their figures, in circulation so long, are to pass from view as a monetary exchange. Under the law, new designs cannot be made oftener than 25 years. The time is out the 21st of this month, on the five cent pieces.

The new nickels are to bear on one side the face of Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, and on the other his famous home, Monticello.

Jefferson, known as the "Father of Democracy," it is well to honor him at this time, when Democracy needs all the inspiration that can be commanded to preserve inviolate all of its tenets. It comes a little late—but better late than never.

It will be remembered that President Lincoln when in power, was honored with an issue of pennies. It maybe that some time in the future we will have an issue of President Roosevelt twenty dollar gold pieces. Hasten the time—and may we live to see it, and get a lot of them!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

Self-reliance and intelligent co-operation are as essential to farm progress as to the progress of a business or an individual. You can't do much for a man who won't try to help himself.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

HE LEADETH ME

"Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

"And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me."

---

A "deficit" is something you have plenty of when you have nothing.

---

Many a man boasts that no woman has ever pinned anything on him. And every such man forgets that he once was a baby.

---

If we could see ourselves as others see us I do not believe a great many of us would recognize ourselves in the light of their vision.

---

It costs very little to speak well of people, and give them encouraging words. If everybody would do this it would make this old world a great deal better.

---

It is self-evident that the world still is peopled with too many heartless, selfish rulers. And the politicians should keep their hands in their own pockets, instead of in other peoples.

---

If we had more self-help in this country we would see things happen that would appear like miracles. All sorts of schemes are being tried. Suppose we try this suggestion—self-help. It's a wonderful aider.

---

I can remember the good old days in the past when young people worked hard to support the old folks. We now live in a changed age. The present mode is to pension the old folks so they can support the young folks.

---

It is stated that a Maryland man won 40 nickels in a slot machine, and with this jitney wealth, he immediately applied for a marriage license. He did not have enough to get the mating papers. That looks to me like non-cents.

---

Our country—that is America—sadly needs re-adjustment. Something like a fair wage, a fair return to capital, and a fair price. When these three essential economic points are in balance, business is good and the people thrive. When any one of these three factors is out of tune, then we have trouble such as we have today. How to get these three essentials in balance once more is the major problem before this country now. Have we leaders capable of making this delicate adjustment? That remains to be seen.

---

They say that behind every great man is a great mother—which means a good one. Certainly in the case of Samuel, something of the secret of his power was given by his mother, Hannah, when she explained "for this child I prayed." For every child there must be prayer—earnest, unremitting prayer—if the growing life is to be safeguarded properly, the growing soul surrounded by the protecting power of Heavenly Grace. If

we are to have the church, the nation, the race, carried by stalwart men and women, they must be prayed for as children. There is something about the prayer of the home circle that one who has experienced its blessings never forgets. May God bless the homes of His people, and may the ceaseless prayers of fathers and mothers lift children daily to the throne of Grace.

---

There died in Charlotte, N. C., on the evening of February 8th, a pal of my boyhood days—a playmate in the '60's. Of the gang of ten care-free youngsters who frolicked in the open vista of the coming years, to them then, at Orange, Va., I am, so far as I can ascertain, the only one of that group remaining this side of the "great divide." All have passed beyond the veil that clocks time from eternity. The thought gives me a pang of sorrow—but not without hope. Walter Robertson Taliaferro, to whom this tribute is paid, was a man of conspicuous understanding, and played his part on the stage of life with a graciousness worthy of emulation. He loved life and lived it that way. He loved his lovely family well and has left them a rich heritage for a blessed remembrance throughout the four score and two years of his earthly pilgrimage. He thought and ever sought truth, honesty and amiability in all his dealing with his fellow men. My heart goes out in the deepest sympathy to his devoted wife, and every one of his immediate family. I crave the desire of laying this sprig of myrtle—meaning Love—upon his new-made grave. Freed from the earth life's darkling dreads, that come to us all, his emancipated spirit treads the asphodelian fields of immortal glory. Made whiter in the blood of the Lamb, and forever free from Time's duress of toil and tears, his splendid soul has entered the Valhalla of the deathless years!

## SMILE

We like a jolly sort of lad,
  Who smiles with friendly grace,
Who, though his situation's bad,
  Keeps bright a breezy face.

So bargain with your scowling face,
  For one of sunny smile;
Smiling illumines our place,
  And keeps it bright the while.

—C. Harris.

# THE SILENT CITY OF BLANDFORD

**By Magdalen Bland Temple**

On the eastern border of the old historic city of Petersburg, Va., lies the great and silent city, Blandford.

Blandford, replete in colorful memories of the past, memories as alive as the matchless ivy on the brick walls of its old church which it holds in solemn, fond embrace—one of the South's most cherished shrines.

Love, tragedy, defeat and glory cluster about it. Destruction has stalked within its wake, followed by a restoration of beauty and grace. On its sacred walls are recorded Lee's valorous deeds and an elegy of stirring pathos. In its yard death has closed life's varied drama, and stamped it with the seal of mystery.

Men of letters lie buried there. Among them, Thomas Campbell, the historian, and there is a cenotaph to John Daly Burk, historian and a friend of John Randolph, who was killed by Felix Coquebert in a duel. Famous warriors are here, too: General Phillips of the Revolution. While dying at Bollingbrooke, the British headquarters, LaFayette directed a cannonade to this place. General Phillips exclaimed, "Those rebels will not let me die in peace." He was described by Thomas Jefferson as the "proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." General William Mahone of the War Between the States, the hero of the terrific Battle of the Crater. Representatives of the nobility—Sir William Skitwith, Baronet. Saints of their generation Mrs. Bott, the elect lady, great-granddaughter of Governor Spotswood, and Dr. Churchill Gibson, the beloved pastor who served his people for 50 years and whose memory is fragrant with deeds of loving service.

Let us pause beside the grave of Charles O'Hara, a native of Ireland who came to Petersburg about 1802. This eccentric gentleman built a brick home in which there is no right angle. Tradition states he was superstitious and the house was constructed in this manner to "keep away the spirits." This house is still standing and is known as the "Trapezium" house. Stranger yet, his grave lies triangular shaped, an obsession even even unto death. His tomb bears Erin's emblem and states that he was a respected citizen of Petersburg for upwards of 53 years.

In 1820, amid the ruins of this ancient church was fought a duel. The principals were Messrs. Adams and Boisseau, who were rivals for the affections of Miss Helen Pennington, a beauty and a belle. By the irony of fate, both were killed.

Amid its ivy-clad ruins and countless graves wandered a stranger who touched by its utter abandonment and inspired by the pictureseque beauty inscribed on its walls the exquisite lines which follow, thus immortalizing Old Blandford Church. The poem was signed, "A Stranger," and was written in 1841. Supposition has ascribed the authorship to several, among whom may be mentioned the Irish tragedian, Tyrone Powers:

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to the wall.
The worshipers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns, where anthems rose,
In days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

And sadly sighs the wandering wind
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High;
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still for evermore.

How doth Ambition's hope take wing
How droops the spirit now;
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone above their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now
Who'll never meet again;
How would our very souls be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful
The lights of other days.

In the summer of 1844, the church in ruins still, young love distraught and frustrated selected this setting to end its sorrow.

A handsome Italian with a charming personality loved Zenobia Pucci, the fair daughter of a Corsican. They were betrothed and happy until it was said that a rival had stolen her affections. To end his heartache, Antomatti shot himself in the temple, and was found by the father of Zenobia. He lived 48 hours, asked for a mirror in which he saw his distorted features, relapsed into despair, turned his face to the wall and died. In those days a suicide could not be buried on hallowed ground, so Antomatti's grave is outside the churchyard.

From Old Blandford sprang the idea of the nation's Decoration Day. In 1868, Mrs. Logan, the wife of General Logan, commander of the G. A. R. with headquarters at Washington, visited Blandford. There she saw the ladies of Petersburg decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers. Profoundly moved by this experssion of devotion, she told her husband. He was much impressed, and thereafter inaugurated Decoration Day.

Blandford has felt the shock of the Revolutionary War, and echoed the horrors of the Crater Battle. The flower of Virginia's gentry worshiped there, and there sought courage to fight the great battle of life and strength to pass through things temporal so as not to lose the things eternal. The old church was built in 1735. On June 22, 1752, the vestry contracted with Colonel Richard Bland to build an addition. This church was used until about 1803, then abandoned for another site. It was partially restored in 1882. About 1901, the Ladies' Memorial Association began gradually the restoration, which was completed in 1909.

From honor to desolation, to honor again. From the turmoil of war to the calm of peace. Like life, it has run the gamut of experiences. It is unique, historic, inspiring.

---

It shows an uncharitable spirit to speak ill of the man lower down, and an envious one to speak ill of the man higher up. If you cannot speak well of a man, the better plan is not to speak at all.—O. P. News.

# LEAD PENCILS ARE NOT LEAD

**By J. Will Blair**

Lead pencils are not made of lead, but of a carbon product called graphite or plumbago which is mined in lumps several places in Europe and America. The reason we call them lead pencils is that for centuries a kind of pencil was used made of lead with even the same general form as the present pencil. Markings have been found on some of the ancient manuscripts indicating that lead was in use at a very early date. Conrad Gerner of Zurich, Switzerland, as early as 1565, described an implement for writing constructed of lead surrounded by wood. He suggested that this lead may have been, instead of lead, some kind of composition, but not graphite. It was in this same century that graphite mines were opened in Cumberland county, England.

M. L. Leman first made graphite pencils in America in 1830, but the date of their extensive manufacture is 1881, when Eberhard Faber, a native of Germany, began making pencils in qauntities in New York City. Since that time, extensive pencil factories have been established.

The so-called lead, a mixture of graphite and pipe clay, is formed by an interesting process. The lumps of graphite are pulverized, purified by fire, and floated in large tanks, one lower than the other. The heavier particles of dust go to the bottom of the first tank, the next size to the bottom of the second. The dust in the last tank is the finest of all. From this are made the best pencils.

The pipe clay goes through much the same process. The two are now mixed, in equal quantities for very hard pencils, but with slightly more graphite for the softer. The mass formed is put into bags, and by, means of a hydraulic press, made into a stiff dough. By the use of a plunger in a cylinder, the mixture is forced through holes of varying sizes from which issue rods of varying diameters. These are the different sized leads. They are dried very gradually by mild heat, cut in pencil lengths, and placed in a covered very hot crucible. The softer leads are made with less heat than the others.

The wood casings are formed, the cheaper of pine, and the better of cedar of different grades of fineness. Blocks are sawed seven inches long and each wide enough for a part of a pencil. One strip, thicker than the other, is grooved by machinery to the size to contain the lead. After the lead has been included, the other strip is laid over the first and glued to it. This newly glued block is dried in a press, after which it is rounded by swiftly moving knives, smoothed by a sandpaper wheel, dyed and varnished, stamped with the maker's name, the number, and other markings.

Some poorer quality pencils are made of graphite dust mixed with sulphur and run in moulds. Colored pencils are sometimes leaded with clay, colored, and subjected to the same process as the black pencils. Aniline is the coloring matter for indelible pencils which is mixed with clay and gum. When wet, it dissolves and comes to resemble ink.

# PECULIARITY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

**By Daniel Webster**

The inheritance which we enjoy today is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her and devastated Greece; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered, especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds, that it was the want of union among her several states which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Phillip of Macedon.

And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud ambitious, domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself; but even in the best days of the republic ready to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist As the Roman Empire declined, her provinces, not instructed in the principles of free, poular government, one after another declined also; and, when Rome herself fell in the end, all fell together.

I have said that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity; while with us its principles have become interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions and our daily habits, until it is ,if I may say so an element of social as well as political life; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed in his own understanding and experience, our American principles and opinions; and becomes ready at once, in cooperation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments.

---

Happy is the man who can endure the highest and the lowest fortune. He who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity has deprived misfortune of its power—Seneca.

# LOWELL THOMAS

**(Selected)**

The name of Lowell Thomas is familiar to most of us who listen to the radio programs but how many of us realize that he has written many books and that the books are packed with adventure?

It was like a dream of his as a boy that he might some day discover something geographically, but in spite of the fact that he has spent his life in travel, he has not been able to make this dream come true. Then he thought that he might be able to write a book about great explorations, but he found that possibility hopeless because so many men had done that very thing before he got around to do it. As he thought about it and read as many books as he could find on geographical discoveries, he suddenly realized that most of the books covered the same people and the same discoveries. He found many names briefly mentioned but few details given and so he decided to write a book and call it The Untold Story of Exploration.

He describes the adventures of Chang K'ien who set out away back in 123 B. C. to make new alliences with other tribes for his king, the Emperor of China, Wu-Ti. He was gone for thirteen years and everybody had given him up for lost, when one day he reappeared at the court with wonderful tales to tell of his capture by savage tribes, of hardships as he traveled over deserts and mountains but also valuable information about the countries surrounding China and the possibilities of new trade routes.

There is the story of the Frenchman, Laperouse, who was sent out by the King of France to annex new territory. He sailed from Brest on August 1, 1785 and rounded Cape Horn successfully. He cruised among the islands of the South Pacific and then sailed north. He surveyed the west coast of this continent from Alaska to California. Then he sailed west again. He reached Australia safely and after a short stay there, sailed for the Friendly Islands and that was the last that was ever heard of him. Various expeditions were sent out to find him, but no trace was ever found of the missing explorer.

These are men that Thomas has written about in his newest book of his.

---

God leads us on by paths we do not know;
Upward He leads us though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

—Zinzendorf.

# THAT WHICH IS FIT, SURVIVES

**(Selected)**

Somehow, much of the "sure and certain" attitude seems to have been taken out of the "moderns," both young and old, whom a few years ago were trying to debunk almost everything from the faith of our fathers, on down to chaper-ones and old-fashioned blessing at meal time.

We should never get so "modern" as to lose sight of the good, solid ideals that stood our fathers and mothers and their forbears in good stead for their natural lifetime. Only the other day we heard a fellow say: "anything is all right in this day and time, if you can get by with it. . . ." Mister, you are wrong, it is quite possible and quite wise, to acknowledge the modern changes all about us, and get in step with all that is changing for the better, and at the same time retain some of the solid character and the unmoved faith in the older things that will always stand. . . .Such as, for instance, paying one's debts, and going to church, and visiting one's neighbors, and helping a friend in trouble, and insisting that children obey and respect older people, and such things as that.

If a thing, or an ideal, is old, it is a sign that it was fit to live. Old families, old customs, old styles, survive because they are fit to survive. If you drown the good in a flood of the new, the right and good will come back to join the good which the new brings with it. Old-fashioned hospitality, old-fashioned politeness old-fashioned honor in business—all have had qualities of survival, and will come back in greater measure as the moving years beat out their march.

---

## JUST A SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worthwhile—
That costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth and goodness,
And it's kindly in its bent—
It's worth a million dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent.

—Selected.

# SOMETHING NEW

**(Selected)**

It is true that "there is nothing new under the sun," but every time one of us discovers something we have not seen before it is new to us, and we find as much pleasure in contemplating it as though it had just been created. Some years ago it was our privilege to be rather closely associated with an elderly gentleman who had been a life-long, devoted member of the church and a daily reader of the Bible. One of the last times we saw him, he was reading the Bible through again; he had done this many times during his life. He made this significant remark: "I'm finding more new things in the Bible now than ever before." And yet there are people who boast that they know the Bible, for they read it through once!

A similar tribute was paid to the fact that there is always something new in the Bible by an English Lord Chancellor, when he said: "My wife and I have read the Bible through forty-four times together. In my old age I am beginning increasingly to prefer the Bible to any other book of whatever sort. The Bible is always new. Every time we read it we find something we did not note in the previous reading."

This puts the Bible in a unique class. No other book maintains its up-to-dateness as does the Bible. In our libraries we have many books, purchased at considerable sacrifice, which at the time seemed indispensable, but today we regard them as merely taking up space, for they are no longer dependable, for their message is now entirely out of date. But the Bible has not changed in its authoritativeness, though all of it is centuries old. It has a timely message for all who read it pages.

But there is this further uniqueness about the Bible. It must be read and re-read before the reader even beings to get hold of any major portion of its truth. One of our greatest preachers has received this tribute, that he is a man of one Book.

---

Not until the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the pattern
And explain the reason why,
The dark threads are as needful
In the weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern which He planned.

—Selected.

# GLAMOR FOR THE WORK BENCH

**(Lancaster Eagle-Gazette)**

Serious thinkers have been stroking their beards thoughtfully of late and crying that the great American middle class is being squeezed almost almost to death by the pressure of hard times. What they fail to add is that the great middle class has just been asking for it by taking unto its bosom a great many people who would be happier and more prosperous elsewhere.

This fact was neatly touched on recently by the publicist, William Feather, in an article in Nation's Business.

To Lancaster parents and school children anticipating the addition of an industrial arts laboratory at the high school his words carry particular significance.

In spit of unemployment, says Mr. Feather, the nation today suffers from an acute shortage of skilled workers, and the shortage is going to be even more acute in the near future. And why? Because the average ambitious high school lad of today has his heart set on a dignified white collar job, and scorns the prospect of being an expert turret lathe operator, a first-class pattern maker, a skilled machinist or anything else that requires manual labor.

It isn't the ambitious high school lad's fault. We have glorified the white collar man: as Mr. Feather remarks, we have taught the young chap to look forward to a career rather than a job. He feels that it would somehow be disgraceful for him to wear overalls.

The result of all of this is that the swollen middle class is jammed with people who simply can't make a decent living in their chosen occupations.

We have penniless young lawyers who wait with desperate anxiety for the practice that never materializes; hopeful young dentists who can find no teeth to fill; salesman by the score and the gross who skimp along on a hand to mouth basis, a scant jump ahead of the sheriff; clerks who get along on day laborers' pay; and a whole army of luckless mortals who try half a dozen jobs in the course of a decade, succeeding in none of them and eternally driven by the haunting fear of poverty.

Yet all the while the skilled trades lack men, and the skilled worker goes along happily and comfortably on an income that would look like very heaven to these harassed white callar misfits.

What's the answer? Mr. Feather suggests, simply, that we devise uniforms to take the place of overalls; and before you start laughing, just consider the prestige which a neat uniform gives to the job it goes with.

We have an abundance of good technical high schools to prepare boys for the skilled trades. It would be a fine thing if we could find some way —whether Mr. Feather's or some other —to show young men that the white collar is not the only badge of distinction in this country.

Maybe the uniforms would do it. Maybe a universal return to common sense would. Whatever the solution, it is high time we found it.

# TAKING TIME

**(Selected)**

We have been a much-hurried people. One of our chief aims is to get ahead of others. A man was seen running to get across the railroad track before the train coming around the curve passed. When asked what he did when he got across, he replied that he watched the train go by. Much of our hurried activity is to little or no purpose. It is a state of mind we have partly inherited and partly acquired. We have failed to distinguish between movements and progress. To be everlastingly on the go may not count for anything when the day's or month's or year's work is done. Taking time to do a piece of work usually insures its being done well. There are tasks at which we cannot hurry.

It has often been pointed out that God does not seem to be in a hurry. Whether He took thousands or millions of years to create the world makes little difference. It would seem He took His good time to create it. He neither grows an oak nor develops a civilization under hundreds of years. One of the ideas the apostles got was that Jesus was so slow in setablishing His kingdom. What they thought should be done almost over night He is taking thousands of years to produce. The thing that impresses and disturbs many good people today is the apparent tardiness of their Lord. Our prayer that He shall come quickly and set things to rights seems to receive no attention.

We used to sing a hymn that ran, "Take time to be holy." It may not have been good poetry or good music, but it carried a most important message. Possibly God is taking so much time because we have been in such a hurry. He has been growing souls, and that is not done by the clock. It is a process that canot be hurried. Men laugh if you say to them, "Take your time." We have yet to learn the value of leisure and unhurried activity. Character is not grown according to the speed of our trains or airplanes, or the lightning velocity of our messages. It calls for quiet and the pauses of life.

---

Education cannot increase a person's intelligence. It can only train a person to use what intelligence he already has.

There is no means known to science whereby intelligence itself can be increased. It is heredity, just as the color of our eyes is, and we can train it and make it infinitely more effective and more useful to ourselves, but we cannot increase it.

Without training, intelligence is likely to be useless. Most of us do not train and use more than a small part of our intelligence in life.—John Harvey Furbay, Ph. D.

# EVANGELINE AGAIN

**(Christian Science Monitor)**

On October thirtieth the heroine of Longfellow's famous narrative poem, "Evangeline," and the scenes of her wandering in search of her lost sweetheart, will be re-created in Louisiana and, to a lesser degree, elsewhere. Gov. Richard W. Leche, the Acadians of the southern state, and many celebrities will participate in the commemoration of this true story. Interest will be focused in the development of the Longfellow-Evangeline memorial park, also in the proposed Longfellow-Evangeline international highway planned to link the Grand Pre valley of Canada's Nova Scotia with Louisiana.

Ninety years ago the American epic was published. It pictures the forced evacuation of the French inhabitants of Acadia, later rechristened Nova Scotie, by the British in 1755. The men were deported first, thereby separating Emmeline Labiche (Evangeline) from her sweetheart. Though many years she sought him, and eventually located him as his life ebbed in an almshouse. She never married. Longfellow, Hawthorne and Whittier had each contemplated doing the story. Though Whittier had made extensive preparations, he enthusiastically welcomed the Longfellow work as "an American poem with the lack of which British reviewers have so long reproached us."

The celebration will bring back to the Grand Pre residents the history of their valley. The millions who have read "Evangeline," in school or outside, will learn that the original five thousand Acadians have increased eightyfold in the nearly two centuries since they settled in the Bayou Teche country. Incidentaly, they still speak the French of old Acadia, retain the same customs, and dress in the styles that their forefathers preferred long ago.

---

## JUDGMENT

There's never a loss without a gain,
And never a happiness free from pain;
For every jewel there's a price to pay,
For each dark night a dawning day.

We may keep the jewel and watch the dawn,
Forget the price, bid the night be gone.
By the choice we make for our treasure chest,
We judge ourselves, accursed or blest.

—Leola Littrel.

# WHITE SEALS

**By Mary Paula Chapman**

White seals, formerly believed to exist only in the superstitious legends of fishermen, have been found on the volcanic crags of Guadalupe, a barren island about one hundred forty miles off the coast of Lower California. Guadalupe Island is of volcanic origin and is about twenty miles long and seven miles in width. It is traversed by a chain of mountains reaching a height of forty-five hundred feet near the northern end. At the south end are the two small islands, Inner and Outer Islet, separated by a narrow channel of great depth. Extremely deep water surounds the entire group, and between the islands and the mainland depths of more than two miles are encountered.

Captain Hancock, who is well known for his contributions to science, donated the use of his yacht for a trip in search of scientific data on the fur seal, once plentiful around Guadalupe, where they were taken in great numbers for their skins. These seals were believed to have been almost extinct since the late nineties, but scattered specimens have been reported in the last three or four years; so the expedition set out to find the cave in which they were thought to seek refuge. This cave, covered by the ocean even at low tide, was found by the current surging from its mouth, but no specimens of the seal were found.

Then the expedition turned from the main island to the rocks off the south end, where they had heard rumors of the white seal. No one took the white-seal legend seriously. They thought that they might find seals of a light color, but that was all. Finally a launch from the yacht got within a short distance of Outer Islet, and the members of the party looked in silent awe at the sight before them. There, on the crags above the boiling sea, were ten large, snow-white seals, not merely light gray or light yellow, but actually white, together with five or six seals of an unusually light, spotted color.

"We should have thought them polar bears, if we had not known better," declares one of the party in a report to the Zoological Society of San Diego, Calif. "They were as white as polar bears and they appeared nearly as large. Other seals found with them were quite light, about the color of the Kadiak bears of Alaska, but they were not of even hue. We could not get close enough actually to classify them, but they appeared to be albinos of the California sea lion. Those we saw appeared to be cows or young bulls; none had the hump on the head which characterizes the adult male to the California species.

---

Those who leave everything over until the eleventh hour get little else than disappointments out of the twelfth.

—Selected.

# THE TEN

**By Catherine Herzel**

The four girls were silent as the car sped over the straight stretch of concrete. So much had been crowded into the past four days that response had been blurred. Now they were taking out, one by one, incidents, words, thoughts, and examining them at leisure.

Jen stirred restlessly. "Sometimes I think it's foolish to go to religious conferences."

Two pairs of eyes focused on her in surprise. Jud never took her eyes from the road, but her shoulders had a protesting look.

Peg began the attack. "Why, Jen I think that is the queerest thing to say coming home from a conference as wonderful as Green Mount."

Ruthie nodded her head vigorously. "As if Dr. Lake's talks were not worth going for in themselves, let alone meeting the people you meet, and the camp fires—"

"Just meeting Elinor Long was worth the trip for me," said Jud quietly.

"Oh, that isn't what I mean!" cried Jen impatiently. "I love it all as much as any of you. It really is a mountaintop experience for me. But that's just the trouble. I get all thrilled and enthused about it, but when I get home what do I do with all that pep?"

"Well," began Peg doubtfully, "you can try to share your enthusiasm with others—"

"Yes," said Jen sarcastically. "Just as I do, I guess, by saying, 'Oh, you must go to Green Mountain. You'd just love it.'" Her voice held an absurd mockery of her own tones.

"Doesn't it help you?" demanded Peg. "Don't you get more out of church, and our missionary society, because you have been there?"

"Of course I do," said Jen. "But that's what I'm fussing about. I go, and get something that helps me, but does it help me to help others? Don't you see?"

"I do," said Jud unexpectedly. "That's the way I feel about Easter, too. I go to church twice as often during Lent, and read religious books, and work up to the heavenly climax of Easter, and then what? I don't know how to put my feelings into acts. We stop having mid-week services, and I fall back into my old rut."

"That is the trouble, isn't it?" said Ruthie quietly. "We want to do something, and we don't know how."

"Our religion ought to make a difference in our everyday life, in our jobs," said Jud earnestly.

"And yet," returned Jen, "I can't quite imagine myself interrupting Mr. Baines tomorrow, as he is dictating, to ask, 'Mr. Baines, did you go to church, yesterday, or were you playing golf again?"

The girls went into bursts of laughter at the picture conjured up, aware as they were of Jen's awe and dread of the impressive Mr. Baines.

"Or imagine me passing out tracts to those expensive creatures who come in to buy Fanchon's latest model," added Ruthie.

"Of course that isn't what I mean," said Jen soberly. "But I would like to feel that I was doing something. Being a Christian is all very well, but you can't be without doing, can you?"

"Nevertheless," said Jud, "I don't

feel nearly as sorry for us as I do for Elinor Long."

"Elinor Long," echoed Peg in astonishment. "For goodness sake, why? I envy her. She has the training that none of us have and she knows what she wants to do with it."

"Yes," said Jud. "She feels that God wants her in a very special place, in a hospital in China. She has the training. But one day when we were alone I asked Elinor when she expected to go out. She pushed out her hand in a funny little discouraged gesture and said she didn't know. She is ready, and goodness knows the people need her, but the Board has no money to send out another nurse to China. Wouldn't it be hard to be all ready, and not be able to go?"

They sat silent again.

Then Jen broke out passionately. "If only we had the money to send her! Our own jobs would seem so much bigger if they were helping us to share in the work in China."

"How much salary does a missionary get?" asked Peg.

"I don't know," said Jud, "but it's less than any of us get, with our good jobs."

"Then if there were ten of us," went on Jen, slowly, "each giving one tenth—that's the tithe they talk about, isn't it?—we'd be able to support a missionary."

"Yes," said Peg. "But there are only four of us."

"Never mind that," said Jen impatiently, as the new idea gripped her imagination. "Would you give a tenth, Peg?"

"You mean above what I already give to the church?"

"Oh, yes, we couldn't let our own church down."

"W-e-l-l— Yes I would," she finished decisively. "If I could have a share in sending a missionary nurse, I would be glad to make any sacrifice necessary."

"So would I," cried both Ruthie and Jud in unison.

"That's four-tenths," said Jen. "We need six more girls."

"Ellen Crosby," suggested Jud.

"Ann Lynne." "Meg Marshall." "Gertrude Smith." "Anita Nelson." "May Morris." "Gwen Locke,"—contributed all four.

"Not Gwen," said Jen. "She'd never—"

"Try her," said Peg. "You need to think of more than six to approach, because not all of them will see it."

"No wonder you get along in the business world, Peg," said Jud admiringly.

It was about three months later that Elinor Long received a note from Jane Hand. She frowned over the name, and then recalled slim, brown Jen whom she had met at the Green Mount Conference. It was brief and said simply,

"Dear Elinor Long,

"Miss Simpson tells us that you are to be in town next week. We would so like to have you come to a shindig we are having—a gathering of Green Mount fans, next Thursday evening at my home. We will call for you at Miss Simpson's if you can come."

How nice, she thought. She had liked the group at Green Mount—jolly, peppy, not at all the pious type, but with it all deeply religious. She decided to accept and glanced at the calendar as she began to write. Thursday was her birthday, she noted with pleased surprise. She would have a birthday party after all.

When Jen and Ruthie called for Elinor the appointed night their mood was very secretive and very gay. Elinor willingly slipped into this happy mood, resolutely putting behind her the disappointment her visit to headquarters had brought. The hospital in China seemed farther away than ever, for her visit to the board secretary had produced nothing but the assurance that it would all come in time. "In time!" she had thought bitterly. After she had lost heart through waiting, and the keen edge of her professional training was lost. Would that be the time? So she was relieved to have the girls seem to be so uninterested in her affairs, so carelessly gay.

When they stepped into the Hand living room Jud Schraft and Peg Lawson came forward at once to meet her. She felt a glow of pleasure at their obvious eagerness to see her and turned happily to meet the others. Ellen Crosby was the quiet, fair-haired one; Gwendolyn a striking auburn-haired girl, who wore her clothes superlatively well. Anita, May, Betty, Lucy were just girls, attractive and very gay tonight. She was beginning to be able to tell the girls apart when she noticed that Jen was fidgeting around, trying to get the party quiet and all together in the room. She watched as Jen hurried Ruthie and Ellen in from the kitchen, broke up little private conversations, and finally had them all in a circle. Jen began to talk then, nervously at first, then with more assurance.

"Coming back from Green Mount," she began, "we couldn't decide which was worse—our having jobs here at home which kept us from doing full-time Christian service, or, Elinor, your being kept here from your job in China. Then somebody had the bright idea that if ten girls would each give one tenth of their income, we would have more than enough for your salary. So that's what we're doing—the ten of us. Each one is giving one tenth of her income every month, and Peg—she's our treasurer— will forward it to the board for your salary and whatever is left over will go to the hospital, for improvements and things."

She paused and looked at Elinor. Elinor sat there, simply stunned by this quick rise from discouragement to the fulfillment of her dreams. Jen went on. "We would like to feel that part of us is working there with you. That you are doing what we can't do. Oh, you know! That we're reaching right across the Pacific. Though you'd hardly expect a tenth of me to reach that far," she murmured as she cast a glance down at her slim legs.

A hubbub of laughter and chatter began, through which could be distinguished Elinor's voice, still slightly bewildered, saying, "I can't tell you—I'm so happy—It's perfectly wonderful!"

"By the way, it is all official," came Peg's matter-of-fact voice. "I mean, we consulted the secretary before we made our plans, and everything has been properly arranged."

No wonder they were so non-commital today, thought Elinor.

"And Jen, you wretch," called Jud, "you forgot to say it was a birthday present." Then in came Ruthie and Ellen, carrying a big birthday cake, the candles flickering in the breeze.

The Pacific lay calm and blue as the big ship ploughed her way toward Seattle. Elinor Long lay passively in a deck chair, relaxing in the warm sun. As warming as the sunshine was

the flood of content that enveloped her. The past five years in China had been rewarding ones, arduous but filled with the sense of necessary work successfully accomplished. Now she looked forward eagerly to seeing again her own country and her own people—and the Ten.

She smiled as she thought of the ten girls who had meant so much to her during these five years. They had given so much more than money—every two weeks she had received a chatty, newsy letter from one of them. At Christmas and on her birthday she had a shower of cards, funny little gifts, things designed to bridge four thousand miles with friendliness. She was anxious to see them again, to meet Ruthie's husband and the baby daughter who was her namesake. Her first engagement, after a flying visit home, was with the Ten. A reunion, Jen had written, with the Ten, for although Anita had withdrawn, Ann Miller had taken her place, and when Lucy had died, her younger sister, Harriet, had asked to take her place.

Perhaps, Elinor thought, one of the reasons her work in China had been such a pleasure was because she knew that in back of her stood ten staunch friends; not the anonymous, unknown thousands of the church, but girls she knew.

The reunion was held in the Hand living room. Elinor remembered her first visit as she stood in the doorway. Jen and Ruthie had met her at the train, and now her eyes quickly found out Peg, efficiently helping to dispose of the wraps, and Jud, talking with vivid interest to a girl younger than most of the group. Fair-haired Ellen she remembered, with her same air of serenity, and Gwendolyn, her loveliness deepened by the suggestion of spiritual development in her eyes. The younger girl talking to Jud must be Harriet Harvey, Lucy's younger sister, she decided, which left three of the girls not yet identified. She knew they were May Morris, Betty Monroe, and Ann Miller, but which was which?

Jen and Ruthie joined her, and they went into a flurry of welcomes. First of all there arose an urgent demand for news from China, news of the hospital they had grown to know so well. Elinor brought out a huge scrapbook of snap-shots and they settled down to talking and looking.

"That is Mei Tsung," said Elinor, pointing to a snapshot of an attractive Chinese girl in nurse's uniform.

"Did her brother finally forgive her for becoming a Christian?" asked Ann eagerly.

"Oh, yes. Here is a picture of his entire family, taken the day all were baptized."

So it went on, the girls asking interested questions about people who had become real to them through Elinor's letters; Elinor rejoicing in the intelligent sympathy of her listeners. She painted word pictures for them of the land of her adoption, trying to give them some notion of its beauty and splendor and need.

"You now," said Jen, "I have read so many books about China—everything in the library, just so I could talk with you, Elinor, and now I find that I am worse off than before, because I know how little I know."

"If anyone had told me, six years ago, what I was getting into," said Jud, "I would probably have balked. But I am so glad that I didn't know because life is twice as interesting

world. We certainly started something. Why, here I am, reading books on China, going to all the mission study classes, because I feel I need to know. I take three magazines that I never saw before, and now I can't do without them because I am really curious about missions, and especially China. I help with the Light Brigade at church because I have got to pass on some of this enthusiasm about missions. I help down at our Church Center for negroes, because that same interest won't let me rest without doing something for my nearest neighbors in need."

"I think that has been the experience of all of us," said Ellen softly. "We seemed to come awake to so much of life that we never saw—or at any rate never noticed before."

"I know it made a difference to Lucy," said Harriet. "Our whole family caught her missionary fever, as Tommy called it. And when she died, I felt that we simply couldn't let that interest die out too."

"Ann, whatever caused you to offer to join us when Anita dropped out?" asked Jed suddenly.

"Gwen," answered Ann as frankly.

"Me!" exclaimed Gwen in amazement, and blushed.

"You," said Ann humorously. "I may as well tell you the story, since Jen started this. One day, during our lunch hour, Gwen asked me to go shopping with her for a new dress. Well, she found one, a perfect beauty, and it looked simply marvelous on her. I don't see how she ever resisted it. But Gwen turned it down flat. 'No' she said, 'if I pay that much for a dress I'll have nothing extra to put in my China Fund.' And I thought, well! if there is something that is that much more important to Gwen than clothes, I want to know what it is."

Gwen's cheeks still burned. "I guess I must have seemed clothes-crazy," she murmured meekly.

"Silly!" said Ann. "Aren't we all, when we first have jobs and money of our very own to spend? I certainly couldn't blame you, for you always looked superlative in whatever you wore."

"It has really been easy for me," declared Jen. "Of course everything has gone along smoothly for me, and I never miss that money. Nine-tenths seems to go just as far as ten-tenths."

"Farther," said Ellen.

"You ought to know," admitted Jen. She turned to Elinor. "A year and a half after we started this Ellen lost her job, and was without a regular job for almost three years."

"But I tithed whatever I did earn, through odd jobs and temporary places, and the nine-tenths I had left always kept me going. After all, my family could take care of themselves, and I knew that I would never face starvation, that while they could not help much, they could always give me a meal. I think Peg is the one who really had hard going."

"Father lost his job," explained Peg. "For several years I was the breadwinner of the family, with Charles and Marian in high school. But as Ellen did, I tithed what I had and the remaining nine-tenths was always enough. We talked the matter over as a family council, and decided that we believed in tithing. And we kept a tithe on every cent that came into our household—even when Charles since China became a part of my earned a quarter delivering packages for the grocery store, he put three

cents of it into our Tithe Box. Dad tithes his pay for odd jobs and now that he is on the regular employment rolls, he tithes his salary. Our family has been so blessed through these hard years that we are thankful for them. Now Charles is going to the university and some day hopes to study medicine. And I believe that experience in tithing is largely responsible for his determination to spend his life and talents in Christian service."

"My," sighed Mary, "you almost make me feel that we have missed something because things have gone so smoothly for us. These have been happy years, but after all we have simply put aside our tithe, and to be honest, have not really missed it."

"It isn't quite as simple as that," added Betty. "You might ask May why she left a good job as stenographer for the Miller Company to take the job of secretary to Dr. Allen, of the Inner Mission Society, at a much smaller salary."

"Oh, that," protested May. "I guess it is just that after you start giving regularly, one tenth of your money seems such a little bit to give. You really are not satisfied until you can feel that you have given your life. Not all of us can find jobs that the world calls Christian service, but with a life wholly given to Christ I think any corner in life is Christian service." She sat back, abashed. "My, I've preached a regular sermon."

"Indeed you have," said Elinor earnestly, "and not just with words, either."

"We have all reported to you, I believe," announced Jen solemnly, though her eyes danced, "except Ruthie."

"What have I to say?" asked Ruthie in surprise. She laughed. "I have already seen Elinor long enough to talk about the baby, and that is all I ever talk about."

"Then I'll tell you about Ruthie," said Jen. "You remember when Ruthie was engaged, three years ago? Well, June kept coming closer and closer, and Ruthie kept looking more and more perplexed. Now you can't imagine Ruthie and Dick fighting, so we didn't know what was wrong. Finally Ruthie confided one day that she had never talked with Dick about her tithe, and didn't know what to do. So from my vast experience," Jen grimaced, "your Aunt Jen advised Ruthie to talk it over with Dick and see what he thought. Well, that same evening Ruthie was deciding to bring the matter up when Dick cleared his throat and said timidly that he would like to share in this tithing game, and please, after they are married, couldn't they continue to give a tenth of their income to the China Fund."

"Now, Jen, you make it sound so ridiculous," protested Ruthie.

"Not ridiculous, but mighty, mighty sweet," said Elinor. "You know, when I come to America I am chock full of stories about our Chinese Christians and their devotion and sacrifice. When I go back to China I am going to be able to tell them stories of our American Christians, so that they will know that just because life is easier in America we have not lost the joy of real giving. What a wonderful evening this has been, and how fortunate I am to go out as a missionary sent by the Ten."

"You're sending me back, aren't you?" she added, but she didn't need their immediate words for answer. Their answer lay in their shining eyes.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Margaret Glyn Kelly, of Carthage, returned to her home last Saturday, after spending a week with her aunt, Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse.

---

"The Captain's Kid," featuring Guy Kibbe, was the main attraction at our weekly movie program last Thursday night, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it. A short comedy was also shown.

---

The recently-purchased barber shop equipment, consisting of three new chairs, electric clippers, cabinets and mirrors, arrived last week and have been installed. Electricians from Concord have just completed arranging the necessary electrical outlets for the clippers and other appliances. This new equipment gives our shop the appearance of a modern city shop.

---

Brevard Hall, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who left the School about three years ago, called at The Uplift office the other day. Upon leaving us, Brevard worked for the Postal Telegraph Company, Charlotte, for several months; he then obtained part time employment on the Charlotte News; his next place of employment was with the Palmer Printing Company, where he stayed a little more than six months. For the past six months Brevard has been in the C C C camp, near Castonia. He states that he likes his work and is getting along fine.

---

Superintendent Boger had a letter from Doyle Holder, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who returned to his home in January. He stated that his brother, Aaron, who left the School one and one-half years ago, died on February 22nd, the cause of his death being spinal meningitis. We were very sorrow to learn of Aaron's death, and extend our deepest sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

---

Mr. Ritchie has been busy for several days arranging the new machine shop equipment. This consists of drill-press, air-pump, hydraulic press, grease guns, etc. The electricians have made the necessary connections for these machines and they are now ready for use. With the addition of this new machinery we now have a well-equipped small machine shop, which will take care of the School's many needs more economically, as well as to give additional training to a number of boys.

---

Hassel Shropshire, who left the School about two and one-half years ago, recently wrote Superintendent Boger. He is now in the United States Army, and for the past two months has been stationed at Schofield Barracks, near Honolulu, Hawaii. Has-

sell says that he expects to stay about two years before he will have an opportunity to visit the States. He is still interested in the School and the work it is attempting to carry on, and requested that The Uplift be mailed him once in a while.

---

Denzil W. Browning, who was permitted to leave the School six years ago, visited us this week. Upon returning to his home in Burlington, he attended high school, where he graduated. He then worked in a hardware store for eighteen months. For the past two and one-half years he has been managing a small cafeteria for his father, located in Miami, Florida. Danzil stated that business had been very good down in the land of sunshine. He had been spending a few days with relatives in Burlington, and since he was traveling by bus, the line running right past the School, he stopped over for a couple of hours to greet old friends here.

---

Ernest Hornaker, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who is now a student at the University of North Carolina, wrote Superintendent Boger the other day. Here are excerpts from his most interesting letter:

"I would like you to know that the year I spent in your school was the most progressive year of my life. Progressive in that I there learned to know myself.

"I am now a junior at the University. Am studying for a B. S. degree in chemistry and expect to go into textile chemistry after graduation."

Ernest left the School nearly ten years ago. Shortly after returning to his home he had the misfortune to lose a hand in an accident. During the time he has been attending the University he has been working his way and has been living in an auto trailer on the college campus.

Despite handicaps that would discourage most anyone, this young man seems to have made up his mind to overcome them. Such determination is highly commendable, and his many friends here are proud of the record he has made and are confident he is headed toward a successful career.

---

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 20th chapter of John, and in his talk to the boys, called special attention to the 29th verse: "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, in quoting this verse, called it the "Beatitude of the Unseeing Believer" He said that during Christ's ministry on earth, He uttered many beatitudes, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, but now that His earthly ministry is coming to a close, He left these parting words.

That statement, said the speaker, is very far-reaching. Jesus seems to be speaking it to us today. He is talking to the people of the 20th century, asking them to accept Him by faith. If we would only do this, it

would bring to us a spiritual happiness that we could not find elsewhere.

Faith, after all, continued the speaker, is the great and wonderful thing. Let us think how it applies to us today. The ignorant man believes only what he sees. The educated man believes in the things he is able to grasp. He studies about things he has never seen, yet he believes them. We go to school and study history, learning of great deeds of heroes of the past; we study geography, in which we learn of many wonderful sights in other countries. We do not see these people and things, yet, how far would we get in our educational development if we did not have faith? Without faith our education would be very limited.

The higher we get in life, the more we must believe in things we cannot see, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Every achievement of man has been based upon faith in the unseen. By faith men have discovered many things that were worthwhile. This has been true in the past, and it applies to us today We must have faith in ourselves and believe there is something really worthwhile to be done, before we can accomplish anything.

In all the great lessons taught by Jesus during his stay among men we can see that faith is the guiding star. By this faith Paul was led to preach his wonderful sermons That same faith led the other Apostles to carry on the work of the Master.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that our faith in Jesus is not based entirely on the disciples' faith, but in our own experiences. We, too, have seen Jesus—not with the eye of flesh, but in His goodness and mercy toward men. We see the glory of Our Lord reflected in the lives of those who are doing His work. What a comforting statement, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

---

## LIGHT OF FRIENDSHIP

Lighten the heart that bears the load,
Of he who falters along the road;
For a friendly word or a kindly deed,
May lift the heart of one in need.

Along the road a soul does seek,
To hear the voice of friendship speak;
A laden heart, all full of care—
Who longs to kneel with friends in prayer.

Lighten the heart, brighten the road,
Of one who stumbles beneath his load;
For many hearts are yearning, yearning,
To feel the light of friendship burning.

And in the hours of shadowed night,
Behold, the glow of friendship's light;
For you who seek to call Him friend,
Shall find God's love at the journey's end.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending February 20, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(12) Marvin Bridgeman 12
(7) Ivey Eller 14
(4) Leon Hollifield 14
(15) Edward Johnson 15
Frank King
Edward Lucas 14
Warner Sands 7
Mack Setzer 10

### COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 4
(6) J. C. Cox 11
(3) William Haire 8
William Howard 5
(7) Howard Roberts 9
(4) Albert Silas 9
Robert Watts 5
(3) Preston Yarborough 12
(8) R. L. Young 13

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 5
John Capps 5
(5) Julius Green 9
Melvin Jarrell 7
(2) Nick Rochester 9
Fred Seibert 8

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 7
Earl Barnes 3
Frank Crawford 4
James Eury 5
Coolidge Green 7
William McRary 6
F. E. Mickle 7
John C. Robertson 5
(12) Allen Wilson 14

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 4
(2) Paul Briggs 5
(3) Hurley Davis 8
(10) James Hancock 14
(4) Henry Harris 6
Hugh Kennedy 5
(2) Van Martin 2
Charles Mizzell 7
(4) Hubert McCoy 10
(2) Lloyd Pettus 11
Thomas Stephens 10

### COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Grady Allen 8
(3) J. C. Ennis 4
Grover Gibby
(2) William Kirksey 2
(2) George Ramsey 3
(2) Thomas Sullivan 6
Jack Turner

### COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Fletcher Castlebury 8
(2) Robert Deyton 8
(2) Leo Hamilton 11
(3) Charles McCoyle 7
(3) Canipe Shoe 9

### COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Paul Angel 2
(2) William Beach 4
(2) Archie Castlebury 9
(2) William Estes 7
Blaine Griffin 4
Lacy Green 4
(2) Caleb Hill 10
(2) Houston Howard 7
(2) Hugh Johnson 8
Robert Lawrence 4
(2) Elmer Maples 7
(2) Edmund Moore 2
Milton Pickett 9
Marshall Pace
(2) J. D. Powell 5
Jack Pyatt 3
Kenneth Spillman 7
Loy Stines
(2) Farthy Strickland 6
(2) Dewey Sisk 2
Wallace Smith 7
William Tester 5
Joseph Wheeler 3
(2) William Young 7

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Lloyd Banks 6
Don Britt
Letcher Castlebury 3
Edward J. Lucas
Wilfred Land 2
(2) Fred May 3
Norman Parker 3
John Tolbert 5
Charles Taylor 6

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(12) Wilson Bowman 13
(4) J. T. Branch 12
(13) Thomas Braddock 14
William Brackett 7
James Butler 6
Hubert Carter 9
Gladston Carter 6
(5) James Coleman 10
Heller Davis 10
George Duncan 5
Elbert Kersey 5
Homer Smith 12
(2) Luther Wilson 10
(4) Thomas Wilson 8

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(2) Clyde Adams 6
Allen Bledsoe 2
(2) Milford Hodgin 12
(8) Mack Joines 14
(3) Thomas King 3
(2) James Martin 6
(3) William Peedin 5
James Penland 7
Torrence Ware 4
William R. Williams 5

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Earl Duncan 6
(7) Albert Goodman 7
Paul Mullis 3
(4) Edward Murray 8
(10) Donald Newman 14
(2) Julius Stevens 9
(2) John Uptegrove 9
Berchell Young 13
Fred Williamson 11

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Alphus Bowman 7
(2) Fred Carter 7
(4) Ben Cooper 9
(2) Frank Dickens 8
(2) Max Eaker 9
(2) Charlton Henry 8
(4) Hubert Holloway 9
(2) S. E. Jones 6
(2) Alexander King 11
(2) Thomas Knight 5
(2) Tillman Lyles 6
(2) Asbury Marsh 10
(2) Clarence Mayton 8
(4) Ewin Odom 12
(2) James Reavis 7
(2) Charles Williams 8
(2) Ross Young 11

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Norman Brogden 10
Clarence Douglas 7
(2) Jack Foster 6
Jordan McIver 10
(3) Irvin Medlin 7

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Robert Coffer 5
Fred Clark 3
(7) James Kirk 12
Feldman Lane 5
John Robbins 8
(2) Harvey Walters 8

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) Warren Bright 9
(3) John Brown 9
(3) Hobart Gross 11
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 8
(3) Joseph Hyde 10
(2) William Hawkins 5
(2) L. M. Hardison 11
(3) Caleb Jolly 12
(3) Clarence Lingerfelt 7
Raymond Mabe 10
John Mathis 6
(3) James McGinnis 12
(2) Wilson Rich 12
(3) Richard Thomas 8

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

---

Of the unspoken word thou art master; the spoken word is master of thee.—Buddhist Proverb.

MAR 7 1938
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 5, 1938 No. 9

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## TODAY

Today is all sufficient for
The burdens we must bear,
Today is ours, to live, to love,
Our brothers' sorrows share.

Tomorrow never comes to us,
And yesterday is gone,
Therefore today is all of time
We have to build upon.

Tomorrow is as far away
As yesterday it seemed,
So put your shoulder to the wheel
And do the things you've dreamed.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| FLORIDA INDIANS BRING TRIBESMAN TO JUSTICE; HONOR WHITE MAN | By Steve Trumbull | 10 |
| INDIAN WROTE AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH PICTURES | (Norfolk Virginian-Pilot | 13 |
| OLD CIVILIZATION IN NEW WORLD IS DISCOVERED | (Selected) | 16 |
| THE MAGIC OF MOVING PICTURES | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 18 |
| REVISION URGED IN PRESENT-DAY SCHOOL SYSTEM | (Selected) | 21 |
| CHILLITA'S SPRING | By Caroline Young | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## AMERICA FIRST

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in Christlike co-operation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love, and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, "AMERICA FIRST."

—G. Ashton Oldham.

## GOVERNOR ETERNALLY RIGHT

Governor Clyde R. Hoey will go down in history as the pleasing speaking Governor of North Carolina. He speaks philosophically, instructively and entertainingly, and is doing much good by word of mouth.

Just a few days ago he spoke before the Sunday Evening Club in Chicago and enunciated the mood of America. He said, among other things of fundamental philosophy:

"The dominant passion of the American people today, as in the days of the Pilgrim fathers is love of liberty and freedom, with an even higher appraisal of religious freedom."

The Governor is eternally right. There appears to be a growing tendency throughout the world to take liberty for license. It looks at times, as if the God-given right to live peaceably and happy is vanishing from the face of the earth, when we look at some of the nations in foreign lands in their devastating methods. Wandering away from God and His precepts and seeking self-aggrandizement in worldly matters.

The nations that depart from righteousness are on the road to ruin. The departure from religious tenets is one of the causes of trouble and unrest in the world today, America as well as other nations. Religion is the source of all true felicity. It promotes love and good will among men. Lifts up the heads that hang down. Dissipates the gloom of heated contentions and wranglings among men and nations, and wherever seen, felt, and enjoyed, breathes around an everlasting spring of hope, encourgement and happiness.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## INTANGIBLE TAXES

Are you familiar with the new North Carolina Intangible Personal Property tax? It is high time to get acquainted with it. The North Carolina General Assembly, during its 1937 session, enacted this tax which is of far-reaching importance to all residents of the State.

Under schedule H. of the Revenue Act, intangible personal property is classified such as cash, bonds, stocks, mortgages, notes, etc. Varying rates of taxation apply to these classes—this form of taxation replaces the so called ad valorem tax on net solvent credits.

In this case of securities subject to the tax, the levy is made upon the fair market value as of December 31st, 1937. Therefore, it will be necessary for you to know the fair market value of any securities which you held as of that date. The tax is due and payable on or before March 15, 1938, and must be filed with the Revenue Department.

This is a matter for our readers, owning securities, to look into and attend to, before becoming amenable to the law. It is a new system of taxes on securities in this State.—J. A. R.

## TAGGING THE TAGS

A new idea has been flashed upon the State of North Carolina. To further advance the mode of advertising this commonwealth, it has been suggested that some slogan be placed upon the automobile license tags, which now bear only the simple name of the State and the number.

Commissioner of Revenue, A. J. Maxwell, is cited as proposing the legend, "the Balanced State." This idea comes from a remark President Roosevelt once made concerning the State, that he regarded North Carolina "as the best balanced State" in the union.

That's very nice and a compliment to North Carolina. It is a desirable condition to live up to. But we do not think it will be an agreeable balance until we bring down the figures of fatal automobile accidents that annually occur. Perhaps the tag slogan may help in some way to lessen the fatalities. We hope it will—if adopted.

But a better slogan for the tags, we believe, would be, "Drive Carefully."—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WHY DWELL UPON WAR MUNITIONS?

Not long ago Congress—the House—approved the largest naval peace time appropriation on record for the next fiscal year—$553,000,000. And it is likely that this sum will be increased, for what has been termed, "the world-wide naval armament free-for-all," a very undesirable thing, it seems to us.

There has arisen endless differences of opinion between those who feel that a big navy makes for peace and those who believe it makes for war. The first school argues that if we show sufficient military strength, no nation will dare to insult us, much less attack us—that, no matter how much they may hate us and desire our possessions, they will have to keep out of war because they can't possibly win. The second school, which has much historical precedent in its favor, argues that great naval and military machines, even though their sponsors urged them as instruments of peace, have inevitably become instruments of war. These opposed theories are of only academic interest now, however—the big thing is that the entire world, including the United States, is spending un-

told billions to create fighting machines of a greater magnitude and effiectiveness than ever existed before—even at the peak of war times.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## TRUCKS—SIZE AND WEIGHT

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that a State can constitutionally limit the width and weight of interstate automobile trucks passing through its territory. This high tribunal upheld a South Carolina law limiting truck widths to 90 inches and gross weights to 20,000 pounds. This decision nullifies the South Carolina law which had enjoined the enforcement of the law.

Operators of motor truck fleets, backed by the justice department, which intervened in South Carolina case, contend regulations should be uniform on all state highways built with federal aid funds.

The national association of state highway officials has recommended to the interstate commerce commission uniform "minimum" regulations of 96 inch width, 12 1-2 foot height, 36 foot length for single vehicles and 18,000 pound axle weights, for interstate trucks.

Operators estimate that such vehicles could carry cargoes of 28,000 to 30,000 pounds. The association suggested that combinations of two or more vehicles be limited to 45 feet.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THE WORLD'S CLEANEST MILK

The American dairy farmer can claim, without exaggeration, that he provides the world's cleanest milk, according to an article in the Dairymen's League News.

For more than 20 years, a national war has been waged against tuberculosis. Today that war is drawing to a close, with the "enemy" almost completely routed. Bovine tuberculosis exists on a substantial scale in only two of the 48 states, and the curative work is progressing rapidly in both of them.

Dairymen are now turning their attention to two other bovine diseases—mastitis and Bang's disease. While these ailments are of little consequence to the consumer of milk, they are of considerable moment to the farmer. It is believed that the diseases will be almost completely eradicated in a relatively brief time.

The war against bovine plagues, especially tuberculosis, has been conducted by government bureaus, farm organizations and other groups. Agricultural co-operative associations—which work to improve production methods as well as to obtain a fairer price for farm products—have also been a telling factor. The American consumer can be assured that nowhere else in the world could he obtain dairy products of a more sanitary nature than in this country.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Men and women were made for business, for activity, for employment. Activity is the life for us all. To do and to bear burdens is the duty of life. Genius, worth, power of mind are more made than born.

Women play an important part in the affiairs of business—possibly more than we can imagine—in this day and generation, and their call to industrial pursuits, in all branches of human endeavors, are growing in magnitude. She can shower around her the most genial of all influences. Men in business have found that her ability, her intuition, her smiles, her words, are inspiring forces.

For instance: The Bell Telephone System alone, employs 170,000 women. This is just one example. Take all other branches of business and note the thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of women who are carrying on splendidly and you will be amazed at what a human beehive for women's endeavors is America, and the world at large. More success to their valuable services!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

Young men! you are wanted. From the street corners, from the ABC stores and play houses, from the loafers' rendezvous, from the idlers' promenade. Turn your steps into the highway of noble aim and earnest work. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

CONTENTED

"If I have planted hope today in any hopeless heart,
If someone's load has lighter grown because I did my part,
If haply I have caused a laugh that cheered some tear away,
And if tonight my name be named where someone kneels to pray—
I claim my day has been well spent,
Not lived in vain, and am content."

---

The person who can fold a road map back into its orginal form does not need an education to do it. He is a magician.

---

Thank goodness there is one thing left you do not have to pay tax on. There is no tax on friendship. That is comforting.

---

A lady correspondent wants to know if there is much food value in dates. That depends on whom they are with, and what kind of food he orders.

---

Signs scattered along Texas highways read: "If you drink, don't drive; if you drive, don't drink." Sensible advice. It will do also in North Carolina.

---

The best way to make your town a better community is to be a better citizen. Practice along this line is the best missionary work that any citizen can do.

---

From a casual observation, it is noted that the people who grumble the most about paying their debts, ride around in the newest automobiles. That makes times hard.

---

The things you imagine you are going to do today or tomorrow, do not amount to a row of pins in the accomplishment of things. It is the doing that counts in performance.

---

The French have a saying that "the more things change, the more they are alike." I beg to differ. Just see what happens to a $5 bill—or even a $1 bill—when you have it changed.

---

I would advise my reads not to pay too much attention to the recent superstitious weather prophecy of the measly little ground-hog. Put your faith in something more uplifting and stable.

---

It is almost time for hopeful citizens to begin planting spring gardens. Neighbor chickens are already peeping through the cracks in the fences to see where the best scratching places will be.

---

I have no idea who it will be but some automobile driver who reads this paragraph will be injured or killed within the next few months, or kill some one else. Without charge for the advice, I suggest "drive carefully always."

---

There is report of an exhibition of an automobile that can be started and stopped by the human voice. Now the back seat driver is coming into her glory, and the front seat driver will have little to worry about in driving, so he drives cautiously.

We are often told that the meek will inherit the earth. With all of the turmoil, and the confusion worse confounded, throughout the world today, it doesn't look as if there is going to be any inheritors. Guess they have not yet been born.

---

Motor exhaust fumes, at times, are very obnoxious to the olfactory. It is a wonder that some automobile scientist doesn't contrive some invention to make it smell like fried ham, or fried chicken. They are always adding something new to automobiles.

---

Gist of most of the business magazines forecast is that there will be resumption of a slow betterment in about three or four weeks. When it comes to the long-term outlook, you can find almost as many opinions as there are spokesmen in the heavily populated business of prognostication. There is an ocean of theories, but a very small rill of practice.

In Romans 12:21 we read: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." It is an easy matter to plant a row of vegetables and then leave them to fight alone for their development. Even though left to themselves, when thoroughly enriched, plants begin a rapid and promising growth. But as they grow, briers and weeds also make progress. These briers and weeds become so numerous and aggressive that soon the vegetable plants are lost among their hostile rivals. In the realm of human characters, all too often are the good seed planted and left to do their own living. Alongside these good seed evil habits begin to war for mastery and erelong the good is swallowed up. On the other hand, when one deliberately and prayerfully determines to make righteousness flourish in his life in spite of all assaults by evil, good moves on unsullied—the conqueror over wrong.

---

## THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

# FLORIDA INDIANS BRING TRIBESMAN TO JUSTICE; HONOR WHITE MAN

**By Steve Trumbull, in Miami Herald**

Crippled and aged Medicine Man John Osceola, whose illustrious grandfather, Chief Osceola, dedicated his life to defiance of white man's law, recently exercised his own tribal prerogative and executed one of his braves with a shotgun.

Hours later, at a council of the other five medicine men of the tribe at Musa Isle, scene of the slaying, it was revealed Osceola had acted with the entire sanction and approval of the tribal leaders.

The story was revealed through an interpreter as the medicine men, barefooted and gray of hair, squatted around their flickering council fire and conversed in guttural tones.

Johnny Billy, the deceased, was described as a "bad Indian." Eight years ago he killed another Indian. By the tribal code that was a justifiable slaying. Nothing was done about it. Three years ago he was involved in another brawl in which another Indian was killed. That was held to be not-so-justifiable, and there was a feeling white man's justice had failed when he was not convicted.

There were other brawls, but not until Tuesday did Johnny Billy sign his own death warrant. Then he is alleged to have staggered into the village and beat Mrs. Lily Cypress, Osceola's daughter, and another woman, who was an expectant mother. The medicine men went into council. The council was repeated Wednesday night.

Thursday, Medicine Man Osceola, 80 years old and so gout-ridden he can only walk with help, was boosted to the seat of his truck by his son, Billy. Together they drove from their camp at Tropical Gardens, near N. W. Nineteenth avenue and the Miami river, to Musa Isles, a few blocks away.

The younger Osceola called to Johnny Billy and he walked toward the truck. The medicine man grunted the Indian equivalent of the death warrant, raised a shotgun and sent a blast of buckshot through Johnny Billy's chest Billy died instantly, and John Osceola ordered his son to drive him home.

"Me do it, sure. Me good," John Osceola proudly exclaimed when police arrived, summoned by a terrified negro who had witnessed the shooting.

The aged medcine man was taken to police headquarters, barefooted and in his ceremonial robes, and carried up the steps. Later he was released in the custody of his attorney, O. B. White. If the case comes to trial, and doubt has been expressed that it will, White can defend Osceola only if the relatives of the dead man agree. That is tribal rule.

J. F. Scott, superintendent of Indian affairs for Florida, and who once was bitten by Johnny Billy on one of the Indian's many rampages explained that such examples of tribal justice are not uncommon.

Billy, the supervisor explained, has been a source of trouble in many reservations. Even his own relatives made no attempt to claim the body.

Thursday night's council was not the final tribal action in the case. It will come up again at the green corn dance in May, when all momentous matters of the year past are threshed out by the tribe.

The five medicine men who sat in at the Thursday night council were Corey Osceola, William McKinley Osceola, Harry Cypress, John Truett Osceola and John Philip Osceola. Brown Tiger, messenger from the tribes, drove in to inform the Miami Indians his medicine men had discussed the killing, and they, too, believed it to be entirely justified.

While one of their own race was going to a lonely grave, unwept, unhonored and unmourned, Miami's Seminoles Friday sent a delegation bearing sincere expressions of grief to the funeral rites for a paleface.

The honored member of the race with which they once were at relentless war was Capt. James F. Jaudon, Florida pioneer and blazer of the Tamiami Trail. He was their friend, having become so in the years that as a civil engineer and sugar grower he worked among them in the Everglades.

The member of their own race, whose funeral rites they spurned, was Johnny Billy, who met justice Thursday in the form of a buckshot-loaded gun in the hands of aged and gout-ridden Medicine Man John Osceola. Johnny Billy was a "bad Indian," a pariah. As such he lived. As such he died. And as such he was buried.

Johnny Billy was even denied the medicine man rites of his tribe, the grim function of dropping a handful of soil on his serverely plain casket being performed by Indian Supervisor F. J. Scott, a white man.

"No go," Scott was informed gruffly, when he attempted to recruit a small band of mourners at Musa Isle, scene of the fatal episode in tribal justice. Even Johnny Billy's widow failed to appear She merely took down her hair and removed her beads, a very matter of fact gesture of mourning, and stayed at home. The ceremony was conducted in the Indian reservation at Dania. The grave was slightly removed from the final resting place of good Indians.

Indians selected for the delegation of mourning at Captain Jaudon's funeral, held at the Combs Funeral home, were honored members of their tribe. When the captain was dying at Jackson Memorial hospital a band of the Seminoles gathered on the lawn and prayed to their own gods fervently but futilly for his recovery.

Beside his bier Friday they silently bade him contentment in the white man's happy hunting ground.

Medicine Man Osceola already has been adsolved of blame in the slaying by a council of his fellow medicine men, held a fews hours after the shooting. He is free, in the technical custody of Attorney O. B. White, and doubts were expressed Thursday he will ever be brought to the white man's court.

Authorities now believe Billy recieved a conditional death sentence at the green corn feast last May. He had killed one of his fellow tribesmen eight years ago. That slaying was held justifiable. Three years ago he was in a brawl in which another Indian was killed. White man's justice tried to convict him, and failed.

Agent Scott said he believed Billy was given a "suspended sentence" by the medicine men, with the under-

standing he would mend his ways. The suspension was lifted after Billy came into the camp Tuesday and beat two women, one Osceola's daughter, Mrs. Lily Cypress, and the other an expectant mother.

The only kind work spoken for the erstwhile trouble maker came from Agent Scott.

"Billy died bravely," he said. "I believe when Osceola was driven into the camp, and when he called Billy out, Billy knew death sentence from which there is no appeal had been passed He walked up to the truck, and did not flinch or beg for mercy."

The slain Indian's family have agreed that Attorney White may represent Osceola should the case come to trial . By tribal custom both the accused and the family of the deceased must agree in matters of this nature. The agreement here is seen as indicative of the fact Billy's family have accepted the verdict of the medicine men—justifiable killing.

---

## PEOPLE AND THINGS

The question of ownership is an important one. It influences one's treatment of things; and the way one uses things is an index of character. There are two phases of ownership that must be kept in mind throughout our daily lives. In the sight of God people own nothing; they are stewards of all in their possession. Then there is a legal ownership created under the laws of mankind. But when people affirm that they possess land or property, they must face the question of original ownership.

Many people spoil their lives by the way they handle the things they possess. A boy going from school threw his lesson book at another boy and it fell into the mud. The book was made to help him learn some of the lessons of life, but he used it to vent his temper on a playmate. He was a poor possessor and was false to a trust. He injured a person by the way he used a thing.

The lesson in this is to consider what we possess as a stewardship or trust from the Owner-Creator and work into all such possessions the way and the will of the Father. What we have is always of minor importance compared with what we are. If we are good stewards of all our possessions, using them to bless and help the world about us in the name of God, we shall have a Christ-like character, and that is the one possession which can never be lost or stolen.—F. A. Agar.

# INDIAN WROTE AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH PICTURES

**(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)**

An original and hitherto unknown picture-written autobiography of the Sioux warrior, Sitting Bull, leader of the Indians in the Battle of the Little Bureau of American Ethnology of the Bureau of American Ethology of the Smithsonian Institution.

During the winter of 1882, Sitting Bull was a closely-guarded prisoner at Fort Randall, Dakota Territory He formed a friendship with Lieut. Wallace Tear, an officer of the Twenty-fifth Infantry which was stationed at that post. Tear, who had served through the Civil War as an enlisted man, had a deep affection for his old commanding officer, Gen. John C. Smith, who then was retired from the army and engaged in politics in Chicago. He persuaded the Sioux leader to "write" this story of his life, intending to use it as a unique present to General Smith.

Sitting Bull, Tear says in his letter to the general accompanying the manuscript, readily agreed. The life of the prisoner at the army post was very monotonous and the Indian welcomed any diversion to pass the time away. He told the story of his early life in a series of 30 drawings, each depicting some exploit. He had done the same, in cruder fashion, 12 years earlier. This manuscript has never, so far as known, been seen by a white man. It was copied by an Indian named Four Horns and several photostat copies exist. The present manuscript has been completely unknown to biographers of Sitting Bull. He was an older man and had had time for reflection. He had learned among other things, to write his name and each drawing is signed with his signature. The early autobiography is signed only with little pictures of a bull sitting on its haunches.

Although Bull agreed readily to draw the story of his early life and his Indian combats, he steadily refused to touch upon any of his encounters with white men, especially with Custer.

Lieutenant Tear sent the manuscript to General Smith, from whom it was inherited by his son, Robert A. Smith, of Bellingham, Wash. Mr. Smith presented it the Smithsonian Institution in order to insure its preservation as an historical record.

Each picture shows Sitting Bull on horseback, engaged in combat. The human figures of both himself and his opponents are very crudely drawn. The pictures of the horses are true works of art. The whole constitutes a remarkable revelation of the psychological attitude of the Plains Indians, which certainly was not understood by the white men with whom they fought and is hardly comprehended today.

It is the autobiography of a gentleman and a "happy warrior." Granted that Sitting Bull may have been actuated by the natural human desire of putting himself in the best light possible, even when given the worst interpretation the manuscript depicts a man worthy of a good deal of re-

spect. He had been reared in a tradition of warfare quite different from that of white men. The Indian war exploits might be compared with the "stunts of college boys after a football victory." The extreme contempt with which Bull and his followers regarded most of the white men might be compared to the contempt which would be felt for a college janitor who, catching a group of sophomores putting a mule in the chapel belfry, drew a revolver and killed every one of them. The white attitude of fighting to kill and of actual hatred for the enemy was something beyond Sitting Bull's comprehension.

He started his career as a warrior, as depicted in the first picture, as a boy of 16 in a fight with the Assiniboines in "the land of the Sioux." He was fortunate in catching a prisoner whom he kept for a few days and then sent back to his people with the gift of his captor's own horse and "bonnet." In another battle with the Assiniboines the same year he captured five women. It was customary when a warrior touched a woman of the enemy with his lance for her to become his prisoner without any further resistance. He took them to his camp, fed them well, gave them presents, and then sent them home with instructions to tell their people what fine treatment they had received. That was always Sitting Bull's way with women—the way of a high class gentleman. Time after time he tells of capturing them and always sending them home, unless they voluntarily remained in the Sioux camp, where they could find husbands, Why did he capture them? Each captive counted for one "coup," the sum of the "coups" making up the score on the individual in this game of war which the Indians played.

Once he captured a boy—Jumping Bull. The warrior adopted the lad and developed a great affection for him. Jumping Bull was generally considered as his son, but is sometimes mentioned as his brother. At the time he produced this autobiography the warrior was worried over the fate of Jumping Bull, then a prisoner of the white men at Fort Yates, where he himslf was later to meet his end. In the battle with the Assiniboines in which Jumping Bull was captured, Sitting Bull went against gunfire for the first time and was wounded in the leg. Several men were killed in this battle and the Sioux considered it decidely unsportsmanlike. War was changing from a sport of gentlemen.

He killed his first man at 20, another picture shows. But it was almost an accidental killing. In an Indian battle, as in a football game, somebody was likely to get hurt. This added to the zest of the sport.

Invariably when Bull took a prisoner it was good luck for the captive, so far as his material welfare was concerned. The captor laded him down with presents, fed him royally, and sent him home, but not exactly in triumph, because the poor fellow had to face the disgrace of having been bested in battle. But as the autobiography progresses there is evidence that the old friendly rivalry between tribes is passing. There are querelous complaints about the poor sportsmanship of the Crows, with whom Bull wanted to live on friendly terms, with only an occasional killing and horse stealing to add zest to life.

Lieutenant Tear urged him repeatedly to draw his recollections of the

**battle with Custer. He doggedly refused. For once in his life Sitting Bull had fought in earnest and not as a "sport." He couldn't understand, he told Tear, how anybody could criticize him. If war was to be made a killing business he also could play that kind of a game.**

---

## WOULD YOU GIVE

If we have something of real worth to give to the world, we can not give it without giving something of ourselves. If we would give a neighbor any lasting help, we must give more than material help which can be obtained through charities. We must give more than mere words; they are to be found in the literature of the ages.

Perhaps everything we think has been thought and said before. The most valuable thing we possess is our own personality, our own reaction to the life about us, the living spirit behind what we think and say. And that is what makes our gifts to others priceless.

People stumble along in darkness and sorrow. There is light, plenty of it, but they can not see it. If we would help them, we must go down into that darkness and find them before our light can cast its warmth where that warmth is needed.

We can not sit in beautiful homes on the hilltop and reach the blind in the valley. We must learn to keep our inner peace and beauty of thought while walking the rough and crooked paths and toiling over the trackless wastes of that valley of human suffering; we ourselves must go into it, else our light can not encompass the blind and give them sight.

The detached giving of material help has the effect of making the recipient feel more useless and ineffectual; but by our recognition of his finer qualities, by our claim to a common brotherhood, by our very presence in the valley of suffering, we sometimes give to that person a vision of his own possibilities that he could get in no other way.

Be thou not afraid to enter the valley; it is the garden of God.—Leola Littrel.

# OLD CIVILIZATION IN NEW WORLD IS DISCOVERED

(Selected)

Preliminary exploration of the ruins of one of the great centers of aboriginal civilization in the New World is described in a report, just issued by the Smithsonian Institution, of the findings of the joint Smithsonian-Harvard University expedition to northwestern Honduras in 1936.

This region was densely populated with flourishing villages and towns when the Spaniards first visited it in the Sixteenth Century. The civilization, primarily industrial in character, disappeared rapidly and since has been almost completely forgotten.

The Smithsonian-Harvard expedition was conducted by Dr. William D. Strong, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and Alfred Kidder 2d, and A. J. Drexel Paul, Jr., of the Peabody Museum. Excavations were conducted by the expedition at the so-called Playa de los Muertos, or "beaches of the dead," on the Ulua River and at Lake Yojoa. At these cities the very ancient Playa de los Muertos culture was discovered in stratigraphic relationship a rather high civilization embodying a curious blend of Maya and South American cultures.

One of the major projects of the expedition was the exploration of the ruins of Naco, old Indian metropolis of the area, and afterwards the site of a number of Spanish settlements.

When Spaniards came to Naco in 1526 they found a city of 2,000 houses and approximately 10,000 population with hundreds of persons producing textiles for trade, Aztec traders from Mexico bargaining in the tree-shaded city square, some fine temples where human sacrifices were held twice a year, and a large ball court.

Ten years later there were about 45 of the aboriginal population left. The rest had been slaughtered, sold into slavery, or driven into the hills. The Smithsonian-Harvard party found a village of a dozen mud-walled and thatched houses.

Naco was essentially an industrial and mercantile center, rather than a political or cultural town. It was on trade routes from both north and south. Further excavations may throw light on a feature of aboriginal life of which little enough is known—its workaday activities by which men and women earned livings and piled up wealth. This was a town of the common man, rather than of the priest or ruler.

Numerous among the artifacts uncovered in these preliminary excavations were spindle whorls decorated with incised designs and undecorated "bobbins," presumably used to hold cotton thread. There was also a great deal of fragmentary pottery, the making of which also constituted a considerable industry in the old Indian town. The bulk of this pottery consisted of cooking utensils, made strictly for use and not for ornament. The potters did, however, produce some painted ware with geometrical and symbolic designs. For the most part this ware seems to have

been "trade stuff," not very well made and with the designs made with stamps. The idea of mass production seems already to have gotten a foothold in America.

The ruins around Naco are very extensive. Most of the mounds are low and rounded, apparently forming the foundations of dewlling houses. One group, however, appears to consist of the foundations of larger buildings which probably were religious structures. Two of the house floors were uncovered. They show clearly that the merchants and manufacturers of Naco did not live in hovels. The plastered floors were stained a rich, dark red. Fragments of plaster, apparently from the walls, showed five successive layers of red, yellow, red, blue-gray and red, indicating the various washes used in decorating the interiors of the houses.

---

## THE CHARM OF WINTER

To some people autumn and the early approach of twilight give feelings of sadness and gloom. They cannot enjoy the beauty and sweetness and charm of cold winter to come. The rattle of coal into the neighbor's chute, the smell of preserves and pickles that loads the air and the chirp of the fall insects make the spirits sink. But to others the thought of long, comfortable evenings by the fire, the concerts and lectures that winter brings, the bracing atmosphere after the languid hot summer and the wonderful sights and sounds of the dying year act like a tonic. Truly, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," as regards seasons. Some are, like the race horse, at their best when the heat seems to scorch the earth, and they joyfully turn to baseball, strenuous water sports, hard work and pleasures that require exercise, while others find their greatest mental and physical joy in breasting a wind storm in November and feeling the tang of hard snow pellets on the cheek. One never-to-be-forgotten winter we had a brief vacation in the South, and I shall never forget the delight with which I faced a snow storm at home after that beautiful period of hot weather in Florida. It was the most glorious thing I could imagine, and nothing of the rest and calm of the summer could equal the thrill of the cold. And how delightful it is that we do not all have the same likes and dislikes.—Exchange.

# THE MAGIC OF MOVING PICTURES

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Asked to think back to the past, to a world without automobiles is easy for within our present-day experience we can still see horse-drawn vehicles, but asked to visualize a world without pictures would be to expect the impossible.

From time immemorial, almost back to the time of Adam and Eve, pictures have been an integral part of human life. How primitive man first learned to make marks on rocks is lost in the mist of the past, but that he learned that art, just as he did many another, we can only surmise must have been the result of happy accident. The first pictures were crude affairs, as is usually the first effort at anything, but over the centuries an art evolved. The wall pictures of the early Egyptians and Chinese were masterpieces of the craftsmanship of those times. Pen, ink and color came into being and "still" pictures, having plenty of "life" and "motion" in the freedom of their flowing lines, came to delight the eyes. All these, though, could only depict a particular object, a specific scene. All about us is movement . . . the motion of a tree or flower in the breeze, the hurry and bustle of street life, the movement of the human body in the function of breathing . . . all is movement, and it is only natural that we should demand movement in things intended to delight or instruct us in our entertainment.

Perhaps the first form of "moving picture" exhibition was the shadow puppetry of the Japanese or one of the other Asiatic peoples who cut figures of human beings and animals out of cardboard or stiff paper or from hide or wood. The shadows of these images were cast on a screen. Gradually the art was perfected of making these figures more lifelike with moving arms, heads, legs and mouths. While one can still witness performances of shadow puppets, their place has been taken by another, and far more important form of entertainment and instruction: the motion picture.

The history of the development of cinematograph is one of slow progress at first, then one invention after another was perfected until today it is an art or industry in which millions of dollars are annually spent for theatres, for production of the pictures, the payment of actors, expenditures for scenery and other "props," for research and for all the innumerable branches and ramifications which go into the work of producing and showing a motion picture.

Coleman Sellers, a Philadelphia mechanical engineer, patented an invention of his, the kinematoscope, on February 5, 1861. His machine was the forerunner of the motion picture camera, although, strictly speaking, it was not a motion picture camera at all. It was merely able to take "still" pictures which were mounted on a wheel. When viewed through a stereoscope, with the film being turned by hand, the impression of motion was created—crude, perhaps almost laughable when compared with the "movie" of today.

Edison's kinetoscope (1893) is generally thought of as the beginning of the projection of motion pictures. In

reality, this apparatus was the penny-in-the-slot machine which introduced the peep show. It was, of course, motion pictures, but only one observer at a time could see the show by peering through the eye-pieces at the moving characters. The invention of the kinetoscope succeeded the zoatrope or Wheel of Life, and the praxinoscope of 1876, Dr. Marey's photographic gun of 1882, and the Lumiere Freres cinematograph of 1896, Green, an Englishman, in 1885, devised a machine for displaying a form of motion pictures in shop windows and he got into trouble with the police for his efforts! It attracted so much attention that traffic was congested and he had to remove the device from the window in which it was displayed! Today we pass by, with scarcely so much as a glance, moving advertising displays, and thus the world changes. The marvel of one era is utterly disregarded by the succeeding generation, or, at best, merely accepted as a part of everyday life. Anschutez, a German, in 1885, brought out an improvement of this device which he called a tachyscope.

The story of George Eastman, is intimately woven into the development of the motion picture industry as he, with William H. Walker's help, produced a film which paved the way for Edison's kinetoscope. This machine was not covered by patent in England—and it had limitations insofar as the length of film was concerned—but Robert W. Paul, an Englishman, copied the kinetoscope and in 1895 produced the first film which was 40 feet long with a picture 7 feet square. Paul's apparatus was first called the theatroscope and later the anematigraph. This was rapidly followed by Latham's eidolscope and Edison's vitascope and then invention followed invention and the world came to regard motion pictures as one of the achievements of the age . . . yet it was still in its infancy.

July, 1896, saw the offering of the first moving picture as a theatrical attraction in America as a result of Keith, Fynes and Hurd's contract for the use of Lumiere Freres cinematograph. With its exhibition, motion pictures began to play an important part in public entertainment and instruction.

For a moment let us turn back to 1878-9. At that time E. J. Muybridge, a San Francisco photographer, was called by Governor Leland Stanford to settle, by photographic record, a disagreement concerning whether or not the four feet of a horse left the ground simultaneously at any time the animal was in fast motion. As fast plates were unknown, Muybridge faced seemingly insurmountable obstacles and, from various reports, never was able to settle the disagreement photographically, unaided. Wet plates, which were incapable of photographing fast motion, could not record more than a blur. John D. Isaacs was called in by the Governor and it was he who solved the first major problem of motion picture taking by the adoption of a camera with shutters that opened and shut with amazing rapidity. Even so, the pictures were very crude when compared with the perfect ones taken by the modern moving picture camera, yet, even so, the problem of taking moving pictures was solved. Developments of equipment, both photographic and projection, fast film, and all the artistry that goes into the "props" used on a modern mov-

ing picture lot has enabled a tremendous industry to come into being, one which is having a significant effect upon our civilization and one in which millions of dollars are annually expended. By the aid of motion pictures we are able to be "eye witnesses" to important international events though they may happen on the other side of the world. For instance we are able to see pitcures taken in battle-scarred Madrid, fighting on the Whangpoo River, the bombing of the International Settlement in Shanghai, all the "News of the Day" in fact. For our edification all types of pictures are produced, some with actual historic background which makes history live again with amazing vitality and freshness. When such pictures are painstakingly and authoritatively produced they create an even more lasting impression than any history book for in watching the filming of the picture, our minds, emotions and general reactions indelibly register the story we see unfolded before our eyes.

Color motion pictures are rapidly advancing to the point where true representations of color is possible. No longer can we see silent pictures and so easily do we accept inventions as a matter of course, that we actually have to stop and think back: a picture without speech and sound . . . it seems incredible and yet sound pictures have not been with us so very long.

---

## I WILL

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.
I will waste no amount whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the gambler's gaze;
I will try and find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.—Selected.

# REVISION URGED IN PRESENT-DAY SCHOOL SYSTEM

**(Selected)**

The abolition of grade and promotional systems in America's elementary schools on the ground they are forms of "lock-step" education, was advocated by Dr. E. T. McSwain of Northwestern University.

Describing the traditional systems of passing children from one grade to another as "promotional hurdles" Dr. McSwain, an associate professor of education, said their elimination would:

1—Enable children to advance at their own learning rates.

2—Free them from the fear of being "flunks."

3—Make it possible for teachers to think in terms of total growth of children rather than in terms of how much subject matter they know.

If Dr. McSwain's recommendations were adopted generally, grade school pupils would no longer be known as being in "Grade 4-A, 4-B" or the like, but would be grouped in terms of social maturity, according to their ability to assimilate and progress. They would be identified as children of "Miss Smith's room" or "Miss Brown's room."

Dr. McSwain, who made an extensive study of elementary school curricula over a period of years, asserted the "promotional hurdles" do more harm to a "child's emotional stability and social sensitivity than any other educational factor," because of the fear of failure.

Grade school system now in general use, he said, grew out of a concept that the school emphasize as its functions the teachings of subjects, which had encouraged the child early in life to acquire a "narrowed" view of what real education means.

"In addition," he added, "this plan has stressed the imposing of fixed patterns of behavior and knowledge upon the child to such an extent as to produce thwarted development."

Dr. McSwain's views were based on a study of the effect of the traditional grading system on the child and what he referred to as "its seeming failure to meet adequately the needs of the growing child in terms of the modern social scene."

"The school," he said should be looked upon as a social community where children live and work together. We need to get away from grade names and substitute social groups."

At the same time he recommended that teachers remain for at least two years with each class thus giving the child two or three instructors while in the elementary grades.

"Such a plan," he said, "would give the teacher an opportunity to learn more about the child and place the teacher in a better position to offer real assistance. It would also provide the child with an opportunity to become accustomed to one approach.

"By eliminating the artificial grade names and annual or semi-annual promotion techniques learning will be regarded by the teacher and child as a year of living in the school instead of a year's progress in subject matter."

# CHILLITA'S SPRING

**By Caroline Young**

Like a tiny oasis in the midst of a sundried prairie, a patch of green surrounded the cheerfully bubbling spring, and above it a thriving tree threw protecting shade.

Strangers, coming upon the spring, were amazed at the phenomenon, but to Lillie Starr and the other inhabitants of the Oklahoma prairie country it was nothing about which to wonder.

The story of Chillita's Spring had been handed down from one generation to another. Lillie could not recall when she had first heard it, for it was as natural for her to call it by that name as it was to breathe.

Many years ago Chillita, the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief, lived on the prairie. Her father and her gallant lover were both lost to her through battle, but instead of wearing away her life in mourning, she bravely put aside her grief and devoted herself to helping her people, eventually coming to happiness through forgetfulness of self. The Indians named the spring for her, and claimed that her pleasant voice could be heard in the sound of the bubbling stream.

It was not of dark-eyed Chillita that Lillie was thinking that day as she paused at the spring and took a deep drink. The water was making a musical sound as if indeed Chillita's soft voice were mingling with its gentle bubbling. But Lillie was thinking of herself, and school, and the dreadful fire that had swept away her father's humble home. There had been no insurance. All Lillie's best clothes had been destroyed and even the money that her father had saved so painstakingly for the next term of school was burned beyond restoration.

It had been hard enough in other years, wearing her cheap dresses among the smarter clothing of the city girls. Hard enough living in a tiny room in a very commonplace district, cooking her scanty meals in her landlady's kitchen, over a grudgingly loaned hot-plate. It was hard never having a cent to spend for anything except necessities.

And then the fire! Lillie could not go to school at all this year. She could not be graduated with her class in the spring. She had one dress to her name, and she was wearing it now. They were living in a tent, and her father was trying in spare moments to fashion a shack of sorts in which they could spend the winter, and it would take every penny to replace things that the fire had destroyed.

Lillie filled her pail from Chillita's Spring and walked slowly back to the patched tent behind the singed tamarisk hedge. They had to use the spring water to drink. Debris had fallen into the well at the time of the fire, but Lillie was thankful to be able to use that water for washing a few garments that had not been burned. She prepared the noon meal for her father and attended to the simple duties about the tent. There wasn't much to be done, and there was no incentive to do that. There was not even a floor to scrub.

Matters grew worse instead of better. Warmer and warmer shone the

Western sun, while the crops in the fields dried up discouragingly. Her father even had time himself to work for the neighbors a day or two now and then.

One day he came home proudly displaying a fairly new suit of overalls.

"Bill didn't have any money, but he had this suit of overalls which shrank so much that he can't wear it. I was glad to take an extra garment instead of cash."

"I don't think it's fair," burst out Lillie indignantly. "He would have paid anybody else real money. I feel sure of it. He knows you are up against it, and would have to take what he offered."

"I think you're mistaken there, Lillie," said her father in his quiet voice. "The neighbors would help me, and you, too, a lot if they could. Probably you don't understand what the recent hard years have done to them. We've got along none too well, but most of the men around here have large families to support."

Lillie had been rather resentful of the attitude of the neighbors since the fire. A few of the women had come to see her, and there had been gifts of a tea-towel or two. Mrs. Dean had given her an old granite saucepan and a few chipped tumblers. In the days following her mother's death the neighbor women had made much of her. They had made dresses for her, and had helped her with the work that was so hard for her childish hands. Recalling the kindnesses that had been heaped upon her then, she could not understand their seeming difference now.

But the next day, after her father had gone to work, Lillie donned the extra suit of overalls and laundered her one dress. Then, with the two milk pails that were badly battered since their faithful but useless work the night of the fire, she set out toward the patch of wild blackberries. Lillie was amazed at the size and number of ripe berries that were ready to be picked.

"It's a wonder they haven't been ruined by the dry weather," she marveled. "They're perfect. "They'll make the most delicious jam and jelly!"

By the time her father came home she had a little row of glasses filled with jam made from the rich, dark berries.

"We'll have to drink from the tin cup for the present," she informed him. "I've utilized every tumbler on the place, including the chipped ones that Mrs. Dean gave me."

"Don't you worry. I'll soon eat that jam," he declared. "By the way, I heard today that Mrs. Dean is ill. The hot weather, I guess. It will be spell."

hard on the family if she has a long

The next day Lillie again donned the extra overall-suit and picked up the battered pails. As long as the sugar lasted, she would work up the berries for table use.

Not far from the tent she hesitated, stopped for a moment, then ran back to get two glasses of the jam from the box in which she had stored it so carefully. These she wrapped in paper, and set forth once more. Mrs. Dean's home was not far from the blackberry patch. The distance, over two sunny fields, had never meant much to Lillie. A mile, or two or three even, she could cover easily enough.

Mrs. Dean raised herself on her el-

bow and gazed at Lillie in amazement.

"Lillie Starr, is that you, wearing your dad's overalls? I thought you were a boy until you spoke."

"Do boys make blackberry jam like this?" asked Lillie proudly.

The sick woman shook her head. "I'm glad I haven't had my breakfast yet. The sight of that jam gives me an appetite for the first time in days. Isn't the heat terrible, Lillie? I've thought of you, living in that tent, and have tried to keep on my feet, but the sun was too much for me the other day while I was working in the garden."

"You're going to be all right," said Lillie reassuringly. "I will do what I can for you."

"The children do the best they can, but they are small."

"If you have some extra sugar, Mrs. Dean, I'll make you a batch of jam and jelly. The children can get some glasses for me," said Lillie a little later, as she rose to go.

"They may be able to find two or three. I don't know, though—I'm terribly short on dishes and everything like that. The glasses I brought you were the best ones I had. You see, Lillie, there have been years now when we have been so hard up for money that I haven't bought a thing I didn't actually need."

Half an hour later Lillie was thinking hard while she picked berries into the battered pails. Searching with the Dean children for empty glasses that would be suitable for jelly had made her aware of the reason for her neighbors' seeming indifference. If the Dean family were having such a struggle to make ends meet she knew the other people roundabout were certainly no better off and probably in worse circumstances.

"Ours is the only blackberry patch in this part of the country," she remarked as the pails filled rapidly, "and I'd like to make as many of the berries as possible into jelly, and give it to the neighbors. If only I had the glasses and the sugar, I could do it, too!"

That night she wrote a letter and posted it in the rural mailbox. And then she watched eagerly the next few days for a reply to her offer to trade blackberries for sugar and empty glasses. With still no reply on the third day she was disappointed. If the owner of the big city store had answered her letter at once she could have heard that day.

Overalled and wearing a wide straw hat, Lillie carried her day's pick of berries home, emptied the pails and walked to the spring to get water. Returning she saw a car stalled not far down the little-used road. A woman in a white dress was frantically signaling her. Lillie set the pails down by the fence and ran down the road.

"Can you take off a wheel boy? My tire went flat and I can't change wheels."

Glancing at the woman, Lillie could see that this was so. The woman was slender and frail, and her dress was a fine white knitted silk.

Lillie nodded without speaking and went to work. The owner of the car watched proceedings, making an occasional remark, to which Lillie smiled or nodded. If the woman, hearing her speak, learned that she was not a boy, she would probably insist on helping, and Lillie didn't want to see the lovely white dress soiled. She could easiy change the wheel alone

and was glad for her strength and the skill in handling tools that she had learned from her father.

When the car was ready to go the woman opened her purse.

"I don't want anything for it," said Lillie. "It took only a jiffy."

"Why, you're a girl!" The city woman's amazement was quite apparent. "And I asked you to change the wheels!"

"I don't mind," answered Lillie, glancing at the bill which the woman was proffering. "And if you insist an paying, it will be fifty cents. That is what they would charge at a garage."

She pocketed the silver, and with a word of thanks was about to go back to her berry pails when the woman detained her.

"I wonder if you could tell me where Mrs. Elsie Dean lives? Also Lillie Starr."

"Mrs. Dean lives about two miles yonder, and I am Lillie Starr. I live on the other side of that tamarisk row that you see from here."

"You are Lillie Star? You are the girl who wishes to trade blackberries for glasses?"

"And sugar," amended Lillie, smiling: "I want to make jelly for some of my neighbors who have been very kind to me and my father."

"I should think you would rather sell the berries outright. Then you could use the money for yourself."

Lillie looked up quickly. Money! Cash, with which to buy a pretty dress and needed things for the house that her father was trying to build.

Then she said thoughtfully. "I'd rather do it the other way. We have the only berries around here, you see."

"I've brought the glasses and sugar," said the woman. "I am Mrs. Halsey. My husband brought me your letter from his store. I will take all the berries you can spare today."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Halsey," said Lillie. "That's great! And Mrs. Dean— didn't you say you wished to see her, too?"

"Yes. She was my chum in school days, and I had lost all trace of her until I received a letter from her that came the same day that yours came."

Lillie looked at her questioningly— and Mrs. Halsey continued:

"She wrote to me about a brave girl who wouldn't get to go to school because of a very bad fire and lack of funds. Mrs. Dean doesn't know that I lost my only daughter not so long ago, and that I would love to have a girl in my home this year—a strong, handy girl who can change wheels on automobiles, and make jam and jelly—"

"Mrs. Dean wrote and asked you to help me?" Tears came into her eyes.

"No; she told me about you. Why, my dear, don't cry! You don't have to go to school unless you want to." Mrs. Halsey's eyes were twinkling.

The neighbors weren't indifferent after all.

Mrs. Halsey had gone. It was evening, and Lillie was polishing the new glasses while she told her father about the day.

"By the way, Father, I've been wondering lately why we have the only blackberry patch. It never dries out, as one would expect."

Why, honey, that's smiple enough. I've known it all the time. There seems to be a kind of natural drain

leading from the spring down to the blackberry patch."

At the door of the tent, Lillie gazed toward the tree that shaded Chillita's Spring, shilhouetted against the moonlit sky, No, people really were kind and thoughtful.

And very softly, so her father would not hear her and perhaps think her silly, she said:

"Your spring is still helping people, Chillita. And next time I come for water I'm going to listen and maybe I really can hear your voice."

---

## BE AN ORIGINAL

There are but few uses for carbon copies. As a rule carbon copies of originals are filed away in musty cabinets, remain forgotten and sometimes become lost. The carbon copy never gets anywhere of consequence.

And so it is with mankind. Those of us who are satisfied to be carbon copies of other men seldom get anywhere. The reason for this is easily understood. Men who originate gain confidence in themselves. They know that they are capable of accomplishing something. And so they walk steadily onward.

Copyists cannot gain confidence in themselves. This is because they have never planned, never attempted, never achieved.

This does not necessarily mean that one must be a genius, an inventor, a scientist. It does not mean that one must present the world with new and startling thoughts. But it does mean that one should stop attempting to emulate some character that he has taken a fancy to.

If we are to get anywhere beyond a musty filing cabinet we must build up confidence in ourselves. We must learn that we have natural qualities that will allow us to accomplish worthwhile things.

Briefly, we must stop trying to be the other fellow. We must start trying to develop a personality of our own which satifies our own ideas of what we would like to be.

—The Corrector.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned to her home in Concord after having spent the month of February in Florida.

---

Mrs. W. O. Hines, of Chesnee, S. C., has returned to her home, after spending several days with her sister, Mrs. Betty Lee, matron in charge of Cottage No. 2.

---

Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been gardening for several days past. They have planted English peas, radishes, onions, etc.

---

We are glad to report that Superintendent Boger, who has been confined to his home by illness for the past two weeks, is very much improved, and expects to be back on the job soon.

---

The epidemic of mumps which we have experienced for several weeks, seems to have run its course. There have been about one hundred cases among the boys. All are out again with the exception of four boys, who are rapidly recovering.

---

Freddie Seibert, a member of the printing class, was called to his home in Hendersonville on February 21st, because of the illness of his grandmother, Mrs. Mary M. Carson, who has attained the ripe old age of 86 years. He returned to the School last Monday night, and reported that his grandmother's condition was very much improved.

---

Edward Stephens, of St. Pauls, who left the School three and one-half years ago, called on us the other day. He is now nineteen years old, and has completed two enlistments of six months each in a CCC camp, near Burlington. Ernest must be pretty well pleased with the camp, for he stated that he had re-enlisted for another six months.

---

Clyde Bristow, a former member of our linotype class, visited The Uplift office last Monday afternoon. For several years he has been employed as truck driver for a large motor transfer company, with headquarters at Stanleytown, Va. As he guides his truck on journeys to distant places, he frequently mails us a post card. We were interrupted as this was being written, by the mail boy, bringing us his latest, post marked "Jamaica, N. Y." Clyde is now twenty-seven years ald, and has acquired considerable avoirduois since leaving the School, eleven years ago, tipping the scales at nearly two hundred pounds. He stated that he has had steady em-

ployment and likes his present work very much.

---

Avery Rothrock, a former member of our shoe repair force, visited friends here last Tuesday. After staying at the School for about three years, he returned to his home in Winston-Salem, July 2, 1925, and was employed in a shoe shop in that city until the following November. He then moved with his mother and sister to Newcastle, Indiana, where he stayed until his mother's death in May 1937. On February 20th last, his sister died and he accompanied the body to Winston-Salem, where it was buried.

During part of the time Avery has been in Indiana, he worked in and managed shoe repair shops. He gave up the shoe business several years ago and became engaged in steel construction work. At present he is trying to locate somewhere in North Carolina, but if unable to do so, says he will return to Indiana.

While we were glad to see Avery after an absence of thirteen years, we were also very sorry to learn of the sorrow that has come into his life since leaving us, and tender our deepest sympathy.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service held at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, he presented Bill Laws, of Henderson and Monroe Wicker, of Charlotte, ministerial students at Davidson College, who then assumed charge of the program.

Mr. Laws was the first speaker, and he talked to the boys on "The Successes and Failures of Life." He said that thousands of great men who have gone on before, have left the world full of problems for us to face, and that it is directly up to us to make the decision as to wether we are going to stand for what is right or wrong.

Some people, he continued, take the problems of life too lightly. They are the ones who do not contribute toward their solution. What we need today are men who have the courage to face failures bravely; those who, when on the losing end, come back and try again. Every failure a man makes should be a step toward success.

The speaker then said that man's true value is judged by the way he handles his failures. The men who can "take it" and come back fighting are the ones who succeed. He cited Pasteur, the great scientist, who suffered poverty and ridicule from his friends, but kept bravely at his task, and the world became better because he lived in it. We must face our problems like Pasteur and many others. The fight to overcome failures in life is not won in an instant. It is a long, drawn-out process We must fight our way step by step.

In conclusion Mr. Laws told the boys that in order to be on the winning side as we fight the battles of life, we must put our trust in Jesus. He will guide us safely through all the trials and hardships we may encounter. We may be knocked down many times, but with Christ as our leader, we will be winners, and the world will

recognize us as such.

Mr. Wicker then spoke briefly to the boys, telling them how Jesus took small men and made great ones of them. He did not seek his helpers among those of high rank, but selected those who were humble working men. He then called attention to the act of the Master in casting out devils from a man, as related in the fifth chapter of Mark. Before meeting Jesus, the man was known as a crazy person. After he was cured he asked that he might go with Jesus, but He told him to return to his home and tell his friends what had been done for him. We are told that the man did so, and later became a priest.

The speaker then told of Billy Sunday, the great evangelist—how he was a heavy drinker, and how he met a Salvation Army worker while loafing in front of a saloon. At the time he would have been pointed out as a very low type person He heard these Christian workers singing "Jesus Saves"— became interested in their work; was converted; and developed into a great evangelist. The speaker then mentioned Mel Trotter, who was a drunkard, but after his conversion, he, too, became a great Christian worker. These men, said the speaker, took Christ as their leader. They filled their lives with good things until there was no room for evil habits.

Mr. Wicker then called the boys' attention to the fact that the cross resembles a plus sign. It adds something to men's lives which makes them better when they put their trust in it.

In conclusion the speaker said we are very much like magnifying glasses when we become Christians. The duty of the glass is to make objects look larger. In order to do this, it must be kept clean. Our job as Christians is to magnify Christ, and in order to let others see Him through us, our lives must be kept free from all that will prevent our being shining examples of Christ's work among men.

---

## SUCCESS

There's a long winding road, very narrow and steep,
And as onward you wearily pass
You'll find that its pitfalls are many and deep;
It is known as the road to success.

It's a long, dreary climb to the top of that road,
From the path it is easy to stray;
For the few that we find who can shoulder the load
There are many who fall by the way.

Though oft you may stumble while climbing the hill
Keep smiling, 'twill help you pull through,
Don't turn and look back, but press on with a will
To the goal that is waiting for you.

—Author Unknown.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending February 27, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(13) Marvin Bridgeman 13
(8) Ivey Eller 15
(5) Leon Hollifield 15
(16) Edward Johnson 16
(2) Frank King 2
(16) Edward Lucas 16
(2) Warner Sands 8
(2) Mack Setzer 11

### COTTAGE No. 1

(7) J. C. Cox 12
Vernon Johnson 3
(5) Albert Silas 10
James West 6
(9) R. L. Young 14

### COTTAGE No. 2

(2) John Capps 6
Frank Cobb 4

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Frank Crawford 5
(2) James Eury 6
James Mast 8
Harley Matthews
James McCune 6
(2) F. E. Mickle 8
Frank Pickett 13
George Shaver
William T. Smith 7
(13) Allen Wilson 15

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 6
Garrett Bishop 10
Ernest Davis
(4) Hurley Davis 9
(11) James Hancock 15
(5) Henry Harris 7
James Land
(3) Van Martin 3
(5) Hubert McCoy 11
Robert Orrell 7
(3) Lloyd Pettus 12
Melvin Walters 12
Leo Ward 10

### COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Grady Allen 9
Ernest Beach 12
(4) J. C. Ennis 5
(2) Grover Gibby 2
(3) George Ramsey 4
Winford Rollins 9
(3) Thomas Sullivan 7
(2) Jack Turner 2
Ned Waldrop 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 6
(4) Fletcher Castlebury 9
Martin Crump 4
Robert Dellinger 6
(3) Robert Deyton 9
Robert Dunning 10
Columbus Hamilton 9
Leo Hamilton 12
Thomas Hamilton 7
Spencer Lane 10
(4) Charles McCoyle 8
Randall Peeler 2
Ray Pitman 10
James Rackley 11
(4) Canipe Shoe 10
Joseph Sanford 2
Hubert Smith 6
George Wilhite 10
Woodrow Wilson 10

### COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Paul Angel 3
James Davis 4
(3) William Estes 8
(3) Caleb Hill 11
(3) Hugh Johnson 9
(3) Elmer Maples 8
Kenneth Messick 4
(3) Edmund Moore 3
(2) Marshall Pace 2
(2) Jack Pyatt 4
(3) Earthy Strickland 7

### COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Don Britt 2

(2) Edward J. Lucas 2
(3) Fred May 4
(2) John Tolbert 6

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(13) Wilson Bowman 14
(2) William Brackett 8
(2) Hubert Carter 10
(6) James Coleman 11
(2) Heller Davis 11
(2) George Duncan 6
Woodfin Fowler 9
James C. Hoyle 6
Odie Hicks 7
(2) Elbert Kersey 6
Hubert Short 7
Thomas Sands 10
Cleveland Suggs 7
(2) Homer Smith 13
(3) Luther Wilson 11
(5) Thomas Wilson 9
Samuel J. Watkins

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Edward Chapman 5
(9) Mack Joines 15
(3) James Martin 7
Jack Norris
(4) William Peedin 6
(2) James Penland 8

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 11
Joseph D. Corn 3
(2) Earl Duncan 7
Baxer Foster 5
(8) Albert Goodman 8
William Kirk 12
(2) Paul Mullis 4
(11) Donald Newman 15
William Tyson
(3) John Uptegrove 10
(2) Fred Williamson 12
(2) Burchell Young 14

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Frank Dickens 9
(3) Max Eaker 10
(3) Charlton Henry 9
(5) Hubert Holloway 10
(3) S. E. Jones 7
(3) Alexander King 12
(3) Thomas Knight 6
(3) Clarence Mayton 9
(3) Ewin Odom 13
(3) James Reavis 8
Howard Sanders 10
Carl Singletary 6
William Trantham 8
(3) Charles Williams 9

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(2) Norman Brogden 11
(2) Clarence Douglas 8
(3) Jack Foster 7
Isaac Hendren 3
James V. Harvel 4
Bruce Kersey 2
Paul McClammery
Garland McPhail
(4) Irvin Medlin 8
Ney McNeely 5

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Robert Coffer 6
(8) James Kirk 13
Fred McClammery
Troy Powell 8
Paul Shipes 7
(3) Harvey Walters 9

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(4) Warren Bright 10
(4) John Brown 10
(4) Hobart Gross 12
Beamon Heath 4
(4) Caleb Jolly 13
(4) Clarence Lingerfelt 8
(2) Raymond Mabe 11
(2) John Mathis 7
(4) James McGinnis 13
(3) Wilson Rich 13
Rowland Rufty
Ira Settle 5
Harold Walsh 7

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis 4
Joseph Cox 11
Reefer Cummings 5
Filmore Oliver 12

---

**Circumstances may prevent you from building a fortune but they haven't so much power against your determined plan to build up your character.—Selected.**

C 364

MAR 14 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 12, 1938 No. 10

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## DO IT WITH A SONG

Somehow the task seems lighter
When we do it with a song;
It stills the heart's complaining
And keeps the courage strong.

No lot seems so grievous,
Nor filled with cares the day,
When love takes up the burden
And sings along the way.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy,
Or roads are rough and long,
He will not lack for comrades
Who travels with a song.

—Nellie Good.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| MORE RELIGION, NOT LESS CULTURE | By Bishop Warren A. Candler | 10 |
| A BLESSED CHANGE | (The Connie Maxwell) | 12 |
| THE STATUE OF LIBERTY | By Mary P. Davis | 14 |
| THAT STRANGE CACTUS FAMILY | By Mary Hammond | 15 |
| MATOAX | Adapted From William M. Thackaray | 18 |
| LOGIC vs. THE LURE OF THE STREET | By Mary Pressly | 20 |
| CHURCH MUSIC AS ANTI-CRIMINAL INOCULATION MEANS | (Selected) | 22 |
| THE STORY OF AN EARLY MISSIONARY | By Ruth Arnold Nickel | 23 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — FEBRUARY | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE TRIBUTE OF THE IRISH

When God, benevolently made
Dear Erin's Isle so fair,
Through sentiment His will was swayed
No loving touch to spare.

And so, on ev'ry tree and stone—
On shamrock sprinkled sod,
Such beauty was profusely strewn
As comes alone from God!

His artistry may still be seen—
For nowhere one may roam
Will one perceive a grass so green
As carpets its rich loam;

Nor folk with hearts more true or fond—
Nor life so much worthwhile,
As where He waved His magic wand
And brough forth Erin's Isle.

And for its guardian He gave
The Isle a keeper who
Had risen from a lowly slave
And thus, life's hardships knew.

Saint Patrick was the keeper's name;
A man so brave and fine,
In life, he won eternal fame—
In death, he won a shrine!

But, with his wards, he formed a tie
Of love and sympathy,
Which still lives—and shall never die—
In Irish legendry.

That's why a day they set apart,
Saint Patrick to acclaim—
For deep within each Irish heart
They all adore his name.

—John Blood.

## ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND

St. Patrick, the well beloved patron saint of all Ireland, was born in Scotland although there have been many legends that he was born in other countries.

The Saint's English name was Sucat, Patrick, being a Roman name derived from the Latin name Patricus.

At the age of sixteen he was captured by pirates from Ireland and was taken to that island. During these years of slavery he became a devoted Christian and after his escape to France he entered monastic life.

In the year 432 he was called back to Ireland by a vision. He obeyed this call and acted as a missionary there. His work was so successful that he became known as one who found Ireland all heathen and left it all Christian.

A favorite legend is one where he charmed all the snakes by his music and brought them to the seashore and there they drowned.

St. Patrick chose the shamrock as the emblem of Ireland because the three leaves were a symbol of the trinity.

All these generations it still stands out as the emblem of all Ireland.

* * * * * * *

## HE WANTED TO PLAY MUSIC

Determination is half the battle of life, and the precursor of success.

Dudley Buck was a great organist. Born in Hartford, Conn., in 1839.

He had a burning desire to play the pipe organ and absolute faith that he could accomplish his desire. American music has been enriched. This desire of his to become a great musician became a consuming passion, burning away all deterring dross. At 21 he went to Leipsig, Germany, where he studied until 1859. Unsatisfied with his attainments he studied further in Paris from 1861 to 1862.

His desire, faith, determination and conscientious preparation bore good fruit almost immediately upon his return to America where he held worthwhile positions in his native city as well as Boston and Chicago.

Because he gave much in return for what he asked of life he was able to hold the position of organist of Trinity Church, Brooklyn from 1875 until his retirement in 1903. During that entire period of 28 years he was also conductor of the Apollo club.

He thought well enough of Germany—where his real study of music began—to live there from 1905 until his death.

Buck was well rewarded for his musical effort. The Cincinnati Music Festival of 1880 awarded him $1,000 for one of his many cantatas, "The Golden Legend." In 1880 he produced Desert, a comic opera. Buck also wrote Marmion a symphonic poem and a great deal of organ and piano music. Musicians today highly value his "Illustration in Choir Accompaniment, with Hints on Registration."

What a brilliant example for boys when they have decided what their life work will be—determination and perseverance!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## EARNEST PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S DESIRE

There are times when we come under the conviction that the only sort of prayers that are worthy of the Heavenly ear are those which spring spontaneously from souls crying aloud under the strain of a great emotion.

Prayer is a potent force in the affairs of men, young as well as old, and is one of the bridges that takes a man to his Maker ere the life span has been passed.

Prayer is a great help to the establishment of friendly relations on earth, under all circumstances.

"Prayer," says an old adage, "changes things."

It surely does. The beautiful part of this fact is that it changes for the better. Life is more inviting when a fellow views it from his knees. Folks are pleasanter, prospects are rosier, affairs in general have a greater appeal, after they have been taken to God.

Prayer can be a means of conviction. Ask the fellow who has had to stop praying and make peace with his enemy, and those he has wronged, or despitefully used, before he could feel that the prayers were "going through to God." He knows.

Well, why not more of prayer? More public prayers, more of private prayers, more of prayer in general?

In offering our world—ourselves—our thoughts words and deeds —to God we are making a prayer that God will honor and respect.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## SEEK THE GOOD

To see the good in all does not mean that evil is to be glossed over or condoned—far from it. It does mean that we are not to think of it as the reality, but as something to be overcome. It means that, instead of showering condemnation upon a criminal as we think of him or speak of him if we do this, we keep the mind's eye single to the germ of goodness that is surely within him. By so doing we help not only this wrong doer but ourselves and the whole world.

Much good can be obtained by refraining from reading accounts of crime and trials at court with which the columns of many newspapers are filled, and from discussing these things with acquaintances. Not alone is it true that no possible good can result; there is positive and far-reaching harm in such discussions.

As we wisely choose food for our bodies that is wholesome and pure, so should we choose food for our minds—in fact, this is even more essential. Saint Paul admonishes us as to what things to think on, (Phill. 4:8)—which is the path of wisdom.

And it may be well to add, if we can see no good, nothing to extol in any circumstance or person, we and all others, the world in general, will be the gainer if we keep silent, and turn our thoughts in a direction where we may behold virtue and goodness.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## COURAGE

Courage—which means mental strength to endure—is one of the dynamos in the activities of life. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Active striving of the will that encounters difficulties and overcomes them. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality.

Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts one in a condition to receive true intelligence.

To believe a thing is impossible is the way to make it so. When you put your hands to a work, let the fact of your doing so constitute the evidence that you mean to prosecute it to the end.

Stand like a beaten anvil. It is the part of a great champion to be stricken and conquer. Rashness is the exuberance of courage, and ought to be checked, as we prune off the useless though vigorous shoots of shrubs and trees.

As Macbeth would say, "Screw your courage to the sticking-place and thou shalt not fail."—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## LITTLE THINGS

Despise not little things. Life is made up of them. Moments are the golden sands of time. The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness. It matters not so much where you are as what you are. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts. The smallest leak, overlooked, may sink a ship—the smallest tendency to evil thinking or doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all the time, and giving up a cup of water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops. Kindness is stored away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them. Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

IT ADDS UP TO THIS

"Not what we have, but what we use,
"Not what we see, but what we choose,
"Not what seems fair, but what is true,
"Not what we dream, but what we do,
"Not as we take, but as we give.
"Not as we pray, but as we live—
"These are the things that mar or bless
"The sum of human happiness."

---

Many umbrellas keep Lent a great deal better than many human beings.

---

When we wait for other people to do something for us, we generally have to wait a mighty long time.

---

I have not seen where the government has made any recommendation to plow under any part of the wild oats crop.

---

Instalment buying is all right, in its place. It is the instalment paying that causes the worry, and is the stall meant in the tansaction.

---

Beautifying a town is the business of those who live there. Peddlers and outsiders are not interested in doing anything of that kind.

---

One baneful thing in this country is the fact that too many people are giving advice to other people about things they know nothing about.

---

The idea of buying a new navy, with many ships, would not be so costly, if the builders would accept "used" ships as part payment of the purchase price, like the automobile dealers do.

If you will observe very closely you will find that a great deal of the criticism of the churches comes from those who know they are doing what the churches condemn. They do it to palliate their consciences.

---

Many a young man just out of college forms the opinion that building up a seccessful business is all luck. A very mistaken notion. Any business is built up by constancy of purpose, determination and perseverance, with honesty as a guiding star.

---

The mails these days are loaded down with publicity. Of course all this matter costs something. But if you will notice the trash cans in post-offices, the money is thrown away. More frequent than otherwise, not deigned so much as to be opened.

---

Congratulations to the Morganton News-Herald! With it's new equipment of streamlined heading letters, and streamlined "Ligibility Group" of easy, smooth-reading body type, it blossoms out as fresh and as fascinating as the early season's roses, and as charming as a lovely debutante in a new Spring frock. It's new attractiveness, and spirit of progressiveness are such as will be readily approved, and its value will commend itself to every thoughtful and intelligent reader. My stetson chapeau is off in a salute to you, Miss Cobb.

---

The world today needs trained craftsmen and loyal persevering laborers. These are today coming in-

to their own as never before. The world also needs men who save somethnig of what they earn. However, the best machinery would be useless, the most expert workmen woud be twiddling their thumbs and wealth would be good for nothing but to hold the mould of months of idleness were it not for the man with a plan, the man who can, the man with an inner fire that burns relentlessly until desired results are achieved.

---

In the church calendar, this is the season of Lent—a time for self-examination, as to our spiritual standing, prayer and sacrifice, in commemoration of our Lord's praying in the wilderness. It began on Ash Wednesday, the 2d, and will end with Easter, on April 17th. On this all-important subject, in a pastoral letter to his see, the Rt. Rev. Edwin A. Penick, Bishop of North Carolina, among other helpful suggestions, says: "Those who understand this law of our spiritual welfare realize that there is nothing arbitrary in the Church's designation of the season of Lent. The Church is a wise mother. She has been dealing with human nature for a long, long time. Her experience is centuries old. She knows man's deepest needs and how to supply them. Lent is not mentioned in the Bible. But the Scriptures are not the only source of revelation. God reveals Himself in history and in human nature and in the failures and successes of men in seeking the way of life. Human aspiration toward God has prompted many a noble experiment. Some of these experiments have led to experiences, moments rich in blessing, when man in his groping, almost touched the border of the garment of God. These transcendent discoveries man has remembered and the Church has preserved as precious and worthy to be transmitted from generation to generation. Lent, therefore, represents what the Church has learned to be helpful for her children. And not only helpful but essential to spiritual culture. For it is a law of the soul's growth that alternating emphases are necessary: work followed by prayer, service by solitude, the whirlwind of activity by the still small voice of meditation. The testimony of millions of people validates the truth of this law. When history speaks, its evidence is trustworthy. It speaks to us, through the Church, that if we are wise, we will seize upon the special opportunity of Lent to "come apart into a desert place and rest awhile." It is the most favorable season that comes our way during the course of an entire year to rehabilitate our bedraggled spirits and to replenish the ebbing energies of the soul."

---

## SUCCESS

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.

—Bourke Cochran.

# MORE RELIGION, NOT LESS CULTURE

By Bishop Warren A. Candler

The newspapers report the president of Harvard University as saying too many young men enter college and on graduation crowd the professions.

If this conspicous educator is reported correctly, his utterance seems to be rather strange. Why should an educator think that too many young men enter college and crowd the professions on graduation?

Surely education from the highest to the lowest grade is good for our country; and that ignorance is not good for the United States or any other land.

But if graduates will enter no other line of life than the professional life, that is unfortunate. Education is required in all lines of life, and the professions ought not to be overcrowded by the graduates of colleges and universities.

At the same time the president of Harvard says that too many are going to college and crowding the professions to suffocation, it is said that many thousands are out of employment, not finding the work they are willing to do or not finding the work they are able to do.

Thus we have, if these things are true, congestion in professional life and in the unprofessional fields of labor.

Why should this be true? Our country has thousands of uncultivated acres that can be turned to profitable agriculture; and it must be that too many are flocking to the cities and fleeing the labor of rural fields.

Of course, this in the end must bring trouble. Urban life is attrctive, but all the people cannot live in the cities. Perhaps there are too many cities and they are too populous as compared with the rural population.

Rural life is attractive and wholesome, and its increase is very desirable for the nation.

Our agricultural products have almost an unlimited market. The hungry and unclad world needs every ounce of surplus food that we can produce and all the surplus clothing that our factories can turn out.

The world is still a hungry and ill-clad world, but our land overflows with plenty, and if we produced far more than we do produce we could still find markets for the fruit of our toil.

It goes without saying that all artificial barriers to international commerce should be lowered, if not absolutely pulled down. We need to exclude high tariffs and all hindering processes of all sorts. On the contrary, we need to make our trade with other lands as free as possible.

The earth is able to support its children, and no artificial barriers, either of a political or commercial sort, should hinder the needy in other nations acquiring the fruits in which our land abounds.

All this is especially true of our southern country. Most of our people live in the rural districts and live by agriculture; and upon these conditions we are to be congratulated.

Rural life is preferable to urban life.

In the country the Sabbath day is generally observed as it is not in the cities; and the Sabbath is indispensable to civilization. A Sabbathless land will soon be a sorrowful land with no source of consolation for its grief.

It is to be hoped that most of our people will always live in the country and engage in agriculture; for thereby they are promoting both their financial prosperity and their spiritual progress.

Cities have been the weak spots in all modern civilization; and many of our people who have transferred their residence from the rural districts to urban communities have suffered financially and spiritually.

It is to be hoped that the south will not be inhabited by great cities. They would impair the evangelical Christianity which has prevailed in the south from the first, and which has made the south the home of evangelical denominations.

In the south great revivals have prevailed since "the great revival of 1800," and by those heavenly visitations the communicants of southern churches have been multiplied and their faith enriched.

By consequence the religious life of the southern people is orthodox in creed and evangelical in spirit. The variegated and eccentric ecclesiastical bodies which abound in some other sections have but a small and negligible following in the south. Southern Christianity has not been weakened by sending forth from its roots noxious "isms," which, like suckers, weaken the main stalk without producing any good fruit themselves. The southern churches have had few heresy trials because they have had few heretics. The people of the south have generally accepted the Bible as the inspired word of God, and the salvation have relied upon the atonement made for sin by Jesus Christ our Lord, "the Lamb of God" to whom John the Baptist pointed the multitudes who flocked to his ministry in the wilderness.

Hence the southern churches have more nearly succeeded in winning the whole poulation of the south to Christian faith and life than have the churches of the other sections of the country succeeded with the people to whom they have made their appeals. There are more church members in the south in proportion to the population than can be found in any other part of the United States.

The foregoing statements are not made as a boast, but recorded as facts, which impose heavy responsibilities.

The hope of evangelical Christianity in America is in the Southern churches and the states which they evangelize and bless.

Our section is under the highest obligation to preserve and protect this lofty type of Christianity, which is the security of the Republic and the hope of the world.

The people of the south cannot afford to exchange their robust Christianity for any pale raced rationalism or pretty ritualism. They have not so learned Christianity. They have nothing to learn from the preachers and people of other sections who have drifted away from the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

Let the southern people continue to travel to God in the ways their fathers trod. Let them give no heed to novelty mongers and peddlers of strange notions.

# A BLESSED CHANGE

**(The Connie Maxwell)**

And old-timer, going about occasionally to visit in a friendly way other institutions, is bound to note many improvements of a most wholesome nature. Many fine changes have taken place in all organizations and agencies that care for dependent children. One remembers for instance that years and years ago it was common to go into a dining room where there were long tables and where the children sat on long benches for their meals. They took their meals alone except that a guard or officer stood in the dining room or walked up and down to preserve order and to be sure that everything and everybody was quiet. It was a very disagreeable feeling that came over one to see little children at those long-stretching tables taking their meals pretty much in the same way that prisoners took theirs. In another room, or perhaps in the same room at another hour, the officers were served their meals. Of course, the food they had was an entirely different quality from that the children had.

Such a system is not seen in many institutions at the present time. Perhaps the plan has been abolished entirely. Though one does not remember to have seen it quite recently, he would still not be so mathematically certain that it cannot be found anywhere. There may still be some orphanages in which it is not realized that this progressive world is moving on. The old system described above was without doubt based on the feeling then existing that the children in an orphan asylum were waifs and unfortunates who should count themselves blessed if they had even a crust. They were dependents and had no right to complain, and certainly should not be so ungrateful as to be destitute of appreciation of the friendly organization that was preserving them from exposure and starvation. It gives one pain even to recall the picture presented above, but just the same there are those who remember such scenes.

In these days nearly all our progressive institutions accept the philosophy that food not good enough for teachers is not good enough for Johnnie and Susie, or adopted children. Most of us would be ashamed to make the distinction between the food offered grown-ups and children in any family home. We all agree that the institution should be just as much like the family as it is possible, with certain inherent difficulties, to make it. Why, actually, many of our organizations are employing dieticians to plan and supervise the food that is offered the children. Perhaps there might be found those who would call this "waste of precious ointment" and a reckless expenditure of good money. But evidently our institution heads are not worrying themselves into sleepless nights by the possibility of a criticism that the expense of a dietician is unjustified.

Futhermore, it is being generally recognized that children cannot be brought up in a normal way without sweet close and friendly contact with

their elders. Every member of an institution staff sitting at a table accomodating six or eight persons takes, in a way, a parental place. He certainly would not wish the children to be subdued or quiet at meal time. Rather does he take pleasure in leading the conversation to the interesting things that are happening in the world day by day. We could bring children up without friendly association with "their betters," as J. M. Barrie would say, but who wants to do it? We could get along in a boys' cottage without a mother and perhaps secure good order, but who wants a set of boys brought up without a sweet woman's oversight and influence?

The change that we are considering is one that has taken place very quetly and probably has not had much said about it in the articles that have been written in connection with institution work. To our mind, however, it is one of the unnoticed but one of the most significant developments that has taken place. Certainly it reveals an almost total change of attitude on the part of trustees and executives with regard to institutional methods. We imagine that at the present time a member of any staff in any of our institutions would be ready to apologize and would come near hanging his head if he made the practice of taking meals alone or in a small group of selected persons.

---

## A TIMELY MOVE

Beaufort is launching a movement to interest people in paying their debts. In other words, the merchants wish to make their customers "pay conscious."

These campaigns should be made annual affairs for there is nothing deserving of more attention reconsideration than this one thing. There are scores of merchants suffering financially because people they let have their goods on credit refuse to pay.

This is a condition that must be remedied before the business element can go forward as it should. Merchants must have money for their goods to pay the people they buy from. If they don't it isn't long before they find the sheriff at their doors, clamoring for final settlement.

Any city wouldn't find it a bad idea to do as Beaufort is doing. A man should be ashamed to provide himself of all kinds of luxuries while letting his grocery bill lag from month to month, without settlement. It just isn't right. It is much better to have a clean account list than hear somebody pass you and say, "There he is riding around in a big automobile when he owes So-and-So lots of money."—Twin-City Times.

# THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

By Mary P. Davis

There are many people in this country who have been greeted by Miss Liberty as they have completed a trip on the Atlantic Ocean. Miss Liberty stands on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor, and holds a torch to guide the newcomer, or the returning American, to this land of ours. She took up her station on the island October 28, 1886.

Miss Liberty's creator was a Frenchman, Frederi Auguste Bartholdi. He was a soldier during the war between France and Germany in 1870. At its close he decided to go to America to live, as Paris was so riotous with the demands of the communes, or counties, for self-government that it seemed an unfavorable time to go back to a sculptor's studio there, and his old home, Alsace, had been made a province of Germany.

When he steamed into New York harbor he conceived the idea of placing a great Statue of Liberty at this entrance to the "Land of the Free," and as a symbol of the enlightenment that liberty brings to the world to have her carry a glowing torch.

Upon returning to Paris this sculptor suggested that such a statue be given by France to the United States as a memorial of the friendship that existed between the two countries. A group of distinguished Frenchmen took up the idea, and it was agreed that the French give the statue and the Americans provide the pedestal. Bartholdi devoted himself not only to the sculpture, but to superintending the collection of the subscriptions. Many of the poor people of France gave of their small means to show their personal apprecition of the frendly America.

When Miss Liberty finally took her stand in the harbor, her copper-plate body all riveted together, our people found her to be a lady one hundred eleven feet high, standing on a pedestal nearly one hundred fifty feet high. With her torch, she makes a mighty statue over three hundred feet above the water level. The great tablet of law which she holds in her left hand is twenty-three feet long, thirteen feet wide and two feet thick. Twelve people can stand around her torch and forty people may be comfortably accommodated inside her head.

The light in her torch is maintained by the Lighthouse Bureau of our government. In 1916 it was arranged to have Miss Liberty permanently illuminated and President Wilson gave the signal, in December of that year, for the first lighting of the entire statue.

So may the light continue to shine on Miss Liberty as she holds before our eyes her reminder of true liberty, obedience to law.

---

Though sorrow must come, where is the advantage of rushing to meet it? It will be time enough to grieve when it comes; meanwhile hope for better things.—Seneca.

# THAT STRANGE CACTUS FAMILY

By Mary Hammond

Not so many years ago the word "cactus" brought to mind only one thing—sharp pickrs. Somehow we never bothered to associate anything but discomfort and dreaded desert waste with this strange family of plants. Those were also the days when the best Westerns ended with the villain falling over a cliff and landing squarely on a huge prickly pear cactus. In fact a cactus plant was very often considered a villain itself.

But times have changed. Today the cactus is practically a hero. And some, such as the night blooming cereus, are beautiful heroines. Cactus gardens are growing more and more popular in the Southwest, and throughout the whole country people are guarding carefully their small potted cactus plants. Cactus candy and the fruit of the cactus are considered rare delicacies. Tourists will now travel miles into the burning heat of the desert in order to get a better view of the strange and majestic cactus in its native setting.

Although there are well over a thousand species of cacti, there are four or five outstanding types that are especially fascinating to the beginning cactus enthusiast. Opuntia is the largest genus in the cactus family and includes the best known of all cacti—the prickly pears. The prickly pear is easy to recognize. It resembles a shrub with many stems branching from the base. The pear-shaped prickly joints, however, are not leaves as one might think at first glance, but are in reality modified parts of the stem. The fact that these joints produce branches and flowers, and fruit, proves that they are not leaves. The plant grows rapidly from these pear-like joints—some of them reaching a height of five or six feet.

The fruit of the prickly pear is very popular and widely used in Mexico. In most of the prickly pears the fruit attains a red or scarlet color when fully ripe. It has a sweetish palatable taste, but contains many seeds.

A close relative of the prickly pear is the cholla. It also has a short main stem from which branch many weird looking arms and legs that cause the whole plant to resemble a dwarf tree. The main difference between the two types is that the prickly pear is built up of thick, flattened pancake-like joints, while the structure of the cholla is cylindrical.

An interesting member of the cholla group is the teddy bear cactus. It is the most densely spiny member of the family and from a distance its arms look as soft and fuzzy as a teddy bear's. But—beware! In reality it is the most dangerous cactus there is to rub against. The light yellowish spines come off with the slightest touch and cling to one's clothing as readily as burrs. And if they lodge in the flesh, they are difficult and most painful to remove.

Next come the barrel cacti. They are globular or cylindric and strongly ribbed with sharp stout thorns, suggesting at once a barrel in size and shape, with its numerous nails protruding from the circular staves. They

usually grow from a foot to four feet in height, though some are even taller. The barrel cactus probably owes most of its fame to the stories told about the water that is stored inside the stem. This water is supposed to have saved the life of many a traveler dying of thirst on the desert, But if you cut off the top of a barrel cactus don't expect to look down into a hollow container filled with cool, fresh drinking water. Because if you do, you will be greatly disappointed.

The inside of this cactus is very similar to that of a watermelon. The pulp in the center of the plant must first be pounded down to the bottom in order to squeeze out the water. Some of them will give out as much as two quarts. But the liquid is said to be very bitter and distaseful. However, it is wet and might satisfy the thirst of a lost and desperate traveler.

Cactus candy is made from the barrel cactus. The fleshy part of the plant is sliced and soaked in water overnight. Then it is cooked until tender in a strong sugar solution and allowed to harden and crystallize. The cactus is not sweet enough to eat as candy itself, that is why the pieces are cooked in a sugar solution. The result is a most tasty delicacy that is sold all over the world.

The most awe-inspiring and majestic of all the cacti is of course the giant or saguaro cactus. It is often called the "Sage of the Desert," because it is the oldest and largest of the American cacti. As it grows very slowly, a plant that is 30 to 50 feet high may be 150 to 200 years old. This giant cactus is the state flower of Arizona. The blossoms of the plant are large white satiny beauties that bloom from the tip of the stem and branches.

It has a most interesting watering system. The desert rains are few but violent. Therefore, the giant cactus is built to drink in every drop that falls during a downpour, but still more important is able to store this water to use during future dry spells. Over the entire length of the tall plant run long ridges which act as reservoirs. When it rains these ridges expand and the cactus becomes water-filled. Later as the plant uses its moisture, the ridges contract into their proper position. During unusually long droughts, these cacti have been known to store enough water to last them for three years.

The baby of the cactus family is the pincushion cactus. In extreme contrast to the giant saguaros, these baby pincushions are the ones that fit ideally into small pots and other indoor containers. They are funny little ball-like plants, two or three inches in diameter, full of star-shaped spines. On the desert they grow in clusters, hiding away under rocks and in deep canyon recesses. Some of them grow twelve inches tall, but there are many smaller varieties that make perfect house plants. They are easily transplanted and also grow well from seeds, though of course more slowly.

Cactus lovers may well wonder if Thomas Grey had the flowers of the cactus in mind when he wrote:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

For every year thousands of these beautiful blossoms do come forth only to die again unseen and unap-

preciated. Few people realize what delicate, colorful flowers this family of tough and burly plants can produce.

In general, all the cacti have large symmetrical flowers with many petals and stamens. There is a great variety of colors, in fact practically every color of the rainbow is represented by some member of the cactus family. However, there seems to be a predominance of yellow. In the prickly pears yellow is almost the universal color. On the first day that a flower opens it is a very pale canary yellow. On the second day it reopens in a darker shade, and on the third day is rich red-orange.

Most all of the cacti are day blooming and close at night. But the few that do bloom only at night are considered by many as the most perfect and fragrant of all. The night blooming cereus is an example of this. Any cactus enthusiast will loudly acclaim this queen of the desert as more exquisitely beautiful than either the rose or the orchid. The flowers are from seven to ten inches long and about six inches across. The background coloring is of a soft waxy white that shades into pale lavender. There are usually about forty petals, with the yellowish stamens extending beyond the numerous petals. It is really a tragedy that this cereus comes out only once each year, and then at night. But maybe it is this short and beautiful life that makes us worship it so reverently while it does live. Anyway let us thank it quickly for again reminding us that there is a great deal more to this strange cactus family than just sharp prickers.

---

## WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised,
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

—Author Unknown.

# MATOAX

## Adapted From William M. Thackaray, in Sunshine Magazine

Overlooking the placid expanse of James River, near Jamestown, Virginia stands the beautiful statue of Pocahontas, the Indian maiden, ever a guardian of the white man's friendship as in the primitive days of the great America.

Indians who were found in that part of America called Virginia lived much more comfortably than those in some other parts of the country. Their dwellings were long, low houses built of bark and boughs, instead of mere wigwams of skins stretched on poles. Each house contained several rooms, separated by curtains of skins. In front of these rooms, running the whole length of the house, was a passageway in which shallow pits dug in the ground served as fireplaces.

It was in one of these Indian houses one winter day that a little Indian maiden was playing in the passageway. Her dark face was bright, studded with a pair of black eyes that sparkled with mischief. Her long black hair fell unbound over her shoulders.

"See me whirl!" she would announce, as she would indulge in her grand frolics.

"Be careful, Matoax," her mother would caution, as the youngster would stand on her hands with feet in the air, and then turn over and over like a pin-wheel. Matoax excelled all her playmates in her sports, and was so fond of boys' play that he father called her "Pocahontas," the Indian word for tom-boy. Indians attach a superstition to real names, and hence, when white people asked the name of the little girl, they were told, "Pocahontas." Matoax's father was an Indian chief named Wahunsonacook, but the white settlers were told his name was "Powhatan," the Indian word for king.

One day Rabunta, an Indian runner, burst into Powhatan's house so excited that he ran over Pocahantas as she was "whirling" in the passageway, and both fell into the fireplace. They jumped up with shouts of laughter, for all Indians love a rough frolic. But the runner broke quickly to tell Chief Powhatan that the great paleface John Smith had just been captured by some of Powhatan's braves. They were even then bringing their prisoner to Powhatan's council house.

Powhatan's brother and two hundred braves had surprised Captain Smith and his two companions in camp. The two other men had been dispatched, but the braves feared to harm Captain Smith because they thought he possessed a charmed life.

"He is great brave!" exclaimed Rabunta. But with his great "thunder stick" he had "poured fire" upon the braves, and wounded many of them.

"Ugh! Very great brave!" repeated Powhatan, and he bade his people make way for the white chief.

The brother of Powhatan and his braves led Captain Smith into the council house. The Chief stood proud and stern at one end of the room. A rich mantle of raccoon skins drooped from his shoulders to the ground, and a crown of eagle's feathers rested on his head. Rows of warriors in furs

and feathers stood around, and behind them the squaws in robes of deer skins, with white down of birds upon their heads. Their necks were painted red.

Peering from behind the squaws was Pocahontas. Her eyes were fixed upon the "great White Chief." She saw her mother carrying him water in a gourd, that he might wash his hands. And another squaw gave him a bunch of feathers to dry them. Then they brought food, and Pocahontas watched him curiously while he ate.

The warriors were saying to each other, "A great brave—a very great brave," when suddenly Powhatan exclaimed, "What shall we do with him?" Many told of the harm done by the White Chief's "thunder stick," and demanded his death. After much excitement, Powhatan consented to the death sentence. They brought two large stones and laid them down before Chief Powhatan. The White Chief was told to lie down and place his head upon one of the stones. Captain Smith walked calmly to the stones, and prostrated himself. Then two stalwart warriors bound his hands and feet, and two others stepped forward with heavy clubs, and raised them for the fatal blow.

There was a shrill cry, and quick as a dart Pocahontas dashed across the room and threw herself over the form of Captain Smith. The executioners dropped their clubs. "Spare his life, Father!" cried the little girl. "He is so brave; he must be wise and good. He will not harm us. Spare him! Spare him!"

Powhatan was visibly affected by his daughter's pleadings. He ordered that Captain Smith be unbound, then turning to the White Chief, he exclaimed, "You shall be our brother; you shall be the elder brother to my little Pocahontas, for she has saved your life."

Captain John Smith remained in the Indian village for many months. He was much devoted to Pocahontas, and, told her often of the little fair-haired, blue-eyed English girls, and of little Virginia Dare, who was carried away by the Indians of Virginia, and whom he tried so hard to find.

For many years Pocahontas befriended the white people, often at the risk of her own life. She finally married John Rolfe, a white man, and was baptized as "Lady Rebecca." She went to England, and was entertained by the King and Queen. Just as she was preparing to return to her native home in Virginia, she became ill with smallpox and died. Her tomb is in the parish church at Gravesend, near London, and the record of her life stands as an eternal memorial to the cause and character of civilization she defended.

---

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no earthly good to anybody till it is given away.—Selected.

# LOGIC VS. THE LURE OF THE STREET

**Mary Pressly**

Mother and Father had tried, from the time little Alan could understand even in part, to appeal to his sense of "fair play," to help him make practical application of the Golden Rule; so when, at four years, he grew venturesome and liked to pull his train or his "waggle-duck" into the street, and couldn't or wouldn't remember instructions to keep on the sidewalk, Father reasoned it out with him.

As they chatted one day in casual masculine fashion, Father asked, "What's the sidewalk for, Alan?"

That was easy. "To walk on."

"Yes; and what's the street for?"

A pause; then, "To—to drive cars in."

"Would you like it if cars came running on the sidewalk so we'd have no room to walk?"

"No."

"Well, do you think it's quite fair to cars to go out and play on their streets when you don't want them on your sidewalk?"

That required study, and some further discussion, but at last Alan said, Cars can wun in ve stweet, but Alan can play on ve sdewalk."

He did not "reform" immediately; but, if he started out into the roadway, and some one reminded him, "Poor cars; will they come on the sidewalk now?" he would glance around quizzically and then, with an air of thinking about something else, turn back.

Bobby, over on the next block, also found the street more fascinating than the sidewalk, but his daddy tried "argument by smile." "Bobby," he began, 'do you remember when Billy and Fred were here the other day?"

Bobby's eyes lighted; he had liked Billy and Fred.

"And do you remember Baby Jean?"

The expressive little face shadowed. Baby Jean, still at the toddling and tumbling age, had been determined to play with the "big boys"; and at least half a dozen times during the visit one or another of the heedless, excited lads had tripped over her, with resultant tears and bruises, while their fun had been dampened by constant maternal admonition to "Be careful!"

"Baby Dzean's too little; her'd ought to stay wiv hers muvver," declared Bobby. "Her dets hurted an' Bobby an' Ewed an' Billy dets hurted too."

"Exactly," agreed Father. "But son, do you know that you bother people in cars just as much as Baby Jean bothers you?"

Bobby, round, eyed, waited for more . "Cars run fast, just as big boys run fast," explained Daddy. "But if children play in the streets they are in the way of the cars, just as Baby Jean was in your way. If the cars keep on going fast, they run over the children and somebody gets hurt, just as you and Baby Jean both got hurt when you fell over her. And if the men in cars have to keep watching out for children and drive slowly so they won't hurt them, it spoils their pleasure in driving; just as it spoiled your fun when you had

to watch for Baby Jean all the time."

Daddy allowed the thought to sink into Bobby's mind, but did not ask for a promise to stay out of the street. Later, when he noticed the little chap starting toward the roadway, he called, carelessly, "Are you playing you are Baby Jean?" Bobby was puzzled for a minute, so Daddy added, in the same indifferent tone, "Babies always get in people's way; if you get in the way of the cars, you'll be just like Baby Jean."

Whereupon Bobby straightened up and became a big boy, swaggering back to the sidewalk, leaving the street to anybody who wanted to be a troublesome baby like "Baby Jean."

---

## KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS

A missionary in India tells of a Brahman priest, an intelligent and open-minded man, who listened to the preaching of the Gospel. He was given a New Testament, on condition that he would faithfully read it. For a month he read it. Then he told the missionary to take it back. His explanation was: "As I read it, it kicks me, and makes me feel very unhappy."

Paul, too, found it hard to kick against the pricks. When, however, he began to walk with Christ, the pricks ceased to stab him, and he had peace.

The Word of God supplies the proof of its truth. To prove food good and wholesome, it is not necessary to know the amount of calories it contains and to tell just what vitamines are found in it; nor need we know the relative proportion of protein, starch, and fat. We know that the food is all right when it makes us feel good and when we become strong from eating it. The same is true of the Word of God, especially of the Gospel. The godliness it produces is the proof of its having come from God. When, therefore, anyone keeps away from Christ and His Church and work, the explanation is simple: The Word of God makes him feel wretched; for he is lost. The next step is to deny the authority of the Bible. That, indeed, stops the misery. But only for awhile. In eternity it begins again, never to end, ever to grow.—Selected.

# CHURCH MUSIC AS ANTI-CRIMINAL INOCULATION MEANS

(Selected)

Sponsorship of the use of church music as a means of "anti-criminal inoculation" in communities throughout the United States will be suggested to the 4,800 local organizations of the National Federation of Music Clubs by Rollin Pease, of the University of Arizona, newly appointed head of the committee on music and the allied arts, which is a subcommittee of the federation's department of music in religious education, Mrs. incent Hills Ober, the national president, has announced. On the theory that "one good bandmaster is the equivalent of two policemen" in enforcing law and order, Mr. Pease will urge that as a community service the music clubs encourage the employment of church music as a medium to garner in people who are in danger of becoming community problems.

Another project which Mr. Pease is anxious to have put into operation is the establishment of conferences and short courses in which the best of sacred and secular music will be taught, and which will be in effect extensions and revivals of the old-time singing school.

Several other ingredients figure in Mr. Pease's recipe for revivifying America through sacred music. He would like to see a revival of singing in the home, with mother at the piano; he wants sacred titles infiltrated into secular musical programs; he believes all Protestant hymnals issued within the last five years should be revised to include Social Consciousness as a chapter heading. He also seeks the introduction of studies in hymnology for preachers in theological schools, the use of music in hospitals as a thereapeutic agency, and finally, the encouragement of mass community singing, of which he considers one of the best exemplications to be the Open Air Festival held in August at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, under the auspices of the Chicago Tribune, which draws an audience of from 80,000 to 100,000 people.

Each of these suggestions of Mr. Pease will be recommended to Music Clubs for incorporation into their programs. They are in line with the still more widespread program for a revival of interest in church music outlined by Dr. H. Augustine Smith, noted lecturer, choir leader and hymnologist, and head of the Department of Church Music of Boston University, who is chairman of the Department of Music in Religious Education of the Federation, and will be given Dr. Smith's hearty support.

---

It is said that opportunity knocks at your door. Some fellows expect old man opportunity to knock the panels in before they wake up.—Selected.

# THE STORY OF AN EARLY MISSIONARY

**By Ruth Arnold Nickel**

Mother, why do we have St. Patrick's Day?" asked Betty, as she opened a magazine to a page of green decorations for a party.

"Why do you think?" smiled her mother, looking up from her sewing.

"Well, I suppose it is his birthday or something and I know he was an Irish saint. I just happened to think that I've been hearing about St. Patrick every year of my life on the seventeenth of March, and that's all I know about him."

"I wonder if he can really be called Irish?" said Betty's mother. "The Irish people love him because he helped to make their country Christian. He was a foreign missionary, you know."

"A foreign missionary?" Betty opened her eyes wide. "But I thought he taught people in Ireland."

"So he did. But haven't you ever stopped to think that the people in Europe—all of our ancestors, whether they lived in Germany or Norway or Denmark or Great Britain,—were 'heathens' before they became Christians? If the Christian missionaries hadn't left their own countries and gone to the countries that needed teachers, probably we wouldn't be Christians today. So you see, we're really the result of foreign missions, ourselves."

"Well," said Betty, "I never thought of that. I've heard people right in the Sunday school say that they don't believe in foreign missions. They believe in staying home and doing what needs to be done there. I guess they never stop to think that somebody had to teach their ancestors, any more than I did. But isn't Patrick an Irish name?"

"Yes," replied her mother, "it is now. But Patrick's name was really Latin—Patricius."

"Tell me more about him," begged Betty. "I'm getting interested. He was a Catholic, wasn't he? Because we never hear about him in our church."

Betty's mother smiled again. "There wasn't any Protestant Church when Patrick lived. It was less than four hundred years after the time of Christ. So let's just say that he was a Christain missionary. We don't hear about him in our church because what he did was more important to the Irish people than to people of other countries. But even though he is Ireland's special religious hero, the people of other countries could learn a great deal from his life."

"Well, tell me some stories about him," said Betty. And this is what her mother told her.

One autumn night torches blazed and cries resounded through the crisp air of the Roman settlement in Britain. In the country villa outside the town, the family and slaves of Calpurnius, a member of the town senate, huddled together behind barred doors. But the roving bands of Irish raiders who had come to steal and to carry away prisoners broke into the house. That night hundreds of captives were car-

ried away into slavery. Among them was Patricius, the sixteen-year-old son of Calpurnius.

Patricius had already had a good education. The Roman colonies in Britain had schools such as there were in Rome. On holidays the boy had roamed through the wild country with his companions. He was athletic and venturesome and loved to play ball and to hunt and fish. Britain, of course, was a very different country at that time from the civilized England of today. There were no big cities. The Roman colonies had towns, but life in them was patterned after life in Rome. Calpurnius, the father of Patricius, doubtless wore a Roman toga, and the boy must often have gone with his father to the Roman baths. The ruins of some of these towns and parts of the roads and walls which the Roman colonists built may still be seen in England today.

The boy's new life was very different. He was separated from his famiy and brought to a wild part of Ireland as a slave. Here, in a colder country, he was aroused every morning before daybreak and sent out to mind his master's flocks. This life continued for six years until the boy was a grown man. During his lonely days and nights he thought of the lessons which he had learned at home. On the green hillsides as he sat with his flocks he said the prayers which he had learned as a child, but now he began thinking of them. He had been carried away from his own father, but he knew that his heavenly Father was always near him, and it gave him comfort among the strange men and women who treated him as a foreigner and a slave.

After about six years Patricius, who was now called Patrick, had a chance to escape. He made his way to the seacoast and was taken into a ship bound for Britain. After an adventurous journey he succeeded in reaching a town where some of his mother's relatives lived. What had become of his parents is not known.

When the story reached this point, Betty interrupted.

"But how did Patrick and his parents happen to be Christians?" she asked her mother. "I would like to know that."

"Don't you remember that one of the very first Christian churches was in Rome?" her mother asked. "That was the result of foreign missions, too, for the disciples went from Asia into Europe."

"I see," said Betty. "And then the Romans built Christian churches when they went to live in other countries."

"That's just what they did," agreed her mother. And she went on with the story.

Patrick's relatives had a comfortable home and they received him with welcome. He could have settled down and live with them, and since he was the son of a Roman leader he probably could have become an important man in Britain. But he could not forget Ireland, nor the thoughts which had come to him when he had sat on the hillside with his flocks. Many times he regretted that he had not been a better student when he was a boy at school. So now as a grown man he went to a Christian school on the island of Lerins.

While he was there a bitter disappointment came to him. A party of priests and teachers were sent to Ireland, but he was not appointed to go with them. Perhaps he was not yet

ready. It was not until twenty years after his escape from Ireland that he returned to it as a missionary. Patrick's heart was filled with happiness when his ship drew near the land and the green hills of Ireland were once more before him.

One of the Irish chieftains was married to a woman from Britain. His mother was also a Briton, and when he found that Patrick had grown up in their country, he became his friend. The people of Ireland had many religious customs connected with the worship of nature. One of these customs was the lighting of fires on the hilltops to celebrate the coming of spring. This festival occurred at the same time that Christians celebrated Easter. Patrick chose the top of an adjoining hil for the celebration of Easter, and a little band of Christians risked the anger of the Druid priests as they joined in hymns and prayers on the night before Easter Sunday.

Patrick traveled around Ireland and founded many churches. He was loved by the people, and some of the simple uneducated peasants who heard him preach and who saw the kind and helpful things that he did told their children stories about him. Some of these stories became legends and many of them were like the fairy-tales which country people have made up about their national heroes. For instance, some people believed that Patrick drove all of the snakes out of of Ireland. But these stories are not so important as his teaching.

"I suppose not," put in Betty. "Because they could have found some way to get rid of the snakes themselves, but if no one had ever come to teach them about Christ they wouldn't have known how to make themselves Christians."

"So that is why we have St. Patrick's Day," concluded her mother.

"Oh, wait a minute," begged Betty. "Don't stop yet. I want to ask some questions. Why do they have green things and harps and shamrocks?"

"You've seen the harp on the Irish flag, haven't you?" said her mother. "I don't know just what it stands for, but it is beautiful to think of having a harp as a national symbol, isn't it? And green, of course, is the Irish color. Some people like to call Ireland the Emerald Isle, because its hills are so green. But the shamrock is part of the story of St. Patrick. One of the beautiful legends about him—and perhaps this one is true, for it sounds as if it might be—is that one day when he was preaching the people who were listening to him asked him to explain the Trinity. They could not understand how Three Persons could be one God."

"It is hard for me to understand that" said Betty.

"Then I am glad you asked me to tell this story," said her mother. "Patrick took a shamrock—a three leafed clover and held it up to the people. 'Here,' he said, 'is something that will help you to understand. Each leaf on this plant is made up of three leaves, but together they formed one leaf.' The Irish people never forgot that. They begun using the shamrock as a kind of national plant."

"Oh, I like that story," exclaimed Betty. "I never thought of it that way. And I'm glad I know about St. Patrick. He's worth knowing about, even though I'm not Irish."

# INSTITUTION NOTES

We were all glad to see Superintendent Boger back at the School last Monday morning, after having been confined to hs home by illness for two weeks.

---

All of our grain crop, consisting of nearly two hundred acres, has been treated to a top dressing of soda and potash, and lespedeza seed sown on the entire acreage.

---

Recent rains gave the farm forces an opportunity to haul gravel for repairing roads over the campus. The greatest amount of work included in this task was the re-surfacing of the basketball court near the school building.

---

Plans for the renovation of our ice plant have been received from Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, mechanical engineer for State institutions. We hope to have the new ice-making machinery installed before the coming of hot weather. This will be a much-needed improvement in the work of the School.

---

Yesterday an agent from a poultrymen's protective association called at the School, presented and sold us the necessary implements for branding poultry. This will assure positive identification should our flocks be visited by chicken thieves. A metal poster is now in view at our chicken lots showing that this precaution has been taken to guard our flock.

---

For some unknown reason Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church Concord, who was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday, failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the regular time and after singing a number of favorite hymns, returned to their respective cottages.

---

Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grave, recently added another good deed to the many favors he has shown the School in the past several years. This time it was in the form of books, "One Hundred and One Famous Poems," a copy to be given to each boy upon being granted a parole. This is a nice gift, and supplements the elegant Bible that has for years been given to paroled boys by "Bill" Barnhardt, of Charlotte.

---

As the mumps epidemic among the boys has subsided, it would seem that the disease is about to break out among the members of the School's staff of workers, who probably thought they were immune, since they had

gone through many such epidemics in past years. Superintendent Boger was the first member of the official family to be stricken, and soon after his recovery the report comes to us that Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, is the latest victim of this disease.

---

The much needed spraying outfit has been purchased and is now in use at the School. This machine is motor driven, operating two or more nozzles, and has enough force to spray large trees, and will also take care of the spraying of vegetables. Heretofore our spraying outfits have been of the hand-pump variety and have never given complete satisfaction, as the force necessary to obtain the right pressure would cause considerable breakage of the pumps.

---

Newland Wilson, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School two and one-half years ago, called on friends here last Saturday. Upon leaving here, Newland returned to his home in Asheville, and for several months was employed in a CCC camp near there. He then secured employment as truck driver for the Montgomery Ward Company, Asheville. Last week he was transferred to the company's recently opened branch in Kannapolis, where he will be employed in the same capacity. He is now twenty-one years old.

---

William Ange, a former member of the carpenter shop force, who was permitted to leave the School about two and one-half years ago, called at The Uplift office the other day. For eighteen months after returning to his home in Durham, he was employed in a drug store; he then went to Washington, D. C., where he followed the same kind of work for six months; returning to Durham, he worked in a drug store until about three months ago, at which time he joined the United States Army. At present he is a member of Troop 3, Third Cavalry, and is stationed at Fort Meyers, Va. Willie has developed into a nice looking young man and makes a splendid appearance in his cavalryman's uniform.

---

Consider! Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book, a message to us from the dead, from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps, thousands of miles away, and yet, those little sheets of paper speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers!—Kingsley.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—FEBRUARY

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates the number of times boy has been on the Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell
Howard Baheeler 2
Robert Coffer

—B—

Paul Briggs 2
Delphus Dennis
Hugh Kennedy

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Felix Littlejohn 2
William Lowe
Fonnie Oliver 2
Thomas Sullivan 2
Hildren Sweeney 2
Charles Taylor
Dewey Ware 2
Samuel J. Watkins
Ross Young

—B—

James Bartlett 2
Don Britt
Carl Breece
Floyd Crabtree
Lewis Donaldson 2
Frank Dickens
Samuel Ennis
William Estes 2
Blaine Griffin 2
Hubert Holloway 2
Mark Jones
Van Martin
Wallace Smith
William Surratt 2
Walker Warr
Jones Watson
W. J. Wilson
George Worley 2

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Arthur Ashley
Junius Brewer 2
Matthew Duffy
Clarence Mayton
Blanchard Moore
Edward Murray 2
George Shaver
Carl Singletary 2

—B—

Frank Crawford
Ivey Eller
Ballard Martin
Winford Rollins
Elmer Talbert

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 2
James Butler
Thomas R. Pitman

—B—

Harold Bryson
George Duncan 2
Baxter Foster
Eugene Smith
Thomas Wilson 2
Lewis Andrews 2
James Coleman 2
Beamon Heath
Paul Ruff

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Hoyt Hollifield
James Nicholson
Howard Roberts

—B—

J. C. Branton
Edward Chapman
James Howard

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Claude Ashe
Oscar Roland 2
Nick Rochester

—B—

N. A. Efird
Robert Lawrence
Julius Stevens
Odell Bray
Allard Brantley
Richard Wrenn

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 2
Caleb Jolly
Wilson Rich
Jack Springer
James West
Fred Williamson 2

—B—

Thomas Braddock
Caleb Hill
Albert Silas 2

---

## MAKING PAPER FROM PINE TREES

The manufacture of paper from pine trees is undoubtedly one of the most promising possibilities of the immediate future in the South.

Dr. Charles Herty, director of the Pulp and Paper Laboratory at Savannah, Ga., has been one of the pioneering scientists along this line.

"Keep fire out of the woods and it will revolutionize the South and the paper-making industry of the world," says Dr. Herty.

"In pine we have a crop for which we don't have to buy seed, nor sow, nor cultivate, not care for except to keep out fire, and it takes almost no mineral matter from the soil. With any kind of management, the farmer can depend on a dollar an acre a year net profit from his trees. But gold mines run out, old fields run out, and the same thing will happen to our forests if we do not bring them back.

"Nobody knows what the limit to pulp development will be," Dr. Herty has said. "Even paper cartons are now being used as containers for lubricating oil. Demand for paper of all sorts has jumped so rapidly that it is now being estimated we may need 25 million cords yearly by 1950. And we have enough unused land to grow all the wood the world needs—if we will let nature do it."—Morganton News-Herald.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending March 6, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(14) Marvin Bridgeman 14
(9) Ivey Eller 16
(6) Leon Hollifield 16
(17) Edward Johnson 17
(3) Frank King 3
(17) Edward Lucas 17
(3) Warner Sands 9
(3) Mack Setzer 12

### COTTAGE No. 1

(8) J. C. Cox 13
Carroll Dodd 3
William Haire 9
Edgar Harrellson 8
William Howard 6
Howard Roberts 10
(6) Albert Silas 11
Robert Watts 6
Preston Yarborough 13
(10) R. L. Young 15

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Atwell
Harold Dodd
Coolidge Green 8
Norwood Glasgow 6
William McRary 7
(2) James Mast 9
(2) Frank Pickett 14
Kenneth Raby 8
John C. Robertson 6
(14) Allen Wilson 16
William Wiggins

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 5
(2) Garrett Bishop 11
(2) Ernest Davis 2
Hurley Davis 10
(12) James Hancock 16
(6) Henry Harris 8
(2) James Land 2
(4) Van Martin 4
Frank Raby 14
(2) Leo Ward 11
James Wilhite 9

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Ernest Beach 13
(4) George Ramsey 5
(2) Winfred Rollins 10
(4) Thomas Sullivan 8
James Seawell 5
(2) Ned Waldrop 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 7
(5) Fletcher Castlebury 10
(2) Martin Crump 5
Noah Ennis 8
Jack Harward 7
Roscoe Honeycutt 5
(2) Spencer Lane 11
(5) Charles McCoyle 9
(2) Randall Peeler 3
(2) Ray Pitman 11
(5) Canipe Shoe 11
William Wilson 6
(2) George Wilhite 11

### COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 5
Carl Breece
Archie Castlebury 10
(2) James Davis 5
(4) William Estes 9
Blaine Griffin 5
Lacy Green 5
(4) Caleb Hill 12
Raymond Hughes
(4) Hugh Johnson 10
James Jordan 2
Robert Lawrence 5
(2) Kenneth Messick 5
(4) Elmer Maples 9
(4) Edmund Moore 4

(3) Marshall Pace 3
J. D. Powell 6
Loy Stines 2
(4) Earthy Strickland 8
Dewey Sisk 3
Wallace Smith 8
William Tester 6
Joseph Wheeler 4
William Young 8

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Felix Adams 5
Lloyd Banks 7
(3) Edward J. Lucas 3
Joseph Linville
(4) Fred May 5
Charles Taylor 7

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(14) Wilson Bowman 15
J. T. Branch 13
Thomas Braddock 15
(3) William Brackett 9
Edgar Burnette 10
James Butler 7
(7) James Coleman 12
(3) Heller Davis 12
(2) Woodfin Fowler 10
(2) Odie Hicks 8
(3) Elbert Kersey 7
Eugene Presnell 7
Earl Stamey 10
(2) Thomas Stands 11
(3) Homer Smith 14

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 7
Milford Hodgin 13
James Howard 5
(10) Mack Joines 16
William Knight 5
James Nicholson 3
(3) James Penland 9
(5) William Peedin 7
Oscar Smith 6
William R. Williams 6

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Harold Bryson 12
(9) Albert Goodman 9
Edward Murray 9
(12) Donald Newman 16
(4) John Uptegrove 11
(3) Berchell Young 15

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 6
Alphus Bowman 8
Allard Brantley 4
Fred Carter 6
Ben Cooper 10
William Davis
(4) Frank Dickens 10
James Elders 7
(4) Max Eaker 11
(4) Charlton Henry 10
(6) Hubert Holloway 11
Leonard Watson

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Norman Brogden 12
(3) Clarence Douglas 9
(4) Jack Foster 8
(2) James V. Harvel 5
(2) Isaac Hendren 4
(2) Bruce Kersey 3
James Lane 8
(5) Irvin Medlin 9

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(9) James Kirk 14
(2) Fred McClammery 2
(2) Troy Powell 9
(2) Paul Shipes 8
(4) Harvey Walters 10

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(5) Warren Bright 11
(5) John Brown 11
Clarence Gates 2
Hoyt Hollifield 9
William Hawkins 6
L. M. Hardison 12
(5) Caleb Jolly 14
(5) Clarence Lingerfelt 9
(3) John Mathis 8
(5) James McGinnis 14
(2) Rowland Rufty 2
Paul Ruff 3
(4) Wilson Rich 14
Richard Thomas 9
(2) Harold Walsh 8

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Joseph Cox 12
(2) Reefer Cummings 6
(2) Filmore Oliver 13
(2) Hubert Short 8

MAR 2 1 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 19, 1938 No. 11

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## LIFE'S ORCHESTRA

Mankind's world is orchestrated,
Instruments of work we play,
Varied themes of life are studied,
Practice hours are called each day.

Should one member fail in time-beat,
Or misread life's theme, as scored;
Should the playing be half-hearted,
This will bring about discord.

May we then, as fellow-players,
Ever strive for harmony,
Play in tune, in time, in earnest,
In this great world symphony.

—Aletha M. Bonner.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| WAR'S HUBBUB STIRS ANCIENT CONFUCIAN CITY | (Selected) | 10 |
| THE SONG THAT CHEERS | (Maritime Baptist) | 12 |
| TRIBUTE TO BE PAID TO MUSICAL PIONEER | (Charlotte Observer) | 13 |
| EXPERTS IDENTIFY TYPEWRITER SCRIPT | By Charles Doubleyou | 15 |
| TO SAVE SHRINE | (Selected) | 17 |
| TIME AND MONTICELLO | (Selected) | 19 |
| THE BEETLE OF THE EGYPTAINS | By Anne S. Young | 21 |
| THE EVENING STORY | By Richard H. Wilkinson | 23 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TODAY

Today is the full bloom of ife. The petals of yesterday have shrivelled into the past, tomorrow is an unopened bud that may be blackened by frosts of fate. The future is but a seed, not yet planted—of unknown qauntity.

But today—today is a gorgeous blossom of beauty and fragrance. It is yours—for today.

Today is a new page in the book of life. Upon it, and upon it only, you can write a record of your accomplishments. It awaits your pen, but once turned, it is gone forever.

Yesterday is a page turned. You cannot add one line to it, nor erase one word from it. It is closed forever, and can affect the new page only in so far as it has affected your heart and your courage. Your mistakes and fears of yesterday need not be carried forward in the ledger of life. The past holds no mortgage on today.

Today is a loaded gun—yesterday but a spent bullet. Tomorrow is your target. On it will be recorded your aim of today.

Yesterday is gone, tomorrow unknown. But today—today is yours, an unmeasurable treasure house of golden opportunities, a sea of unfathomed possibilities, a forest of building prospects.

Today is the first clear note in your song of life. It is the color tube from which you will tint your future.

There are fourteen good working hours in each today which still leaves ten hours for thought and rest. No man has yet discovered the limit of accomplishments that may be crowded into them. They are yours—today.—Selected.

## TOILSOME CULTURE

In the moral and physical world the consecrated cause of truth and virtue calls for champions, and the field for doing good is "white unto the harvest"; and the boy, or young man, enlisting in the ranks, and his spirit faints not, he may write his name among the stars of heaven. Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance on the slimy, stagnant waters.

But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves were as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves. The answer is obvious. They are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success. Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and the studious to distinction.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## UPON WHAT CAN MAN DEPEND?

It has been said that "Faith is a higher faculty than reason." If there was ever a time when faith is needed more abundantly in this world that time is now. Faith in the eternal God and faith in our fellowmen. The individual who has no great principles to guide his life finds the present an era of great tribulation.

There are wars, rumors of wars, economic difficulties, political puzzles and personal problems to confound the average citizen of the republic. What once seemed safe and secure, in many fields of human activity, is now precariously attacked and even the sacred formulas of early days are badly battered.

Upon what therefore can man depend? Surely, upon the fundamental principles that he has adopted to guide his life. The basic faith that makes men lift up their heads, the confidence that faces doubtful fate superbly and the attributes of the soul that stand supreme above the vissitudes of earthly strife are strength to the intelligent and brave, a staff upon which the tired lean and a blessing to all those who are willing to work for a better world of better human beings.

Faint hearts ne'er won success in the battles of life!—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## FARMERS ARE GOING PLACES

An example of aggressive agricultural co-operation is taking place in New York state.

Nearly 100 co-operatives representing 50,000 dairy farmers are now working under the recently enacted Rogers-Allen law, which authorizes selling co-operatives to carry on certain activities essential to serving their membership.

The co-operatives' big problem is to stabilize the price of milk at a reasonable level. That means a level that will bring a fair return to the farmer—not a level that gouges the consumer for every cent possible. And even a large percentage rise in the return to the farmer does not necessarily mean that there must be comparable rise in the price charged the consumer. Better distribution methods and a fairer allocation of profits to the parties involved, is the answer.

The New York dairy farmers seem to be going places. They have learned thoroughly that co-operation is agriculture's best economic asset.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THOSE PESKY LITTLE GERMS

Germs are much discussed microbes, and cause a great deal of trouble to physical beings, and are the bane of the medical profession.

Not long ago a London doctor tested the thumbs of babies to discover the presence or absence of this bacteria. It is amazing to know, from his report, that the number of germs from each thumb averaged 71,388.

Many of them were of the harmless varieties but the presence of such vast number, picked up by babies on the floor and on the ground, should emphasize the necessity of observing every possible care to prevent germ infection for little tots. More attention along this line may prevent increasing infant mortality.

This Doctor's report contains a subtile hint to adults as well as a caution to the care of infants. The admonition to correct and happy living is clean hands and hearts.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?

Have you ever done a kindness to another? Have you ever made another happy? Have you ever helped another through his struggles? Have you ever been a comfort to the weary? Have you ever bestowed smiles on those around you, and spoken words of comfort and cheer?

Have you ever made the pathway of some neighbor glow with

sunshine, and brought a bubble of fun to some fellow heart? Have you ever cheered a toiler and tried to help him along? Have you ever made a comrade feel the world is a sweeter place to live because you live in it and serve it with your grace? Have you cultivated love for all men and all things, and despised rancor? Have you ever heard of a person, man, woman or child proclaiming you blessed?

If not—What are you here for?—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## BLAMES THE "AVERAGE" DRIVER

Dr. Ralph Lee, traffic expert, attributes 75 per cent of the nation's highway accidents to the "average drivers" of automobiles—not the drunken or defective drivers. He insists that "most of the accidents are caused by doing things that we already know are wrong."

There is undoubtedly much truth in this assertion. Almost every driver knows that it is wrong to pass another vehicle on a curve or while ascending a hill, but the tendency to take a chance often overtakes our caution. Many times, we get by, but, occasionally, there is a serious accident, causing death or serious injury. Similar examples could be cited but the central idea is the same.

The lesson for all motorists to get is that it is always necessary to assume that any violation of sound safety rules will result in an accident. There are occasions when even the best drivers find themselves in an unexpected tight place and hence little sense in deliberately inviting such an emergency.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS

It came to light recently that the earth missed meeting a planetoid head-on last October 30. Photographs taken by astronomers in Germany and the Union of South Africa show a long streak across the film. This was made by the speeding planetoid, they say.

The planetoid, or little planet, was only a few miles in diameter. Its orbit or path brought it within 400,000 miles of the earth. If it had come on towards the earth, instead of turning aside, it would

have covered that distance in five and a half hours, we are told.

Had it struck the ocean, it might have caused a great tidal wave. Had it struck a crowded city, it might have destroyed it. Fortunately, it turned aside. Aren't you glad, and thankful we did not meet this meteor?—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## AN OLD FRIEND RETURNING

The casual readers of news find themselves entranced, now and then, by advance news of coming styles.

The other day we ran across an old friend, the hat pin, which we are warned, is coming back to hats in place on top of women's heads, or wherever and whatever angle they may be worn.

"The old-fashioned hat pin in glorified form," say reporters in the know, which roughly translated, means that the little gadgets will cost plenty of man's ducats. What is worse, they will likely stick into human faces, the meat of modern mashers and, occasionally, the heads of those who rashly push them through what is often laughingly referred to as a hat.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## TO KNOW OR BECOME

Nowadays boys are learning how to use tools, and make serviceable things for everyday use; and girls are learning the culinary art of successful baking. These are but typical of the practical trend in education. Dr. Albert Wiggan, author of "Exploring Your Mind," says it's a good thing.

On the opposite side of the fence is none less than Chicago University's young president who maintains that education should develop the individual who may turn to one or several definite vocations when through with formal schooling. He says, "The first responsibility of the college is to attempt to prepare people for specific jobs."

It is no wonder many of us are on the fence.—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### WORTH WHILE

"There's no skill in easy sailing,
When the skies are clear and blue;
There's no joy in merely doing
Things thay any one can do;
But there is some satisfaction
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That they said you'd never make."

---

It is very generally conceeded that the man that can be henpecked deserves it.

---

My friend, before you follow the crowd, find out whether they are headed for a frolic or a funeral.

---

A lot of good the right of way will do you after you are screwed down in a steel-gray casket.

---

If folks would tell only what they know, there is a likelihood of the world being populated with mutes.

---

Set it down as a self-evident fact, that as long as you can sell something you will always be able to buy something.

---

When a girl wants to give a boy a hint to propose these days, she gets moon in her eyes, and blows smoke in his.

---

It is not so important that you get there "at a certain time," as it is that you "get there." Many never get there at all, because they become reckless, and take too many risks.

---

Depression is now known as a Recession. It is more like an expression. It is a period that occurs every seven years in the United States, during which time no one but the government has any money and they use it to keep constituents alive until the next election so they can vote for the party who is supposed to have brought about their recovery.

---

Brighter days are on the way. Soon the sunny weather will be warming up all nature, and the breath of blooming flowers will fill the air. Soon the golden-throated birds will sing the sweetest songs, without words, and millions of blossoms sweet will be upon the trees. You'll hear the woodpeckers a'pecking on the dead trees; you'll see the snake-doctors flitting sig-zag across the creeks. Kites will be hanging dejectedly in trees and upon the wires overhead. Tow-haired boys will be sneaking to the "old swimming hole," and others will be coming home with the edges of their hair wet, telling mother they ran so fast it made them perspire. And boys will be limping home with stubbed toes and stone-bruises. The signs are already appearing in city and country. Brighter days are ahead—good old Spring time of the year!

---

"Words once spoken can never be recalled." How many words we have spoken we would like to recall upon reflection? How often have we sighed, and wished that we could recall some dear ones who have

gone on before us to Beulah land? To feel the hand clasp as of old. We'd give a mint of gold to hear their voices and see their smiles. No doubt we recall things we said in some thoughtless moment that gave offense, and now we know we would have been much kinder had we known the sweet souls would have so soon flown to brighter worlds above. If we could only call them back, and tell them, when we hurt them, that we are sorry for the many little wrongs we inflicted upon them, and that we really want to fill their lives with flowers, sunshine and songs of joy. We waited too long to do the good deeds. We cannot call them back. We cannot live the past again, for those days slipped down the silvery track of time. But we can partly atone to those still with us for thoughtless moments, and angry words spoken. More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. A kind word and a pleasant voice are gifts easy to give. Be liberal with them; they are worth more than money.

---

Robins rank among the best loved birds. They are the forerunners and broadcasters of the coming of Spring, as much so as the violets and cherry blossoms, and other harbingers of the oncoming of the awakening of nature to new life. I saw a Robin Redbreast a few days ago, and have heard one sing every morning since, in the day's early dawn. His birdship is a favorite subject in art, poetry, or kindergarten lore. He is the farmer's friend—he follows the plow, ready to pick up grub and cut worms, and he searches the fields for grasshoppers and destructive insects. Earthworms are his favorite diet. A fledgling robin is said to eat 14 feet of earthworm a day. Robins, as most young birds, have the most unbelieveable appetites and the parents must work from dawn to dark to supply the infant needs. They grow rapidly. Pin feathers in a week, and full suit and first flying lessons within a fortnight. On Brittannia's isle is a legend to the effect that when Christ toiled up Mount Calvary, the blithesome song of the robin was hushed, and when crown of thorns was placed upon the Redeemer's brow, the bird's lay became plaintive, and the robin plucked the thorns from the sacred head to ease the pain of the crucified one, and the pendant from his tiny beak, the gory points his bosom pressed and crimsoned with the Saviour's blood, and from that hour, "as an especial sign of grace, God poured like sacramental wine, red signs of favor o'er thy race."

---

Behind a lie there is always weakness. Truth often needs great courage. Christ was absolutely fearless, and that is why He always spoke the truth.—Selected.

# WAR'S HUBBUB STIRS ANCIENT CONFUCIAN CITY

(Selected)

Southward through rich Shantung province in North China sweeps the Japanese military tide, flooding Kufow, stronghold of ancient Chinese philosophy. This venerable town was the scene, almost 25 centuries ago, of the birth and burial of Confucius. Since then it has been the seat of the increasing tribe of Kung, who claim to be lineal dscendants of Kung-fu-tse (Confucius).

"Because Confucius has followers also in Nippon, the Japanese promise protection to the great Sage's memorials in Kufow, especially his tomb," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "The town is settling down under the new administration, perhaps consoling itself with a reflection of its most famous inhabitant: 'They must change often who would be constant in happiness or wisdom.'

"Less than a hundred miles south of Tsinan, capitol of Shantung province, Kufow lies at the very heart of China's Holy land. It is near Tai shan, the sacred mountain, up which winds the Broad Way to Heaven, lined with shrines of every leading Chinese faith. Pilgrimages up this Fujiyama of China were an old established custom when ancient Confucius was young.

"Obscure and inaccessible in contrast with famous Chinese capitals and ports, Kufow four centuries before the Christian era, was the Jerusalem of China; ten centuries before Mohammed it was a Mecca twenty centuries before George Washington it was the shrine of a leader 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.' While China's dynasties rose and fell, Kufow preserved the memory of one who taught, 'An oppresive government is more to be feared than a tiger.' Two thousand years before American missionaries had busied themselves with the 'heathen Chinese,' from Kufow had spread the golden Rule, stated backwards: What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others.'

"In the sixth century B. C., when Kufow was the leading town of the small ancient Kingdom of Lu, Confucius spent most of his three-score years and thirteen there as a wise prime minister and patient teacher. Married at nineteen, he worked as grain distributor and as estate overseer to support his wife and one son. Years later, when he was appointed Minister of Crime, crime ceased. Success as an administrator made him an authority on the ethics of government, and until the beginning of the 20th century candidates for Chinese civil service jobs were required to pass examination on his writings.

"The famous little Kingdom of Lu has vanished. But the influence of the Sage has lingered, as he predicted: 'The general of a large army may be defeated, but you can not defeat the determined mind of a peasant.'

"A railroad passes within six miles of the town, but no closer. If you would reach Kufow, you must travel

as pilgrims have since Marco Polo's time, in a jolting springless cart. Confucius warned that 'The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be a scholar.' Kufow is sheltered by walls. It is populated mainly by descendants of the Sage's one grandson, from whom thirty or forty thousand inhabitants of Shantung trace their origin. Chief industry is catering to pilgrims and selling reprints of inscriptions on the town's antique stone memorials.

"One third of Kufow's enclosed area is given to temples and monuments, a proportion in keeping with the Confucian urge 'to believe and take delight in antiquity.' The main temple, in a park marking the Sage's home, is unique among all the Conufcian structures in China. Buddhas of all sizes, shapes and materials are easily found, but the original status of Confucius appears only in the Hall of Perfection of the Kufow temple. Carved of wood, it is adorned with embroidered silk robes and a 12-tasseled hat. On either side of it in this Confucian Hall of fame are ranged images of his sixteen leading disciples, a solemn assemblage under silken canopies surrounded by the richness of gleaming lacquer and gilt and mellow colors of old porcelain.

"The exterior of the temple has one of the most remarkable examples of skilled carving in Chinese architecture—on each side, ten column 15 feet high of solid granite, completely covered with carvine's four inches deep. The favorite dragon design coils around them, each scale distinct.

"Within the same grove of stately cypress trees stand other memorials, among them a 'Palace of Rest' containing a stone tablet in memory of the Sage's wife. In a stately hall is a collection of musical instruments. The hall marks the site of a plum tree beneath which Confucius sat to teach, 'study the past if you would divine the future,' and 'learning without thought is labor lost.'

"Beyond the north gate of Kufow's wall spreads the extensive ancestral burying ground of the Kungs, over 500 acres

---

## COURAGE

There's the courage that nerves you in starting to climb
The mount of success rising sheer;
And when you've slipped back, there's the courage sublime
That keeps you from shedding a tear.
These two kinds of courage, I give you my word
Are worthy of tribute—but then,
You'll not reach the summit unless you've the third—
The courage to try again.

—Selected.

# THE SONG THAT CHEERS

**(Maritime Baptist)**

Haydn, the great musician, was once asked why his church music was so cheerful, and he replied: "When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and, since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit." In the 40th Psalm, David says, "He hath put a new song in my mouth."

Do you like singing? We generally sing when we are happy, and how often we can help and encourage others by our song!

On the rugged coast of Cornwall, a coast which is sometimes enshrouded with white fog, the wives and daughters of the fishermen who are out at sea are wont to gather on the pier-heads and on the shore, when the fishing boats are due to return to harbor, and there they stand and sing, and through the heavy mist their voices reach those who are longing to be with them; and so they are helped by the voices of the women to steer their boats safely into the harbor. These women were not afraid of the fog; it could not chill their spirits, or silence their song.

That is what we all ought to be doing in the world, guiding and cheering people by our song. The melody of sweet sounds on the earth is like an echo of the songs of heaven.

There is an old Jewish legend which says that, after God had created the world, he called the angels to him and asked what they thought of it; and of them said, "One thing is lacking, the soud of praise to the Creator." So God created music, and it was heard in the whisper of the wind, and in the song of the birds, and to man also was given the gift of song. And all down the ages this gift of song has indeed proved a blessing to multitudes of souls.

A poorly-dressed woman used to stand every evening beneath the window of a magnificent mansion that she might listen to a sweet voice that sang beautiful songs; it made her forget all her weariness.

There is someone listening under the window of our lives. Let us take care that our songs are good to hear. It is the music of the heart that God loves to hear. It is not good singing if there is quarrelling at home, or selffishness, or lack of love. We can only truly sing when our hearts are sincere in their praise.

---

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.

—Emerson.

# TRIBUTE TO BE PAID TO MUSICAL PIONEER

**(Charlotte Observer)**

Like many another American after him, Dr. Lowell Mason happened to "know the mayor" pretty well back in 1838.

As a result, more than 6,000 music educators in national conference at St. Louis, March 27-April 1, will honor his introduction of musical instruction into America's public schools exactly one century ago.

Henry Lowell Mason, a grandson of the musical pioneer—as is a brother, Daniel Gregory Mason, symphony composer and head of Columbia university's music department—has shed some light on the historical event August 15, 1838, when a small group of Hawes Grammar school pupils marched into Boston's South Baptist church and begun singing a song entitled "Wildwood Flowers."

The composition—anybody remember it?—was written by Dr. Mason, and went in part:

"Flowers, wildwood flowers,
"In a sheltered dell they grew,
"I hurried along and chanced to spy
"This small flower with its silvery eye.
"Then this blue daisy peeped up its head;
"Sweetly this purple orchis spread,
"I gathered them all for you."

The present Mason, a Boston musicologist, has spent several years gathering material for a biography of his ancestor.

"My grandfather had long been a close friend of Samuel A. Eliot, a member of the Boston school committee and the father of the former president of Harvard university," he said.

"But the school committee remained for some years unconvinced as to the desirability of teaching music to school chidren, although the Boston Academy of music had recommended it for moral and physical reasons and because it would help the pupils in their studies.

"Mason was hounded and criticized by rival musicians and taunted by the press for his advanced ideas, but through it all he kept his faith and persevered."

In 1837, however, Eliot became mayor of Boston and hence ex-official chairman of the school committee.

Mason saw his chance. Going to the office of his friend, who had been interested in the plan, Mason offered to teach music in the public schools "without salary for a year or two, if necessary."

It was necessary. Within two years, though, the fresh young voices were beautifully trained and blended, and Mason led them in their first public performance.

Even the school committee was moved, and within 14 days it passed an order calling for the introduction of vocal instruction into the city's schools.

Mason, who was largely self-taught, was born at Medfield, Mass., January 8, 1792, of simple but solid New England country people. His father, who played the 'cello, liked music, too, but

not enough, apparently, to approve of it as a life's work.

"It's impractical," he told his 20-year-old son when the latter asked permission to study seriously.

Undaunted, young Lowell moved off to Savannah, Ga., where he soon achieved success as church organist, choir-master, and composer of hymn-tunes.

Up to this time church music had been florid and full of twists. Mason made a radical departure by employing simplicity. The chief note of his musical expression was sincerity of feeling, and when he died in 1872 he left some 60 published volumes of musical compositions, many of which still are played and sung today.

---

## MOTHER EARTH

This earth of ours is eight thousand miles in diameter. Man lives on the surface. How deep does anything else live below it? The answer is surprising. The soil that feeds and supports all our vegetables, our flowers, our weeds and our insect and beetle population is not generally a yard deep! G. F. Scott Elliot, in his book on palnt life, says that it is likely that no plant root ever goes deeper than about thirty feet. Of course, great trees can go down as far as they like, but the deeper roots are for anchorage, not for supplying food. The thin layer at the very top is the best part of Mother Earth. In its shallow inches most of the earth population finds its daily support. Worms, germs, insects and birds, all feed from it or live in it. It is much more mellow and rich than the deeper soil, because to it come back all the dead leaves of the summer, and all the bodies of insects and small animals, and all the waste products of man's crops of nature's gardening. Out of all this yearly waste and refuse, the roots that spread everywhere under the surface, working away with all their might to break up and swallow whatever they find make new stems, new leaves, and new food for man and beast all the while. Mother Earth holds on Old Home Week all the year round, and to her comes back every particle of carbon, or nitrate, or mineral that has gone wandering up into the sap of trees, the bodies of animals, and the leaves and flowers of plants. It stays only a little while, and then sets off again on new adventures—but always to return in the end.—Selected.

# EXPERTS IDENTIFY TYPEWRITER SCRIPT

By Charles Doubleyou

That there is such a profession as hand-writing expert is known to most of us. Whenever there is a case involving a will or other document alleged to be false, a hand-writing expert is called in for his testimony. In the celebrated case of the man charged with the tragic death of the Lindbergh baby, the hand-writing was very important in establishing the fact that the writing on the ransom note was performed in the same hand as that of samples of writing submitted by the accused.

There is an individuality in handwriting, although, at first glance, the writing of many persons appears similar, particularly in the immature. This is due to the penmanship taught in our schools. The precise, characterless style taught in public and commercial schools varies but little throughout the country. A similar lack of individuality will be noticed in a comparison of a dozen examples of the squarish, back-hand script favored in girls' private schools.

To the expert, however, just as there are no two finger prints that are identical, so there are no identical hand-writings. A note enlarged and subjected to scrutiny with the aid of measurng instruments that detect a thousandth of an inch variance in slant or curvature, enables the expert to determine whether a certain document under question is genuine or false.

Less known is the fact that typewriter script can likewise be identified, as many a criminal has learned to his sorrow. Often, the expert on handwriting is a specialist in typewriter script as well. In certain cases, it is not difficult to established the make of machine on which a note or document has been typed. The type-style is often a giveaway. Certain machines now no longer manufactured, but known to have been distributed in but one style of type, are still largely used and exchanged through dealers in office appliances. In addition, although manufacturers of typewriters provide a variety of type-styles, there will be certain little type differences noted by experts between, let us say, the type-style of the machine sold by Manufacturer A and that of the same type-style sold by Manufacturer B.

With usage, a typewriter develops slight flaws of alignment. Or an infinitestimal part of a type may become nicked or worn down. When enlarged, these defects, perhaps not visible to the naked eye, afford a simple means of comparison with a piece of typewriting under investigation.

In the case of a certain typewritten blackmail demand, the expert called into the case learned by visiting local typewriter dealers and agencies, that only one machine producing the script of the note had been sold in the city. And while this was traced to a certain place where many persons had access to the machine, the culprit was finally caught and confessed.

So advanced is this art of identifying typewriter script that an expert

can establish on which of two brand new machines of the same make, model, and type-style, a certain piece of work has been typed. This, mind you, before any continuous pounding whatever has left its tell-tale marks on the alignment.

---

## MORAL VIGOR

A boy of fifteen found himself in a very trying position when he discovered that he had probably been aiding a fugitive from justice. A man, living alone in a little house that the boy passed daily on his way to and from school, had asked him to carry his mail to him. The man said he was ill and was willing to pay well for the service. Then the boy, from seeing the face of the man and the pictures of the fugitive in the public press, came to believe that this was the missing man whose errands he had been doing. Should he tell his suspicions and win the pay he sorely needed, or keep, still? He did not know anything certainly, but he felt that it must be the man.

When it was all over and the criminal lodged in prison, somebody asked the youth how he mustered up the courage to report the matter when he was making a good thing out of the slight service. The boy stammered out that he really couldn't explain how he had done it, but the school principal was ready with an answer. For years past Jack Devers had been getting ready for moral victories, just as he had developed his muscles and his brain. He was a youth who could be depended upon in the schoolroom and on the athletic field to hold to high standards, and to reject anything that looked wrong or doubtful. When the great occasion came, his moral muscles responded and he was able to do the right thing, even to his own hurt financially.

It is a great thing to have a strong body, a well-trained brain and all that goes with scholarship and the victories on the playground, but of far greater importance is that self-discipline, that thinking things through to a right conclusion and all the little victories at home and abroad that lead to moral vigor. There are many organizations helping boys and girls to hold to high ideals, but, when all is said, the youth himself must exercise for moral vigor.—Boy Life.

# TO SAVE SHRINE

(Selected)

Through the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, led in Smithfield by Mrs. Frank Simpson, Sr., and aided by the State association, Smithfield's historic old courthouse is saved for future generations, and the Government must look for another site for the new post office for Smithfield.

When it was announced that a new post office was to be handed to the famous ham town, the Government experts on sites selected the Williams' home, once the old courthouse, as a first choice and the corner of Main and Institute as the second choice.

Lovers of the ancient and historic immediately realized that the town was about to lose one of its cherished shrines and Mrs. Simpson became a leader in the campaign to save this building which has a remarkable history.

At a mass meeting held in Smithfield recently attended by about 100 persons the Smithfield Council was asked to appropriate $2,500 for the purchase of the Main and Institute streets site for the new post office. The Government has appropriated $9,000 for the purchase of the needed lot but the owners of the new site are demanding $11,500. Council, present at the meeting, held an executive session and delayed action until Thursday.

In the event that the town of Smithfield does not appropriate the necessary funds it is believed that public-spirited citizens will subscribe the amount.

The historic courthouse was built about 1749 and was used as a courthouse for Isle of Wight County, which then included Southampton, until 1800. It was built with a semi-circular jury room, which was studied by architects of the Williamsburg Restoration for some time, before the old capitol at Williamsburg was restored.

It is said by authorities that this building with the rotunda room at the rear is the only building of the period of 1749 left standing in the United States today.

In or about 1800, when a division of the county was made, and Southampton was made into a separate county, it was deemed advisable to have the Isle of Wight courthouse in a more central location and the present courthouse at Isle of Wight was erected and the courthouse and clerk's office were moved to this point about eight miles from Smithfield.

For several years, the old courthouse was used for various purposes. In 1808 it was purchased by Dr. Butler, whose wife was a daughter of the second bishop of Virginia. The old house was reconstructed into a dewlling without losing its beautiful lines. About 1848 or 1850, it was purchased by J. O. Thomas who lived here for many years, and his daughter, Miss Nannie Thomas, on her death gave the property to Christ Episcopal Ccurch of Smithfield. The church sold it to. E. H. Williams, the present owner.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Simpson, the matter of retaining this shrine in Smithfield was taken up with the State A. P. V. A. and after much deliberation, they decided to

take a step which has not been done before—use some of their Jamestown Memorial funds to purchase the property. When the Williams' home, formerly the first courthouse of Isle of Wight County, and the only house of the period of 1749 with the semi-circular jury room, becomes the property of the A. P. V. A., it will be restored to its former proportions as a courthouse, and will be used by the A. P. V. A. for its purpose.

---

## WHERE THE CHURCH COMES IN

Right where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Right where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the church comes in.
There's where the sun is a little brighter,
Folks treat each other a little whiter,
And the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the church comes in.

Over its steeple the skies seem bluer,
Friendship within it a little truer,
For that's where the church comes in.
There's a breath from God like a fresh breeze blowing,
There's a stream of happiness, banks o'erflowing,
And the richest reaping from patient sowing—
That's where the church comes in.

When children's lives are in the making,
Or someone's heart with grief is aching,
That's where the church comes in.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And the strong to help the weak are trying,
That's where the church comes in.

—T. H. Woodward.

# TIME AND MONTICELLO

(Selected)

Time ticks on again at Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson.

When the key to the mechanism of the double-faced clock over the east entrance was restored at the first of this month, the instrument started to mark time once more, and its cannon ball weights again started their seven-day tour down the wall past indicators for days of the week.

An indoors dial looks down on the accomplishments of a pioneer educator, large-scale farmer, gadget-inventor, architect and diplomat, who also found time to write the Declaration of Independence and to be twice President of the United States; the other dial of the same clock faces outward, meeting sight-seehs with the challenging reminder that they are being given the same number of minutes per hour that it allotted Thomas Jefferson.

It is predicted that more Americans than ever before will see Monticello within the next year. No matter how far away they are from the third President's Virginia home, all they will need is one bright new nickel. The new nickel, now being designed to retire the vanishing buffalo which has borne the five-cent burden since 1913, is to wear a likeness of "Long Tom" Jefferson on one side and Monticello on the other.

An American coinage based on the decimal system instead of the British shilling and crown, the hall clock that did extra service as outdoor timepiece and weekly calendar, and the unique architectural features of the country home he designed are among the products of Jefferson's inventive mind. "It is wonderful," was a Jeffersonian remark, "how much can be done if we are always doing." That he was practically always "up and doing" before sunrise during his 83 years, there is hardly any more convincing proof than Monticello.

The house crowns the leveled top of a "little mountain" (monticello in Italian) near the eastern rim of Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Visible below is Charlottesville, the city which has grown around the University of Virginia of Jefferson's founding—evidence of his hope that the best way to prevent tyranny "would be to illuminate the minds of the people at large."

The view is curtained in the blue distances of the "Western Territory" far beyond, for which Jefferson wrote a bill abolishing slavery and requiring that it would "remain forever a part of the United States of America." The spaciousness of the Monticello prospect made it seem quite possible for everyone to find room for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as Jefferson proclaimed in his 'birth certificate of a nation," without encroaching on any other person's liberties.

From blueprint to weathervane, Monticello is a rare example of ingenious trickery. It looks like a cozy domed bungalow, while it is actually a four-story mansion with extensive wings. The basement floor and corridors to flanking office cottages are almost invisible from the front, for they are buried under terraces and receive their sunshine from the rear. There are 13 bedrooms in the house,

and not a single bedstead; alcoves provided with wall hooks for mattress supports of rope were Jeffersonian substitutes for the then stylish four-poster. His own bed was in an alcove open on two sides, so that he could roll out directly into either his study or his bedroom.

The weathervane on the roof of the east portico was extended through the roof to markers on the ceiling, visible from indoors, so that the canny statesman could learn which way the wind blew without venturing out into it. Long before the first trolley doors opened automatically, Jefferson equipped his tall glass French doors with the double-door trick of moving in unison at a touch on either one. Surprising furniture, such as revolving tables and adjustable desk, contributed to the impression of a home with every possibly novelty for convenience's sake.

Novelty attended the very christening of Monticello, for possibly the first use of the name in Jefferson's own records was a reference to some experiments with cherry tree grafting Dumbwaiters for direct two-way traffic with the wine cellar, and space-saving stairs (22 inches wide) to the upper floors are other unusual features which have made Monticello intriguing to world travelers, historians and architects. Americans are challenged, too, by the remark of a contemporary, the French Marquis de Chastellux, that Tom Jefferson was "the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

---

## JUST A WEED

A sturdy clump of catnip
  That grows beside my door
Has caused chagrin among my friends,
  And scorniful words galore;
For I refuse to pull it up,
  But water it with care
And hoe around its greedy roots
  When I have time to spare.

My keenly valued secret
  I told them, and they laughed
And thought me slightly queerish
  As mockingly they chaffed.
So now I keep my counsel
  And breathe to God a prayer—
For many times a day I see
  A goldfinch rocking there.

—Mary Taggart Keith.

# THE BEETLE OF THE EGYPTAINS

**By Anne Spottswood Young**

Scarabeus is the name of a curious beetle that has long held a very high place in Egypt These scarabs are found carved on the tombs of the Pharoahs, and on many of the monuments erected in honor of Egyptian councilors and warriors. In every new excavation scientists discover this symbol or sign—on temple walls, on astronomical tables, in hieroglyphics, etc., often expertly and most beautifully carved. Even the actual beetle has been found, embalmed in its own casket!

In ancient writings and records the scarabeus when it appears has various meanings. It may siguify to exist, for it was a symbol of immortality. It may also mean "the sun," "the earth," "man," "generation," "day." The presence of a scarab in or on the tomb of some great man proclaimed the belief in the immortality of the soul, and also gave tribute to the manly courage and boldness of the departed. The Egyptians thought there were no females among the beetles—hence they indicated that the honored dead bore no trace in their characters of "weak women!"

Strange indeed that an insect should reach such importance, for after all, the scarabeus is just a beetle, of no more interest than any small creature going about its work, but the passing centuries have made it of supreme importance to all who are interested in ancient lore.

As an insect it is a scavenger, delighting in stable yards or in wide stretches where animals have wandered freely about, for here it finds the best materials for making and burying its egg cases. The beetles work tirelessly to assure the comfort and safety of their future generations. Their first concern at egg-laying time is to dig a hole or ditch that will be large enough in which to bury their egg-pellets. When the hole is ready (the nursery proper) a pellet of earth is taken, an egg laid in the pellet, and then the beetles roll this pellet about, pressing and patting and shaping it as it grows larger, till it is a big round ball— big, that is, when compared to the beetles.

By the time the ball has become round enough to roll smoothly, it is a heavy load, too heavy for them to carry. Hence it must be roll up hill down dale till it reaches the nursery-hole. Naturally, as the beetles have been making this ball, it has rolled far away from its final resting place. The ground very likely rough and hilly—not rough and hilly to human beings perhaps, but mountainous for the beetles! They go to their task with all their strength exerted. No golf champion could show more complete concentration over the placing of his ball than these beetles do with their round egg-cases. Much of the work is done by walking backwards, pushing the ball with their hindquarters. They jerk and tug and pull and push patiently and with skill. Often, however, they succeed in getting their ball to the crest of a "hill," only to see their treasure slip from their grasp, and roll back to the starting point! Undaunted, they go after it, and finally make the grade, and let it roll down the other side as far as it will. Following the ball,

changing its course, if necessary, they keep on persevering till at last they reach their goal. Into the prepared "nursery" drops the egg-pellet—and the beetles are ready to make the next ball.

When egg-laying time is over, and the nursery is supplied with pellets to the number of a dozen or more, they are left covered, and the parent beetles are through with family life so far as the future of that batch of eggs goes.

However, there is food in plenty for the young grubs when they hatch. The grubs turn into chrysalids, and finally come forth as young beetles. Their first job is to give themselves a thorough cleaning—and they need it! But as they work away, beautiful glistening, metallic colors appear, and soon they fly off—to begin all over again the work that has been going on for untold centuries among their kind.

So completely ssociated with ancient Egyptian life has the scarab been that it is still used as a symbol on practically everything in modern Egypt—from stationery to tombs. Egypaian woman long ago used to wear bracelets, amluets and necklaces of scarabs to ward off evil, and this beetle naturally enough still appears in present-day jewelry, mounted in gold or silver, or carved on semi-precious stones. The writer once owned one of Egypts scarabs, a glistening green young beetle mounted in a stick-pin, but unfortunately it has long ago gone the way of mysteriously lost things.

Scarabs are often found on the bodies of mummies—one on the breast, with outstetched wings, signifying the soul-flying on, and others scattered about. The tomb itself may be mounted by a great carved scarab of stone or granite—ornamented by a true sculptors hands, and of course a great treasure in itself.

Evidently the imprint of the scarab was much used for seals and signet rings, and also friendly messages were exchanged by the great and wealthy with jewel-mottoes,—a lovely amethyst for instance, carved with a scarab and bearing the words "Mut (consort of the Sun and mother of the moon) give thee long life."

So inextricably has the scarabeus beetle been woven into the history of the Egyptians, so closely is it associated with the life, customs and habits of that great people, as far back as man can trace, that it can never be forgotten as an emblem of immortality, and a sign of patience and courage in the up-hill difficulties of existence so long as that same

"...beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distance folds."

---

Lines come, and wrinkles. But if the lines come from being sorry for others, and the wrinkles from laughing at ourselves, then they are kind lines and happy wrinkles, and there is no need of trying to hide them with paint and powder.

—O. Douglas.

# THE EVENING STORY

## By Richard Hill Wilkinson

Jim Crosley had no faith in human nature. He learned at an early age that you had to fight for everything you got, and that you didn't consider the other fellow unless you could afford to do so. But Jim learned also that society was dependent on itself for its existence. He, therefore, determined to like all people, but not to believe in them.

Jim developed a pleasing personality. People liked him because he phetended to like them. He was ambitious, and before he reached twenty-one he had overcome the handicap of poverty-stricken parents, and was well on his way to amassing a fortune.

At twenty-five Jim Crosley was a millionaire. Before he was thirty he had trebled his first million. Then he quit. He had money enough. Now he determined to spend it, and his manner of spending was curious. He dedicated his energies to searching out young people who were trying to get a foothold in their chosen professions and giving them a boost.

He found young doctors and lawyers, writers and singers, engineers and actors, young business men and kids who wanted to fly. He traveled the length and breadth of the country and whenever he located some one who was working hard and not getting ahead very fast, he'd write a check and give it to him and ask no collateral.

Naturally Jim acquired a reputation. He became known as the great benefactor. People flocked to him, and he never turned any one away. If a man looked honest and talked sincerely, Jim gave him a boost.

Jim had no illusions. He still had no faith in human nature. He didn't kid himself into believing that if something happened to him, and he needed help, these selfsame people would rush and fight to pay the debt and lend the needed aid. Things didn't work out that way in the great scheme of life. Folks fought to live and never gave unless they were sure of returns or could afford to go on without injury to themselves. That was natural. That was human instinct. The friends Jim Crosley made through his beneficent giving were fair weather friends, and it was all right with him. Some men bought ocean cruises and fine houses and furs and jewels and automobiles with their money; Jim Crosley chose to buy the vision of hope being born in the eyes of a despairing young singer. There was no difference, as he saw it.

Time passed and Jim Crosley's reputation grew and spread throughout the world, and people began to wonder when the source of his great wealth would be exhausted. Jim never worried about that. He was too shrewd, he figured, to lose all his money.

But it happened. The thing was nothing short of a miracle, but it happened nevertheless. A bank failed. An oil well ran dry. A prospecting expedition failed to find gold. And Jim Crosley found himself broke.

He didn't complain. He grinned instead and disappeared from society. His reason for going was because he wanted to spare the people of refusing

to return the favor. He knew they'd want to forget what he'd done and avoid him.

For two years Jim Crosley knocked around the world under an assumed name, trying to recoup his fortune. But he didn't get very far. More and more he came to realize that the land of opportunity lay in America. If he wanted to be rich again he'd have to return to the country of his birth.

The day that he landed in New York he bumped into Trask Gable in the Grand Central Station. Gable was a young engineer whom Jim had helped get a start. One look into Gable's face and Jim knew he had not been wrong in his theory about human nature.

Gable said: "Jim Crosley! As I live!" He stared a minute, and then he said: "I'm in an awful hurry, Jim. Where are you living?"

Jim gave the name of his hotel. smiling in amusement, shook hands with Gable and watched him disappear into the crowd. Well, he thought it's what I asked for and I can take it.

Four nights later five men called on Jim Crosley at his hotel. They told him to get his hat and coat and come with them. They were serious about it and Jim wondered if he'd done something wrong and this was an arrest.

They took him in a taxi cab to a great building. There were crowds in front of it. The crowds cheered when Jim got out of the cab. Inside, the building was jammed. Jim guessed there were six or seven thousand people there. They led him up onto a platform and sat him down. He was a little bewildered. He didn't know what it was all about —not till the cheering had stopped and a man began to talk. The man talked about another man, told a glowing account of the other man's life. He talked and talked and the crowd cheered and then the speaker stepped up to Jim Crosley and said affectionately: "Folks, this here's the son-of-a-gun I've been telling you about."

It took Jim a long time to get it. He looked at the crowd and began to recognize faces. He saw them all, the writers, and engineers and singers and doctors and lawyers—all those he had helped. Some one handed him an envelope and he looked inside and found a check for $25,000. It was made out in his name. It was a little token of appreciation, the speaker told him, from the folks he'd once befriended.

Then Jim Crosley understood. These people knew he'd made a fortune once. They believed he could make another, with their money, so that they could reap the harvest. That's what Jim Crosley kept telling himself over and over again as he stood looking down into the faces of his fair weather friends. That was all they wanted. That was human nature. But Jim Crosley couldn't speak for a long while, because there were tears in his eyes and a sob in his throat.

---

There is no greater sign of a general decay in virtues in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.—Joseph Addison.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Several beds of jonquils scattered over the School grounds, and the "yellow bells" at the northern end, have been most gorgeously arrayed for the past two weeks.

---

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned from a month's vacation in Florida. She seems to have been greatly benefitted by her stay in the land of sunshine.

---

According to latest reports from Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, who has been confined to his home with a case of mumps, we are glad to state that he is resting well and showing improvement.

---

During the inclement weather of of the past few days, when not much real farming could be carried on, the farm forces were busy sowing lespedeza seed on the pastures and other uncultivated sections of the farm.

---

Our poultryman reports that five hundred baby chicks, recently purchased, have been placed in brooder houses and are getting along fine, only seven chicks out of the entire lot having been lost. Another hatch from our own eggs will be taken off in a few days.

Mr. Roy Ritchie, our machinist, has certainly done a good job in working over the tractors, tractor plows, harrows, planters and other farming implements, putting them in fine condition for this season's service. All have been repainted. Included in this list was the re-buiding of several old harrows, which are now as good as new.

---

A visitor driving over the campus at present could not help being attracted by the appearance of numbers of pansy beds in full boom. We have some of the largest and most gorgeously colored pansies seen here in many years. The blooms were picked from the beds on the front section of the campus last week and distributed to the various cottages.

---

Ney McNeely, a member of our shoe shop force, who was permitted to return to his home in Monroe a few weeks ago, wrote us the other day. "Mac" says he is working in a shoe shop there; has a fine man as his employer; is getting along well; and has started a small bank account. Like many other lads going from here, he is anxious to receive copies of The Uplift, and expressed a desire to subscribe for same at an early date.

---

Three cases of measles have de-

veloped at the School during the epidemic which has been sweeping this section of the state. Three boys, Thomas Hamilton, Spencer Lane and Hubert Smith, of our maller boys' cottage, developed the disease. In order to keep it from speading, this cottage has been under strict quarantine since the first case was discovered. The cases already developed have been very mild, however, and the youngsters afflicted have all gotten along nicely.

---

Denzil Browning, who has been away from the School about five years, and who was mentioned in these columns as having visited us a few weeks ago, recently wrote Superintendent Boger. He is still working for his parents in a cafeteria in Miami, Florida. In his letter Denzil tells how he enjoyed his stay here and how pleasant it is to receive news of the School. He also stated that he has quite a number of good books which he desires to present to the School library, as a gift from one of the boys who has been here and is now trying to get through the world, as he says, "on the right side." We are proud to receive this nice letter and offer of the gift to our library on account of the fine spirit shown by a former boy of the School.

---

Carliss Evans, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School about three years ago, paid us a visit last Monday. The lad had grown so much since leaving us that very few among the workers were able to recognize him. Carliss has grown into a nice looking young man, with clean, honest face, good manners and posture. He is employed as a salesman for the Rhodes Furniture Company, of Greensboro, and states that he has been getting along well there. He recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, having been discharged from the hospital about a week before coming to see us, but thinks he will be able to return to work in a week or two. Carliss told us that Sidney O'Bryant, another of our old boys, is now running a drug store in High Point and is getting along very well.

---

W. J. Wilson, coming to the School two years ago with a crooked arm; Oscar Roland, with deformed feet, a case of several years' standing; and Tom McRary, with a slightly fractured arm, sustained while playing football; were all taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday for examination. Wilson and Roland will be re-entered at that institution at a later date, for correction of these defects. Tom's arm was reported as being in good shape, but he was ordered to give it a rest by carrying it in a sling for ten days. On this same trip John Capps, our chief linotype operator, was taken to Dr. Amos Baumgarner, a Charlotte dentist, who is straightening his teeth. This treatment has been going on for about one and one-half years, and John is showing a great improvement.

---

Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Rogers, the former being rector of the Boys' Home at Covington, Va., called at the Training School last Monday morning.

They were motoring through on a return trip from Florida and decided to stop in and look over the School. They were shown through some of cottages and the Swink-Benson Trades Building and were very well pleased with the manner in which the work is being carried on here. Both were delighted with the conditions found in the cottage homes, and Rev. Mr. Rogers was especially interested in the trades building and its equipment. Upon leaving the latter expressed himself as being most favorably impressed by the attitude of the boys and the fine spirit shown among them.

We found Rev. and Mrs. Rogers to be a most charming couple to meet and regret their stay here had to be so brief. They being engaged in work somewhat similar to ours, it was a real pleasure to exchange experiences and to show them around our School, and we deeply appreciate the many fine things they had to say concerning our efforts in the interest of the wayward boys of the state.

---

Dermont Burkhead, a former member of our printing class, whom we haven't seen for several years, recently surprised us with a letter from the far West, his present location being Triangle Lake Camp, Blachly, Oregon. He writes in part as follows:

"No matter where we go or what we may do, sometimes our mind will wander back home to our old friends. Such is the case with me at present. With the knowledge of printing acquired while with you at the School, it recently occurred to me that there might be a possibility of setting up a small printing outfit here at the camp. I discussed it with the camp educational director and, at first, he seemed quite favorably impressed, but when I told him of the maany things required to start a printing shop, he did not think it would be advisable at present, so we will continue publishing our camp paper with the mimeograph.

"You will remember the last time we met I was going to school. Well, I stopped school the next month and enrolled in the CCC camp near my home town (Lexington). Last October I was offered the opportunity of coming out here. Being eager to see what the West looked like, I readily agreed. So here I am in a CCC camp in the wilds of the West, and I am not far wrong when I say wilds, as our camp is forty miles from the nearest town. With the exception of the fact that we do not have to be on the lookout for wild beasts and savage Indians, we are about like the early pioneers. I am enjoying my stay out here. Have made a trip to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia and plan to visit other places before returning to North Carolina.

"How is everything at the School now? Do you still have pies on Tuesday; rolls on Wednesday; and gingerbread on Sunday? It seems only yesterday since I was there and looked forward to those things. If you have any extra Uplifts, please send me one and write when you have time. I shall be glad to hear from you and any others who care to write. Tell all the officers and matrons "hello" for me."

---

Rev. I Harding Hughes, rector of

All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. The subject of his talk to the boys was "Leading the Blind," during which he told the story of Helen Keller, and the wonderful work she has done in spite of serious handicaps. At the age of nineteen months, she was deprived of both sight and hearing. Until she was seven years old, no attempt was made toward her education. She was then placed in charge of Miss Sullivan, of an institute for the blind, who came to her home. Under the guidance of Miss Sullivan, Helen learned the deaf and dumb language by touch; to read by the Braille system; and to write by use of a special typewriter. At the age of ten she learned to speak. She then went to a preparatory school and later to college, being accompanied to all classes by Miss Sullivan, the teacher of her childhood. After graduation she became well known as a writer and lecturer on educational possibilities for the blind. Miss Sullivan, the former teacher of Miss Keller, later became similarly handicapped, and Helen became the instructor of her teacher—a case of the blind leading the blind.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told the boys of the school up in Morristown, New Jersey, where dogs are trained to lead blind persons. These trusty animals are known as the "Seeing Eyes," and have become known all over the world. A blind person goes there, selects a dog, and then both man and dog go into a period of training. They soon become accustomed to each other, and soon the purchase is made, and the dog leads his master safely home. The dogs are taught to guide their charges through all sorts of traffic conditions. They watch for red and green lights at intersections, and fall in line with traffic as the lights change.

Of special interest to Training School folk was the speaker's remarks about Mr. Plato Wood, of Conocrd, a blind man who is now in Morristown and soon expects to return home with one of these faithful dogs. Mr. Wood has made and repaired a number of mattresses for the School and has been here on many occasions, and we were glad to learn that he will be able to have the service of one of the "Seeing Eyes," and hope it will be very helpful to him.

---

## FIRST LAMP PATENT IN 1798

In 1798 the first lamp patent was issued to John Love, of South Carolina, far a tallow lamp. The earliest patented lamp known is the nursery lamp made by William Howe, of Boston, dated 1812. The second earliest example appeared nearly two decades later, in 1831, and the patent was issued to John W. Schulz and William Trull. Between the granting of these two patents twenty others had been issued.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending March 13, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(15) Marvin Bridgeman 15
(10) Ivey Eller 17
(7) Leon Hollifield 17
(18) Edward Johnson 18
(4) Frank King 4
(18) Edward Lucas 18
(4) Warner Sands 10
(4) Mack Setzer 13

### COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 4
(2) William Haire 10
(2) William Howard 7
James West 7
(2) Preston Yarborough 14

### COTTAGE No. 2

Kenneth Gibbs 4
Carl Kepley 3
Clifton Mabry 6
Wilson Myrick 5
Nick Rochester 10

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Robert Atwell 2
James Burns 4
James Eury 7
(3) Frank Pickett 15
Fred Vereen 8
(2) William Wiggins 2
(15) Allen Wilson 17

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 6
(3) Garrett Bishop 12
Odell Bray 13
(13) James Hancock 17
(7) Henry Harris 9
(3) James Land 3
(5) Van Martin 5
Robert Orrell 8
Lloyd Pettus 13
(2) Frank Raby 15
Melvin Walters 13
(3) Leo Ward 12
(2) James Wilhite 10

### COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Ernest Beach 14
William Barden 3
J. C. Ennis 6
(3) Winford Rollins 11
(5) Thomas Sullivan 9
(2) James Seawell 6
Jack Turner 3
Marvin Wilkins

### COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Bryson 8
(6) Fletcher Castlebury 11
Robert Dunning 11
Robert Dellinger 7
Robert Deyton 10
(2) Noah Ennis 9
Frank Glover 12
Columbus Hamilton 10
Leo Hamilton 13
Thomas Hamilton 8
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 6
Leonard Jacobs 4
(3) Spencer Lane 12
(6) Charles McCoyle 10
J. W. McRorrie
(3) Ray Pitman 12
James Rackley 12
(6) Canipe Shoe 12
Jack Sutherland 2
Joseph Sanford 3
(3) George Wilhite 12
(2) William Wilson 7

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 4
(2) Carl Breece 2
William Beach 6
(5) William Estes 10
(5) Caleb Hill 13
(5) Hugh Johnson 11
N. B. Johnson 4
(2) James Jordan 3

(3) Kenneth Messick 6
(5) Edmund Moore 5
(5) Elmer Maples 10
(4) Marshall Pace 4
Milton Pickett 10
(2) J. D. Powell 7
Kenneth Spillman 8
(5) Earthy Strickland 9

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(4) Edward J. Lucas 4
Edward McCain 2
John Penninger 2
Norman Parker 4
John Tolbert 7

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 4
(15) Wilson Bowman 16
(2) J. T. Branch 16
(4) William Brackett 10
(2) Edgar Burnette 11
Hubert Carter 11
Gladston Carter 7
(4) Heller Davis 13
George Duncan 7
(3) Woodfin Fowler 11
(3) Odie Hicks 9
(4) Elbert Kersey 8
(4) Homer Smith 15
Luther Wilson 12

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(2) Clyde Adams 8
Floyd Combs 5
Edward Chapman 6
Matthew Duffy 2
(2) Milford Hodgin 14
(11) Mack Joines 17
(2) William Knight 6
(6) William Peedin 8
(4) James Penland 10
Clerge Robinette
(2) Oscar Smith 7
Jack Springer 7

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Harold Bryson 13
Joseph D. Corn 4
Joseph Christine 2
Baxter Foster 6
Lawrence Guffey 8
(10) Albert Goodman 10
Franklin Lyles
Ballard Martin 2
Paul Mullis 5
(13) Donald Newman 17
Julius Stevens 10
(5) John Uptegrove 12
N. C. Webb 4
Fred Williamson 13
(4) Berchell Young 16

**COTTAGE No 12**

(2) Burl Allen 7
(2) Allard Brantley 5
(2) Ben Cooper 11
(2) William C. Davis 2
(5) Frank Dickens 11
(2) James Elders 8
(5) Max Eaker 12
Joseph Hall 2
(5) Charlton Henry 11
Franklin Hensley
(7) Hubert Holloway 12
S. E. Jones 8
Lester Jordan 6
Alexander King 13
Thomas Knight 7
Tilman Lyles 7
Ewin Odom 14
William Powell 14
Howard Sanders 11
Harvey J. Smith 9
Carl Singletary 7
William Trantham 9
(2) Leonard Watson 3
Ross Young 12

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 5
(4) Clarence Douglas 10
(3) James V. Harvel 6
(3) Isaac Hendren 5
(6) Irvin Medlin 10
Clyde Murphy 2

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Fred Clark 4
Delphus Dennis 2
John Ham 2
(10) James Kirk 15
John Kirkman 2
(3) Fred McGlammery 3
John Robbins 9
(3) Paul Shipes 9
Harold Thomas 5

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(6) Warren Bright 12
Leonard Buntin 7

## THE UPLIFT

(6) John Brown 12
Sidney Delbridge 6
Hobart Gross 13
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 16
Beamon Heath 5
Joseph Hyde 11
Albert Hayes
(2) L. M. Hardison 13
(2) William Hawkins 7
(6) Caleb Jolly 15
Cleo King 6
(6) Clarence Lingerfelt 10
(4) John Mathis 9
Raymond Mabe 12
Edward Patrum
(3) Rowland Rufty 3
(2) Paul Ruff 4
Ira Settle 6
(2) Richard Thomas 10
James Watson 8
(3) Harold Walsh 9

### INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis 5
(3) Joseph Cox 13
(3) Filmore Oliver 14
(3) Hubert Short 9

---

## THE CONDOR

Think of a great winged creature of the skies, so large it can carry off a young lamb to a nest high on some rock pinnacle. Think of a monster with beak and claws almost as hard as iron, with wings that resemble those of a small airplane. Such is the Condor—largest bird that flies. The bird is now rare in this country, but some are still found in California. The bleak Andes mountains of South America are the home of large numbers of Condors.

The Condor is clothed in coarse, black-and-white feathers, with a white ruff on the neck. It has a broad tail of black feathers. This monster builds its nest of sticks and stones high upon some inaccessible crag. There the young are raised, being fed by the parent birds until they are able to care for themselves. Food consists of various animals and birds—anything, in fact, that can be ensnared. Inasmuch as the Condor fears nothing, it seldom goes without food, although its appetite is enormous, like that of the eagle.

In defense of its home, the Condor will put up a fierce scrap, even against human enemies, and it takes a formidable adversary to keep those claws and beak at bay. The Condor is an interesting creature, one that merits close study, but the inaccessible habitat which is its home defies hunters and stundents of nature.—Henry H. Graham, in Boy Life.

MAR 2 8 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 26, 1938 No. 12

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## WHEN I AM OLD

As through this earthly vale I flee,
Oh, Father Time, be kind to me!
I'll not complain when you shall take
The color from my face and make
It just a wrinkled, sallow thing;
If still upon it there may cling
The semblance of a kindly one
Who's not too old for song and fun.
I shall not whimper when you come
To rough my hands and make them numb,
If they may still just feel the glow
Of handclasps that I used to know.
Oh, let your icy claws take hold,
But make me just a youth grown old!

—Author Unknown.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| NOBLES OF MYSTIC SHRINE NOT ALWAYS PLAYBOYS | By Eva M. Young | 10 |
| HOW GOD WORKS IN CHARACTER | (Selected) | 14 |
| CONSTITUTION HOUSE—AND WHY APRIL 12 IS A STATE HOLIDAY | By Mrs. J. W. Yarborough | 15 |
| WILLIAM ROBERT ODELL | By Mrs. J. W. Yarborough | 18 |
| PETER KEEPS SHOP | By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TIME

Time slips by so easily, so noiselessly, that we think of it as passing moments, and nothing more. Franklin was right when he said, "time is the stuff life is made of." No man can waste time without wasting life—his own life and perhaps that of others. Yesterday is gone, we cannot recover it—I wonder! Is not yesterday with us still? Yesterday is part of today, for it is a part of ourselves. The words of yesterday still live like undying echoes—the deeds of yesterday are embedded into today's life—the hopes of yesterday are today's experiences—the influences of yesterday are the motive power of today. We cannot get away from yesterday. Time is but an empty thing until it has been lived—then it becomes life itself. Time lived is time endowed with eternity. Out of its silent hours we weave the fabric of our lives.—Selected.

## THE LORD'S ACRE

Many churches during the years of depression came near going on the rocks, but from many sources the inspiring news came that the Lord's Acres have been saved. Where there is a will we all know there is a way, but to have the will there must be an understanding that the source of all good fortune, physical, material or spiritual, comes from God. Such a faith is beatifully expressed in this excerpt as taken from the Lutheran:

The term, "The Lord's Acre," is being saved from its mournful association with the dead. Many of the small rural chapels of the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Christians, in the Piedmont district of the South, struck by the depression, were being driven to board up their windows and doors. Then someone suggested that since the farmers had no money, but did have land, they should set aside an acre whose produce should be dedicated to the Lord. The idea spread rapidly, and was so

generally accepted that now the Farmers' Federation has a special department to organize the project, under the direction of the Rev. Dumont Clark. By this revived energy churches have been re-opened; mortgages and defaulted salaries of pastors have been paid; organs, pianos and lighting plants installed. Frequently groups of thirty to fifty take an afternoon off from their own work to cultivate the consecrated acres. The produce is disposed of on a collective basis. Recently a group of women also gave all the eggs their hens laid on Sunday, and collected $103.75. In the Carolinas "400 churches, representing 70,000 people in eleven sects participated in the plan." The project has likewise been especially successful in enlisting the services of the young people. Dr. H. C. Weber, president of the United Stewardship Council of the United States and Canada, after surveying the plan at work on the field, commented: "I welcome every technique or plan which personalizes giving. The Lord's Acre does this pre-emintly. Toil goes into it. Sharing with the Lord that which is a daily care and concern goes into it. Those close to the soil are in a most literal way co-aborers with God."

* * * * * * *

## DR. POTEAT IS DEAD

Dr. William Louis Poteat, one of the most outstanding churchmen, regardless of denomination, who for twenty-two years was president of Wake Forest College and president emeritus since 1927, died suddenly at his home at Wake Forest at the ripe old age of eighty one years.

Besides being one of the outstanding leaders in his denomination, he was nationally known as a lecturer and writer. He was a staunch prohibitionist and for several years served as president of the old North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, eading the fight against repeal in 1933.

North Carolina is a finer, a saner, a more liberal state because Dr. Poteat gave the best that was in his life by example and precept. And his church that he loved above all other issues has increased in wisdom and numbers because of his untiring and superb leadership. Not only the church of his faith but the entire state has lost a statesman of the finest and truest calibre.

## THE FARMERS HAVE SPOKEN

The New Deal policy—crop control—has almost been unanimously accepted by the farmers. The overwhelming vote 92 percent favoring control of cotton and 85 percent favoring control of flu-cured tabacco leaves nothing to conjecture as to the attitude of the farmers.

There was a time when such an expression of approval of the New Deal from the agriculturists of the country would have been impossible, but by experience they have shown they understand and appreciate what has been done and that they continue to have faith.

They recall the privations of the depression and then prosperity uned crop-control and they will not forget. The co-operative spirit bespeaks success.

* * * * * * *

## THE HOBOES CONVENTION

This subject excites and fills one with unbounded curiosity to look in and see the staging of such a meeting and hear the different topics discussed. We imagine there will be some rich reports of experiences all along the itinerary of this nomadic army. Doubtless we might hear some familiar name called.

This 1938 "Hobo Convention" convenes in Altoona, Penn., on the 9th of April. Prior to the time to assemble, hoboes throughout America started in January a drive to honor the memory of John Howard Payne, a wanderer in a way, for his rich gift to the world in "Home Sweet Home."

Their announced intention is to make up for the eighty-five years of neglect of the poet-wanderer, born in New York, June 9, 1791, died in Tunis, when American consul, 1852, by the erection of suitable monuments and other memorials.

The expressed purpose of this is the hope of "turning kids on the road" back to their families by some use of Home Sweet Home. Also as a preventive measure against the restlessness of youth, the plan seeks to enlist the school children for co-operation in this home staying plan with contributions to memorialize the wanderer poet and actor, John Howard Payne. Again we feel there is some good in every heart of man or woman if we wish to find it.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISASTER

If all news reports are true southern California has lately experienced a most terrible flood, causing a heavy death toll with property damages estimated in millions. Thousands of families have been left homeless and ruins of property damages estimated in millions.

The whole catostrophe doubtless has made people panicky—a condition that prevailed in Florida during and after the depression. But like Florida with alluring climatic conditions California will snap out of this misfortune and come back with a snap fast and strong.

The land of sunshine offers to the leisure class a place of seclusion to while away the time that hangs heavy and at the same time makes strong the sick and aged. But it is well to keep in mind that there is nothing perfect this side of heaven. One may choose his place of abode with every precaution, but wherever the place may be there will be sunshine and clouds, sweets and bitters, good luck and misfortunes for such is the typical life.

* * * * * * *

## DIED UNKNOWN AND UNSUNG

Professor Oswald Dirmoser died in Germany recently. We venture to say that not one person in millions know what he was noted for, although he accomplished a feat the world never heard of before or since.

He is the man who built the "Big Bertha," that huge German gun that during the closing days of the World War fired shells into Paris, a distance of 75 miles away. It did little damage to Paris, but did succeed in killing and wounding 156 persons, mostly women and children, in a church on Good Friday.

The masses of the world are beginning to look upon engines of destruction with horror, and take little interest in those who perfect them. If this German professor had used his demonstrated talents for the welfare instead of the detriment and destruction of mankind, he might have given us something that would have made nations rejoice, and his name go down in history as a benefactor. As it is he prostituted his genius, and the

result is he died unknown and unsung, with the blood of innocent victims staining his hands.—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## TRIALS MUST COME

It is a common complaint among a great many people that their lives are but a series of trials, hardships and troubles. If you wish to live without trials, you are wishing for a state of being only half a man.

Without trials you cannot estimate your own strength. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. Every boy who has flown them know that kites rise against the wind, not with the wind. It is the heritage of humanity to have trials and tribulations.

Difficulties are God's errands. They test our endurance. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. It is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. We must take life and things calmly and endeavor to be content with our lot, and at the same time dispel the clouds of discontent that may arise in our bosoms.

If often happens that some trials are blessings in disguise.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

## THE DAY OF THE AMERICAS

April 14, by proclamation of President Roosevelt, has been set as Pan American Day—the day of the Americas, to renew the bonds of friendship uniting the twenty-one Republics of the Western Hemisphere. Schools, colleges, and universities, clubs, civic and commercial associations, and the public generally will observe the day with appropriate ceremonies.

Materials for the use of groups planning to present programs may be secured without cost by addressing the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

Would it not be a glorious thing if all Nations practiced the lessons contained in the "Golden Rule," and be still further perfected in the two great commandments, "on which hang all the law and prophets."—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### THE POWER OF WORDS

"Words are swords that cut and maim.
Words are firey tongues of flame,
Words are clay in a sculptor's hand,
A masterpiece at his command;
Words are flowers in sunny spring,
In fact, words can be 'most anything."

---

A wise man will say nothing when he finds he has nothing wise, or otherwise, to say.

---

Most people are broadminded until they meet up with some one who does not agree with them on their mindedness.

---

It is noted that great improvements have been made in the fountain pen. It has outgrown the stage of being a small squirt.

---

People with frightful tempers should have revolving doors to their houses. Then they could slap themselves in their own faces.

---

An optimist shouts, "We're just on the dawn of a new era of prosperity!" Hope no one will break it. I always did like to get up early in the morning.

---

It is a great satisfaction—a comforting thought—to think that the grapes out of your reach are of the sour kind. Then you become more or less a grape-nut.

---

The Durham Daily Sun says: "America is not in the slightest danger of 'petticoat government.' There are no more petticoats." But America has a lot of petty courts.

Tte Kiwanis Magazine tells us that "Many a woman has made a liar out of a man by asking him what he thought of her." And truth lies at the bottom of the well when he asks her what she thinks of him.

---

The question that agitates the minds of a great many people, and being asked so often through the press of the country, "What becomes of our money?" They do not seem to take it in that we spend it.

---

It is reported that the Princesses of Albania—three of them—are in this country to find wealthy husbands. I opine that they will find that most of that kind are married—gobbled up by the American girls who were possessed with the same desire.

---

Let friendship abound in the world and all other problems will settle themselves. Pure, disinterested friendship is a flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness, and seldom deigns to tabernacle among men. Its origin is divine, its operations heavenly, and its results enrapturing to the soul. It is because it is the perfection of earthly bliss that the world has ever been flooded with base interior and ulterior designs of bogus friends. Deception is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, and the hobby horse on which some ride through life. Caution has been termed the parent of safety, but has often been baffled by a Judas kiss. The most cautious have been the dupes and victims of the basest deceivers. The heart is

deceitful above all things—who can know it?

---

The room was crowded full of people. Some one told Jesus that his mother, brothers and sisters wanted to see him outside. Jesus said, "All those who do the will of God are my brothers." Doing the will of God was his main interest in life. Those who shared that interest he considered as being in closest relationship to him. He couldn't make that nearness more real to the assembled company than to say, "You are my mother, my brothers and my sisters." If we would make it easy for people to have an interest in us we must be unselfish enough to forget our own main interest at times and take a sincere interest in what chiefly interests them. It is a simple formula of friendship and success but it is still a secret formula in that millions have apparently not yet discovered it.

Sunny, smiling, cheery Spring is on the way, as she comes down the mountains, scattering roses and other blossoms. You hear the lilting laughter of the ice-freed brooks, as they go purling to the great oecan of mighty waters. You see the flashes of the red bird's wing, as he cleaves the air, plaintively calling to his mate. You catch glimpses of green in sprouting blade and seed. New life stirring in bulbs, and new leaves pushing their way to perfection on tree and shrub. You feel zephyrs, as soft as the white fleecy clouds, that sail the sea of blue, like giant argosies, freighted with blessings, above you. Newborn hopes come to the harrassed heart where winter's chill had depressed. Courage, faith and cheer blossom in the heart like the flowers of the season. This is the coming of Spring! Let joy be unconfined.

---

## IS FRIDAY UNLUCKY?

There is a more or less widespread belief that Friday is not a very lucky day. However, this certainly cannot be said of America's outstanding Fridays. It was on Friday, August 3, 1492, that Coumbus sailed for this country. He discovered it on Friday, October 12, 1492. He landed here again on Friday, November 22, 1493.

Again, South America was discovered on Friday, June 12, 1494. On Friday, September 7, 1565, St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States, was founded. The Pilgrim Fathers landed in Provincetown harbor on Friday, November 10, 1620. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga on Friday, October 17, 1777, and on Friday, September 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.—Exchange.

# NOBLES OF MYSTIC SHRINE NOT ALWAYS PLAYBOYS

**By Eva M. Young, in Charlotte Observer**

March 23rd to 25th, the streets of Charlotte will be overrun with red felt caps of all sizes, sporting bobbing tassels and bearing such words a Oasis, Sudan, Bektash, El Jebel, and Wa Wa. In fact, 5,000 betasseled Shriners from all parts of the United States, Cuba, and Canada will descend on the city to attend the Shrine Directors' Association of North America, convening in the city at that time. In all, there are 159 temples (no new ones having been created in four or five years), and most of these are planning to send representatives to Charlotte.

The name Shrine is synonymous with fun, and, as usual, there will be parades, bands, balls and other amusements, and closed sessions when prizes will be awarded for the best initiatory services—for the best show—which gives credence to the story of the showman being responsible for the birth of Shrinedom.

From the pages of the Book of Boumi, 1884-1934, Story of the Mystic Shrine, we are reasonably assured that it was Jeremy Florence and Dr. W. M. Fleming who were the initial guiding forces in the organization of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Florence, a 32nd degree Mason, had been on the stage as a boy, member of the Murdoch Dramatic association of New York, and was imbued with the ideas of Oriental mystery from trips abroad, was well equipped to furnish color and drama, while Dr. Fleming, a 33rd degree Mason, was steeped in the more serious lore. Together, with 13 friends, they founded the Mecca Temple in New York.

Anyway, the time was ripe for an organization where men could relax from the strenuous task of building up the country. One hundred years of independence had passed; the War Between the States had left it sore and bleeding, the West was another story—the rubber ball of life requires expansion for every recession —and the Shrine answered the question.

But the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are not just playboys. There is a more serious side that the public often misses; the side that in the past 16 years has been instrumental in restoring health and happiness to 60,000 children; the side that makes possible the Houses of Magic—Shrine hospitals—and this is the side we wish to consider.

The first proposal for a hospital, "A Home for Friendless, Crippled, and Orphaned Children," was made by the late Philip D. Gordon of Karnak Temple, Montreal, when the Shrine held its annual meeting in Indianapolis in 1919; but, like so many worthwhile things, the foundation must be laid and the framework built up, and so the motion was tabled. But the World War had made many see the green light of service, and truly the field was ready for harvest—orphans, widows, blind, crippled, unemployed —the beginning of our present maelstorm of unrest and uncertainty.

There is music in all of us; the desire to dance, to play, to sing—born of the ages; the love of the Oriental, of infant lullabies, of music to steady those left behind, and so it is not strange that "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," played by a Noble in the early morning hours, and awakening Forest Adair of Atlanta, Ga., should have caused him to realize it was time to blow bubbles that would not burst. The scene this time was in Portland, Ore., at the meeting of the Imperial council, and the year 1920.

At this time, W. Freeland Kendrick, elected imperial potentate the year before, had a definite and constructive plan to offer, evolved through much time and a devotion to the needs of crippled children. Again it seemed as if indifference and opposition would kill it, but Adair arose to the occasion and, stirred by the words of the early morning song, he made such a powerful plea for forgetfulness of others that a resolution was adopted "authorizing a hospital for crippled children to be supported by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine on an annual per capita basis, and to be known as the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children."

A committee of seven was appointed to select a suitable site and amass specific information, with Sam P. Cochran of Hella Temple, Dallas, Texas, as chairman.

The next year at Des Moines, after a year of thorough investigation and inquiry, they stressed the necessity of having a legally constituted body under the control of the Imperial council. And so the original committee, with the substitution of Adair for Morrison, became the first board of trustees. Today the board consists of seven elected members and the first four Imperial officers, and they meet twice yearly to discuss the problems of all hospitals.

Each local unit has a local board of governors, composed of nine or more members from the temple or temples in the locality in which the hospital is located, and the services of botb local boards and trustees are gratuitous.

In 1922, the first hospital at Shreveport, La., came into being and today there are 11 hospitals and four mobile units, located in Shreveport, St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Calif., Portland, Ore., Montreal, Canada, Springfield, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Philadelphia, Pa., Greenville, S. C., Honolulu, Spokane, Wash., Salt Lake City, Utah., Lexington, Ky., and Winnepeg, Canada. The hospitals themselves are of fireproof construction, designed on a general plan which has proven to be particularly suitable for orthopaedics, and have the latest in modern equipment.

They are known as Houses of Magic, and the Nobles, Magicians of the Red Fez, which is clearly understood if you visit a hospital, where row after row of spotlessly clean beds hold small bodies, whose unbelievably twisted and mishapen forms, belie the expressions of cheer and patience, for they hope some day to emerge as other boys and girls.

These hospitals are more like homes, where surrounded by loving care, flowers, gardens, and every attention, and a chance to meet other children on an equal footing, the patient soon begins to stage a come-

back fight. Toys of every available kind are at his disposal—bicycles, scooters, skates: in bed he has beside amusements, musical instruments, games; manual dexterity is encouraged—useful articles as well as playthings being contructed. Further relieving the tedium are birthday parties, amateur hours, and Scout activities; and for all are the hydrotheropeutic pools where, even those flat on their backs may swin.

Nor is the child's education forgotten, which so often has been neglected, for beside instruction is furnished, and much of it being in play, the muscles so long inactive are once more exercised.

And the beauty of it all—there is no distinctions to race, creed, or color. All that is required is that the parents are unable to pay the cost. and the child, after an examination by the surgeon, can be given relief. The age limit is set at 14, since after that age the bones do not respond readily to treatment.

To date through the efforts of 400,000 Shriners, 60,000 children have been released from the bondage of deformity, and a waiting list of 1,-800 is begging for entrance. The average cost of hospitalization is $245.12, and 117 days are necessary for the treatment of the average patient. An investment of $6,000,000, and a yearly maintainance of $1,000,-000, calls for the support of many Red Fezzes, and so through yearly assessments, and life memberships thousands of handicapped children are given a chance to lead normal lives.

The hospital nearest Charlotte in interest and mileage is at Greenville, S. C., and since its opening September 1, 10 years ago, 438 children from North Carolina have benefitted by its existence. 17 of these being from Mecklenburg county. This hospital is different from the others, in that it was given by W. W. Burgiss of Greenville, who was not even a Mason. His gift was $350,000 for a 50-bed hospital, to be turned over to the trustees with no limiting conditions except that it be used for indigent crippled children.

Today the man who is given credit for the vision of brotherly love and mercy which resulted in these establishments throughout the North American continent, heads the list of the Imperial Hospital board. Noble W. Freeland Kendrick found fertile ground in the hearts of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, watering it as Potentate, and now as chairman of the Imperial board, he has lived to see a wonderful harvest, and needless to say, he will be one of the most notable guests at the Shrine director's meeting in March.

The Oasis temple was organized in Charlotte in 1894, and for many years served both North Carolina and South Carolina, but as the membership grew it was deemed wise to open other temples, and Omar and Hedjaz, in South Carolina, came into being.

Representing Oasis on the board of governors of the Greenville hospital is Lee A. Folger of Charlotte, while Miss Luella Schloeman is superintendent.

And so with the memory of past deeds and future hopes the Shriners can romp and play and still say in the prayer in the Book of Bouml:

I pray the prayer the Easterners do
May the Peace of Allah abide with you
Wherever you stay, wherever you go

blest—
So I'll touch my heart as the Easterners do;
May the Peace of Allah abide with you.

May the beautiful palms of Allah grow—
Through the days of labor and nights of rest
May the love of Allah make you

---

## A CENSUS OF NESTING BIRDS

Every ten years, the Bureau of the Census counts "noses." An army of its enumerators calls on the nation's inhabitants, in city, in village, on farm, to procure a variety of information about our living conditions. And now we are to have another —and unique—census: that of counting and enumerating the nesting birds of the country. This project is not to be undertaken by the government, but by the fine organization which has done so much for the preservation of our bird-life—the National Association of Audubon Societies.

At first thought, this count of beaks of our nesting birds seems like an undertaking impossible of accomplishment. But systematically performed by the thousands of volunteer nature lovers who comprise the membership of this society, it will be quite possible to obtain a fairly accurate idea of the number and kinds of nesting birds that inhabit the United States.

For the purposes of this census, each local Audubon Society will divide its territory into districts ranging in area from 15 to 150 acres, to which will be assigned one of its experienced bird lovers. As the Federal census enumerator goes from house to house, the Audubon Society enumerators will go from tree to tree—and climb them—to observe if a nest is built there, and by what kind of bird, how many young it contains, and a number of other details that, when tabulated and summarized and studied, will better enable us to understand the life and habits of our beautiful and invaluable winged creatures.

—Charles Doubleyou.

# HOW GOD WORKS IN CHARACTER

**(Selected)**

An artist was asked by a king to make him a man. A human figure was carved in marble, but denounced as cold; painted on canvas, but condemned as lifeless; molded of wax, but derided as motionless. "Make me a man," cried the capricious monarch. Then the artist found a beggar, cleansed him, clothed him, and brought him to the king saying, "O king, I could not make a man myself, but here is one whom God made, and I found."

We feel that this artist wrought no wonder. But if he could have changed the beggar into a prince, the ignorant into a wise man, the degraded into a person of nobility—then he would have been a true creator. In this age of social enthusiasm, we sometimes fancy that if we could feed all the hungry, clothe all the naked, and make comfortable all the wretched, the troubles of the world would be at an end, and the need for serious attention to the morals of the race would cease. But if character remained unaltered, the result would be no marvel, and the misery of mankind would continue.

But suppose it were possible for us to change life itself, give to men minds thoroughly furnished, wills which always chose the true, the good, and the beautiful, aspirations always centered upon righteousness —then we should work a miracle.

This is what God purposes to do for all who will submit to His fashioning. He works in material more enduring than marble, more delicate than gold, more beautiful than ivory, more plastic than clay. He works in character and makes of it a product bearing the divine image and superscription. Pauls says, "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." When the Christian is completed, he is wonderful beyond comparison.

---

## DRY ICE

Dry ice, which is a solid form of the gas carbon dioxide, was discovered a century ago but manufactured for commercial uses only during the last fourteen years. Now it helps drill oil wells, cure warts, and make shatter-proof glass. In the golf ball industry, the crude rubber is cooled with it so that the material can be cut more easily. Dry ice is, of course, used in great quantities as a refrigerant. It is so much colder than water ice that it takes up less space, and eggs can be kept indefinitely on it. Surgeons are just beginning to experiment with it, and their results point to even more uses for it in this field.—The Ambassador.

# CONSTITUTION HOUSE—AND WHY APRIL 12 IS A STATE HOLIDAY

**By Mrs. J. A. Yarborough**

On the new highway 301 at Halifax stands a modest frame house which is one of of the most noted historical buildings in all North Carolina.

With a two year celebration of the sesquicentennial of the Constitution of the United States in progress, it is timely to point out that in this little building in 1776 the first Constitution of North Carolina was drafted.

Recently Constitution House, which was in the direct line of the new highways, was turned by the State Highway Commission to face the intersection of the two roads which pass through Halifax. The Commission built a curved driveway leading up to the house which connects the two roads, landscaped the grounds and enclosed them with a reproduction of the original picket fence. The three markers whch were on a brick wall in front of the house have been placed on huge boulders and a memorial oak planted in the yard is the gift of Mrs. W. N. Reynolds of Winston-Salem in commemoration of the visit of George Washington to Halifax in 1791. The following inscriptions on the markers tell the story of the importance of the building:

"In this house, 1776, the Constitution of North Carolina was framed. The house was restored under the auspices of the Elizabeth Montford Ashe Chapter, D. A. R., trustees, Ursula M. Daniel, Annie Howerton Taylor, Florence D. Wilcox."

"In patriotic commemoration of the visit of George Washington on his tour of the Southern States, 1791. Marked by the N. C. D. A. R."

"1776-1926. In commemoration of the Halifax Resolves adopted April 12, 1776. The No. C. Declaration of Independence. Erected by Elizabeth Montford Ashe Chapter, D. A. R."

In an age when many historic buildings of the State have been ruthlessly destroyed, the members of Elizabeth Montford Ashe Chapter, D. A. R., are to be commended for their preservation of Constitution House.

Miss Ursula Daniel, orgizing regent of the chapter, proposed that the members concentrate upon the restoration of the ancient building which had almost reached a state of complete decay. It stood on a slight elevation near the old Colonial Church on Constitution Hill, at the foot of which is Magazine Spring. Two theories are held of this spring—one that the Indians placed the rocks which enclose it, the other that it was the work of early Scotch settlers who used it to store powder and amunition. The latter theory seems more plausible as it is unlikely that the iron gates across the front were the work of Indians. So famous is the excellent water locally, one often hears the saying, "Once drink of the waters of Magazine Spring and you are certain to return to Halifax."

The ownership of Constitution

House at the time it served the committee as a meeting place or how it came to be used is unknown. It is supposed to have been a lawyer's office, but this opinion cannot be verified. The house and lot changed hands several times, the town built farther from the river and it seemed that nothing would save the historic building from ultimate destruction. Finally it came into the possession of a colored man, Uncle Shade Johnson, and after persistent efforts and careful maneuvering the crumbling ruins were bought by the Elizabeth Montford Ashe Chapter for the sum of forty dollars. Unable to purchase the ground upon which the house stood, the next step was to obtain a lot for its removal. A beautiful wooded site on the highawy known as Cornwallis Road near the remains of the once stately mansion, "The Groves," home of the patriot and statesman, Willie Jones, was bought and piece by piece the building was removed. In rebuilding the treasured house, every timber and every brick of the original structure that could be used was put into it. The unfit material was burned on the lot that the aches might forever remain near the reconstructed building. Each new piece is an exact reproduction of the original, making the house as it stands today a complete reproduction.

Through the efforts of Miss Daniels, the State of North Carolina appropriated $2,000 for the purpose of restoration. Halifax County contributed $2,000, the State organization of D. A. R., $150, and there were many gifts from individuals and Daughters of the American Revolution who felt that it was not a relic merely for Halifax, but a monument for the entire State.

Upon its completion, it was presented to the North Carolina D. A. R. by the Elizabeth Montford Ashe Chapter at a meeting of the fourth district of the Daughters which was held at Halifax with the request that the Chapter be allowed to act as custodian and use it for Chapter purposes.

As North Carolina had no colonial capital, all the old towns of the State served as the seat of government at one time or another, the plan of varying the place of meeting done in order to acquaint the members with conditions in different parts of the State and also to avoid partiality to any section.

Created a borough in 1760 Halifax, the home of wealthy planters, social and business leaders, was represented in Colonial Assembly by a long list of distinguished men, among them Joseph Montford, Willie Jones, Francis Nash, William A. Davie, John Baptista Ashe, Hutchins G. Burton.

When the delegates to the Fourth Provincial Congress arrived in Halifax in April, 1776, they found the little village greaty excited over the convening of Congress on the fourth. Spirited discussions of the situation existing between the colony and England brought forth vigorous expressions of hostility to the British Empire and a desire for complete separation. The 150 delegates organized themselves into a Congress and a committee was appointed to consider what steps should be taken to frustrate Great Britain's depredations.

The result was the Halifax Resolution which the Congress unanimously adopted on April 12, 1776, declaring the common-

wealth to be no longer the colony of Great Britain, but a Republic, the first established on this continent.

When the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia in July of that year the first state called was North Carolina, the first to declare its independence, a proud honor for John Penn, William Hooper and Joseph Hewes, the three signers of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, from the State of North Carolina.

An appointed committee attempted to draw up a permanent constitution but, finding it inexpedient, decided to postpone deliberations until November. A temporary government a Council of Safety, was set up which in August recommended to the people of the "now independent State of North Carolina the election of representatives to Congress to make laws and form a constitution which according as it is well or ill ordered must tend to promote the happiness or the misery of the State."

On November 12, 1776, the Congress assembled at Halifax and Richard Caswell was elected president. Of the 27 men appointed to frame a constitution, three of them, Hezekiah Alexander, Waightstill Avery and Robert Irwin were signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence May 20, 1775. To aid in drafting the constitution, the committee had the constitutions of Delaware, New Jersey, Virginia, and South Carolina. Richard Caswell had also secured from John Adams some "Thoughts of Government."

On December 6th, the committee reported a constitution and on December 12th a Bill of Rights. After a stormy debate, the Bill of Rights was adopted by Congress on December 17th and the Constitution was adopted on the 18th.

While the Constitution was a disappointment to those who were in favor of a pure demoracy, it was generally the subject of praise and commendation. It was typical of that day and was quite similar to the constitutions of other states formed at that time.

On December 20th the Congress chose Richard Caswell as governor and James Glasgow as secretary of state, while Cornelius Harnett,, Thomas Person, William Dry, William Haywood, Edward Starkey, Joseph Leach, and Thomas Eaton were elected the first Council of State. After passing ordinances for the government of the State until the meeting of the General Assembly, the convention adjourned December 23, 1776.

So well had the convention done its work, it was found unnecessary to change the Constitution for almost 60 years, a testimonial to the foresight and wisdom of its members.

---

"We should be thankful that life comes to us in such little bits. We can live one day well enough. It is a blessing that this is all God ever gives us at at time."

# WILLIAM ROBERT ODELL

**By Mrs. J. A. Yarborough, in Charlotte Observer**

Few men have been as actively associated with the industrial, educational, religious and social progress of North Carolina as Mr. William Robert Odell, of Concord.

Stalwart son of a generation that dug deep into their own souls to build a foundation of faith and courage for the new South, he has brought to the era of progress a conservatism that carefully weighed all details of any movement, a deliberation that considered ultimate effects and a definite confidence that moved forward to final results.

For more than sixty years he has been identified with the progressive interests of North Carolina and has contributed much time and thought not alone to the problems of his community but to the entire State.

Mr. Odell was born on March 3, 1855, at Cedar Falls, Randolph county, North Carolina. He was the son of John Milton Odell and Rebecca Kirkman Odell, godly and devout parents who reared him in a Christian atmosphere, inspiring a steadfast devotion that has made him one of the great lay leaders of Southern Methodism. In his early life duties of the farm developed a rugged physique that has contributed largely to his ability to carry on large activities.

In 1870 his parents moved to Concord, then a village of less than 1,200. Here he was prepared for college and in the fall of 1871 entered Trinity college under the presidency of the celebrated Dr. Braxton Craven Some of his contemporaries at Trinity were Senator Lee S. Overman, Senator Furnifold M. Simmons, Robert N. Page and others who have written their names across the pages of history in permanent terms.

Following his graduation from Trinity college in 1875, Mr. Odell entered upon an active business career. He joined interests with his father who had moved to Greensboro and entered the mercantile business.

Both later returned to Concord, where they engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods. The rise of the textile industry in piedmont North Carolina was contemporaneous with their activities in this field. Morgan and Hamilton company of Nashville, were represented by Mr. Odell for a good many years.

In 1907 he became secretary and treasurer of the McDonald Cotton Mills and of the J. M. Odell Manufacturing company. Today he is the president of the Odell Manufacturing company and Kerr Bleaching and Finishing Works, a concern that handles a good portion of the textile output of the Carolinas.

With his father he helped in the organization of the Concord National Bank.

Mr. Odell early felt the call to assume active obligations of citizenship. Elected in 1907 to represent the counties of Cabarrus and Mecklenburg in the state senate he performed the duties of this office to the complete satisfaction of his supporters. During his two years tenure of office he did much to promote the passage of bills prohibiting the dealing in cotton futures and

sponsored the law to increase the pensions of Confederate Veterans.

For twenty-five years he has been chairman of the Board of Education of Cabarrus county. Under his patronage the schools of that county have kept pace with the educational development of the state and are as fine as any in the South. With the deepest satisfaction he watched his county move up from the 81st place to the second place in educational rating among the counties of North Carolina. He has served as a member of the school board of Concord and one of the high schools was named in his honor.

The Concord Rotary Club, of which he long has been an active member, arranged a meeting in his honor at the Odell school at which time Mr. Clyde Erwin, superintendent of public instruction for North Carolina, eulogized his career as an educator, a churchman a civic leader and a private citizen.

Mr. Odell is a charter member of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, South, of Concord, to which he has contributed much to himself and his means in making that church a fine example of true Methodism. He has been a steward since its organization in 1888 and has been chairman of the board since 1910 when he succeeded his father the late Captain J. M. Odell.

For 34 years he has served as superintendent of the church's Sunday school.

He has been a delegate to the sessions of the Western North Carolina Conference for more than half a century. He holds the very remarkable record of having been a delegate to 10 meetings of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, South, the sessions taking place every four years. Since 1914 he has been a member of the General Conference book committee and at three sessions served as chairman of the committee on publishing interests.

He is making plans to attend a meeting of the book committee which is to be held at Dallas, Texas, in the near future. It has been said that considering Mr. Odell's trips to district and General Conference and to meetings of important committees in many of the cities of the South, he has spent about as much time in traveling for the Methodist Church as the old fashioned circuit rider who was constantly in the saddle.

On the eve of Mr. Odell's 81st birthday, the Reverend Walter J. Miller, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church preached on the subject. "Those Who Never Grow Old." In spired by the life of Mr. Odell, he stated that the secret of abiding usefulness lies in building a life on the promises of God and linking that life with worthy service. He cited Mr. Odell's continued activity and declared that age was not a matter of the almanac but of the heart and spirit and that a man was only as old as he thought himself to be.

The following evening the board of stewards, choir and ushers united in giving a banquet in honor of Mr. Odell. His religion is never laid aside but is the same dependable influence from year to year. From the greatest bishop to the humblest layman his advice is sought and for each he has wise counsel and words of courage.

Mr. Odell has been a trustee of Duke university longer than any liv-

ing person. Becoming a member of the board in 1888 he has continuously maintained a deep interest in the affairs of the institution for more than 50 years.

When the establisment of the Duke Endowment and its beneficial possibilities for Trinity College was announced, Mr. Odell was among the first to voice his approval and with the execution of the plan he has realized in its entirety the wonderful opportunity that has come to his Alma Mater. He regularly attends the sessions of the board of trustees and wisely deliberates with this body in the continued progress of the institution.

In celebration of Mr. Odell's 76th birthday the Rotary Club gave a dinner with Dr. W. P. Few, president of Duke University, as guest speaker.

"Thinking of W. R. Odell as 76 years young rather than 76 years old is far more natural," said Dr. Few. "Concord is fortunate to have two such men as W. R. Odell and D. B. Coltrane—men who simply refuse to grow old. The best citizens after all are the young ones and those who refuse to allow themselves to become old through the mere passage of time.

"North Carolina needs more citizens of Mr. Odell's type, a man with foresight, ability and the desire to serve. He has gone through all the changes from the old to the new order and has made a wonderful record. From early manhood he has shown those qualities of character that have made his life a marvelous example for members of the younger generation to follow."

On May 25, 1880, Mr. Odell married Miss Elizabeth Sergeant of Greensboro, N. C. Their home at Concord, long noted for its genial hospitality, was representative of the finest culture and a happy gathering place for their host of friends. Their three sons, Fred, Ralph and Arthur, attended Trinity College. In 1912 Mr. Odell was married to Mrs. Clara Sergeant Branson, a sister of his first wife.

---

Taught of God: Now in sorrow, now in gladness; now by the thunder of war, now by the still small voice of a domestic loss or blessing; now by a sense of want which Christ alone can fill, now by a conviction of sin which Christ alone can comfort; now by the experience of the hollowness of earth's satisfactions, now by the breaking down of earth's trusts, the seeing an end of earth's perfections—in all these, and a thousand other channels of His inscrutable working, God comes to us, God touches the spring of being, God shows us the poverty, the nothingness of human infallibilities, and constrains us to feel that it is with Him—Him personally—Him only—that we have indeed to do. When He thus deals with us—then we thank Him with an unfeigning heart.—Selected.

# PETER KEEPS SHOP

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

The stage from the south rumbled up High Street and turned into the cobblestone stableyard of the Indian Queen Tavern in Philadelphia. Young Peter Meredith, clutching a heavy traveling case in one hand, stepped hurriedly from the mud-splattered coach to look about. Then setting his bag down upon the cobblestones, he reached into the pocket of his great cloak and drew forth a note.

"Sir, would you please be so kind as to direct me to this address?" he aproached a friendly looking gentleman in the crowd.

"Mistress Wrenn's?" he looked up to scrutinize Peter carefully from under his black three-cornered hat. "You are seeking lodging?"

"Yes sir. The place was recommended. Meredith is my name—Peter Meredith from Virginia," he replied, quickly doffing his hat. "And pleased to make your acquaintance sir?"

"Hewston, Samuel Hewston," the stranger said, "altogether pleased with the youth's gallant manner. "And since Mistress Wrenn lives but a few doors from me, we shall walk together."

Whereupon Master Hewston gathered his cloak more closely about him to shut out the evening damp, while Peter Meredith picked up his bag to follow. And as they walked rapidly along the streets of the capitol city of Philadelphia, dimly lighted by sputtering whale-oil lamps on wooden posts, Peter was busily engaged in looking all about him. For it was all so different from the quiet fields and lanes of his father's plantation, sold now to settle the estate.

Suddenly Samuel Hewston stopped before a narrow red brick house with a little shop in front.

"Here I take my leave." He laid a friendly hand upon the boy's arm. "Mistress Wrenn lives but five doors down. And if perchance you should have any special fancy for reading, you are welcome to come in here and browse among these books," he pointed to the little shop before which they were standing.

"Thank you kindly, sir." Peter brightened at the friendly gesture. "And I shall be glad to drop in, for there is nothing I enjoy more than books." Then after taking proper leave of the generous man, he hurried on, eager to be about engaging his lodging.

And a few moments later Mistress Wrenn, in the flickering candlelight of her back parlor, was considering her now lodger quite favorably. He was big for his age, she could full well see, and stronger in bodily strength than most youths of his years. And withal his rustic training and love of the land, he bowed as genteely and with as straight a back as any Philadelphia lad dressed in the finest scarlet cloak and velvet knee breeches.

"Well, bring your bag and come with me," she finally said as she turned about and led the way upstairs, carefully shielding the uncertain light of the candle with her small hand.

The following morning dawned cold and rainy, and as young Peter Meredih awoke to the sound of raindrops on the sharply sloping roof overhead, his first thoughts were of

Master Hewston's book-shop a few doors down the street.

"Just the day for browsing among books," he told Mistress Wrenn at breakfast in the basement kitchen some time later.

"But you'll find the place a musty one," Deborah Wrenn warned. "And not the best in bookshops that Philadelphia affords, by any means. Now Master Penton, across the street," she became confidential—"there is an enterprising and fashionable man of business indeed. It were better you found employment with him."

Peter set his cap down thoughtfully. "But Master Hewston and I are already met. In fact, I am under debt to him, for it was he who directed me here. And what is more, he begged me come and inspect his books!"

"Indeed! For that is the only way he has of getting patrons, my boy." She chuckled to herself, and then fell to kneeding a mass of dough in the deep bread trough.

"Very well Mistress Wrenn, I shall inspect Master Penton's shop right after," the boy said kindly, in deference to her wish. Then picking up his tricorne beaver from the chair, he turned to bow and was quickly gone.

Pausing in the doorway of the little shop down the street, Peter Meredith brushed the rain from his heavy outer cloak. Then going within, he surprised Master Hewston at reading a note arrived in the morning post.

"Why, good-day my boy," he laid his spectacles aside and came toward's Peter.

"Good health to you, Master Hewston. And here I am, already taking advantage of your kind invitation!" he laughed freely, putting his cloak down. Then looking about, he took in the disarray of all the salable articles in the shop.

"And now if you like, I'll be glad to show you among these books," the shopkeeper said somewhat proudly as he led the way into a room in the rear, where true to Deborah Wrenn's words, Peter saw small packs of books almanacs and newspapers spread all about, besides glue pots and paste piled pell-mell.

"My workroom," Samuel Hewston apologized as he closed the door behind them. "But here are the shelves of volumnes—big and little, and all kinds."

So saying he put on his spectacles astride his nose, and peering through, reading out the titles of a goodly number.

"The Farmer's Complete Guide," he announced. "Gulliver's Travels,"

"Annals of Agriculture—"

"Young Annals, is it?" Peter at once interrupted from farther along the shelves.

"Yes," Samuel Hewston reached up to draw it out. Are you familiar with it?"

"Indeed!" Peter replied enthusiastically. "Father had a great fancy for the Annals and delighted in working out many of the suggestions they contained on his plantation!" And for the time Peter was back again on the old farmstead, riding the rounds with his father to see how the corn was coming or whether the wheat was ripening.

"Do you know, Master Hewston," the lad soon roused himself, "you have a good collection of books on agriculture on these shelves. And they are such delightful reading

that I feel sure more of the city folks would enjoy them had they a better chance to discover them. Now in a window like this"—he led the man to the front of the little shop. And as Peter talked on with much eagerness, Samuel Hewston suddenly began to realize that the problem which had presented itself in the morning post might be nicely solved after all.

"And if I should give you the opportunity to prove your theories right here in this shop, my boy, would you take it?" the man ventured after the lad had left off speaking.

"What—what was that sir?" Peter stared hard in amazement. "Did you say—"

"I was wondering whether you would care to keep my shop while I ride to Boston on very urgent business?"

"But, Master Hewston, do you really think—"

"That you will be able?" he interrupted. Better than any other lad in Philadelphia!"

With that Peter's courage rose, and a moment later he decided, "Very well, sir, I shall do it! I'll keep your shop for you while you ride to Boston."

"I knew you would, my boy," the gentleman said, well pleased, and then hurried to his desk to write out full particurlars for the youthful apprentice to follow.

And immediately upon Master Hewston's departure the day after, Peter Meredith fell to setting the little shop in order. For there was much to be done. Supplies to be sorted in the back room. The long shelves to be cleared and arranged. And then, taking down an armful of books on agriculture and farming which Peter thought extremely interesting, he displayed them attractively in the small shop window in front.

But in a very short while the eager young apprentice, with his exhibit of farming treasures, became the subject of much gay chatter among the bewigged patrons who continued to idle their time away at Master Penton's across the street.

"Samuel Hewston has taken on a farmer to keep his books!" the word went quickly around.

Amused patrons paused to peer curiously in the little front window, and chuckle, and then hurry on, until Deborah Wrenn, extremely solictous about the lad's success, suggested, "I believe it were best for you to put those books on agriculture aside, my boy, and exibit more fashionable volumns."

"Ah, but Mistress Wrenn, if those poor city folks could ride but one morning along the lanes of a Virginia plantation when the air is fragrant with the scent of pines and locust blossoms then they—"

But Peter suddenly stopped short. Perhaps the woman was right after all. Perhaps the land had no great appeal for folks who delighted only in riding about city streets in comfortable carriages. And with Master Hewston's return but a few days off, and his bookshop the laughing stock of the city—

Quickly making up his mind, Peter snatched his hat from the table and bolted out the door. Back in the little shop again, he hastily tied a wide leather apron about him. Then from the display window in front he began lifting out the books on agriculture, one by one, to replace them with colored maps and compasses

and goose quill pens set in shining bottles of ink.

But just then a cream-colored coach with six elegant bay horses attached, and postilians and outrider in livery, lumbered to a sudden halt before Master Hewston's shop. Presently the coachman pompously assisted a slender dark-haired girl to dismount, and Peter Meredith, in breathless amazement, watched her peer curiously in the window, and then hurry into the bookshop.

Slipping her riding hood back upon her sholders she smiled as she stepped through the doorway.

"Master Hewston—is he about?" she asked.

"I'm very sorry, but Master Hewston is gone on business," Peter said, throwing off his leather apron. "But I should be more than pleased to take care of your wishes."

"Very well, then." Her dark eyes sparkled. "I have been interested in seeing the latest copy of Young's Annals displayed in your window for some time now, and I should like to purchase it from you."

"With pleasure." The lad could scarcely conceal his astonishment as he hastened to take the book from the window "But—"

"Oh, no, have no fears, sir," the young lady laughed heartily. "It is not for my reading. It is to be a birthday gift for my grandpapa," she confided. "You see he is exceedingly fond of farming, and is always interested in improving his Mount Vernon estate."

"Mount Vernon!" Peter gasped, suddenly leaving off wrapping the packet looked more closely upon the lovely brown-eyed girl before him. "Why then— then I must have the great pleasure of being in the presence of none other than President Washington's granddaughter!" he bowed most gallantly and smiled, too.

"Thank you, sir," she flushed prettily and dropped a hasty curtsy. Then opening her bag, she laid a coin upon the table.

"And I wonder if I may be so bold, as a native Virginian, to beg to be remembered to the President on his birthday also?" Peter said handing the package to Miss Nelly.

"A native Virginian?" she echoed, her brown eyes glowing wide, and then fell to chatting more freely of happy Mount Vernon days.

"And I shall tell grandpapa of your great interest in agriculture," Nelly laughed gaily somewhat later as she slipped her hood on over her dark hair preparatory to leaving, "and also of Master Hewston's little shop as the only one where I found displayed the book I wished!"

"That will be a great honor, indeed," Peter said, holding the door for his lovely patron as she quickly returned to the waiting coach.

At once the coachman handed her in and then clipped the door to. In a flash the colorful carriage was again rumbling down the street toward the presidential mansion, but not without Miss Nelly's having one more glance through the curtained side window at the handsome youth standing very tall and straight in the doorway of the little shop. And almost before the speeding carriage had rounded the turn into High Street, word was already on its way that the President's coach had brought a member of executive household to Master Hewston's to buy.

It was but a few days after Miss Nelly's visit that Samuel Hewston returned to the city of Philadelphia to

find business brisk in the little bookshop and his apprentice exceedingly happy and bursting with news.

"And now, sir, they have taken to calling your bookshop "The President's Shop'! What think you of that?" he cried excitedly. "But look escpecially upon this!" Peter went on, proudly spreading out a small note from Mr. Washington himself, requesting him to dinner at the presidential mansion.

And so it was that shortly before four of the clock that afternoon Master Hewston bid the lad Godspeed as he started toward the executive house at 190 High Street. Mounting the outside steps, Peter presented his billet and was immediately escorted into the reception hall by the porter. Then on up the wide staircase he followed, as the tinkling fragile notes of a harpsichord came from the family parlor upstairs.

"Miss Nellie, Mr. Meredith," the porter announced very promptly, and then withdrew. At once the music ceased, and Nelly Custard, altogether charming in her white dimitry gown, rose from the harpsichord to drop a graceful curtsy.

"Won't you please play on?" Peter begged as he strode across the room "It is very lovely."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Meredith," Nelly blushed a pretty pink. "I'll be glad to until grandpapa comes."

Whereupon she settled down to the lively strains of a Scottish march, with Peter standing near by, altogreat oblivious of the tall gray-haired man who appeared in the doorway just then greatly admiring the happy young couple. "There!" Nelly finished, throwing her head back after the last note. "Why, Grandpapa," she gasped, and then ran quickly to bring him in. Mr. Meredith has arrived, Grandpapa, Mr. Mederith of Virginia!" she announced proudly.

"A fellow Virginian," the President beamed, extending his hand cordially to the sturdy young man. "This is a pleasure, indeed."

"Thank you, sir," Peter managed to say, somewhat recovered from his awe of the gracious man.

"But I believe Lady Washington is awaiting us in the dining room below," he consulted a large timepiece form his waistcoat pocket. "Shall we go?"

And a moment later Peter Meredith found himself sitting down to a long candlelighted table covered with the greatest variety of foods, with Lady Washington in a plain lavender gown and white lace cap sitting opposite him.

"Then it was the matter of a livelihood that brought you to Philadelphia, Mr. Meredith?" It was the President speaking sometime later after the first plates had been taken away by two servants in livery.

"'Yes, sir," Peter replied, quietly laying aside his fork. "And if it had not been necessary to sell father's plantation to settle the estate, I should be back on the land now, sir."

"And I know another certain person Mr. Meredith," Lady Washington leaned forward to interrupt, "who is never quite entirely happy when he is forced to be away from Virginia. Am I not right Papa?" She looked directly at the President sitting at the head of the table. And the grave man smiled wistfully at the mention of his beloved Mount Vernon, fallen into such sad disrepair now during

his seven years' residence in Philadelphia.

"Lady Washington is quite right," he agreed as they all fell to eating the desert of iced-cream, fruit and nuts. "And what is more, Mr. Meredith, the longer I am acquainted with agricultural affairs the more I am convinced that farming—with judicious management— can be made exceedingly profitable. As for example, River Farm—"

Wherepon Mr. Washington entered upon a full description of the possibilities of the largest and most promising of the five farms comprising Mount Vernon estate.

But Peter, intensely interested, was altogether unprepared when the President said, "And if you would consent to overseeing the development of these twelve hundred acres, Mr. Meredith, for a substanital yearly stipend in return, I should be very well pleased."

The startled young man looked up incredulously, then hesitated.

"Is it your situation in Master Hewston's bookshop, perhaps?" Lady Washington inquired anxiously.

"Oh, no, no—not at all," Peter laughed, somewhat in confusion. "I —I was just trying to say that I fear I shall not want to refuse such a wonderful opportunity.

"Fine!" the President said, greatly relieved. And before the young man could speak further, he went on, "I shall send a post to Mount Vernon at once announcing your acceptance to my agent there so that he may be prepared to give you more detailed instructions upon your arrival." Then rising from the table, Mr. Washington paused beside his chair.

"Nelly, you may bring Mr.Meredith to my study in a few moments to sign some papers which I shall have ready." whereupon the President graciously offered his arm to his plump little wife who smilingly rose from the table and accompanied her husband from the room.

---

## THE SPEECH OF SILENCE

They came, they spoke, the idle commonplace;
That lifted not the burden, eased the heart,
Nor lent to rugged care a kindlier face,
Or bid the shadows from the soul depart.
They spoke—'twas as a breath of idle wind
Bending the bruised reed it could not bind.

Then Thou didst come; no sound or word from Thee;
The feeling pressure of an outstretched hand,
The soul of faith that bids the shadows flee,
Of hope that points the way to brighter land.
Thy silence was the eloquence of rain,
Helping the drooping flower to smile again.

—C. Lewis Rotherham.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

We are glad to report that Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, returned to his duties last Thursday after having been confined to his home for two week by illness.

---

Superintendent Boger went to Charlotte last Sunday morning, where he made a talk to members of the young people's department of the Sunday School of the First Methodist Church.

---

Three additional cases of measles have been reported at the smaller boys' cottage, making a total of six cases at this writing. We are glad to report that all the youngsters thus afflicted have gotten along very nicely.

---

The first lot of Spring onions were gathered from our gardens last Thursday and issued to the cottages. The asparagus beds that were planted last season are just beginning to produce in small quantities. This was also recently gathered and sent to the various cottage kitchens.

---

Mr. I. W. Wood, a member of our teaching staff, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, last Wednesday afternoon, suffering from acute appendicitis. He was operated upon immediately, and the latest reports coming from that institution states that he is resting as well as could be expected.

---

Accompanying Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, of Concord, on his visit to the School last Sunday afternoon, were the following members of his congregation: Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tucker, of Kannapolis; Mrs. C. L. Earnhardt, of Gold Hill, Mrs. M. L. Blume and Mrs. G. A. Blume, of Concord. Following the service in the auditorium they were shown through the various departments here.

---

Henry Daniels, of Wilmington, who left the School twenty-two years ago, wrote Superintendent Boger the other day. In this letter he stated that the happiest moments of his life were those spent as a boy at Jackson Training School. He reports that he has been employed as a baker for the past twelve years. Some of the people now at the School will recall that Henry was a very enthusastic member of one of the debating societies, and possessed a fine voice. Because of the high-pitched qualities of this voice, he acquired the title of "Madame Pedro," a name by which he was generally known during his stay here. Henry was quite popular among both boys and officers, and the old-timers among the workers at the School were delighted to hear from him and get a line on what he has been doing since leaving.

A very interesting letter was recently received by one of the members of our staff from Jay Lambert, better known as "Jimmie Trigger," who left the School in 1925. The letter came Durban, South Africa, one of the ports Jay touches in connection with his duties aboard one of the vessels of the American-South African Merchant Marine Lines, where he has been employed for several years. His present contract calls for six months' service and he writes that at the expiration of same he will probably sign another.

Jay tells us that the vessel he is now on, "The City of New York," is a fine ship and the officers and crew are a fine group of men. It carries mail and passengers from the United States to South and East African ports, going as far as Monbasa Kenya Colony, British East Africa. He says it is a great country. The climate at Durban is very mild right now, but before returning to New York, Jay expects to see some wild country, also get a taste of the hot sultry climate with the thermoneter registering 102 degrees and over, but having been through it before, he doesn't expect he will mind it very much.

We were all glad to hear from Jay, and hope he will be able to come down and see us when he gets back to New York.

---

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 103rd Psalm, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Searching For the Lost."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer cited instances of people being lost in the woods; how they would travel around in circles and come back to the spot from which they started; and what a fine thing it was, just at the time when they were about to give up hope of getting out, to hear some one, usually a member of the family or party, calling their names, and they were assured of a way out.

The speaker then called attention to several parables told by Jesus, having to do with the lost: (1) The story of the lost sheep; (2) The story of the lost coin; (3) The story of the lost boy. At the time of the first of these occurrences, the scribes and pharisees were finding fault because Jesus was so frequently seen in the company of sinners, even eating with them at times. They began to murmur their disapproval. It was beyond their understanding that the Master should have anything to do with these social outcasts. They spoke to him about it, and he replied by telling the story of the good shepherd and the lost sheep, saying there would be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

Jesus then told them of the woman with ten pieces of silver and lost one of them, and how, when found, she called her friends to rejoice with her. He added that that was the way the angels in heaven feel when one who is lost repents and comes back into the heavenly fold.

His next parable to the murmuring scribes and pharisees was the

very familiar story of the Prodigal Son, how he journeyed to a far country, spent all he had, and was in dire circumstances. He decided to return home. His father was overjoyed at his return, dressed him in fine clothes and ordered a great feast to be prepared. As this father welcomed his erring son, so will our Heavenly Father greet us when we decide to leave the evil ways and come back into His kingdom.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then stated that the sheep which was lost was not a bad sheep. He was as good as the other ninety-nine, but the trouble was he temporarily got away from the leader. So it is with people. They get away from Jesus, the great leader, lose their sense of direction, and cannot find their way back to God until they again resolve to follow the way pointed out by the Master. When we stray from God, we are helpless; we get into lots of trouble, from which we cannot escape until some one leads us back.

The speaker then spoke of the lost coin as being worthless because it was out of circulation. It was as valuable as ever, but was not doing any good because it was lost. Just as with the coin, people who do not live in fellowship with their friends, are hopelessly lost, and it is our Christian duty to help those kind of persons. No one can be indifferent to the needs of others and hope to be saved.

The prodigal son, continued the speaker, was so far away from home that he was out of reach of his father. By putting his resources to the wrong use he found himself in a bad plight. He brought it all on himself, for one of the most severe laws of God is the law of the harvest, "Whatsoever man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that there are many people in the world today who have become indifferent to the laws of God, and are lost. They are wandering around hopelessly, aimlessly, but just as the prodigal son's father loved him and was ready to welcome him home, just so is the great God of the heavenly kingdom ready at all times to receive those who will take up the banner of the Master, who came into the world to save those who are lost.

---

## RESPONSIBILITY

"So long as there is a sinple soul to whom you can by any possible means tell the Gospel story, you should do so. If there ever should come a time when there is no one whom you can reach directly or indirectly, you may be free from obligation, but, until such time comes, the burden of dying humanity is upon you."—Exchange.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending March 20, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(16) Marvin Bridgeman 16
(11) Ivey Eller 18
(8) Leon Hollifield 18
(19) Edward Johnson 19
(5) Frank King 5
(19) Edward Lucas 19
(5) Warner Sands 11
(5) Mack Setzer 14

### COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 5
J. C. Cox 14
(3) William Haire 11
Howard Roberts 11
Albert Silas 12
Robert Watts 7
R. L. Young 16

### COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis 5
(2) Kenneth Gibbs 5
(2) Wilson Myrick 6

### COTTAGE No. 3

Jewell Barker
Norwood Glasgow 7
William McRary 8
James Mast 10
(4) Frank Pickett 16
John C. Robertson 7
(16) Allen Wilson 18

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 7
(4) Garrett Bishop 13
Lewis Donaldson 9
(14) James Hancock 18
(8) Henry Harris 10
(4) James Land 4
(6) Van Martin 6
(2) Lloyd Pettus 14
(3) Frank Raby 16
(2) Melvin Walters 14
(4) Leo Ward 13
(3) James Wilhite 11

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 10
(2) William Barden 4
Grover Gibby 3
Donald Holland
(4) Winford Rollins 12
(6) Thomas Sullivan 10
(2) Jack Turner 4
Ralph Webb 7
(2) Marvin Wilkins 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Robert Bryson 9
(7) Fletcher Castlebury 12
(3) Noah Ennis 10
(2) Frank Glover 13
Jack Harward 8
(2) Columbus Hamilton 11
(2) Leo Hamilton 14
(2) Thomas Hamilton 9
(4) Spencer Lane 13
(7) Charles McCoyle 11
Randall Peeler 4
(4) Ray Pitman 13
(2) James Rackley 13
Jack Reeves
(7) Canipe Shoe 13
Hubert Smith 7
(2) Joseph Sanford 4
Joseph Tucker 2
(4) George Wilhite 15
(3) William Wilson 8
Woodrow Wilson 11

### COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Paul Angel 5
(2) William Beach 7
(3) Carl Breece 3
James Davis 6
(6) William Estes 11
Blaine Griffin 6
Lacy Green 6
(6) Caleb Hill 14
(6) Hugh Johnson 12
(4) Kenneth Messick 7
(6) Elmer Maples 11
(6) Edmund Moore 6

(5) Marshall Pace 5
(2) Milton Pickett 11
(3) **J. D. Powell 8**
Jack Pyatt 5
(2) Kenneth Spillman 9
Loy Stines 3
(6) Earthy Strickland 10
**Dewey Sisk 4**
William Tester 7
Joseph Wheeler 5

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Lloyd Banks 8
Don Britt 3
Howard Baheeler 4
Junius Holleman
(5) Edward J. Lucas 5
(2) Edward McCain 3
Charles Taylor 8

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Thomas Braddock 16
(5) William Brackett 11
James Butler 8
(2) Hubert Carter 12
James Coleman 13
(5) Heller Davis 14
(4) Woodfin Fowler 12
Mark Jones 6
(5) Elbert Kersey 9
Earl Stamey 11
(5) Homer Smith 16

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(3) Clyde Adams 9
(2) Floyd Combs 6
(3) Melford Hodgin 15
(12) Mack Joines 18
Thomas King 4
(5) James Penland 11
(2) Clerge Robinette 2
(2) Jack Springer 8

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(4) Harold Bryson 14
(2) Joseph D. Corn 5
(2) Baxter Foster 7
(11) Albert Goodman 11
(2) Ballard Martin 3
Edward Murray 10
(14) Donald Newman 18
(2) Julius Stevens 11
(6) John Uptegrove 13
(5) Berchell Young 17

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 9
(6) **Frank Dickens 12**
(6) **Charlton Henry 12**
(8) Hubert Holloway 13
(2) Ewin Odom 15
(2) William Tranthan 10
George Tolson
Leonard Wood

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Burris Bozeman 2
Norman Brogden 13
(4) Isaac Hendren 6
(4) James V. Harvel 7
Bruce Kersey 4
Garland McPhail 2
Paul McGlammery 2
(7) Irvin Medlin 11
(2) Clyde Murphy 3

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(11) James Kirk 16
(4) Fred McGlammery 4
Richard Patton 2
Harvey Walters 11

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(7) Warren Bright 13
(7) John Brown 13
(2) Leonard Buntin 8
(2) Hobart Gross 14
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 11
(2) Albert Hayes 2
(2) Joseph Hyde 12
(7) Caleb Jolly 16
(2) Cleo King 7
Robert Kinley
(7) Clarence Lingerfelt 11
(2) Raymond Mabe 13
(2) Edward Patrum 2
(3) Paul Ruff 5
(2) James Watson 9
(4) Harold Walsh 10
George Worley 8

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) James Chavis 6
Reefer Cummings 7
(4) Joseph Cox 14
(4) Filmore Oliver 15
(4) Hubert Short 10

APR 4 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 2, 1938 No. 13

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## AN EXHORTATION

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!
Look well to this day for it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of beauty.
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision.
But today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day.
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| INDIANS KEEP SQUAWS FROM WHITE WOMEN | (Charlotte Observer) | 10 |
| PRESENTING THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS | By Michael Hobson | 11 |
| PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA | By J. B. Ivey | 13 |
| TRAINING TO HELP OWN TRIBE | By Beatrice Warren | 15 |
| SHOWING INDIANS THE "JESUS ROAD" | (Apples of Gold) | 17 |
| MOUNTAIN WOMAN, 92, LIVES IN PRESENT | (Charlotte Observer) | 18 |
| BLIND YOUTH LEADS STUDENTS IN BOOKS | (Charlotte Observer) | 20 |
| THE GREEN CENT | By V. Ostergaard | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE EVERLASTING GOD

An Everlasting God, Jehovah, reigns
Above the firmament upon a throne
As the appearance of a sapphire stone.
Beneath Him stretch green meadows, streams, and plains,
Blue mountains, rolling hills, and endless lanes
Of ocean waters with their ceaseless moan.
Power and majesty are His alone,
For all the nations are as tiny grains
Of sand. He needs no counsellor to teach
Him knowledge nor to guide His thought
Into the path of justice or the way
Of understanding. None beyond His reach
Can dwell, nor bring His perfect plans to nought;
His kingdom shall not change nor pass away.

—John D. M. Brown,

## HON. W. R. ODELL DEAD

The sudden and shocking news of the death of Hon. W. R. Odell brings to mind the fact another link, uniting the present wth the history of the yesteryears, has dropped out. W. R. Odell came to Concord when a young man and lived here to the ripe old age of 83 years. He was a factor in the building of Concord observing many kaleidoscopic changes in every phase of interest wrought during this magical age of great accomplishments.

He was outstandingly strong in bending every effort to the advancement and growth of Concord from a small town to a bustling city of twenty thousand inhabitants. His entire life was devoted to the betterment of humanity by giving a valued service to the growth of his church, to increase interest in education, industry and civic

conditions not locally only, but where duty called throughout the state.

He never failed to do his best in public affairs, not for the lust of popularity or notoriety, but believed it the duty of every citizen to thrown his influence so two blades of grass may grow where only one grew previously. He was a fine citizen. He loved his church; he loved his home; he loved his neighbor; he loved his friends, in fact he loved people, and rejoiced to see the spirit of good fellowship exhibited.

This splendid citizen will be missed in this community. He was a conspicuous figure in our midst and never failed to radiate a spirit of good cheer, irrespective of class, as he passed through the streets of his home town.

This state where he was always singularly singled out for leadership, counsel and influence is a heavy loser in his passing. His life has been an ornament to society. He constantly endeavored to influence to higher endeavors of usefulness and develop christian nobility.

In the midst of his varied activities he never forgot the unfortunate. He was a true friend to the wayward boys of this institution, and contributed liberally to make festive days at the school a success. The Jackson Training School takes this opportunity to extend sympathy to the bereaved home. Yes, the Jackson Training School will miss his kindly attention.

* * * * * * *

## THE SEMINOLE INDIAN

To read about the Seminoles, in the Everglades of Florida, one gets but a hazy conception of this tribe, a people unto themselves with their own tribal customs and laws, a free and independent race.

Despite their apparent seclusive and secretive way of living they are interesting. They have continued to live within the area of most advanced civilization for generations but are immune to any of the modern devices that give comfort and ease.

The first introduction to them was at Fort Myers, Florida, when "Edison Day" was observed, making Edison, the greatest genius of the times, the central figure of the occasion. The parade with its

colorful floats of tropical flowers was most picturesque. About one dozen Seminole Indians, men and women, were in the parade. They were dressed in their traditional costumes, carrying their babies with ease and grace, walking briskly, looking neither to right nor left, perfectly oblivious to the many spectators that thronged the streets. In fact from all appearances one might have guessed them blind, deaf and dumb for they showed not the least interest or emotion.

This tribe continues to live on a 3,000 acre reservation. The Tamiami Trail that connects Miami and Tampa is fringed with Seminole villages, and for a small sum of money visitors are admitted. The Indians are found in groups sitting on the ground, weaving and sewing. Their sleeping quarters are under a tent of bamboo sheltered by dry palms. There is nothing to suggest a bed but old rusty springs and a few rolls of dirty looking bed clothes. Their cooking utensils are skillets and pots hung on a crane over a fire out in the open.

It is a blessing that this tribe lives in the open, breathing the fresh air and sunshine, for the sanitary conditions are anausea. While looking through the village, or the place of abode, silence is supreme. It is impossible to engage either man, woman or child in a conversation. The only audible sound is a "peculiar grunt" if one continues questioning them.

The Seminoles in their more simple and crude environments hold fast to old traditions, in creeds and execution of justice. They have a high sense of justice, giving every native a chance to correct a wrong by right living. And if the man who sins refuses to reform then away with him, and the execution of justice is swift and direct when once determined upon. Different with the white man with their complicated courts and laws—none too successful in exacting justice.

* * * * * * *

## NATION WILD LIFE WEEK

The National Wild Life Week has been proclaimed by President Roosevelt and observed. This week proved of inestimable value to the South, having great stretches of forest land the nesting place and home of the birds and wild animals.

Our people have previously been unconscious of the value of the birds and other wild life. They have been slaughtered without knowing their value until almost too late. Instead of killing the birds and such like every home should endeavor to have a bird sanctuary. There is nothing more enticing and absorbing than to listen at any time to a chorus of song birds in the forest, or on the highway at places that prove a safe shelter for the birds. The General Welfare Federation is doing a worthy work in behalf of the conservation of forest and the wild life living therein. It is a joy to ride through or pass by a bird sanctuary. The trill of the birds is music, the soft notes suggest peace, the birds of brilliant colors give a lovely background, the whole scene is nature, the handiwork of God. Why not save those beauty spots, and the assets that glorify and magnify the giver of all gifts.

* * * * * * *

The following note, from a high school student, engaged in helping to publish a weekly school paper, came to The Uplift office the other day:

Suffolk High School.
Suffolk, Va.
March 7, 1938.

Mrs. J. P. Cook,
Concord, N. C.
Dear Mrs. Cook:

"Our paper, the "Peanut Picker", exchanges weekly with other schools. We are anxious to know if "The Uplift" would send us a few copies and we in turn would send the "Peanut Picker."

Sincerely yours,
Annette Rogers,
Exchange Editor.

This request, coming from a high school student, presents a nice appeal. We are always interested in the youth of today, and are glad to respond by mailing copies of The Uplift, printed by the boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School. This school is for

boys who are thought to be wayward, but are the products of broken homes.

Good luck to you, Miss Rogers. We enjoyed the copy of the "Peanut Picker", and trust you will like our little magazine.

* * * * * * *

## TRAILERS CONVENTION

The trailers convention was staged in Sarasota, Florida, during the month of February and from all reports it excelled, in attendance and interest, the expectations of the most optimistic.

The estimate was that 200,000 trailers found their way to Sarasota on the date of the affair. The city of trailers had every convenience of a city,—water, lights, sewerage, and the trailers were arranged in streets according to representation of states. The news columns told that every state in the Union was represented and then some from the border countries.

Florida is a wonderful state, but greater developments are yet anticipated, if one is to judge from the undeveloped lands and automobiles from every state. In this way the state of sunshine is receiving unlimited publicity. And there continues to remain some alluring spots not cultivated. One may easily pass the time and not be bored by watching tourists.

Not unusual is at one sitting to count automobiles from a dozen or more states. The Floridians are very hopeful that their state will become stronger, but in a more conservative way, than it did before the depression.

* * * * * * *

Don a' hue with grace. That sounds plausible. It's a new whim. Miss Grace Donahue, of Chicago, is forming a National Association of "Blush of the Month" clubs. She says girls have stopped blushing. The result is that they never get any blood in their face, their skin fades and they become ugly. While this is a whim, we venture to say that if girls will drop the w in that word when they are with him, they will have color enough to their faces, to the satisfaction of Miss Donahue herself.—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

LUCK

"The luck that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk;
The men the world calls lucky
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not in wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done."

---

At this time, in the race of life, it looks as if our knowledge is outrunning our wisdom.

---

I have a great admiration for the postage stamp. It just sticks to one thing. And it succeeds, too.

---

Taking life easy has carried many a man to a most dismal failure. Life is action— in industry and good deeds.

---

One of the sad aspects of life is the fact that not every youngster grows up to the adult that fond parents expected.

---

The minds of income tax payers are greatly relieved. We will have quite a year before worrying over the next tax. That's something to rejoice over.

---

It is stated that a Kansas women's club debated for an hour and a half the most dreaded disease among women. Then they finally decided it was lockjaw.

---

Secretary Hull is working to develop international trade in the hope that it will draw the nations together. But he is getting mightly little help from some nations.

Some fellow with nothing else to do has figured it out that there are 293 ways making change for a dollar. He left out the most important point. How do you get the dollar?

---

I know that any man who believes strongly enough in something would work his finger-nails off to accomplish it. You know that, too. And that spells success—belief and energy.

---

Nature abhors a vacuum. When you drive useless hates, fears and bitternesses from your heart, nature hurries to fill up it with goodwill, love and kindly thoughts which in turn attract people who like to bask in the sunshine of these life-giving forces.

---

It often happens that the fellow who makes the most fuss about the way the election goes, did not vote. The old prophet, Jeremiah, (17-9) was about right when he said: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

---

In this rejuvinating time of the year so many things are tumbling about us—such a gentle grace of things, as if from some magic sphere there sped a flight of angels wings. Hours and moments of sweet spring music of the lovelines of life. I sit and wonder. How can there be war and crime? How can there be hate and strife, in such a blessed world of life as this. I still wonder.

---

When a man has the symptoms of an oncoming cold in the head and

chest his wife begins to work on him. Sympathy gets the better of her, and the way she begins to stir around and dose him, you'd think her heart was made of stone. But she goes right on performing her relief measures in spite of what you might say, or protest. The doses come thick and fast, and she flannels you up just enough to keep you around the house. She pours liniment upon the chest, and then rubs it in, just as she does if you do not follow her instructions to the letter. Ye gods! She rubs the liniment till it is like the fires below. When the victim writhes with burning pains, and cold sniffles and sneezes she'll whisper softly in your ear, "Now hubby, just be brave!" when you want to rave. A cold certainly will make your wife warm up to you.

---

Reidsville, North Carolina, is rightly named. It is an enthusiastic read-ing community. Named after Hon. David Settle Reid, the first elected governor of this State—Senator, Congressman, Peace Commissioner—it bears an illustrious title. It's birth, growth and progress is exemplified in the splendid review edition by the Reidsville Daily Review, which has just celebrated the 50th anniversary of the paper, having been in the the hands of the Oliver family continuously for nearly that number of years. A brilliant, worthy, worthwhile journalistic record in North Carolina. It's 64 pages are a word and picture panorama of that sprightly and progressive city. It's Rotogravure Industrial section of 16 pages is a fine example of its life and energy. The newspaper profession of the State is proud of the Oliver's achievements and success. A still longer and successful career for the energetic and persevering Oliver family!

---

## A STRANGE AGNOSTIC

Clarence Darrow, the great Chicago lawyer who died a few days ago, was known as an infidel in matters pertaining to religion. This view of him was particularly emphasized when he volunteered his services to defend John T. Scopes, the Tennessee high school teacher, who was indicted for teaching a theory of evolution as one explanation of the original and development of the human species.

Now it comes to light that when he arrived in the little Tennessee town and a reporter asked him if he believed in Jesus Christ, the kindly lawyer said, "I would have been glad to have him on any jury I ever appeared before."

Perhaps the thing that turned Mr. Darrow toward agnosticism was his observation that too many of his fellowmen worshipped respectability. And this naturally brought his mind more in consonance with both the teachings and conduct of the Man of Galilee, the greatest friend of the underdog the world has ever known.—Lexington Dispatch.

# INDIANS KEEP SQUAWS FROM WHITE WOMEN

**(The Charlotte Observer)**

Florida's redmen, the Seminole Indians, say of their squaws, "no wantum like white woman. White woman know to much."

And that is why, according to the tribal leaders, the Seminole women are not permitted to speak English nor to talk with white persons.

J. D. Girtman, a retired Indian trader who used to stake out a cow on the present site of the city hall, was telling about it.

"If you want to anger a Seminole just try to strike up a conversation with some of his womenfolk," said Girtman, who once knew all the tribesmen by name. "The men as well as the women will shut up like clams and go marching off."

But the Seminoles, despite their attempts at seclusion, are being changed by tourists, Girtman believes. Little by little, he said, they are losing the haughty pride of the hunter and are catering more and more to the whims of white men's fancy. He pointed to the commerical villages were sightseers are admitted for a fee.

Too, he said, the Seminoles have added little Indian dolls, toy canoes and similar novelties to their trading articles since Miami has become a tourist center.

Around the turn of the century, when the city had a population of about 2,000, the Indians brought products of the hunt to the trading post Girtman operated. They exchanged live alligators, alligator hides, bear skins and raccoons and wildcat skins for sugar, grist, green coffee, salt, guns and ammunition.

"They were the most honest, the smartest, the squarest and the brightest people I ever dealt with," Girtman said.

But despite their tendency to cater to the white folks' wants, the Indians insist their women live under the ancient tribal rules. They are well treated—a Seminole's great tenderness is reserved for his family but the man is master always. To keep the squaws from contact with any paleface idea, they are forbidden to speak English even in the depth of the everglades.

"White woman know too much," the redmen say.

---

## ENGLISH MOST WIDELY USED LANGUAGE

More than 190,000,000 people speak English, it was estimated recently by the English-Speaking Union, Rockefeller Center. German is used by more than 125,000,000; Russian by more than 92,000,000; French by more than 60,000,000; Spanish by more than 56,000,000 and Italian by more than 41,000,000.

—Selected.

# PRESENTING THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

**By Michael Hobson**

Every spring more than five thousand flowering cherry trees in the city of Washington don their best Easter bonnets, and trim their graceful twigs and branchlets with lace-petaled blossoms of pink and white and gold. Almost overnight, and for many weeks thereafter, the National Capital resembles a celestial city that has slipped loose from its moorings in the sky and floated down to earth for a time, to make glad the hearts of men.

Seen as a whole, when they are garlanded in bloom, the cheery trees present a pageant that is breath-takingly beautiful; but it is only when they are looked at separately, that each tree becomes a winsomely tricky individual, with its own special ruffles and puffs, and reveals that its blossoms are works of art, each separate bloom as perfect as a snow crystal, and as lovely and aloof as a star.

There are twelve members of the flowering cherry tree clan living very blithely in Washington, and each of these bears a name that belongs to it as no other name could. Jo-nioi means Supreme Fragrance and the blossoms of this lovely tree pour forth more rare perfume than do all the other cherry blossoms combined. Ariake means Dawn, and when this tree is covered with its light pink blossoms, it looks like a piece of a sunrise cloud. Mikuruma-Gaeshi is a tall and stately tree, wearing its blossoms like royal jewels, as it should, for its name means The Royal Carriage Returns. Delicate as a fairy is the lovely tree, Higurashi, whose name means Twilight.

Shiro-fugen, the loveliest of all the flowering cherry trees, bears a name that means The White Goddess. The blossoms are almost three inches across, and open flat, spreading their thirty petals out like delicate lace ruffles. The blooms are a rich clear pink when they open, changing quickly to pure white. The tree is not large, being about twenty-five feet tall, with brownish-gray bark, and young foligae of a rich mahogany brown.

Kwanzan, another noted beauty of the cherry tree clan, is named for a mountain in Japan, because it has a way of growing itself a neatly rounded crest or crown. It wears a dark, reddish brown bark, and its blossoms are two and a half inches across. They are a delicate pink, and possess thirty petals that are as delicate as a cobweb, and as finely cut as a rare cameo. This tree possesses an added charm for it has a tricky way of painting its young foliage a vivid copper-pink!

Like most of the flowering cherry trees, the Shidare-higan blooms before the foliage appears, and its blossoms delicate as cloudlets, show clearly against the gray branches. All along the bare twigs are the delicate flowers, that vary from pure white to deep pink, or lavender.

The Yoshino is another noted beauty tree. It grows to be more than forty-five feet in height, and its graceful branches are a soft gray. Yoshino possesses many rare charms, one being its way of dressing up in its best Easter clothes before any of the other trees show so much as a tint of pink or green. The blossoms are an inch in diameter, and vary in tint from

flesh color to a deep pink with reddish calyxes. The white, pink and red, against the gray of the tree, make a rarely lovely color scheme. There are more than eight hundred of these trees along the Tidal Basin in Potomac Park, Washington. They live close to the water and when the sunset glows and gleams upon them, the flower-trimmed branches seem to dip gracefully toward the water as if watching the reflection of their own loveliness. It was in a lovely grove of Yoskino trees that Basho wrote his poems.

The first flowering cherry trees were planted in this country in 1912. From the beginning they grew with their might, and now their graceful branches garland miles of drives in and around the city of Washington.

They are beautiful at all times and at all seasons; lovely in rows and in groups. But they are loveliest when seen alone. Only then do they become individuals—each with its own taking ways; its own manners and customs, —its own charm that creeps into the heart and makes one glad that these lovely aliens from a far off land have become so all-American that they can, and will thrive upon individual lawns as happily as in public parks and botanical gardens.

---

## DOGS IN CHURCH

There was a custom in Scotland, which may still continue, of dogs going with their masters to the kirk, in country districts. About this many strange stories are told. Amongst others it is said that in one rural church the dogs used to occupy a small gallery over their master's heads, and were always well behaved. But one Sunday a strange dog, which had been put with the others, caused a general uproar amongst them. It ended by the stranger jumping over the front of the gallery down into the church, and dashing out of the door, with all the dog congregation in chase of him.

It is also said that a clergyman from Edinburgh, when taking a service in a country church, to which the congregation brought their dogs, was much surprised at the people not rising as usual for him to pronounce the blessing. He waited some time, and at last the clerk bawled out, "Say awa', sir, it's joost to cheat the dawgs." They had found that when the people stood up the dogs thought it a sign of departure, and by whining and barking showed their pleasure. The people therefore kept their seats, and the dogs were quiet.—A. B.

# PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

By J. B. Ivey

How would you pastors like to have people so anxious to attend church that they come three-quarters of an hour ahead of time in order to get a seat? That is exactly what we did last Sunday in St. Petersburg, Florida. The church is situated about six miles from the center of St. Petersburg in a beautiful palm and pine tree grove . It is a Methodist church and the pastor is Rev. J. Wallace Hamilton, a young Canadian preacher. The church was doubled in size last year, but still they cannot accommodate the crowds. They supply seats outside and when these are filled the people sit in their automobiles which are grouped around the church. An excellent loud speaker system serves not only those sitting in the rear of the large church, but also those sitting outside in their cars can hear the sermon perfectly. During his sermon the preacher asked those sitting in their cars to say amen by blowing their horns. Immediately there went up a chamor from the great number of worshippers in their cars. We were told that there were as many outside as inside the church.

We wanted to sit inside to see the preacher, as well as to hear him, so we got there 45 minutes before time for the service to begin, and the church was already practically filled and we had to sit in the rear of the church.

Mr. Hamilton is a very young man, but has been pastor of this church for six years. They make a rule of advancing his salary $600 a year. I understand his salary is now $3,000 a year, so it must have been very small several years ago. We were told other churches have tempted him with offers of large salaries, but he prefers to serve this church. I noticed Bishop Leonard of the Northern Methodist Church in the congregation.

The First Methodist church of St. Petersburg has a new pastor, Dr. Allen W. Moore, also a very young man. He came, I think, from Louisiana. He is a splendid preacher, and his church, seating 1,800 people, was crowded each of the two times we attended. We went fifteen minutes ahead of time, and then had to take a seat away up in the balcony, and the church was packed some time before time for services. They have a large room in the basement as well as a large class room fitted with loud speakers to accommodate the overflow. Dr. Moore announced that the next Sunday was to be Dollar Day. He said they needed more money to meet their apportionment for benevolence. The next Sunday I asked about the Dollar Day collection, and was told there were over 500 dollar bills in the collection.

Sunday night we attended services at the First Avenue Methodist church, of which Rev.Paul R. Hortin is pastor. This was the fifth preaching service in the church that day. They preach at 9:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 11:45 a. m., and in the evening the services are at 6:30 and 7:30. I understand the church was full at each of these

services. It does one good to see the people so anxious to attend church.

There are 60 churches in St. Petersburg, of which the Methodist have the larger number, 13; so there would seem to be no scarcity of churches.

We attended on Sunday night at the Grace Memorial church at Clearwater. The young pastor gave us an excellent sermon. All of these four preachers were very young men. Youth seems to be in the saddle and our middle aged and older pastors will have to be on their toes to hold their own. They will have the advantage of their years of experience, but they will have to keep up their studies to be fresh in order to hold their own with the well prepared young men of whom we have a fine number in our own conference.

St. Petersburg is an ideal place to spend a vacation. They do a great deal for the tourists. A large amusement center has over 100 shuffleboard courts, many of them lighted for night playing. They also have croquet courts, lawn bowling courts, horseshoe courts, special places for checker and chess players, etc. I noticed that this amusement center was closed tight on Sunday, showing the fallacy of the idea that open Sunday will attract more people.

St Petersburg reports that they have over 5,000 more visitors this year than ever before, and this is not true, as I understand it, of any other Florida resort. They have free band concerts in Williams Park, a beautiful park with plenty of seats right in the heart of the city. Everybody has heard of the seats placed on the sidewalks. There are this year 3,490 green benches on the sidewalks and in the parks of St. Petersburg. Plenty of opportunity to rest and take a sun bath.

---

## TODAY

'Tis easy to say "tomorrow"
To the things that must be done.
But the word "today"
Is the word to say
If the battle's to be won.

'Tis easy to say "tomorrow"
I will do a kindly deed;
But alas! too often
We have missed the one in need.

'Tis easy to say "tomorrow"
In a hopeful sort of way.
I will start anew.
Worthy things to do,
And we lose a good "today."

—M. E. Detterline.

# TRAINING TO HELP OWN TRIBES

**By Beatrice Warren**

In the center of the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona thirty acres of desert mark a little community whose value cannot be even remotely estimated. It is the Canado Mission to the Navajos.

Starting from scratch thirty-five years ago, by magnificent co-operation, hard work, and genuine belief in the final outcome, this spot has become a little city within itself. The plant consists of about fifty modern buildings, including a church, high school, hospital, nurses' home, dormitories, administration building, community centers, barn and dairy, central power house, laundry, garage, residences and quarters for the staff of about seventy-five workers.

The work is divided into evangelistic, educational, medical, public health, and community work. Training in the useful arts, such as carpentry, engineering, auto mechanics, sliversmithing, tanning, farming, dairying, etc., is given to the boys, while the girls receive instruction in housekeeping, cooking, laundry work, first aid, and the regular course in home economics.

The medical work is centralized in the Sage Memorial Hospital, perhaps the most deserving unit of the whole group. One of the most interesting departments of the medical work is the school of nursing, the only accredited school in the country for the training of Indian nurses. The school is accredited by the state and the American Medical Association and is listed with the National League of Nursing Education.

In 1934 perhaps no happier girls could be found in the entire United States than Miss Adele Slivers and Miss Ruth Henderson when they became the first accredited nurses ever to be graduated from an Indian training school. Not alone were the young ladies thrilled, but all their associates and friends felt it a memorable occasion. The two nurses were handed their diplomas by the governor of the state. The Indian agent was a guest of honor and spoke in praise of the new training school. Perhaps the most outstanding speaker was old Red Point, one of the chief medicine men of the country. He came by invitation and in honor of the event donned ceremonial clothes, royal purple velvet blouse, green velvet trousers, heavy silver belt, gay silk headband tied about his gray hair, buckin moccasins, a new and colorful blanket, much silver and turquoise, as befits an honored medicine man. He made a speech which was relayed to the white members of the audience through an interpreter.

The trio composing the second graduating class were Elizabeth Hamilton, a Haida Indian from Alaska, who returned to work among her people; Amelia Romero, a Spanish-speaking Indian from Chacon, N. M., who later worked in a hospital in New Mexico; and Bernice Patton, a Pima Indian of the Sacaton Reservation in Arizona, who joined the staff of the Sage Memorial Hospital. Other tribes that have been represented in the nurses' school are Eskimos from Point Barrow, Alaska; Spokane from

Washington; Mohave from California; Cherokee from Oklahoma; and Spanish-speaking Indians from Mexico. There are now nineteen student nurses, representing the following tribes: Creek, Navajo, Hopi, Assiniboine, Pima, Laguna, Washoe, Paiute, Chickasaw-Choctaw, and Papago, as well as one Spanish-American and a Mexican. Eight girls have graduated so far.

The greatest obstacle to the entire program is to persuade the Indians to accept this wonderful help. It is hard for a people who have for all generations of their existence relied upon the revered medicine man to cure all their mental, spiritual and bodily ills to forsake those beliefs hurriedly. The friendly understanding, sympathy and healing which the Navajo finds in the hospital are more and more displacing the superstition and fear of evil spirits which have kept many Navajos from coming. When the Indians voluntarily enter the hospital for treatment at the hands of the white "medicine man" everyone rejoices, since it represents a great stride forward.

Surely no more worth-while education can be offered an Indian girl than that of learning to heal and comfort, so that she may go back to her own tribe as a real angel of mercy. Her very presence in hospitals and nursing groups tends to draw her people with confidence to these centers for aid when they learn they can deal with young women of their own race, color and language, and find sympathetic understanding.

---

## THE WORKING MAN'S SMILE

A million brass bands will play for the man
Who can smile when his day's work is done;
And he need not worry good luck will be his,
For he knows how to live and have fun.

A million good thoughts his mind will reveal
To a world that is cruel and unjust;
And he'll say that life is what you believe,
And the man with a smile you can trust.

A million heartaches his smile will erase
From the days that seem long and dreary;
And he'll be the man who does the good turn
For the one who is sad and weary.

A million bright things his eyes will behold
That a man with a frown can not see;
And a smile from the man whose day's work is done
Is a smile from a heart full of glee.

—Selected.

# SHOWING INDIANS THE "JESUS ROAD"

(Apples of Gold)

When we pray for the boys and girls, the men and women, who know very little about God and our Savior Jesus Christ, we think of India and Africa and faraway lands, don't we? But right here in our own beautiful America there are tribes of Indians who have not heard much of the "good news" of Jesus and His love.

In the southwestern part of Arizona, right next to California, their lives a tribe of Indians called Papagos. Their land is almost all desert, but they manage to make a living though it is a poor one. Travelers hardly ever go into their country, but some missionaries have gone there, and where they have started little churches with Indian preachers the people are learning the love of Jesus for them. Many of the boys and girls have gone to a mission school in another part of the state, and when they came home they helped their people to live better and happier lives. If you were to visit the Papagos you could soon tell where the little churches are and where the young people have gone to the mission school, for the homes are nicer and the children have learned how to play and their fathers and mothers smile now instead of always looking stern and sad. When we can send more missionaries more of them will be happy.

The Papagos tell a story that long, long ago a hunter tried to take a rabbit from a hole in the ground, and when he pulled it out there was an opening into the earth and a great stream of water poured out. The Indians were afraid of a flood and offered sacrifices to make the water stop.

In this same village our government engineers started some time ago to drill a well; but the Indians were so afraid that their gods would be angry—for whoever heard of rain coming from the ground, when everyone knows that it comes from the sky?—that they filled the well with rocks and tried to stop it up. But finally the engineers finished the well, and the Indians began to come at night to get the wonderful rain from the ground, and now they are not afraid, but come bravely in the daytime, they are so glad for this good clear water in their dry land.

---

Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch.—Selected.

# MOUNTAIN WOMAN, 92, LIVES 1N PRESENT

**(Charlotte Observer)**

Mrs. Joseph L. Moretz, 91-year old democrat who has never "scratched the ticket," is having a grand time visiting her son, McCoy Moretz, and his family on Berkley avenew but—now that its time to get out and work in the garden— she's already "homesick" for her native hills.

Her name is Mary Ellen Moretz, and, although she has always been called "Ellen," she likes "Mary" better. For the 91 years of her life she has lived either at her birthplace nine miles from Boone or at the home her husband made for his family a mile from her father's house. And while she enjoys making short visits to her sons and their children, she doesn't like to be away from home long.

She's living in the present, the future, and the past. And today she is mostly interested in the coming of June 11, for it is on that day at Grandmother Moretz, her five sons, her thirty grandchildren, her fifty-four great-grandchildren, and her one great-great-grandchild plan to gather at the old home near Boone to celebrate her 92nd birthday.

One would think that after so many years of living and working, a woman might be ready to sit still and rest when she gets to be almost 92. But for Mrs. Moretz this would be an uninteresting life. Although her memories go back, she says, to the year when she was two years old and her father made the nails to be used in coffins for three of their neighbors, her mind is actively enthusiastic about today.

For more than 25 years she has read The Charlotte Observer and everything else she could find to read. For her, newspaper reading is a serious thing. She begins at the beginning and reads it word for word.

"When there's anything in the paper about Hoey or Roosevelt," she said, "I always read it twice."

Back in the early days when there was talk of allowing women to vote, she was against it. But soon she decided it was only right for them to have suffrage and worked for it. To her, it is privilege to have the vote, and she has never missed casting her ballot on election day.

"I'm a Democrat, and I've never scratched the ticket," she said. She even voted for Hoey twice. First, she said, there was a primary, and he didn't get a majority, and so "we held it over to give him one." A great admirer of President Roosevelt, she was one of his staunch supporters in the last election. The preacher visited her, she said, and they sat on the porch and talked.

"What are your politics?" he asked.

"Democratic," she replied.

"Are you going to vote for Roosevelt and liquor?" he wanted to know.

"I'm going to vote for Roosevelt and put the bootleggers out of business," she answered.

But, in spite of Roosevelt's being re-elected, there are still some

bootleggers, Mrs. Moretz has found.

"It was a good reason to give the preacher thought," she said.

"Women today are going mighty fast," she believes. "They're smart, though. One of my neighbors say women were put in the world to raise families, but it looks like they're trying to take the men's places sometimes."

When she's home and can look after her garden—although her sons do not want her to do anything—and read and keep house, she's happy. The best kind of life to live, she believes, is to eat simple food, get plenty of fresh air, and work hard. Working hard began for her back in the days of the Civil War, when everybody except the old men and women went to war, and the young girls had to get out in the fields and work like men.

"I had to roll logs and pull flax and do everything else there was to do," she said. Sometimes I pass fields where I used to roll logs."

She remembers one time when the Yankees were close home and there was fighting near the mountain where her family lived. That night they were afraid to go to sleep, but they'd been working hard all day and tried to forget their fear. The young Ellen went to bed in the front room and was almost asleep when the door opened and a soldier came in. She jumped and ran to her mother, leaving the soldier the room.

"Did he know he had taken your bed?" Mrs. Moretz was asked.

"No, he was too drunk to know anything," she said.

Folks had a good time in those old days. They didn't have fine schools; Mrs. Moretz went to school in a log cabin with holes cut for windows and sawed out logs set up on pegs for her desk. They didn't have movies, but that wasn't much to miss, for she doesn't like movies today, and they did have have singing schools and churches. They didn't have gas stoves, but there was a huge fireplace in which they cooked the best food you can find anywhere. "I sometimes think of the good eating today," she said. There was plenty of meat, and there was butter and thick cream, fruit and vegetables— all any one could want.

There were no airplanes—but Mrs. Moretz's granddaughter went up in one not long ago and said she was so frightened she could not talk. Mrs. Moretz doesn't want to ride in anything that would make it impossible for her to talk. There were no telephones,, but a person could sit down and enjoy himself without having something ringing every few minutes.

And in all, it was great life. And it is still a great life today. And with a birthday with all her family to look forward to on June 11, it's to be the great life tomorrow.

"My first boy came as a Christmas present," said Mrs. Moretz. "He's 70 years old now."

---

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

# BLIND YOUTH LEADS STUDENTS IN BOOKS

**(Charlotte Observer)**

A physical handicap that would have daunted the average student has proved no barrier between Hugh Scott, 21-year-old senior at Lees-McRae college, at Banner Elk, and the highest scholastic average in the entire student body of more than 200.

Hugh, with an honor roll average, has led his class since entering school here two years ago—in that time, however, he has not been able to read textbooks except those written in Braille.

All of his life, Hugh has had, in his own words, "just enough sight to get around with—I guess that's the only way I can explain it so the average sighted person can imagine how well I can see. I can't read."

Hugh is a member of Phi Theta Kappa, highest honorary scholastic fraternity on the campus, and is active in the work of the Young People's Christian Association. In addition to these extra-curricular activities he carries his part of the work program at the college—two days a week as required of each Lees-McRae student. He works in the woodshop.

And after graduation from senior college, Hugh hopes to teach in a school for the blind. "I think teachers in schools for the blind should have been trained in both blind schools and public schools." he said, "It helps them understand both, and to give their pupils better teaching and preparation for making their way in the world independently."

Hugh again mentioned the importance of blind people's being independent. "I believe they can be," he said, with a smile"—but I can see some, and maybe everything I have said wouldn't be true for those who can't see at all."

But Hugh's teachers are of the opinion that many of his scholastic achievements would be impossible for any student unless he showed the Hugh has.

---

"Some folks, when they get old, live with very cheerless associates. Their own animosities, their own peevishness, their sourness, their fretfulness, their censoriousness, their little-mindedness, and their unthankfulness. Others when the seasons of solitude and gloom come, have sweet memories, old loyalties, large sympathies, which keep them young and keep their leaf from withering."

# THE GREEN CENT

**By V. Ostergaard**

Barry's troubles began when he failed to find a part-time position in Pine Tree City. He wanted to study chemistry. Like many others, he had planned to work his way through school; but he was well aware that opportunities were extremely scarce. So many skilled, experienced older men were tramping the streets fruitlessly seeking any kind of employment that only a miracle would have brought Barry a job.

He fully realized as much, yet when he saw students registering at the university, and knew that he must go back to Sundale, a silent but tumultous rebellion surged within him.

Most young men, too poor to gain an education without work on the side, would have smiled in cheerful acceptance of an inescapable but temporary condition: "Better luck next time. This depression won't last forever, and I'll try again, you know."

Not so with Barry Grant. He couldn't see that it was useless to rage over his defeat; he didn't realize, until later, that straightforward, patient perseverance will overcome the most serious obstacles.

Thus a disappointed, angry Barry was homeward bound on the day that other young people, more fortunate than he, were registering for the fall quarter at Pine Tree University—homeward bound after two weeks of unsuccessful searching for a job. He had no choice. His savings would barely pay for tuition, laboratory fees, books. To stay, he must have work.

The most direct way to the car-line lay straight across the campus. Seven blocks to go from the boarding house; two heavy suitcases to carry, but the weight of them and the distance he minded not at all. A few inches under six feet in height, square-shouldered, strong, he would gladly carry heavy luggage a half of each day, had that meant staying on at Pine Tree.

But to go home, to walk across the campus with the telltale suitcases in sight of the happy young folk crowding the sidewalks, would be bitter medicine, a public acknowledgment, he felt, of his failure.

He would, however, dodge nothing. Barry pressed his lips together, ducked his red head a bit, and glowered at the hurrying throngs still several hundred feet distant. But no act on his part would he show that he was beaten.

On Barry's right, sandwiched between the railroad and the new university storehouse, lay a half-dozen dingy dwellings. Before one of them a ragged child of six or seven years played with a ball. "Hello, Mister Man!" he cried. Barry checked his hurrying stride; his face softened briefly. "Hello, Sonny," he answered.

"Hello!" the boy called again. "Watch me!"

Throwing the ball vigorously, he pursued it back of the house and out of sight. As the child disappeared, gloom returned to Barry's face; he quickened his step, then stopped suddenly. On the walk at his feet lay a coin. Barry stooped and picked it up. It looked like a copper cent,

dirty, greenish, almost unrecognizable. He dropped it carelessly into his pocket.

Until he came to the chemistry building the walk need not have been painful; but in his disappointment Barry chose to imagine otherwise. Among the hundreds of students no one knew him, but he thought he saw scorn in disinterested glances, heard taunting derision in gay laughter, pity in eyes that met his proud stare.

"If I'd been half as lucky as they are, I'd have stayed here and shown them things," he thought darkly.

It was late September; leaves, scarlet and yellow, were falling. White clouds drifted above half-naked elms under a blue sky. On the dull-red brick walls of old Chemistry Hall a bare network of vines clung in graceful patterns. From open windows came a murmur of voices and a sharp, heady smell of many strong odors mingled into one challenging, tantalizing shock to the nostrils—to the ambition stirring in a young man's breast.

Barry stopped in his tracks. Like an explorer gazing across a deep, unnavigable torrent into a rich but never-to-be-explord land on the far side, the boy stared at the plain facade of the old building. Within those walls were worlds yet to be discovered; strange forces to hunt, to tame and harness; powers dreamed-of, but still unknown, to make useful to mankind; vicious creatures of infinitesimal size to corner, capture, and destroy before they destroyed human lives.

Barry breathed deeply to catch more, still more, of the magic fragrance seeping away from the building. Heavy suitcases in his hands, he edged one foot forward, and another. He found himself, by and by, on the steps. He would ask Professor Berne just once more if there was any prospect of work.

The kind, white-haired old man looked up a little wearily. He was very busy. "Oh, it's you, Grant? Weren't you here about two hours ago?"

"Yes, sir—but I'm on my way home. I thought I'd look in once more to see if—"

Professor Berne shook his head sadly. "No, there's nothing," he interrupted. "I'm very sorry. I want to help young men of your caliber but I've done all I can for the present. A chance in a thousand that something might turn up. I'll let you know if there does."

"Thank you. Well—" Barry waited, desperately hoping that even a few seconds of delay might produce the miracle of a job. He search his mind frenziedly for a topic with which to prolong the conversation. "There was something I wanted to ask you," he mumbled. "I—"

Suddenly the idea came. He dropped a suitcase and his hand dove into his pocket. "I found this coin on the walk, Mr. Berne. An old copper cent, all greenish. Look. What is the chemical action that makes copper turn green when it's just lying around?"

Professor Berne's face brightened. He liked to answer questions. "Let me see it," he requested, and held out his hand. He looked at the coin, scratched with a fingernail, then with his knife.

"The greenish stuff is copper carbonate, most likely. It is formed when the air is moist enough to per-

mit the carbon dioxide that's in the air to unite with the copper. You remember the equation? No? No matter. Copper exposed to the air is nearly always slowly taking on a coating of copper carbonate. Copper coins in use are, of course, polished clean by friction. An old coin like this lying around for nobody can tell how long—say, Grant, this is a very old coin. Looks like a—" The professor carefully scraped at the coin with his knife. "It looks like a General Washington cent—no, I can't make it out. You try, your eyes may be better."

Barry wondered at the note of excitement in the professor's voice, but he curiously examined the copper. He shook his head. "We could scrape it some more," he suggested.

"No, no." Mr. Berne shook his head decidedly. "We could better give it a bath of diluted sulphuric acid—but we won't do that, either. You say you found it?"

"Yes, sir. On the sidewalk."

"H'm. Tell you what, Grant. Don't get excited, now, and raise your hopes too high. This cent may be worth nothing; but old coins sometimes are worth a great deal. A friend of mine is a collector. Go to him. I'll give you a note. Leave your luggage here. Can you take time?"

Barry's heart was beating fast. "A great deal of money," he repeated to himself, wild, joyous dreams crowding his thoughts. "College after all—maybe a whole year—" He took himself in hand. "Yes, sir," he answered calmly enough. "I can take the afternoon bus as well as the one leaving this forenoon."

"Good." Professor Berne wrote briefly and handed Barry the slip of paper. "Here's a note. Ask for Mr. Feister personally. Know how to get there?"

"Yes, sir," Barry smiled for the second time that day. "I've been all over town the last two weeks."

Barry took the street car downtown and found the Feister jewelry store easily enough. Behind the show windows glittered a huge array of diamonds and watches. He walked into the store. There were glass cases the length of the room, shelves behind glass, and on every available space lay ornaments, fine glassware, clocks, delicately tinted crockery—wealth enough to send a thousand boys to school.

A polite salesman sopke to Barry, who said, "I have a note for Mr. Feister. I would like to see him personally, please." Barry handed the slip of paper to the man.

"Oh, yes; Professor Berne sent you. Come right with me. I'm sure Mr. Feister will see you."

Barry followed him to the rear of of the store and up a flight of stairs to a balcony that overlooked the salesroom. Barry saw two desks, a big safe, and a filing cabinet. Before one desk sat a stout man with blue eyes and curling black hair. He shook hands with Barry.

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Look at this copper coin, sir." Barry laid the cent on the desk. "Mr. Berne thought it might be valuable."

Mr. Feister took a magnifying glass out of a drawer and carefully studied the bit of metal. Then he arose, went to a washstand in the corner of the room and scrubbed the copper with a cleaning powder and a brush. The cent was still greenish, but the lettering upon it more legible when Mr. Feister returned to the desk.

Barry watched him eagerly. Finally

Mr. Feister spoke. "Is it your coin?"

"I found it on the sidewalk about an hour ago."

"Well, you're lucky," Mr. Feister smiled. "It's a General Washington cent. A perfect specimen is worth about two hundred dollars. This one's corroded. You might get less—oh, say a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars. I can sell it for you if you like. No commission either from a friend of Dr. Berne's."

The jeweler gave Barry the coin. "Thank you, sir," he said, examining the piece once more. "About selling it—I'll speak to Mr. Berne first, if you don't mind."

The man smiled, agreeing. "Maybe that's best; but come again anytime. I'll gladly help you."

Barry turned to leave. "Good-bye, Mr. Feister."

"Good-bye."

Leo Feister came down to chat with the clerk after Barry left. "Queer kid," said Mr. Feister. "He found an old cent this morning, worth probably two hundred dollars or therabouts, but he didn't seem a bit happy when I told him. Didn't even smile. Thanked me politely and left. Nice-looking chap."

"I wonder what's bothering him?" the clerk asked.

Mr. Feister shook his head. "It's beyond me."

Indeed, Barry was not, as he rode back toward the university, particularly cheerful. His first elation was gone and, try as he would, he could not recall it. The old cent would bring enough money to keep him in school the first quarter and leave a little over. With careful management he might stretch the funds over pleasure.

six months. Jobs might turn up in the meantime but these dreams now so near to reality, gave him no

The reason wasn't quite clear to him, but two pictures intruded, upsetting pleasant anticipations of the future. One picture held his sister Grace, who was two years younger than himself still in high school. He knew just how she would look at him if she were realy there, troubled and anxious—not at all like her bright, happy self who smiled so bravely when he took the bus for Pine Tree City. She wouldn't rejoice in his new good fortune.

The other picture was of a ragged, gleeful boy of six or seven years. He shouted, "Hello, Mister Man. Watch Me!"

The picture of Grace disturbed Barry most persistently. Finally it seemed that she was sitting beside him in the street car and together they were looking at the little fellow running after his ball, Grace saying nothing, but staring gravely at the child.

Barry stepped out at the campus station. The car rolled onward, and he walked quickly up the hill—but the thought of Grace was still with him. Barry scowled and stared straight ahead; he slowed his step. What was the use of running? In fact, he needed time in which to think.

He saw the top of Chemistry Hall above the hill; then, step by step, the building bobbed into view, stood there in the full beauty of an autumn day, a magic, irresistible palace.

Drawing near, the harsh odor of chemicals smote Barry anew. He slackened his already slow step. He must think; he must have more time in which to think. He must decide.

He stopped directly in front of the building.

"What is it," he asked himself irritably, "that I must decide?"

Then, without consciously answering the question, he walked on past Chemistry Hall, Walked away from his dreams, and on toward the boarding house on the other side of the campus.

Barry could see Grace beside him again. She seemed to be no longer anxious nor troubled. Serenely she walked with him, looking straight ahead. When he came to a stop before the dingy old house back of the university storehouse, he was quite calm again, and there was no longer any doubt about what he should do.

Barry went up the walk and rapped on the door. A blond, buxom woman answered the knock. "You have a little boy of six or seven?" he inquired.

The woman smiled. "Yes; you mean Carl?"

"I don't know his name," Barry replied. It's only that I passed here this morning and we said 'hello' to each other. I picked an old penny up off the sidewalk here by your house. I didn't think of it then, but later I wondered if it might not belong to the little fellow."

"Oh, a penny!" the woman exclaimed "You're taking the trouble to return that? Wait, I'll ask Carl. Carl," she called, "come here. A man wants to see you."

Carl, fair like his mother, bounded into view. Shyly he clung to his mother's hand, swinging behind her to hide; but he popped into view again immediately. "Hello, Mister Man," he smiled, "I lost my ball."

"Did you lose a penny, too," Barry asked gravely.

The boy nodded vigorously. "I found a penny," he declared, "back of the house. The store man said it was no good. He wouldn't take it for candy. I guess I lost it."

"Here's the penny." Barry gave it to the woman. "It's old. It's worth a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Maybe more. Leo Feister will sell it for you."

"A hundred—" The woman, open-mouthed, stared.

"Yes. That's what he said. I took the penny to Leo Feister—Feister's jewelry store, downtown."

Barry saw tears trickle down the the blonde woman's face. He was embarrassed and turned to go. "Well, don't forget to see Feister," he admonished. "Good-bye, Carl."

Barry reached the sidewalk. "God bless you!" he heard the woman cry after him. "My husband has been out of work. I—we"

For a few moments a warm, happy emotion tingled in Barry. He was glad of what he had done. The woman's gratitude sang in his ears over and over again, "God bless you!"

But crossing the campus, he mingled with the care-free students and he discovered that his disappointment was stronger than before. Resentment against himself, against his own sense of honesty, rose to a mighty flood; and he thrust his fists into his pockets, lowered his red head, and stalked forward, a hard, bitter angry young man. Now the busy students seemed to mock him. 'What a sap! What a sap!" Their pity had turned to contempt. "Fool! To give away a huned and fifty dollars when you need it youself!"

"What did I ever do it for?" he asked himself, and his footfall echoed

the answer, "Fool! fool! fool!"

Barry stood again before Professor Berne, whose kind gray eyes looked sympathetically at his young friend.

"What made you think it was the boy's penny?"

"Oh, finding it there in front of the house where he was playing."

"And you feel certain that it does belong to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well!" The professor rose and held out his hand. He beamed. "I am proud to know you, my boy. You will go home now? Well, good-bye, then. Remember, I'll do all I can for you."

Barry picked up his suitcases and walked heavily out, down the steps, and away toward the trolley. The professor's admiration had passed him unheeded. Barry Grant was too full of misery to notice anything except his own loss. It was noon, but he wasn't hungry. He went to the station to wait for a car.

A little after four o'clock Barry was back in Sundale. Walking homeward, he met several friends who questioned him about his success. "Nope, no luck," he answered them briefly, and hurried on.

His disappointment would be keener here, he realized, than anywhere else. There would be an eternal round of questions to answer. Tactless friends would tease him. He hated his friends he thought savagely, their silly questions, their docile acceptance of things as they happened. Spineless creatures they were—everyone!

He heard a shout. "Barry!"

He saw Grace detach herself from a group of girls and dart toward him. "No job, Barry? Oh, that's a shame. Let me help you carry those grips."

Barry shook his head.

And Grace, understanding her big brother, walked beside him without speaking. By and by he began to talk, and the day's story came out. She listened attentively till he was done. Then, "Oh, but Barry, aren't you proud and glad? Aren't you thrilled that you could make yourself give that penny back to the boy?"

"No."

"Oh, you are. You must be. It's only that you're so disappointed right now that you can't realize anything else. Why, it's the finest example of unselfish honesty I ever heard of."

"Honesty?" Barry laughed harshly. "Maybe it was honesty; but what good does it do to be an honest fool? The other fellow gets all the benefit of it."

"No, Barry, no. You don't mean that. I know you don't. Even if you never earned so much as an extra nickel, you'd be just that honest all your life. Why, money and opportunity life. Why, money and opportunity don't count for anything beside the feeling you have when you do right. I'm sure you agree with me."

"Maybe I did once, but I don't any more. Not on that subject."

"Oh, Barry!"

Grace pressed the matter no further; and they soon reached home. A small figure dashed down the walk to meet them. "There's Linda," Grace exclaimed. "She's glad to see you."

But nine-year-old Linda had another matter on her mind just then. She was flushed with excitement and waved a yellow envelope.

"A telegram for you, Barry. We knew you must be coming home when the telegram came. Anton brought it."

Barry, dropping his luggage, seized the envelope and tore out the message. Linda stood gravely before him. "Excuse me, Barry, but I forgot to say 'hello.'"

Barry looked down smilingly. "Hello, sis," he said, and read the telegram again:

Advise you return immediately to work for Feister. Says he needs honest man like you in store.

David Berne.

Grace read the message, too. "Professor Berne must have telephoned to Feister or gone to see him soon after you left, Barry."

He nodded. "I guess so. I was wrong, Grace, about—you know what I said."

Grace smiled happily and waved to her mother. Mrs. Grant was coming down the walk. "Barry," she was saying, "Barry, aren't you ever going to notice your mother?"

Barry threw his arms into the air and let out a whoop of joy. "I'm going back to school and a job, Mother! Anything in the house to eat? I'm hungry."

---

## INTERESTING DATA ON HIGHWAY FATALITIES

The Travelers Insurance Company has just issued a little booklet, "Death Begins at Forty," in which it is pointed out that underlying reasons for America's horrifying automobile accident record in 1937 were "too much speed and too little courtesy."

According to the booklet, statistics show that if one has an accident while driving under forty miles an hour there is only one chance in forty-four that somebody will be killed, but if the accident comes while one is traveling faster than forty, there is one chance in nineteen that somebody will be killed. Forty thousand three hundred persons met death in traffic accidents last year. Nearly forty per cent of these fatalities were directly traceable to speed, and ninety-seven per cent of drivers involved in fatal accidents had one or more years of driving experience—in other words, they should have known better.

The driver guilty of speed and discourtesy on the highway is a potential murderer—and should be treated as such upon apprehension. Common discourtesy is usually simply a mark of ignorance, but when applied to the fast driver is a mark of maniacal disregard of human life. No amount of "wire-pulling" should allow such a person to escape punishment.

Laws in themselves cannot instill common sense and chivalry in a road hog—only fear and respect for the law will do that; and rigid impartial enforcement is the club to use.

**—News-Herald**

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger and Mr. J. C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, made a trip to Raleigh last Wednesday for the purpose of discussing with officials of the Budget Bureau, plans for the building program at the School.

---

Advertisements have been placed in the Charlotte Observer for the letting of contracts for the complete renovation of the ice plant at the School. Mr. Rothgeb, engineer with the Budget Bureau, drew the plans and will supervise the construction of same.

---

Mr. A. H. Kennedy, district supervisor for the WPA, met with the architects and officials of the School last Tuesday and explained the manner in which the WPA might aid the School in enlarging it building program, consisting of the erection of a new infirmary and gymnasium, which will soon be under way.

---

Julian Andrews, formerly of Cottage No. 15, who left the School about three months ago, called on friends here last Monday. He is now attending the Asheville Farm Life School, located at Swannanoa. Julian states that he likes the farm school very much and is making good progress in his studies. He is now finishing the tenth grade. Julian is very anxious for arrangements to be made for Caleb Jolly, one of his cottage chums, to attend the same school. The Farm Life School gives a boy the privilege of working during the summer months as well as during the regular school term, and by this method he is enabled to meet his entire school obligation. It is hoped that Jolly will be able to enter this fine school.

---

A committee of women, studying the conditions of delinquent children; causes and prevention of said delinquency; working with the juvenile court of the city of Charlotte, visited the School last Thursday morning, and were shown through the various departments. This group consisted of Mrs. Lloyd Withers, Mrs. Winnie Pegram, and Mrs. Lloyd Withers, Jr., all of Charlotte.

---

Mr. Lester Longhurst, of Ashland, Virginia, who represents the A. G. Spalding Company, called at Cottage No. 2 last Monday night and gladdened the hearts of thirty youngsters by leaving with them some splendid baseball equipment, consisting of a catcher's mitt, first baseman's mitt, fielder's glove, five bats and one dozen baseballs, all of the finest quality.

In his college days Mr. Longhurst was a star pitcher for Pennsylvania State College, and for a number of years has been selling sporting goods for the above named company. He is a great lover of boys, and it was plainly evident last Monday night

that he derived as much pleasure from donating this equipment as the boys exhibited upon receipt of same.

The boys of Cottage No. 2 are highly elated over this splendid gift and are already making plans to organize a cottage team that will equal, if not be the tops, among those of the other fifteen cottages, during the 1938 season.

Both the boys and officials of the School are deeply grateful to Mr. Longhurst for this timely gift, and wish to take this opportunity to express their appreciation for his contribution toward the boys' enjoyment during the summer months.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, Mr. Sheldon stated that he had arranged a program different from the usual preaching service, and presented a male quartet from Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte, one of the South's leading institutions for negroes. David E. Carroll acted as spokesman for the group and furnished the piano accompaniment. The quartet was composed of Shelton Waters, W. J. Boulware, James Bond and James Lathan.

With voices blending in that delightfully pleasing manner peculiar to their race, the members of the quartet sang several groups of familiar negro spirituals, including the well-known "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", "I Ain't Gonna Study War No More," "I Got a Robe," "Who Did?" and in addition to these they sang several numbers other than spirituals, including "Bingo," "State Song," "Carry Me Back To Ole Virginny," while the tenor of the group rendered two solos, one of which was "Sylvia."

We are indebted to Mr. Sheldon and this group of students from Smith University for a delightful program, and trust we may have the pleasure of hearing them again.

---

## FELLOWSHIP

To cast not slight on fellow man,
Nor make thy might thy creed,
To try to stop and to understand,
Thy fellow man's want and need.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending March 27, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(17) Marvin Bridgeman 17
(12) Ivey Eller 19
(9) Leon Hollifield 19
(20) Edward Johnson 20
(6) Frank King 6
(20) Edward Lucas 20
(6) Warner Sands 12
(6) Mack Setzer 15

### COTTAGE No. 1

(2) J. C. Cox 15
(4) William Haire 12
William Howard 8
Blanchard Moore 6
William Pitts 2
(2) Howard Roberts 12
(2) Albert Silas 13
(2) R. L. Young 17

### COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 7
Frank Cobb 5
Warren Godfrey 4
Carl Kepley 4
Clifton Mabry 7
Fred Seibert 9

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 8
Robert Atwell 3
Carlton Brookshire 3
Kenneth Conklin 3
Harold Dodd 4
(2) James Mast 11
James McCune 7
Grady Pennington 3
George Shaver 2
William T. Smith 8
(17) Allen Wilson 19

### COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 11
Harold Almond 10
Ernest Beach 15
J. C. Ennis 7
(2) Grover Gibby 4
Jack McRary 6
(5) Winford Rollins 13
(3) Jack Turner 5
Ned Waldrop 4

### COTTAGE No. 6

(5) Robert Bryson 10
Clinton Keen 7
(3) James Rackley 14
(8) Canipe Shoe 14
Melvin Stines 3
(3) Joseph Sanford 5
(5) George Wilhite 14
Jack West 2

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Lloyd Banks 9
(2) Don Britt 4
(6) Edward J. Lucas 6
(3) Edward McCain 4
John Penninger 3
(2) Charles Taylor 9

### COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 5
Wilson Bowman 17
J. T. Branch 15
(2) Thomas Braddock 17
(6) William Brackett 12
James Bunnell
Edgar Burnette 12
(2) James Butler 9
(3) Hubert Carter 13
Gladston Carter 8
(2) James Coleman 14
Craig Chappell 3
(6) Heller Davis 15
George Duncan 8
(5) Woodfin Fowler 13
Robert Gaines
James C. Hoyle 7

Odie Hicks 10
(6) Elbert Kersey 10
Eugene Presnell 8
(6) Homer Smith 17
Samuel J. Watkins 10
Thomas Wilson 10

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(4) Clyde Adams 10
Edward Chapman 7
(4) Milford Hodgin 16
(13) Mack Joines 19
James Nicholson 4
(6) James Penland 12
William Peedin 9
(3) Clerge Robinette 3
(3) Jack Springer 9
Oscar Smith 8
Torrence Ware 5

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Baxter Foster 8
(12) Albert Goodman 12
Paul Mullis 6
(2) Edward Murray 11
(3) Julius Stevens 12
Thomas Shaw
Fred Williamson 14

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Alphus Bowman 10
Allard Brantley 6
Ben Cooper 12
(7) Frank Dickens 13
James Elders 9
Max Eaker 13
(7) Charlton Henry 13
Franklin Hensley 2
(9) Hubert Holloway 14
S. E. Jones 9
Alexander King 14
Thomas Knight 8
(3) Ewin Odom 16
James Reavis 9
Carl Singletary 8
(3) William Trantham 11
Leonard Watson 3
(2) Leonard Wood 2
Ross Young 13

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(5) James V. Harvel 8
(5) Isaac Hendren 7

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Monte Beck 6
(12) James Kirk 17
(5) Fred McGlammery 5
(2) Richard Patton 3

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(8) Warren Bright 14
(3) Leonard Buntin 9
N. A. Efird
(3) Hobart Gross 15
(8) Caleb Jolly 17
(2) Robert Kinley 2
(8) Clarence Lingerfelt 12
James McGinnis 15
(3) Raymond Mabe 14
(3) Edward Patrum 3
(4) Paul Ruff 6
(5) Harold Walsh 11
(3) James Watson 10

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Reefer Cummings 8
(5) Hubert Short 11

---

If we pound on an empty barrel it makes much noise. A barrel which is full will not make much noise. The air space inside of an empty barrel carries the sound waves back and forth, incrasing the noise.

This is also true of people. Persons who have not learned much are always noisy. They do not think of the other people. They yell, talk, laugh loudly, tramp, and make all kinds of disturbance. When a person's mind is full of knowledge, of politeness, of culture and refinement, he remembers to do the right thing and does not make unnecessary noise.—Selected.

APR 13 1938

CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 9, 1938 No. 14

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## SECRETS

O the wind told the trees
And the trees told the birds
Then the brook heard the whispering too,
As over the hills and the valleys
The first tints of green shone through.

O the wind told the trees
And the trees told the birds
And they all rejoiced that day
In laughter and songs of awakening
For spring was on the way.

—Anne Murry Movius.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| MAGNOLIA GARDENS BEGAN WITH ONE ROSE | By Robert Menzies | 10 |
| CHARLESTON TOURIST SEASON IS NOW AT HIGHEST POINT | By Robert Menzies | 12 |
| A HISTORY OF BOONE FAMILY | By C. Z. Mast | 14 |
| DESCENDANTS FOLLOW DAN BOONE'S TRADE | (Charlotte Observer) | 22 |
| BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA MOVEMENT | (Smithfield Herald) | 24 |
| UNREALIZED TRAGEDY | (Selected) | 25 |
| THE MAGNANIMITY OF AMERICA | (Masonic Digest) | 26 |
| SOME PROGRESS | (The Connie Maxwell) | 27 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE EVERLASTING GOD

LOVING SERVICE

The supreme right is the right to serve, the right to love, the right to sacrifice. This love does not stop short of our enemies and persecutors. It has not limits of race, of class, or of nationality.

"Is life worth living? No—if you are merely
Intent that it shall minister to you,
Intent that it shall be to you a something
Subservient to all you please to do.

"Is life worth living? Yes—a thousand times—
If self is lost in One Who claims your all,
If His grand will absorbs your many wishes,
If His grand heart enwraps your being small.

"If other lives for His dear sake you brighten,
If other woes you strive, for Him, to heal,
If mysteries too deep, you leave with meekness
Until the Master shall their depths reveal.

"Then life will prove a friend to crown you richly,
A catalogue of blessings in disguise,
A hope within, a love expanding daily,
A sunlit passage to a glorious prize."

—Anon.

## A CURE FOR MISFORTUNES

To work out a smooth and pleasing life under most trying difficulties, let it be from poor health, sorrow or strained financial conditions reflects a fine spirit, faith and an unyielding will power. A pleasing, cheerful outlook is needed in every kind of business if success is desired.

We knew a man who had met with reverses in his personal affairs that meant a good living for his family. The shock was

more than that of the phyiscal kind. It seemed hard that after bending his efforts for an honest living, meeting his fellow man in a fair and square manner, that he should meet defeat. But there are times when the test is given to see if there is sufficient mettle to again climb the heights.

There was iron in this particular man's blood, because of the dependent loved ones. As a natural consequence he took just the thing that came his way—and that was the traveling man's brief. He sold thread. He always looked his best and kept his chin up. No one ever would take him for a grouch, nursing a bad break. He succeeded because of his good cheer, faith in his venture and a courage, that never failed him.

After making one unusual sale the purchaser said to the salesman, "Is your heart happy as your face indicates? You seem not to have a care in the world."

The reply was, "You are the first friend who ever asked me that question. I deceive my looks. I have met with misfortunes. I have dependents and this business hardly meets the demand, but your remark makes me feel I have some of the elements of good salesmanship. I feel encouraged. I shall continue. Thank you for the generous order."

From this story the lesson is twofold: A bright and happy countenance and saying the nice things are the requisites of a successful career.

* * * * * * *

## THE HIGHWAYS COMMERCIALIZED

The Federated Women's Clubs of Virginia have lately demonstrated a desire to elminate all unsughtly signs from the highways by petitioning the salons of the Virginia Assembly to bring pressure to bear to that effect. This is done to make more beautiful and interesting the highways for tourists who visit the "Old Dominion." This is state pride and to be commended. Whether these noble women succeed during this legislature or not they have made a noble gesture towards cultivating a taste for the beauties of nature, and will finally win out.

There are 40,000 women behind this project in the state of Virginia. They may not win out in the beginning, but they know

their glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time they fall, or words to that effect.

However, this is an example worthy of consideration, and a precedent set that other women of neighbor states will be safe and applauded for following.

* * * * * * *

## STIR YOUR COFFEE!

The Scotchman has the reputation of being penurious. Perhaps so, but have known some who have a strong vein of good old Scotch blood coursing through their veins, and they have proven good sports when it comes to spending. We recall this expression often heard in just such a home,—"there is no economy to hold in at the spigot and let out at the bung." There was an understanding there of false economy, spending much time over trivial things that count for naught. Time was the most important factor of this home having an inheritance of Scotch blood on both sides. But as a whole the Scotchman is universally accepted as close.

The following is taken from the "Aberdeen Sunday Express", Scotland. A reliable statistician, a Scotchman too, has taken time to estimate the loss of sugar in the bottom of teacups. The estimate is that 300 tons of sugar are wasted annually in the bottom of teacups.

This announcement will be the occasion of a smile by some one who tries vigorously to make every member of the home stir their coffee till the bottom of the cup seems clean of sugar. Hereafter, show your Scotch by stirring your teacup.

* * * * * * *

## EYE ON THE HIGHWAY

The Holland Magazine, a splendid and interesting periodical that emphasizes southern personalities carried in a recent issue a timely editorial captioned "Eye on The Street.

The editor writes briefly that the other day a street car operator while driving his car in a heavy rain said, "I have to keep my hand on the throttle, my eye on the rail, and my mind on my business." These precautions with minor variations, should be the one impelling thought practised daily by motorists. Most particularly

does it apply to the winter months when the rain, snow, ice and fog make travelling most dangerous.

It is imperative that every means of safety should be practised by those who drive cars, because automobiles have more power, a greater speed and are less easily controlled at a crucial moment. The slightest deviation, the turning of the vision for a second, can bring about a terrible tragedy that causes untold misery, suffering and sorrow.

* * * * * * *

## TIME TO CLEAN UP

The spring of the year is suggestive of house cleaning, the planting of shrubs, bulbs and flowering plants to add beauty and color to the green swarth of grass seen from every view point. We passed a yard just this week where the entire lawn was a carpet of green, the trees were showing tender buds of delicate green, the periwinkle, the butter-fly bush and a large wisteria vine festooned across the background, all flowers of the passion colors, made a picture beautiful and sweet. And old home may be made attractive by cleaning up and planting flowers, shrubs and trees. The cleaning of the home means prevention of fire and lurking germs, and attention to the yard not only beautifies but adds charm and value to the old home site. The home, the grounds are suggestive of the temperament of the housewife. It is quite easy to tell whether she loves order and beauty or whether she is one of the roaming, restless type.

* * * * * * *

## THE WPA ADULT SCHOOLS

From statistics we gather the WPA adult schools, despite criticism, have reduced the ranks of illteracy in North Carolina about 15 per cent. In 1930 there was a total of 236,261 North Carolinaians who could not sign their names except with a cross mark. Within the past four years this number has been reduced to about half of that number.

Only one state, Kentucky, shows a larger number of native white illiterates. If Governor Brantley Aycock, the educational Governor,

were living he doubtless would exclaim "I thank God for Kentucky!"

The program of activities for these adult schools combines vocational training with the course of study that includes the rudiments of an education. The WPA adult leaders are pushing the cause so as to have a better showing by the next census of 1940.

There are many splendid teachers engaged in this particular work. They are not college graduates, but they have power of imparting to their students the subjects and have the grace to mix with unfortunates and give them a hope. The illiterate class does not need a teacher of the highest attainments, but one who possesses the milk of human kindness for the unfortunates who make up the student body of adult schools.

* * * * * * *

In looking over some of the State papers this week it is plainly shown that errors will creep into the best regulated newspapers, to the exasperation of the editors. One paper announced a speaker for the meeting of the bar association as "President of the State "far association." Another in speaking of an auto accident said "but no bones were 'frustrated.'" Still another noting a speaker for a local Y. M. C. A. meeting said he was an outstanding Christian layman and would be the chief 'Spanker.'" Excuse us, brethren, but these things make us sympathize with you. We know how you feel about it. We are subject to these same foibles of the artful linotypes and nodding proof readers.

—J. A. R.

* * * * * * *

This is the month of "giving in" no matter how stubborn a person may be. Your income has got to play a part of your outgo, whatever betide. But it does not fall to the lot of many to get the break that Maryland farmer got when an income tax collector dunned him for taxes on the income from his account in a bank. It was the first time the farmer had heard that his mother had deposited $10,000 for him in 1900. She died without telling him. The interest, compounded through the years, had swelled it to $30,000.—J. A. R.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

STICK TO IT

"If the task is mighty tough,
Stick to it;
If the way is long and rough,
Stick to it;
Overcome it, mile by mile,
Meet its hardships with a smile,
Courage is the thing worth while,
Stick to it."

---

The man who pretends that he knows it all about everything, is playing a game as thin as a gauze shirt.

---

Many a woman thinks her husband got a better wife than he deserved. And, in many cases, she thinks right, too.

---

An easy way to get a man interested in preparing the garden is for the wife to put him to washing and drying the dishes.

---

There are two things that always delight the heart of a woman. They are hosiery that will not run, and a wrist watch that will.

---

It is said by a nationalist that a man can hold a crocodile's mouth shut with one hand. You can't do that with the politicians.

---

We are told that "actions speak louder than words. A lot of people do not make much noise with words, and still less with action.

---

It is human nature to criticise others. When rightly done it is a benefit. But I never could understand those who never find anything good anywhere.

"You tickle me and I'll tickle you" is a rule that explains much of the present day politics. It is a bane to the office of a public trust.

---

It is a false idea of economy to deprive yourself of things you do not want. It's equal to supplying yourself with things you do not need.

---

I read in the Mode journals that fashions are returning to the gay nineties. It would be wonderful if taxes would follow such a course.

---

Remove selfishness from public office, and this would be the most wonderful governmenet in the world. It can be done, if human beings will have the stamina to do it.

---

It is folly to allow yourself to become discouraged. There are many in the world who do not amount to any more than you do. And some of them not as much.

---

From the present outlook it seems that the TVA is developing more politics than it is electricity. Looks as if its initials should stand for Time to Verify Assets.

---

It would be a real pleasure if we could take as long to spend our money as it does to earn it. There's no doubt about riches having wings. They can outfly the fastest airplane.

---

An economist is telling us that not more than a dozen persons in this country understand the monetary system. Perhaps not. But the bulk of

them know what to do with it. Nice work, if you can get it.

---

A New Orleans physician declares that "Nurses should hold their patients' hands frequently." To a fellow convalesing slowly, doctor, that is not quite often enough to cure the patient rapidly.

---

When you once make up your mind, for now and always, that you will be happy, you have made a good start to happiness on the road of life. You will be able to do more work; you'll mean more to your family and friends. And your influence will be greater on others. Get the happy attitude towards life. Happiness is not confined to wealth or station. It is a matter of temperament and will. Rejoice that it is as well as it is with you. Many are not as well off as you are. To be happy does not mean to be self-satisfied or infferent to poverty and wrong, and tragedy, but it does mean to rise above circumstances, and have a part in creating the atmosphere in which you live. Begin the day with a kind thought and a word of praise to some one. Do something to help somebody. Note the goodness and kindness you see in those around you. Praise their good deeds, and banish all thoughts of their misdoings and their glaring faults. Keep your eyes on the beauties of nature. Enjoy the flowers, their perfume and varigated colorings. Stop a moment to listen to the birds. Occasionally cast your eyes upward at the sky and the stars. Pursue this course day after day and see if you haven't got a good recipe for happiness—and are happier.

---

## THE TRAMP AND THE JUNK

In a recent talk on selling, Zen Kaufman told the story of the tramp and the junk.

When he stopped for gas, the service station attendant asked, "What have you got in the truck?" The driver replied: "A pile of junk and a tramp."

A little later another stop had to be made, this time for a red light. A bystander on the curb yelled: "What have you got in the truck?" And again the man replied: "A pile of junk and a tramp."

They drove on. Finaly the tramp spoke. "I'd like to ask a favor" he said, "Next time won't you please mention me, first?"

Even tramps are egotistical. Every living person is important to himself. He wants recognition. He likes the spotlight, even though he may deny that he does. This is a good story to remember before making a sales call or sitting down to write a sales letter or an advertisement.—Selected.

# MAGNOLIA GARDENS BEGAN WITH ONE ROSE

**By Robert Menzies, in Charlotte Observer**

C. Norwood Hastie, present owner of Magnolia gardens, sat in his office in one of Charleston's Broad street banks and prepared, amid a flurry of 'phone calls and telegrams of inquiry, to entertain guests by the thousands during the approaching height of the flower season.

"The gardens will shorten my life by 10 years," he said wearily, replacing the receiver again. "I never get a moment's rest during the season. One year I got so tired of it all I told the man at the gate to tell the people to go away—that the gardens weren't worth the price of admission. They put up an awful howl and I did to change my mind —for good."

Just the same, it was obvious that the 60-year-old descendant of the proud Drayton family is wrapped up, heart and soul, in his famous gardens, and that deep down he enjoys his role as host. On an average, some 25,000 people a season, from all over the country and abroad wander along the Ashley and view with awe this man-made garden paradise. And the gardens' owner, in many ways like the lord of an English estate, has borne up under it remarkably well.

"I sometimes think my grandfather, the Rev. John Grimke-Drayton, who created the gardens, must have been in contact with the Higher Being to an almost supernatural degree when he created such beauty." Mr. Hastie said seriously. "People will probably laugh at the idea, but although I don't claim to be particularly religious myself, the way the gardens affect people seems to confirm this.

"I've seen hell-raising sailors off the boats in Charleston harbor come there while drunk. For instance, bringing loud-mouthed women they'd picked up with them. Invariably they would become quiet and orderly on entering the gardens. Trouble with disorderly people has never occurred out there, and neither has there been any problem regarding the breaking of flowers. The serenity and beauty of the place seems to bring the reverent feeling found in a cathedral."

Mr. Hastie is glad his gardens are in the south, where they can serve as an example to those interested in restoring the beauty found on plantations of ante-bellum days. He maintains that with an aroused interest, Dixie, endowed by nature with favorable soil and climate, can regain the garden splendor she had before the devastating war between the States.

But for a tragedy at the Drayton mansion, Magnolia, in the years before that war, the famous garden might have been just another plantation garden. The only surviving male member of the Drayton family was an old man, without a son to carry on the name. To meet his misfortune, the eldest son of the eldest daughter changed his father's name of Grimke for his mother's name of Drayton.

Tradition is strongly followed along the South Carolina coast, and the

new heir to Magnolia was sent abroad for his university education, and upon his return, his brother next in line, John, took his place abroad. Gifted, high-spirited, the heir to Magnolia, glad to be back for the hunting on the coast, started one morning with his man-servant for a neighborhood deer hunt. When he was still within sight of Magnolia, the trigger of his gun got caught, and the load of buckshot was emptied into his side. Servants carried him back to the house, and his mother summoned from Charleston, arrived in time to see her son die. Afterwards she never revisited her childhood home.

John Grimke ended his travels in Europe that followed graduation and, in his brother's place returned to America, took his mother's name, and entered into the Magnolia heritance.

He was later ordained for the ministry but soon developed a weak throat and chest, and at his doctor's orders he took up gardening for his health. Beginning with only one white rose bush and one red, which he planted at the steps of the mansion, he developed the garden which Baedeker, the famed travel authority, classed with Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon as a "must" place for world travelers to see in America.

---

## FROM SORROW TO SYMPATHY

A Hindu mother lost her only daughter. She was crushed with grief, not knowing what to do. When she could keep silent no longer she carried her burden to a prophet among her people. Her request of him was extraordinary. With tokens of sorrow that could not be concealed she implored him to bring her child back to her. The prophet, into whose ears the sorrows of multitudes had been poured, listened to her story as he watched her tenderly.

When she had concluded he said to her: "See the houses here and there? Start over here and go among them, one after the other, and bring me a handful of rice from the home into which death has not entered; and when you return with the rice I shall bring your child back to you."

The woman started out with swift feet and an eager heart. She went from home to home. She spoke with some member of each family, telling the purpose of her mission. But in all cases she got the same answer—a vacant seat in each home. Any one of them would gadly have parted with the rice, but she did not dare take it from any family that death had visited.

Her own grief was partly forgotten in the universal sorrow she encountered. and the burden that was her own she gradually exchanged for sympathy in behalf of those whose loss was as great and often greater than her own.—Selected.

# CHARLESTON TOURIST SEASON IS NOW AT HIGHEST POINT

**By Robert Menzies, in Charlotte Observer**

When out-of-town cars line old Meeting and King streets in Charleston you know the flower season has arrived and that Spring has come again to the peninsular city, built where, the inhabitants are accused of saying "The Cooper and Ashley meet to form the Atlantic."

The crowds have come to see the shows at famed Magnolia, Middleton Place and Cypress gardens, with the azalea in the star role. But experienced travelers also renew acquaintances with the old city itself, where civilization was old when the Indians still held a long term lease on the up-country.

More historic spots are packed in Charleston harbor and the part of the city stretching up from the Battery than anywhere else in America. Fortunately for the traveler, most of these old shrines have been preserved and in the lower part of the narrow city, a score of them can be visited in an hour or so of walking.

"An incomparable stroll," Thomas Petigru Lessene called the ramble one can take through downtown Charleston, the part of town that existed during English rule and still has much that is English in architecture and atmosphere. There live the true Charlestonians, who cling to many of the customs of the departed day, who dine at two in the afternon and make a ritual of eating rice, as did their ancestors before them. "The most civilized town in America," William Allen White said: "Charleston is another world," others have said.

Begin the incomparable stroll on the Battery from where you can see in the harbor, Fort Sumter, scene of the longest seige in warfare—567 days of continuous naval and military operations during the Civil war—Fort Johnson, where the first shot was fired in the Civil war, and Fort Moultrie, where Patriots won the first complete victory in the Revolutionary war.

Into this harbor came the first permanent English settlers of Charleston in 1760; up this harbor sailed the French and Spanish in 1708, to lay seige to the city; Stede Bonnette and his cut-throat crew of pirates also used its waters, until their capture in 1718. And up this famous harbor, too, came the English schooners, when Charleston was a flourishing colonial city—and when Charleston was recaptured for Britain during the Revolution. The world's first battle with iron-clad boats was fought there in 1861, the first submarine was used there in 1863, and the Federal troops occupied a base on one of its isles in 1863.

Up King street from the Battery you reach No. 27, the Miles Brewton House, used by the British as headquarters during the Revolution and by the Union commanders in the Civil war. Turn east on Ladson street and on Meeting street you find the home of the last Royal Lieutenant Governor, William Bull, and across the street (No. 34), the home of the last Royal Governor, Lord William Campbell. Next door, the home of General

James Conner, distinguished Confederate officer.

In this same neighborhood, all within a brief walk of each other, are the homes of Governor Allston, ancient First Presbyterian church, organized in 1731, the old Branford home, and the South Carolina Society hall, containing tables and chairs used in the Secession convention. Illustrious Charlestonians lie buried in the yard of old St. Michael's Church, including James Louis Petigru, whose famous epitaph begins,

"Future times will hardly know how
great a life
This simple stone commemorates."

---

## LENTEN WORK

Let us during this Lenten Season, in addition to our self-examination and spiritual discipline, turn our attention to the need of extending Christ's Kingdom in the lives of others. Within our bounds are hundreds, most of them baptized, many of them confirmed, who have drifted away from the Church. They are in our homes or among our acquaintances. Make the Lenten Season a time of special prayer and effort for the indifferent and irreligious. Endeavor to bring them to the Church's services and within the sphere of religious influence. Make your effort a persistent and continuous one. God will surely bless both you and them.

Let this Lent prove to be forty steps in the Divine Life—

"Less, less of self each day;
Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within."

May this holy Lenten Season bring some special blessing, in the strength of which you may enter into a larger and fuller Christian service, and may you spend its forty days in such a spirit of devotion to our Blessed Lord that you may be in the spirit to enter into the joy and peace of the glorious festival of the Resurrection on the happy Easter Day.

"We beseech Thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon Thy people; that by Thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved evermore, both in body and soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."—Anon.

# A HISTORY OF BOONE FAMILY

By C. Z. Mast

I have visited in your county of Watauga twice and had the opportunity of forming a personal acquaintance with many of our kinsfolk as my great-great-great-grandfather had a brother, John Mast, who left this valley of the Conestoga in 1764. In that same year he came by foot to Randolph county in your state, where he remained for only a brief period. He settled near Valle Crucis where he lived and died. After his marriage to a Barbara Harmon, he served in the Revolutionary War. To this union where born twelve children. The eldest child was named Joseph, who was born in 1764 and is the patriarch of all the Masts throughout your state.

We have driven several times through your town of Boone, and the evolution of Boone is an interesting illustration of the growth and development of our nation.

Over two hundred years have come and gone since the first settlement was made in your northwestern counties of the state. Over two hundred times have your mountains and forests been embalmed in the impartial snows of the winter; over two hundred times have they been touched into beauty by the dewy fingers of spring. Seven generations in the Mast family, and I presume, the generations among your younger families have left their impress upon valley and mountain. The forest surrendered to the woodsman and farmer; the farmer to the business world. Once roamed over your hills the untutored savage red man. Today your hills are inhabited with a people of culture and refinement as is so clearly in evidence as we pass your many white churches and substantial buildings of your consolidated school system. Your fine Appalachian Teachers College is a mark to the highest degree of genius and skill. Your college will serve as an index to your material progress. Knowledge is power; skill is capital; and education is wealth.

Should we ask the wisest men in your town of Boone and throughout Watauga county, what was the greatest central force that moved your town and county up to its present high state of physical and intellectual development, I am sure that they would answer that it was the genius of intelligent and unremitting industry on the part of your people.

It was work. Work, the little Anglo-Saxon world, represents it; work is the key that unlocks the door of all success; work is the physician who guarantees health of body and mind. Work turns sorrow, clouds and night into happiness, sunshine and perpetual day. It conquers mountains, bridges rivers, turns earth to gold, transforms the hovel into a palace, empties the poor house, depopulates the prison, and fills the schoolhouse and the church. Work has built us better homes and given us better opportunites; has provided better schools and colleges, churches and hospitals. Intelligent labor has been the chief means by and through which we enjoy the most enlightened civilization in the world. We re-

mind ourselves of the growing boy who passed his dinner plate the fourth time for another supply. His father said to him: "My son, do you want the earth?" "No," said the lad, "but the fullness thereof."

It may be truly said of Watauga county:

"You had men to match your mountains;
You had men to match your narrow plains:
Men with enterprise in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains."

In behalf of you, dear people I have visited three times the old birthplace of an early frontiersman located 25 miles northwest from here. Undoubtedly the name of your town has been dedicated to his memory.

For many years I have been impressed with the richness in historic lore and the charms of the scenic beauty of the community in which Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer, was born, known as Oley Valley in Berks county, Pa. It is nestled among the broken hills of its environment, which have given the township the form of a huge kettle, apparent even to the untutored mind and eye of the aborigines, who named it for this resemblance. The name Oley is from the Indian Olink, which is defined to signify 'hemmed in like a kettle." It has been indeed, for over two hundred years, a boiling kettle of stirring life; a bee hive of industrious activity; a bird's nest of worthy Colonial family settlements; a cradle of religious agitations; a collegium of rudimentary and higher education; a center of important historic happenings and a paradise of peaceful agricultural home life.

The Boone family was among the early settlers of Oley where we find George Boone and family. According to geneological records preserved, there was quite a line of George Boones, natives of Devonshire, England. The Oley immigrant is George Boone, 3rd, born 1666; but as we now being the story of the American Boones we shall call him George, 1st. He, too, had a song George, whom we shall know as George 2nd.

According to Mrs. Hazel Atterbury Sproker's excellent and voluminous book on "The Boone Family," the first Oley Boone—our George, 1st—married Mary Maugridge from Exter in Devenshire, some twenty years before their emigration to America. Both had been members of the Society of Friends in England and brought letters of recommendation with them to Pennsylvania. They probably knew William Penn in their native land, and he may have induced them to venture on life in his virgin colony in America. At all events, their three oldest children, George, Sarah and Squire Boone, preceded them by four years in exploring and investigating conditions in this new colony in Pennsylvania. We find the eldest son was married soon after their arrival, leading to the nuptial altar on May 27, 1713, Miss Deborah Howel, of Haverford, Chester county, Pa., whom he had probably known and loved in England.

The reports from their children of conditions and opportunities in "Penn's Woods," doubtless helped their parents to decide on moving hither also. They followed them in 1717, bringing their other children with them and landing at Philadelphia on August 17 of that year. We can imagine a happy meeting when

the vessel reached port, or at least soon thereafter, when the family was reunited. And what reports of this new country the three children must have poured into the ears of the new arrivals!

The family probably remained a while with their children and other acquaintances in Abington, where their offspring seemed to have at first settled. The elder Boone then moved with his family to North Wales, where they stayed about two years, when they moved to Oley Valley and here built a permanent home on land that George Boone, 1st, had purchased.

A limestone marker stands at the public highway as you make your entrance into the lane of the old Boone homestead farm, bearing the following inscription: "¼ mile south to birthplace of Daniel Boone, Oct. 22, 1733. Historical Society of Berks Co. 1915."

The fireplace of this George Boone house, erected in 1720, in the northeastern section of what is now Exter township, is still standing, and the Historical Society of Berks county had some years ago had it securely bound with cement for its preservation as a historic landmark, hoping eventually to build about it again a log cabin after the original model and to carefully mark it with a stone marker, holding an inscribed historic legend.

When the immigrant Boones moved into this humble pioneer dwelling they took with them six younger children who were reared here. They were the parents, therefore, of nine children.

The first documentary allusion to this Boone dwelling that we know of is found in a petition to the authorities of Philadelphia or Chester county for a new road from the Fulperhocken to Oley, drawn in 1727. It is a quaint and typical Colonial document. The names of thirty-six petitioners are attached. It was before Mordecai Lincoln had settled in these parts or we should doubtless find his name also attached. He was the ancestor of President Lincoln and we know him to have been quite active in neighborhood improvement measures.

While the Boone family was reared in this pioneer log house of 1720, we know that in 1733 the father erected nearby a larger stone dwelling. This is usually referred to in our day when one speaks of the old Boone house. There is a stone marker at the roadway, set up by the Historical Society of Berks county, indicating it as such. This marker bears this inscription:

House built in 1773 by
George Boone, grandfather of
Daniel Boone,
Site of George Boone's log house.
Historical Society of Berks.

It is said that Father Boone never lived in this new house himself, declaring it was too grand for one of his simple taxes. It was, therefore, occupied by his eldest son, George Boone, the second, who, by this time had moved with his family to Oley from Abington. When the elder Boone died in 1744, his body was carried from the log cabin to this new house and from there to his burial at the Exter burial grounds, adjoining the meeting house.

By this time Boone and his sons had bought up large tracts of land in this neighborhood, and all the

family had settled down. They likely prospered, for there is a tradition that before the Revolutionary War a bold robbery was committed at the Boone house.

This Oley section filling up with Quaker settlers, early become a separate organization for religious meeting and called for such recognition from Gwynedd meeting of then Bucks county, to which they had formerly belonged.

Gwynedd meeting records in 1736 show that Oley Friends had appointed George Boone one of two in the community to a canvass of the families in the neighborhod of his Oley home. This was doubtless to secure funds to build their second meeting house, which we know was erected in 1737.

Many of these facts are duplicated from annals of the Oley Valley by Rev. P. C. Croll, D. D., of Womelsdorf, Pa., who in former years had communicated with the writer. However, Rev. Croll mentions an old family Bible which records the fact that "when grandfather died he left eight children, 52 grandchildren and 10 greatgrandchildren living," in all 70.

As no stones mark the graves of those interred in this Oley (now Exter) meeting burial ground, we cannot possibly say, but probably within this inclosure went to dust most of the family of Boones above enumerated. We know, however, that some did not, for this recorded list does not embrace Daniel Boone, the rover, and his father's family, who later moved to North Carolina.

The following register embraces the entire family of George Boone, the first:

1. George Boone, b. 13 July, 1690.

2. Sarah Boone, b. 12 Feb., 1691, (O. S.) Feb. 29, 1792 (N. S.)

Married Jacob Stover (Stuber, Stowber), settled first in this locality and died probably before 1744. She very likely left the Quakers and affiliated with the Moravians.

3. Squire Boone, b. 25 Nov., 1693.

4. Mary Boone, b. 23 Sept., 1699.

5. John Boone, b. 3 Jan., 1701.

(He never married, was a school teacher, kept records of family births, etc.)

6. Joseph Boone, b. 5 April, 1704

(Married Catherine ——, died Jan. 30. 1770.)

7. Benjamin Boone, b. 16 July, 1706.

8. James Boone, b. 7 July, 1709.

He had the following children: Judah, Moses, James, Joshua, Martin, m. George Hughes; Rachel, m. William Wilcoxson; Annie, m. Abraham Lincoln.

9. Samuel Boone, b. about 1711.

His membership in the Friends organization is made plain by the following extracts from the Friends records:

10-21-1717—Dec. 31, George Boone, Sr., produced a certificate of his good life and consecration from the monthly meeting at Calumpton in Great Britain, which was read and was well received. In 1720, George Boone was called to account for allowing the courtship between his daughter Mary and John Webb. He acknowledged his fault thus:

5-6-1720—George Boone has openly acknowledged in the meeting his forwardness in giving his consent to John Webb to keep company with his daughter in order to marry, contrary to yet established order amongst us.

We copy from the Pennsylvania Archives, Second Series. Vol. 19, pp

583 and 644, respectively, the following, throwing light on Stover and Boone settlements in Oley:

"Signed a patent to Jacob Stover for 510 a's (acres) at Oley Creek (Manatawny?) dated the 9th, 4 mo., 1714, a land grant to him, made for 60."

"Agreed with George Boone of Gwynedd, ser's for his son George, for 400 a's of land at Oley for 14 p. c't. and one shil. ster. quitr't ye ye warr't dated ye 20 Xber, 1718."

George Boone's third child was Squire Boone, who, according to the above register, was born Nov. 25, 1693, in Devonshire, England. He became the father of a family of nine children, of whom Daniel, the Kentucky pioneer, was the sixth. Squire Boone was married on Sept. 23, 1720, in Oley, to Sarah Morgan, daughter of Edward Morgan, an early settler in the Welsh colony of Gwynedd in Bucks county. He lived in Oley, near his father's homestead, from 1720 to 1750, reared his home here (originally a small log house) where most of his children, Daniel, included, were born. On Oct. 22, 1733, Daniel, the sixth child of Squire and Sarah Morgan Boone, was born in the log house. This house was later replaced by a larger dwelling, built up the foundation of the log cabin, which had been erected over a spring for safety as a refuge, or protection against Indian attacks, and this is still standing as the birthplace of Daniel Boone. It is the site, but not the house of Daniel Boone's birth. Yet it should, for these associations, be preserved against ruin as a hallowed historic landmark.

In 1750 the roving spirit was dominant in these Eastern Pennsylvania settlers, and this wanderlust was southward. Your northwestern part of the state was early inhabited by Germans from the southeastern part of Pennyslvania. Many had left the writer's resident township of Caernarwon and the adjoining townships of East Earl and Brecknock in Lancaster county. Before the Revolution about 1,700 Pennsylvanians had located as pioneers between the Yadkin and Catawba Rivers. Several generations later the movement turned westward when Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and the farther west lured our eastern people to follow the setting sun and find new and cheaper homes on the prairies and the Eldoradoes of and beyond the Rocky Mountains. This wanderlust seized Squire Boone, and in 1750 he sold his farm in Oley to William Maudridge and trekked with his family to Rowan county, N. C., where on January 2, 1765, he died and was buried in the Joppa cemetery at Mocksville, N. C. The following inscribed headstone marks his final resting place:

"Squire Boone departed this life on the sixty-ninth year of his age, in the year of our Lord 1765, Geneuary the 2."

In a voluminous history of Rockingham county, Virginia, by John W. Wayland, Ph. D., p. 428, occurs this paragraph:

"In the spring of 1750 when Daniel Boone was 15 or 16 years of age, his father left Pennsylvania for North Carolina. It was the autumn of 1751, a year and a half later, before they reached their destination. Tradition says they tarried for a year or more in what is now Rockinghom county, Va., on Linville Creek, six miles north of Harrisonburg. It is understood

that the Boones and Lincolns were acquaintances in Pennsylvania. If the Lincolns had already come to Virginia, the Boones were doubtless their guests on Linville Creek; if the Lincolns followed, they may have been directed to Linville Creek by the Boones."

The Lincolns, that is, John Lincoln and family of Berks, settled permanently on Linville Creek. The Lincoln homes and graveyard are nearby.

In September, 1741, Exter township was organized out of Oley and Amity and there is little doubt but that the Boones' father and children, had much to do with the naming of it after the section from whence they emigrated to America. It cut their lands and houses and meeting house into the new township and so they have all come to be known as in Exter, instead of the Oley region. From this region have gone out the Boones to the south, west and northwest until now their descendants can be traced to almost every state from Pennsylvania and North Carolina to Missouri and Kansas and even beyond. The author of the most exhaustive study and voluminous book on the history of the Boone family already alluded to resides in Buffalo, N. Y. One of the chief contributors to the story of the Squire Boone branch of the family to which branch he belongs, is Jessie P. Crump of Kansas City, Mo. We refer students of the family to this voluminous work by Mrs. Spaker.

There is little doubt but that around Daniel, the Kentucky explorer and pioneer, has revolved more romance and historic interest than about any other Boone. From childhood the writer recalls to his memory a Daniel Boone from Berks county, who was a foreman in a creamery, located on the adjoinng farm. He was a descendant of the old Quaker stock of Boones. Being well dispositioned he frequently unloaded the milk from the wagon for the writer when he was a little lad. We are glad for the absolute proof that shows most of Danel Doone's earlier biographers are mistaken however, in placing his birth in Bucks, instead of Berks county. And now that this place has been definitely settled, efforts should be made by the citizens of Berks county, by the scattered relatives in many states and by the Historical Society of Berks, to preserve this Boone homestead of Exter as a historic shrine.

Daniel Boone's eventful life is too full of incidents to be more than barely outlined in this brief sketch, as this is contained in many previous volumes, this is not necessary here. He married Rebecca Bryan, a neighbor's daughter, and to them were born nine children: James, (born 1756), Israel, Nathan, Daniel, Jesse, Rebecca, Susan, Lavina and Jemima. Five years after his marriage, Daniel was still living on the Yadkin, following the same pursuits as his father, hunting, trapping and cultivating a garden patch.

Material for the following is found in "Historical and Biographical Annals of Berks County, Pa." The author, Mr. Morton L. Montgomery, Esq., dec'd, of Reading, Pa., was a personal friend of the writer over 25 years ago while being engaged in the writing of a history of his family, comprising a volume of over 800 pages. Both parties had exchanged material while in the period of compiling.

In 1767 Daniel Boone left his family and his farm in North Carolina and with six companions went to explore the Kentucky wilderness. Finding the soil fertile and the game plentiful he returned to North Carolina and raised a little colony whom he led to the new territory. Food was scarce and the Indians troublesome, but they finally succeeded in founding a fortified settlement on the banks of the Kentucky River, named Boonesboro in honor of the leader. Boone's wife was the first white woman to enter that region, and one of their sons was the first white boy born in Kentucky.

With 30 comrades Boone went in search of salt to Salt Licks, a hundred miles from the settlement, and on the trip they were surrounded by a party of a hundred Indians, led by English offcers, who captured the entire party and took them to Detroit. all were ransomed, however, but Boone, for whom the Shawnee chief had formed a liking. He was held against his will and adopted into the tribe, being well treated but closely watched. Hearing a plan to swoop down upon the little settlement of Boonesboro and masacre all its inhabitants, he determined to escape to warn them, and although 500 of these savages gave chase he succeeded, arriving in time to help the settlers prepare for the attack. They held the fort successfully aganst six times their number, though the Indians were led by British and Canadian officers.

Boone's wife and family, believing him dead, had during his captivity returned to North Carolina, and after the battle he followed them without delay, and in 1780 brought them back to Kentucky. Shortly afterward, while on a hunting trip with his brother, he was ambushed by the Indians, and his brother was slain and scalped. Boone escaped this time, but was later captured by four savages; he got free by throwing snuff into their faces, blinding them while he fled. His daughter being taken prisoner, with two girl friends, by a band of Indians, Boone followed and rescued the three women single-handed. Two of his sons were killed by the red men. From old school records and the almanac our grandfathers here in Pennsylvania saw the rude cabin of Daniel Boone's birth and a reprint of his jack knife carving of his name on a tree on his father's farm, and the further anouncement in this connection that.

D. Boon cilled a bar hear.

Unfortunately, when Kentucky became a state in 1791, it was found that Boone had not secured proper title to lands, and he was ousted from the property he had fought so hard to gain. It was then that he went to Missouri, at that time under Spanish rule, and the Spaniards in recognition of his fame and prowess, gave him a tract of 8,500 acres and made him a sub-governor. However, when Misouri, after passing into French hands, was sold to the United States as part of the Louisiana Purchase, he again lost his property through neglect in establishing his title, and in his old age found himself without land or money. Returning to Kentucky, he was there given 850 acres as the result of a petition to congress, and he passed the remainder of his long life in hunting and farming. He died in September, 1820, and was buried at Frankfort, Ky. Years before he had made for

himself an enormous coffin, which he kept always under his bed. He was a man of gentle and modest manners and of irreproachable life.

While Daniel Boone lived in Missouri, he was visited by Audubon, the naturalist, when he (Boone) was nearly 70 years of age. The great botanist was profoundly impressed with this pioneer's great physical strength and uprightness of character. He has left us this word-picture of the man:

"The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of great courage, enterprise and perseverance; and when he spoke the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true."

It may not be generally known that Kit Carson, the famous western scout and explorer, was a grandson of Daniel Boone, so carrying exploration and blood farther on Boone led the way across the Appalachians; Crockett across the Mississippi to Texas, and Carson across the Rockies.

---

## TOMORROW'S BRIDGE

Tommorow's bridge, as I look ahead,
Is a rickety thing to view:
Its piers are crumbled, its rails are down,
Its floor would let me through.

The chasm it spans is dark and deep,
And the waters foam and fret—
I have crossed that bridge a thousand times
Though I never have reached it yet.

It has crashed beneath me to let me through,
Although it is miles away;
But strange, the bridges that I have crossed
Have all been safe today.

Perhaps I shall find when I reach the one
That lies in the distant blue,
Some hand may have mended its rickety floor,
And its piers may be strong and new.

And I can pass over, light-hearted, free,
As a bird on the buoyant air.
Forgive me, God, for my fearful heart,
My anxious and foolish care.

—Grace Noll Crowell

# DESCENDANTS FOLLOW DAN BOONE'S TRADE

**(Charlotte Observer)**

From the blood of America's most famous frontiersman is flowing the iron for Williamsburg's restoration. At Boone Forge, Spruce Pine, Daniel and Wade Boone, sixth in direct descendance from the mountain trail blazer, are beating out the simple and beautiful hinges, latches, knobs, andirons and lights for Williamsburg's re-built colonial homes.

The order, which will take perhaps 25 years to fill, has not unduly excited the Boone boys. Daniel, artist in a family of craftsmen, has wrought almost every conceivable thing from the hard metal, and his work has traveled around the world from his mountain forge.

Daniel has taught smithing as a handcraft, and he has exhibited his wares before art gatherings. But he is a blacksmith removed from his furnace only by occasional work with a designing pencil.

"All my boys are blacksmiths," said Kelse Boone, Daniel's father, who still operates his shop at Burnsville, near here. Kelse doesn't know a great deal about art, but he knows Daniel is a good smith, because he taught himself, and Kelse can take you down country and show you fine homes containing his simple hinges, chandeliers, latches and other hardware. His other two sons, Marion and Lawrence are smiths, too, but Lawrence is not now working at the trade.

"The Boones have always been blacksmiths," continued Kelse proudly. "My daddy, Nelse Boone, was a good one. His daddy, Jim, shod horses and made iron and you will still find it in homes around here. Jim's daddy, Squire Boone, was the first Boone to run a shop around here. He was born in Kentucky and moved here. Here (he picked up a mattock head) is a piece of his work. Squire's daddy was Daniel, and he was a blacksmith though most folks don't think of that. But Daniel was known in his day for being handy with iron, even if he didn't have much to work with."

Kelse is a big man, six foot, two, but he says he was the runt of a family of 10 children. His father, Nelse was a giant, and Burnsville tradition says the only man who ever whipped Nelse was Nathan Dempsey, grandfather of the champion Jack. Nathan, a native of Yancey county, was such a destructive fiighter that by official act of the county commissioners his fists were legally declared deadly weapons.

Last year, Kelse and his boys had a shop together, but Daniel and Wade went in with some Spruce Pine capital to form a new forge and to expand their sales field. Their iron is now found in many smart stores in America, and the Williamsburg order is only a part of their business, though, they acknowledged, the most interesting and important.

Daniel allows his fancy to create new designs to meet the specific problems of his customers. When

seen at his forge, he was working on a silhouetted vine and leaf for a trellis of original design. But for the Williamsburg project only authentic reproductions are being made. Severely simple andirons, hand-hammered and approaching crudity in their austerity, match the sturdy and utilitarian hinges upon which heavy doors will hang. Restoration historians and architects have drawn designs and have furnished original samples for the work. It is being done piece-meal and in the same pace as the restoration itself. Boone's shop now contains a large number of Williamsburg pieces.

Both young men, Daniel and Wade, combine the air of the village smithy with a consciousness and their responsibility as artists. In their forge, they turn white-hot iron into scores of pieces, many of them of designs never before tried, many of them created upon the spot. They confer and amend, reject and rehammer a line.

But the forge is not a place for smock and beret. It is only in leather aprons and with the accompaniment of sweaty labor that iron is handled. Daniel, the elder, knew no easier way to turn the stuff into useful objects, and neither do his great-great-great grandsons.

Between times, Daniel is working on a labor of love—a complete miniature train which he plans to exhibit at the 1939 world's fair. Planned as a perfect specimen, it will have delicate little controls in the cab and will be able to pull a load of 1,000 pounds.

---

## USE OF WHITEWASH IN SPRUCING UP

One means of sprucing up home and farm premises is the use of whitewash on fences and outbuildings that cannot for financial reasons, be painted with oil paint. It is a mistake, however, to white wash trees. It does the tree no real good and it violates one's esthetic sense to see the base of a tree glaringly white. One can hardly improve upon nature and the bark covering of trees is far more artistic than anything man can devise.

But whitewash is useful in its place and attractive as well, and there is a government formula for waterproof white wash for exterior use:

(1) Sixty-two pounds (1 bushel) quick lime; slack with 12 gallons of hot water.

(2) Two pounds common table salt; one pound sulphate of zinc; dissolve in two gallons of boiling water.

(3) Two gallons skimmed milk.

Pour (2) into (1), then add the milk (3) and mix thoroughly.

—Smithfield Herald.

# BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA MOVEMENT

(Smithfield Herald)

"Our home and its surroundings tell a story to the passers by. We have made a picture by which we are judged. One's first impression of the kind of a family that lives in a house is gained from the condition of the porches and yards." These are the words of Miss Pauline Smith, of the State College extension department, who is the state chairman of the Better Homes in America movement which has set apart the week of April 24 as Better Homes Week.

The movement will get due consideration in Johnston county with Miss Rachel Everett, home demonstration agent, as the county chairman, but its complete success will depend not entirely upon Miss Smith and Miss Everett but upon the work which each community does. There is not a town or rural section that does not have a club, or a school, or a church that could appropriately sponsor Better Homes as a worthwhile activity. And there is no telling what may get started during the week which has been set apart if each community cooperates.

The strongest reason for citizens to enlist in a program of this kind is because of the influence of the home. Habits and ideals are developed during childhood that determine the interests of adult life. And one of the fine lessons of life can be learned as the mother and father and children working together use the resources they have at hand to make home attractive. There are many things that can be done without any expenditure of money whatever. The old barn shelter or the garage that has fallen in can be torn down and neatly piled. Discarded machinery can be sold for junk or put out of sight. Usable tools and machinery can be placed under shelter. The wood pile can be neatly stacked. The service yard can be screened with shrubbery from the woods. With a little money, broken window panes can be replaced. Sagging steps can be mended. The old gate swinging on one hinge can be fixed. Out buildings can be whitewashed. With more money, the house can be painted. Lawns and shubbery can be planted. Walks can be laid And with all the painting up, picking up and cleaning up, the growing children will unconsciously learn that orderliness and beauty mean thrift also.

As we make our homes more attractive we will be contributing something of value to our state. Some tourists from the North who stopped overnight in Smithfield recently were much disturbed over the rural homes they passed as they rode through North Carolina—some of them mere shacks and not worthy to be called homes. It is possible to give sojourners a different impression, and that is one purpose of Better Homes Week. There is no getting around the fact that these highways of ours are the windows of the state. But we can clean these windows of tumble down fences, rotten barns, dirty back yards and unsightly signs; and we can curtain them with flowerng and evergreen

trees and good homes set in neat, beautiful surroundings. A state-wide concerted movement can do much, and perhaps when the powers that be get tired of "a Balanced State" on the state's auto license tags, we can deservingly place upon them--North Carolina, A Clean State.

---

"For life to be at all bearable one must take things as they come and human nature as it is."

---

# UNREALIZED TRAGEDY

**(Selected)**

The other day as a crack train of a great railroad was hurrying on to its destination, its many comfortable, contented passengers were all unaware of the tragedy in the engine cab. The engineer, one of the most experienced of the road, told his assistant that he felt sick. The assistant took his place and the train ran on, but before the next scheduled stop the engineer was dead. The train was delayed a few minutes at the station, while the man's body was removed, and some adjustments were made about the crew. This tragedy was a momentary thing that might have proved disastrous to many, but all it did was crash a train's schedule a few minutes. The death of one engineer, tragic as it was did not count much in the reckoning of a great railroad, or in the thinking and planning of a trainload of people.

Probably there are many tragedies here and there of which we are unaware, because they do not directly affect us. Possibly we see a headline about it but do not read what is written about it, because we are not immediately concerned. So bent are we on our own pursuits that what happens now and then, or here and there, to individuals does not bother us. The only time we realize the seriousness of a tragedy is when it causes us hurt or annoyance; it gets small, if any, notice from us as long as it does not inconvenience us or slow up our plans.

The tragedy that may befall us probably will not get more than passing publicity. The individual is not very vital to what goes on. There is always another to step in and carry on in our place. However, this is no excuse for not being our best and doing our best. The only reason the death of the engineer received any special notice at all, was that he had fitted himself to be trusted with the responsibility of running an engine that hauled people, and he always did his job well.

# THE MAGNANIMITY OF AMERICA

## (Masonic Digest)

The Republic of the United States is, without doubt, the most magnanimous government in all the world. We have given until it hurts. The custom of being magnanimous started with the Father of our Country, George Washington. He pitched the tune when, at Yorktown, he met the defeated Cornwallis and received his sword and then with kindness and courtesy, returned it to him with a magnanimous gesture.

When the Civil War—why call it civil?—was concluded and General Grant met General Robert E. Lee—that great Southern character—and the surrender of the South was made, Grant returned to Lee his sword. Soon thereafter, officially at least, all differences were buried and we were once more a united people.

When the Spanish American War was over, we took no reprisals. We refused to annex Cuba and declared a protectorate. True, we took over the Philippines, but Spain was well paid for the loss of those islands.

When the Chinese Boxer Rebellion had been crushed and the different nations of the world that had been involved and demanded indemnity, the United States accepted the money due them, but turned the sum into a sort of trust fund to be used for the education of Chinese boys and girls in our schools.

And when the World War came upon us all, we were quick to hand over, not only vast sums of money, but gave the lives of thousands of our young men. While we loaned vast sums of money and called it a loan, we practically gave them the money—since so little of it has or ever will be repaid.

We are still going on with our magnanimity. The government is handing out the cold, hard cash to numerous projects and to various types of people, who claim they need it.

The foreign claim that America is mercenary is false. The bit of doggerel composed by some "feriner" which goes like this:

> France has her lily, England has her rose,
> And everybody knows where the shamrock grows.
> Scotland has her thistle, it grows on every hill.
> But the Yankee's true emblem, is the One Dollar Bill.

is as false as anything ever related. We in the United States, as a government, are not stingy. We are the most magnanimous nation on earth.

---

Here is a high resolve for today: Be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble. Thereafter walk with the All-Wise. He'll make the journey easy and possibly inform you that many of the bridges you are worrying about you will never have to cross.—Selected.

# SOME PROGRESS

(The Connie Maxwell)

Many new methods are in the air these days. We are getting much light on the management of institutions. We have also many new methods in the way to deal with children. In the teaching profession there has been remarkable progress. Teachers meet frequently to discuss their difficulties and without a doubt have steadily been changing things for the better. The institutions have been accused of being a little slow. We will not stop to argue whether this attitude of conservatism has been true in the past or not. We would rather record the fact that there is observable progress. Some of the children's institutions have gone forward notably. The executive heads, as well as the boards of trustees have been closely observant of trends and improvements. Also that in some of them there seem to be a static condition!

Now and then one visits a children's home where it is evident that no particular effort is being made to move out better principles and methods. One hates to see an institution for children that is in the past tense. Some of the officers when questioned about the fine new movements that are going on will complacently reply, "Oh we are not in that business." It is a pity that a business should be narrowed down in such a way that it allows no broadening influences to affect it. Some of the criticism of a quarter of a century ago had considerable effect in prodding and stimulating institutional methods. There was in so many cases a real response to the way some folks bore down upon them. At the present time there is a loud call for improvement. Methods of half a century ago or even in many cases of ten years ago are already antiquated. It would be a pity if any department of children's work should be allowed to come under the classification of antiquated goodness. Many forms of service in the long ago have been supplanted by thoughtful people. There is a conservation that holds on to what has been. Human nature in the main loves such conservatism. The live discussions that are heard these days in meetings of child welfare workers should stir not some of us, but all of us to an overhauling of methods that are antiquated. However, let us not be pessimistic. There is improvement and there has been improvement. Only we should go forward more rapidly than we are doing and more of us should go forward into the new and better day.

---

**It is not possible to buy loyalty. The man who thinks that he can get anywhere by offering his services to the highest bidder is as mistaken in his conception as the man who makes the bid.—George M. Verity.**

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Horace Williams, of Cottage No. 1, who recntly underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Cabarrus County Hospital, continues to improve, and expects to return to the School soon.

---

The feature picture at the regular weekly show in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Adventures in Manhattan", which, together with the comedy, "Lying Hunters", was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

---

If no additional cases of measles develop in the next few days, the quarantine will be lifted from Cottage No. 6, our smaller boys' cottage home. This cottage was the only one in which measles developed and we feel proud in having succeeded in confining the disease to this one building.

---

The Training School ball tossers ushered in the season last Monday by taking a six-inning game from Bethel High School by the score of 12 to 8. Fowler started on the mound for the School, but was hit hard for four innings and issued two costly passes to first. Andrews assumed the hurling duties in the fifth, and did not allow a hit in the two innings he worked, although two men reached first on errors. The Bethel boys could not do a thing with his offerings, five of them being retired via the old strike-out route. Barbee, the visiting hurler, was touched for eleven hits, and was as wild as a March hare, issuing nine bases on balls and hitting four local batters.

M. Black and Springer, with two singles each, led the Bethel boys at bat. Eddie Poole, who patrols the left garden, paced the local batters, punching our three singles in four trips to the plate; Andrews connected for a pair of singles, and Fowler hit a double and single. The score:

| | | | | | | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bethel | 1 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 7 | 4 |
| J. T. S. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 12 | 11 | 5 |

Two-base hits: Fowler, Barbee. Stolen base: M. Black. Struck out: By Fowler 1; by Andrews 5; by Barbee 8. Base on balls: Off Fowler 3; off Barbee 9. Hit by pitcher: By Barbee (Corn, Kirk, Cowan, Johnson).

---

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 6:19-25, and in his inspiring talk to the boys he called special attention to the fact that no man is big enough to live his life entirely by himself.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Tuttle stated that each person must decide for himself as he goes through life, if he ever wants to go far. He must set a definite goal

and work toward it continuously.

We must have someone greater and stronger than we to pattern our lives after, continued the speaker, and that is why God has given us Jesus Christ. If we love and put our trust in Him, He is strong enough to keep us every day, and will lead us to the best things in this life, and when our life's journey is over, He will take us unto Himself in the heavenly kingdom. We should always look upon Jesus as our friend, and do nothing that will hurt him. Jesus wants us to live like Him, always standing for what is right, and never neglecting opportunities to help our fellow men.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then likened our lives to a violin string. The string, with both ends loose, is of no use to the musician. But when both ends are attached to their proper places on the instrument, it becomes in tune with the other strings, and is capable of producing the sweetest kind of music. So it is with our lives. They will not amount to much as long as they are unattached to something worthwhile. When we cause our lives to be in tune with Jesus, we are in harmony with God, and can give to the world the most beautiful thing known to man—an honest, clean, upright life. There is hardly anything that Jesus cannot do through our lives if we will only let Him use us.

The speaker then told the following story: In 1930, George V, king of England was going to broadcast a message by radio, to people all over the civilized world. The time was set and people in the United States were ready to listen to the king. Just five minutes before the program was scheduled to begin, something went wrong with the broadcasting system. There was not time enough to make the necessary repairs. A young man employed at the radio station, thinking of the disappointment to thousands of people, saw a chance to make the broadcast possible. He went to the disabled part of the machinery, grasped a wire in each hand, and with the current going through his body, caused the circuit to be unbroken, thereby making possible the reception of the king's message. The vast number of people listening in were entirely unaware of the service rendered by this young man. In just the same way we can be carriers of God's message to other people. By the lives we live and by the words we speak, we can help bring people into His kingdom.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Tuttle said the earlier in life a person finds God, the better off his life would be. He urged the boys to seek God in the morning of life, in order that He might make their lives really worthwhile.

## HAPPINESS

Those only are happy who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness; on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as an ideal end.

—John Stuart Mill.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending April 3, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(18) Marvin Bridgman 18
(13) Ivey Eller 20
(10) Leon Hollifield 20
(21) Edward Johnson 21
(7) Frank King 7
(21) Edward Lucas 21
(7) Warner Sands 13
(7) Mack Setzer 16

### COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 2

Ansel Byrd
(2) John Capps 8
John T. Godwin
Melvin Jarrell 8
Nick Rochester 11

### COTTAGE No. 3

Wayne Collins
Coolidge Green 9
Norwood Glasgow 8
(3) James Mast 12
Douglas Matthews
Harley Matthews 2
John C. Robertson 8
Fred Vereen 9
(18) Allen Wilson 20

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 8
Odell Bray 14
James Hancock 19
Charles Mizzell 8
Robert Orrell 9
Cecil Wilson

### COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Grady Allen 12
(2) Harold Almond 11
(3) Grover Gibby 5
(2) Jack McRary 7
(6) Winford Rollins 14
Thomas Sullivan 11
(4) Jack Turner 6
Ralph Webb 8
Marvin Wilkins 3

### COTTAGE No. 6

Fletcher Castlebury 13
Martin Crump 6
Robert Dunning 12
Robert Deyton 11
Frank Glover 14
Columbus Hamilton 12
Thomas Hamilton 10
Randal Peeler 5
(6) George Wilhite 15

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 6
Cleasper Beasley
Archie Castlebury 11
Donald Earnhardt
William Estes 12
Blaine Griffin 7
Lacy Green 7
Caleb Hill 15
N. B. Johnson 5
Edmund Moore 7
Elmer Maples 12
Marshall Pace 6
J. D. Powell 9
Kenneth Spillman 10
Loy Stines 4
Earthy Strickland 11
Dewey Sisk 5
William Tester 8
Joseph Wheeler 6

### COTTAGE No. 8

Felix Adams 6
(3) Lloyd Banks 10
(3) Don Britt 5

### COTTAGE No 9

(2) James Bunnell 2
(3) Thomas Braddock 18
(7) William Brackett 13
(7) Heller Davis 16
(7) Elbert Kersey 11

**COTTAGE No. 10**
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**
(4) Baxter Foster 9
(13) Albert Goodman 13
(3) Edward Murray 12
Donald Newman 19
(4) Julius Stevens 13

**COTTAGE No. 12**
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 13**
(6) James V. Harvel 9
Garland McPhail 3
Paul McGlammery 3
Irvin Medlin 12

**COTTAGE No. 14**
Clyde Barnwell 3
(2) Monte Beck 7
(6) Fred McGlammery 6
John Robbins 10
Paul Shipes 10
Harold Thomas 6
William Warf 2
Harvey Walters 12

**COTTAGE No. 15**
(9) Warren Bright 15
(4) Hobart Gross 16
L. M. Hardison 14
William Hawkins 8
(9) Caleb Jolly 18
Cleo King 8
(2) James McGinnis 16
Benjamin McCracken
(4) Raymond Mabe 5
(4) Edward Patrum 4
(5) Paul Ruff 7
Rowland Rufty 4
Richard Thomas 11
(4) James Watson 11
George Worley 9

**INDIAN COTTAGE**
James Chavis 7
(3) Reefer Cummings 9
Joseph Cox 15
Filmore Oliver 16

---

## THE WEDGE

A
man
who
does a
little more
work than
he's asked to;
who takes a little
more care than he's
expected to; who puts
the small details on an
equal footing with the more
important ones; he's the man
who is going to make a success
of his job. Each little thing done
better is the thin end of the wedge
into something bigger.

—Colorado School News.

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 16, 1938 No. 15

## CHRIST CRUCIFIED

"They took the good Lord Christ with staves
The night before He died.
They baited Him with taunts and jeers,
Until the angels cried.
But we, smug citizens of earth,
We are not satisfied.

"They haled the good Lord Christ to court,
On trumped-up charges all;
They cheated Him of every right,
To bring about His fall.
'Tis so today, for Greed and Fraud
Make Hell's High Carnival.

"The good Lord Christ died in His blood,
On a hill that bitter day:
But we, we crucify Him still,
In every sinful way.
O, citizens of all the world,
Kneel down, and let us pray!"

—J. Corson Miller.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| LENTENTIDE | By Harry T. Domer | 10 |
| MY EASTER | By Mildred W. Daley | 14 |
| STRANGE EASTER CUSTOMS OBSERVED IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES | (Selected) | 16 |
| MALEK, THE SELLER OF SPICES | By Dorothy F. Bortz | 18 |
| THE ORIGINS OF ORGANIZED METHODISM | (Charlotte Observer) | 21 |
| MAPLE SUGAR | By Carl Schurtz Lowden | 23 |
| SETTING A GOAL | (Selected) | 24 |
| UNDER SEVEN FLAGS | By Charles Doubleyou | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## PICTURE OF CALVARY

Arthur Brisbane, the greatest syndicated columnist ever known, immoralized his name because of his writings. He wrote upon all subjects—good, bad and indifferent—dropping at times upon a low plane and then again like a flash he ascended the heights as the folowing clearly proves:

"In all the history of the world there is no picture such as that on Golgotha, the patient, upturned face of the sufferer destined to change the world, the Roman soldiers at the foot of the cross gambling for his scanty garments, the rabble hooting, the thieves on either side denouncing him because the miracle they hoped for did not come; the faithful women, Mary Clopas, Mary of Magdala, Joanna, wife of Chuza, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, watching patiently until death should come, and give his body back to them. Many are the wonderful scenes of heroism and sefl-sacrifice painted in history by men willing to die for the truth. But there is nothing to compare with that one great picture, the crucifixion and the last words of Christ: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

## EASTER

Easter is indeed the most important holiday to all the land and all the people. Coming as it does at the first burst of spring, it fills our hearts with abundant joy. Man and nature are reborn. We begin this significant season by leaving behind our imperfections of body and spirit and once more start to grow.

We hardly need to denominate a day to celebrate it, for the Easter season makes itself felt alike to the earth's verdure, to the birds of the air and to humankind. The flower is released from its abode in the ground where the seed has lain dormant throughout the long winter months. The animals of the field come forth from their winter hibernation.

Man himself is out of the bondage of a gloomy and rigorous winter and the warmth of the sun is like a healing draught that makes

him want to stretch his limbs and "into the fires of spring, his winter garment of repentance fling."

Easter is a season of healthy unrest when all man and all nature wants to be up and doing, and planting and growing. It is likewise fitting that the greatest of church festivals should be Easter. It is a most fitting time for spiritual rebirth as well as physical rejuvenation.

* * * * * * *

## APRIL MEETING OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School met in Superintendent Boger's private office, in the Cannon Memorial Building, April 7th. The attendance was a hundred per cent, an evidence of the keen interest the trustees have in the object of this splendid institution—the welfare of the boy spiritually mentally and physically, which is a trust as well as a great responsibility.

The report of the superintendent was read and accepted. All business matters were discussed for the betterment and development of the school's program of activities. Arrangements were made for the reception of bids and awarding the contract on April 12th, for the renovation of our ice plant

At a later time the bids for building the gymnasium and infirmary will be advertised. All details of this work, a most valuable addition to the Jackson Training School, will be placed in the hands of the Executive Committee, which is composed of three members of the Board of Trustees.

At this meeting much business was dispatched, therefore, it was quite necessary that a full membership be in attendance as follows: Hon. Luther T. Hartsell, chairman, Concord; Miss Easdale Shaw, vice-chairman, Rockingham; Mesdames R. O. Everett, Durham; H. C. Hammer, Asheboro; George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy; Cameron Morrison, Charlotte; Messrs. Paul Whitlock, Charlotte; O. C. Bruton, Mt. Gilead; L. D. Coltrane and Alex. R. Howard, Conocrd.

* * * * * * *

## A FINE WOMAN PASSES

The unfailing marks of true womanhood are kindliness, loyalty and gentleness. These were the attributes, born from on high, of our departed friend, Mrs. I. W. Faison. She was a native of Char-

lotte, and there she spent her life, a great commoner, as a helpmeet and inspiration to her distinguished husband, Dr. I. W. Faison, who used his profession, not for the material things of life alone, but to cheer the down-trodden as well as relieve physical suffering.

Mrs. I. W. Faison was known throughout the state for her dynamic power in bringing about splendid results in civic, philanthropic and patriotic organizations. She was a leader and her counsel was accepted wherever she touched.

From the time of the establishment of the Jackson Training School she played an important role in directing the affairs of the school, showing an intense interest in the development of the wayward boy, physically mentally and spiritually. We will miss her and will continue to miss her bright and hopeful countenance that radiated good cheer to all as she passed through life.

The superintendent, officials and boys of this institution take this opporunity to express to the bereaved members of Mrs. Faison's home, sympathy and love. She was a faithful and splendid friend of the unfortunates at all times. She was recognized for her constancy and loyalty to her friends. Someone writes, "a friend is one who comes in the door when others go out." That quotation expresses the tower and strength of our departed friend, Mrs. I. W. Faison.

* * * * * * *

## SON AND PARENTS WERE PALS

The best results realized in rearing children are when parents make pals of their offsprings and not give them mistaken ideas that parents are nothing more than check-books. There is a happy medium in adjusting the home, and that is for the parents to keep young, meet conditions without criticism, and then on the other side children should understand conditions during the period of history in which their parents grew-up.

A splendid letter appeared in the Progressive Farmer, the subject, "What I Like Best About My Parents", gives a clear and concise picture of a home in which is joy because there is a common interest in the work and recreation for both parents and children.

Read this prize-winning letter. It presents a picture of the

homes of the yesteryears. In fact the youngster who wrote the following, expressing an appreciation of his parents, does not seem to be in harmony with the young people of his age:

"It is hard to tell just what I like best about my parents. My mother pleases me when she gives camp suppers for my boy friends and gets my 'duds' ready for the short course at State College at White Lake. She helps me with my poultry project when I am at school. She plays accompaniments to my mandolin and keeps books and magazines for me to read. I call her my pal.

"My father is a pal too. He helped me make a boat last summer and now I fish all I want to in it on the pond back of the house. He makes me work until late but takes me to the river for a swim at sunset after the chores are done, or on a fox hunt after supper, or to the picture show. Daddy also helps me with my agricultural projects. Last spring he built a brooder house and a laying house. I sold 100 broilers and now have a flock of New Hampshire Reds, laying every day. He bought a brood mare and now I have a baby colt. Sometimes he takes me to the Farmers Club suppers."

* * * * * * *

## HENRY FORD'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Henry Ford, the great industrialist, has lived fifty years of wedded bliss with the woman of his choice, and from all reports the attractions of yesteryears for his bride have never waned. Neither has there been a rumor of Ford ever thinking of transferring his affections to another. He is an exceedingly busy man, and one of the richest of the country but has kept the sacred vows,—love, honor and obey, inviolate.

Ford has one son, Edsil, the only child. Edsil and his wife are making all plans for a golden wedding anniversary the 11th of April, this is the date of the wedding of Henry Ford and Clara Bryant, also the birthday of Clara who was twenty-one years old the day she pledged her faith till death.

Mrs. Henry Ford finds her greatest outside interest in the farm, her garden and in social welfare work. Doubtless she feels that "one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." Henry Ford will this coming July celebrate his three quarter century mark, but the steady march of time has taken

little of the wiry strength that always has been his. Henry Ford and his wife have always been one in mind and purpose. He refers to his wife as his greatest supporter. He calls her "The Believer". She has watched and supported him in all of his pet fancies—or better yet his visions.

* * * * * * *

## THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD

At the time of the Crucifiion the dogwood tree was the size of the oak, and other large forest trees. So firm and strong was the tree that it was chosen for the cross on which Jesus was to be put to death.

To be used thus for such a cruel purpose greatly disturbed the trees, the legend goes, and when Jesus was nailed upon the cross He sensed this, and His gentle pity for all sorrow and suffering, said to it: "Because of your regret and pity for my suffering, never again shall the dogwood tree grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender, bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be the form of a cross—two long and two short petals and in the center of the outer edge of each petal, there will be nail prints brown with rust and stained with red, and in the center of the flower, there will be a crown as of thorns and all who see it shall remember."—Selected.

* * * * * * *

## YOUR VOCABULARY

If you want to amuse yourself when you have a quarter of an hour or so free time on your hands and nothing in particular to do, try testing your vocabulary. The other day I read that a test that has proved accurate—although goodness knows why—is to list all the words you know beginning with "o." When you think you have them all, multiply the total by 43 and the product will represent the extent of your vocabulary. You will want to know why your "o" words should be one forty-third of all the words with which you are familiar. I'd like to tell you, but I can't. All I know is what I read.—New Bedford Standard-Times.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

EASTER

"O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say My Brother here,
And hear My Son in heaven!"

---

It sometimes happens that a man agrees with you because your arguments coincide with his—or else they make him tired.

---

Remembering the poor and needy is all right in its place. But it is a great deal better to give them something, and it goes a great deal farther in helping them.

---

A woman, it has been jokingly said, cannot sharpen a pencil, or hold an umbrella straight, but I do know one thing. She can pack more articles in a trunk, or grip, than a man can store away in a motor truck.

---

A white woman, on the witness stand in the Recorder's court, was asked to tell what she knew about the case. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, "How should I know any thing about any thing I don't know any thing about?"

---

Kind words do not cost much. They do not blister the tongue that utters them. They have never been repented of. They do not keep one awake till midnight. It is easy to scatter them. And oh, how much good they may do. They do good to the person from whose lips they fall. They will smooth down the rough places in our natures.

---

There is no fault so hard to overcome as the hasty temper. We may make any number of good resolutions, and the first time we have any provocation away we go without an instant's warning, and before we realize what we are doing the unkind words have been spoken, and no matter how much regret we feel, they cannot be unsaid.

---

Easter always falls on the first Sunday following the full moon next after March 21. It comes to us next Sunday. As Dr. Cuyler so beautifully says: "A happy and a glorious Easter will this one be to all of us who get a new vision of the risen Christ, and prostrate ourselves in humble adoration at his feet, and cry out: 'Rabboni! Rabboni!' Then shall we set our hearts, lifted into a new atmosphere, on things above, and reach an actual higher life. We shall know more of what it is to live by Christ, in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ, till we reach the marvelous light around the throne in glory."

---

The Greensboro Daily News has made a lucky strike. It is W. T. Bost's column—"Among Us Tar Heels." And Tom looks over the top of it with calculating eyes, harboring a semi-twinkle about to beam with a glowing smile. That column is irresistible. He sings his prose-music to newspaper readers every day. He fascinates and charms. Tom Bost makes that column of the News,

Galla-tea like, turn to a vine-clad trellis of sylvan beauty, that places one in a swarm of bees that may sting if handled; then he takes you off amid golden-throated birds, warbling enchanted melodies of life, and the blues of earth take wings. More power to his type-writer.

---

An active editor's life is not a bed of roses. I know from many year's experience. One phase of the occupation of the average town paper publisher is, it some time happens that when you ask a local tradesman for advertisement, or write-up, he'll tell you he doesn't believe in advertising; that he is well known where he is; and papers are not read much anyway. But let him be caught kissing another man's wife, or get in the police court, or struggling home from the ABC store with several bottles of the "legalized," or a jar of "bootleg," if the printing office is in the garret of a twenty-story building, he will climb to the top and ask the editor not to publish it in the paper, where everybody will read it. Such is the newspaper game.

---

## OUR KING

He suffered uncomplaining.
Nailed upon a wooden tree.
Yet his teachings are remaining,
And are guiding you and me.
Crucified upon Mt. Calvary,
A wreath of thorns upon his head.
He was scorned and mocked and tortured,
Till the Holy Ghost had fled.
In the sky above roared thunder,
And a panic ruled the land.
As the veil was torn asunder,
By angels' unseen hand.
They laid his body in a tomb,
And soldiers sealed the door.
Yet an angel rolled the stone away,
And Jesus lived once more.
Come you Christian faithful gather,
Loud his praises let us sing.
Lift your hearts and sing forever,
Praises to the Lord our King.

—G. Shaw.

# LENTENTIDE

**By Harry Tennyson Domer, Esq.**

Once again we are passing through the Lenten Season. The name "Lent" probably comes from the old Anglo-Saxon word for Spring, "Lencten," meaning the time when the days begin to lengthen. The early Church Fathers tell us that the Lenten Fast originated with our Lord's Apostles, who commemorated those forty hours of gloom when Christ lay in the tomb. From forty hours the period of observance was finally extended to forty days excluding Sundays. It was a season of deep penitence and mourning for sin; and violet was chosen as the penitential color of the season.

But it is more than a mere observance of forms. It is the flood-tide of the year, sweeping on and on through its sorrow and gloom until it rises to the foot of The Cross and then reaches its climax in supreme joy at the open door of The Tomb! Shakespeare, writing when the King James translation of The Bible was still new to England, says:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the floode, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

There is a tide running in the world today, but it is an ebb-tide. The Dark Ages have come again. Even in the land of Luther, the leaders are striving to dethrone The Christ. But the Age of Faith will return if men will stand faithfully and firmly by The Church, and spread The Gospel's strong appeal, not mere theological or ethical essays, but the pure Christ-given message direct from the soul to the soul.

It is only upon the Word of God that civilization can be built. Said Abraham Lincoln, "God bless all the churches; and blessed be God who in this our great trial giveth us the churches." And when he was presented with a Bible, he wrote the givers, "In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say it is the best gift which God has ever given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this Book. But for this Book, we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to men are contained in it."

And Theodore Roosevelt, speaking before the congregation of Grace Reformed Church, Washington, used as his text: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." Said he, "I hope to see the steady growth of the Christian spirit in this country not merely among our congregations, among the members in their dealings with one another, but among the members of our congregations in their dealings with all mankind. And in no way can we so spread the power and influence of our Church, in no way can we so effectively bear testimony to it, in no way can we so help in its growth as by showing that we have been, according to our abilities, doers of The Word, as well as hearers, not hearers only." We he was inaugrated President of the United States, it was that verse of the Bible which he kissed when he took the oath of office. And it is gratifying to recall that, in a

speech which he delivered at Luther Place Memorial Church, Washington, on January 29, 1905, he made this statement: "The Lutheran Church in this country is of very great power now numerically, through the intelligence and thrift of its members but it will grow steadily to even greater power. It is destined to be one of the two or three greatest and most important national churches in the United States, one of the two or three churches most distinctively American, most distinctively among the forces that are to tell for making this great country even greater in the future. Therefore a peculiar load of responsibility rests upon the members of this Church. It is an important thing for the people of this nation to remember their rights, but is is an even more important thing for them to remember their duties. In the last analysis the work of statesmen and soldiers shall go for nothing if it is not based upon the spirit of Christanity working in the millions of homes throughout this country, so that there may be that social, that spiritual, that moral foundation without which no country can ever rise to permanent greatness. For material well being, success in arts, in letters, great industrial triumphs, all of them and all of the structure raised theron will be as evanescent as a dream if it does not rest on 'the righteousness that exalteth a nation.'"

Lent is, above all, a season of prayer, of devout supplication before the Throne of Grace. Washington at Valley Forge, in the midst of trial and discouragement, knelt in prayer, and gained victorious strength therefrom. Isaac Potts, at whose house Washington was quartered, was walking along a creek one day when he heard a voice. Quietly following its direction, he was startled to see the General upon his knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks. Returning home, Potts told his wife what he had seen, and added with emotion, "If there is anyone to whom the Lord will listen, it is George Washington. And under such a commander our independence is certain."

Washington's devotional spirit was vividly shown in his inaugural address, when he said: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this my first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe; who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States." And in his farewell address he declared: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in evclusion of re-

ligious principle."

Many a time during the Civil War Abraham Lincoln knelt in prayer, alone in a side room, at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, just three blocks from the White House. Thereby he recived new courage and confidence to face the trials of those troubled days. At the National Cathedral in Washington there is an impressive statue, representing him on his knees, communing with God. We may thus picture the martyr President in his pew at the New York Avenue Church. I have sat in that pew myself and his very presence seemed to be by my side. Lyman Whitney Allen describes "The Lincoln Pew" in these most impressive words:

"Within the historic church eye and soul
Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where Lincoln sat—
The only Lincoln God hath given to men—
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,
Dark like the 'Sixties,' place and past akin
All else has changed, but this remains the same.
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

"Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion his soul—
Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,
A nation's altar even as his own!
"Where Lincoln prayed!—Such worshipers as he
Make thin ranks down the ages. Wouldst thou know
His spirit suppliant? Then thou feel
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,
And sound like cry, 'If it be possible!"
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

"Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;
The pew remains, with what God gave him there,
And all the world through him. So let it be—
One of the people's shrines."

**Washington, Lincoln, Theodore** Roosevelt took the tide at its flood and it led on to national fortune. They steeped themselves in the spirit of religious devotion. Examples such as these should be a help and inspiration to every citizen of the United States. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

But do we forget that supreme sacrifice of prayer, Christ in Gethsemane, on the night of His betrayal, when He said unto His Disciples, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, tarry ye here and watch with me"? And He went a little farther into the garden and fell on His face, and prayed, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And He returned and found His disciples asleep, and exclaimed, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Then He went back and prayed more earnestly and His sweat was like great drops of blood falling to the ground. But in His agony an angel from heaven appeared unto Him and gave Him strength to face the terrible ordeal which lay ahead.

So let us, members of all churches, throughout this Lenten Season, enter into that same Holy of Holies of prayer and penitence and love and consecration; let us, like those mentioned above, get down on our knees before God and make our body the shrine of the soul. May we not suffer the reproach of Christ, "What could yet not watch with Me one hour?" Lent is the time to study the libraries of heaven, and to bring our minds into harmony with the mind of God.

"Fading is the worlding's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know."

With this new strength gained by the prayer-spirit, let us make our Light shine in the darkness of a groping and a staggering world! Let us proclaim The Gospel! Let us stand devotedly by The Church! Let us exalt our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and, thus lifted up, draw all men unto Him!

"Our Father, Who art in heaven;
Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!"

---

## THE RESURRECTION

Not as a fallen stone,
Abiding where it hath been flung,
Did Christ remain the dead among,
But sprang from Hade's deep invisible zone,
As the corn springs from where it hath been thrown.

Not, as at Nain of yore
The young man rose to die again,
Did He resume the haunts of men,
But closed behind Him death's reluctant door
And triumphed on to live for evermore.

Not as we spend our days,
Subject to sorrow, pains, and fears,
Does He persist a man of tears;
Henceforth he feels no touch of our decays,
But inexpressive joys in all His ways.

Not for Himself alone
He fought, and won the glorious life;
For us He conquered in the strife,
That we might make His victory our own,
And rise with Him before the Father's Throne!

Thus hath the Saviour brought
Our immortality to light.
O may He tarry in our sight,
That, clinging fast to Him with every thought,
We may partake the triumph He has wrought.

—G. T. Farquhar.

# MY EASTER

**By Mildred Wilson Daley**

On Chritsmas Jesus was born. The Christ! On Easter Jesus was born, anew. The Saviour! He arose from the tomb giving the world a new life and a new hope. He had burst the bonds of death, a thing never heard of before. Three days he had been in the tomb of stone, wrapped in linens and spices. Dead! The world was in awful mourning. The horror of that dreadful Friday was still fresh in its mind. Many had been crucified on that hill. Crucifiion a common death for violators of the law. But never before had such mobs gathered to witness the scene.

The man, Jesus, had done so many impossible things and had won so many queer followers that His name had become notorious. He had violated many of the laws of the Jews, yet He claimed to be a Jew and was called by some, 'the King of the Jews." He was a very mysterious man. It was rumored that he had cured the lame, blind, and the deaf. He had been seen by persons of repute feeding a multitude on the hillsides with only a bit of bread and a few fishes. Yet . . . He could not save Himself from cruel death on the cross! It was said that His disciples expected Him to rise from death. No one knew where the disciples were. The second day had passed since the burial with no sign of the Jew's resurrection.

Many of the people were beginning to forget. The week had drawn to a close. What a glorious beginning it had had, and what a terrible ending! We condemn those folk for their lack of faith and love. We wonder how they could have failed to believe in such a Christ. We try in a feeble way to relive those happenings. We try to keep the Passion Week holy. Often we do catch a glimpse of those days as they must have been. Our songs tell the story. The long winter behind and the new spring ahead give us the setting.

Then, and now, the world was to be bathed in a warmer sun. New flowers and trees were budding. The roads were becoming dusty. We like to think that there were Easter lilies. There were, but not the ones we are most familiar with. Perhaps those lilies were even more lovely. Jesus seemed to love to be among flowers and trees, for He spent much of His time in gardens. Mary and Martha must have had a beautiful garden, for the Master loved to rest there visting them. We picture Mary, on that first Easter, going through the garden and asking the gardener where they had laid her Lord. He directed her to the stone-blocked tomb . . . . Who has failed to be thrilled when she arrives at the tomb? For . . . . Lo, the stone was rolled away!

The guards were sleeping. They did not see why they should keep watch as the stone was far too heavy to be moved without the aid of many strong hands. Besides . . .the Jew was dead. Of that they were sure, for had he not been dead and in the tomb nearly three days?

With reverence and sorrow Mary entered the tomb. He was not there. Where, oh, where had they taken her Lord? An angel appeared, saying,

"He is arisen. Go, and spread the good tidings." Happy and bewildered she passed into the garden to be greeted by her risen Lord who sent her rejoicing on her way to tell the disciples and whomever else she might meet.

To me, as a little girl, the story of Jesus seemed to be more thrilling than any other I had heard or read. At Sunday school, when the teacher taught the Easter story I enjoyed it more than the Christmas one. Babies had been born before and had been showered with many rich gifts, but I had never known of anyone who had been dead and buried coming to life again. The music always wove a spell about me that was not easily cast off, and so it does today. In my childhood the spring on Easter Day seemed more real. Perhaps it was because of the new white slippers, dress, and hat that I always got and wore for the first time on Easter Sunday. I felt so very fresh and new. On no other day did our thoughts center so much on things of religion.

I had always attended church and Sunday school, but it was not until I was a pretty-much-grown-up girl that I considered religion seriously. On Palm Sunday the preacher was telling things that seemed to move some hidden inner being that fairly wanted to burst out of me. Truly, I tell you, that was a big day for me.

One Easter, a few years later, my father had been buried only a few days. He had died on Palm Sunday. That Easter Day was warm and beautiful. The air was filled with the fragrance of new grass, crocuses and clean rain-washed earth. My heart was somewhat heavy and I had not caught any of my usual Easter exhilaration. Our church was a little modest one. It had two beautiful, large, stained-glass windows, the prettiest I have ever seen. I used to love to sit in the afternoons and watch the sun grow dim as it streamed through those windows. I sang in the choir and I always kept my eyes on the windows. They were a pleasant illumination for the minister's sermon. This morning the sun streamed through the windows and fell full on the minister in the pulpit. His sermon was about the first Easter morning. There about him he drew the Garden and Mary; the fragrance of Palestine; and the presence of my Christ He brought back to me my Easter, and it has never left me since. I can always transfer myself back to that little church with the rosy windows. There I see my pastor telling me of the first Easter, and once again before my eyes is the garden and fragrance of Palestine; and in a ray of filtered sunlight stands a living Jesus.

---

It happened on an April day,
A tremor shook the paling gloom;
A white flame tore the door away,
Life came to victory from the tomb.
Love cannot die, nor life betray,
Christ rose upon an April day.

# STRANGE EASTER CUSTOMS OBSERVED IN FOREIGN LANDS

(Selected)

The Easter season brings to life many different customs of observance in foreign and our own countries. These customs have obsecure origins, but they all claim to be of Christian inspiration.

In Spain, it was long the habit of the peasants to choose an Easter king. An amusing story is told of Charles V, who was one time ordered by this Easter king to remove his hat. "Your Majesty," said Charles, "if you find royalty as troublesome as I do you will soon abdicate."

In a rural section of England there was an old custom of "lifting," or "heaving." The men lift or heave the women on a seat made by two men clasping hands, on Easter Monday, and the women return the favor on Easter Tuesday. Sometimes the favor extends to the person being carried a considerable distance, a special mark of distinction.

In Coles Hill, in Warwickshire, if the young men of the parish can catch a hare and bring it to the clergyman of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter morning the good man is bound to give them a calf's head and 100 eggs for their breakfast together with a sum of money.

In Holland, the season is one of gift giving. The baker sends his customers a currant cake, the dairymen sends butter in the shape of lambs, with palm leaves for tails, and eggs are served in unlimited quantities on Easter Sunday.

In Rome, the season has great religious significance. The houses of the faithful are blessed by the priests, who walk through the streets entering shops and houses for the purpose of sprinkling them with holy water. They receive some slight money reward for the service they perform. In the Italian vocabulary there is no greater curse than "la mala Pasque"—a bad Easter.

In Jerusalem, there are several customs observed. Among these are the breaking of eggs, and the lighting of tapers at the fire in the Holy Sepulcher. The boys gather in the square of the Holy Sepulcher, and there break eggs with their friends. The one whose egg remains unbroken is suposed to have his wishes fullfilled. This custom is practiced in many Christian countries throughout the world. To many people, the egg is the symbol of the tomb and a new life. The Holy Fire is lighted in the Sepulcher by the priests, and devout pilgrims try to light their candles at its flames. Some of them still consider this fire as of divine origin. The scene is exciting and mysterious, and has impressed a great many travelers.

Probably the most barbaric and strange custom is that observed by the Mexican Penitentes, a faithful religious sect whose members whip themselves with knotted ropes, and crucify one of their number good Friday Night. On "Holy Saturday", they devote the day of flogging, hanging, and maltreating of images of Judas which they buy in various

booths, and hang in the streets on ropes. The Judases are filled with tsraw and gunpower and at a signal from the cathedral, are exploded in unison. The celebration ends with the Cascarone dance Monday night. The cascarones are bright-colored eggs filled with confetti, which the men break over the girls' heads during the dance.

The Japanese celebrate the Easter season, not as a Christian holy day, but as a festival in honor of the release from the bonds of Winter of their famous cherry trees. The children dance and sing, and the adults write praises of the trees, and hang the verses on the branches. Everyone lays aside their work, and the season is one of rejoicing. The new industrialization of Japan will probably change considerably this old pageant.

The Russians happily combine both secular celebration of the coming of Spring, and the Ressurrection For centuries this season was observed with piety, but in the new Russia, if observed at all, it must be done with stealth.

The customs of other countries are always of interest when studied in contrast with our own. Particularly interesting are those observed so differently in connection with the same day we observe, as are those which have been mentioned.

---

## EASTER THOUGHTS

When the Spring with joy awakens,
And the buds unfold in bloom;
Life takes on a renewed meaning—
Overcoming Winter's gloom.
Easter gives us joy and gladness—
Tells us of Life inspired;
Dispels trials and the sadness
Of our mortal life required.
Easter means a life eternal,
Raised from lower life below;
Of a mortal life of sorrow
Ending with celestial glow.
We can worship Man of Sorrow;
He, to us, is all Divine—
Lived and died to let us borrow
Just a lesson superfine.
Let us all feel Easter holy—
Make our vows and live more true;
Worship God and love our fellows—
Such a life we should imbue.

—Silas H. Shepherd.

# MALEK, THE SELLER OF SPICES

**By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz**

"Tell me," said a burly fellow stepping up to Malek's shabby stall, "tell me how costly is such a box of ointment?"

"Four pieces of silver, and that at a bargain," replied Malek as he held out the box, stroking it back and forth with his calloused hands.

"Ah! just as I told Him," muttered the stranger, "just as I told Him! A silly woman spilled such a box of ointment over His feet. And when I objected to such extravagance, He, whom I've called Master for three years, rebuked me."

"But wait, merchant," he continued eagerly. "He is teaching in the temple during the feast. I tell you, wait! I shall yet earn seven times the cost of that box on His life!" he called back as he elbowed his way into the festival crowds, leaving the spice merchant greatly bewildered. Malek wondered who this master might be, and even hoped that he might happen past his stall. Then he, Malek, could sell him another box of ointment. He would wait!

The old Arab merchant watched all next day as multitudes of passover worshippers in gaily colored costumes thronged the narrow street on their way to the temple. Malek had set out his costly spices and ointments in the temple street in order that he might barter with these pilgrims and catch a few of the coins which would otherwise have been passover offerings. He was interested only in the pilgrims' coins, and not in their glorious temple with its pillars of white marble. Malek was a seller of spices and had an eye to business.

And yet the old Arab camel driver could not forget the look in the eyes of the burly strnager. Malek was still waiting for this master to pass. And even as he waited he heard loud cries and shoutings. Looking down the street, he saw a great company of halt, lame and blind making their way towards the temple.

"Why go these people to the temple?" asked Malek to a standerby.

"Ah, don't you know that the great Master is in the temple today, healing all manner of diseases?" replied the man, astonished at the ignorance of the Arab merchant.

Without delay Malek packed his boxes of ointment and spices and his vials of priceless perfumes into the packsaddle of his lone kneeling camel. Then he tapped the beast lightly on the neck, whereupon it rose at once. With one hand Malek led the camel by a short rope, while with the other he clasped a precious alabaster box of ointment to his breast He would give this gift to the Master of miracles—perhaps it would buy him healing for his infirmity. Malek would make a bargain!

In the outer court of the beautiful temple, all dazzling in the sun, stood the old Arab merchant shielding his squinting eyes with his bronze-skinned hand. He clasped the box more tightly within his flowing cloak as the crowds pushed and jostled about him. He was absorbed in One talking to the passover multitudes about something called love. He said that men should give Him their hearts and their love instead of gifts.

Malek listened. He could not under-

stand, but yet he cupped his ear to catch every word. He even tried to push nearer but pilgrim crowds were not making room for a tawny-skinned, turbaned Arab. And so Malek could not barter with this Master.

He slipped away from the edge of the crowd, and as he led his camel down the crooked street he pondered over the unfamiliar words he had heard. Would this strange Master not have acepted his box of ointment in return for the healing of his infirmity? But his business proposition had failed. He must return to his shabby stall and set out the box for sale, for now there was only the smallest possibility of the Master's passing his way.

It was several days later as Malek was loading his wares upon his faithful beast's back that two women stopped him, saying, "Aloes and spices we would buy for our Master."

"Which master?" questioned Malek looking at them. "Surely not the one from your temple? You dont tell me that those people whom He healed have slain Him?" he asked with anxiety.

"Yes," sobbed the two women, "only this afternoon we put His body into a new sepulchre. And now we would buy spices for His burial."

"Here!" shouted Malek, fumbling among the boxes in a large sack, "here! Take this box of ointment. It is my gift to Him. Give it to Him for me!" And the old merchant thrust the box into their hands. Now, at last, he could give his gift which he hoped would, in some mysterious way, secure healing for him.

And as the women went with haste Malek wondered long. He still remembered the words of this temple Master, and the act of these two women almost reminded him of that word 'love.' That must have been what He meant! Nevertheless, Malek hoped that his gift would avail for him, for he wanted returns for the sacrifice of his priceless box of ointment. He trusted it had not been a bad bargain.

Jerusalem had again settled down to its normal routine of life. Festival crowds had left in great companies by the gates in the high walls. Only an occasional boy called out leather bottles of cool, clear water for sale. Fewer troops of helmeted Roman soldiers were evident on the streets. And by the Damascus gate rested a lone camel with its driver, before taking to the long dusty road beyond the city walls.

The drowsy driver was suddenly startled by two women who came running up to him, holding out an alabaster box.

"Here, merchant," cried the one woman, "take your ointment. We do not need it. Haven't you heard?"

"Heard?" queried Malek.

"Yes," continued the other excitedly, "haven't you heard that our Master is no longer in the new sepulchre we told you about? He wasn't there when we came to anoint His body with your ointment. He was gone."

"But He's alive," interrupted the first woman, "for some of His friends have seen Him and say it is true. So He does not need your gift of precious ointment."

"He did not need my gift then?" repeated the old merchant in a tremulous voice. And when he looked up he was alone with his alabaster box. The women had sped back into the city, talking with others on the way.

"My gift!" muttered Malek. And even as he said it the box slipped from his long, brown fingers to the cobble stones at his feet. It broke into a thousand pieces and the sweetest of odors swept up to his nostrils—and was gone.

And then a new understanding crept into the crafty Arab's soul. A kindly light shone from his small eyes as he realized how fragile was his gift—broken and wafted away upon the air in a moment. But these women. They had given love to the Master. That lasted and endured. And suddenly Malek knew the meaning of the Master's word 'love.'

The old driver sprang up quickly. He kicked aside the broken pieces with his sandaled feet. And as he led his trusty camel through the Damascus gate and down the great dusty highway, Malek knew that if this Master were alive, he could find Him somewhere.

---

## FOR ME

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die,
For me!

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread,
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me!

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him did beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
For me!

Thus wert thou made all mine,
Lord, make me wholly thine,
Give grace and strength divine,
To me!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do; oh, lead my feet
Even though they bleed,
To thee!

—Author Unknown.

# THE ORIGINS OF ORGANIZED METHODISM

(Charlotte Observer)

Two outstanding events serve to make the Methodist church first page news in the world today. One is the great branches of Methodism in America, the Northern, Southern and the Methodist Protestant, and the other is celebration of the 200th anniversary of John Wesley's Aldersgate Experience on May 24, 1738, which is regarded as the starting point of the Methodist church.

Strange as it may seem, Methodism as an organized and separate body began in America in 1784 under Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke. English Methodists did not separate until 1795, and John Wesley had been dead four years. The famous founder of Methodism remained an Episcopal clergyman to the end of his life. The Methodist "societies" were forming beneath his skillful hands, with class meetings, lay leaders and annual conferences, but all property and authority lay in the hands of John Wesley who as a benevolent dictator ruled as an autocrat.

But in 1784 he ordained Thomas Coke as superintendent of American Methodism, Superintendent meant "bishop," and Coke, with Thomas Vassey, Richard Whatcoat, and some others, came over as deputation from Wesley and at Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, Maryland, on Dec. 24, 1784, Francis Asbury was ordained as associate superintendent, which also soon meant bishop.

This was the famous Christmas Conference, the genesis of American Methodism, and the real start of true and separate Methodism The Revolutionary War was over, and the young republic had begun. The conference adopted the 24 articles taken from the English 39 articles and they added one of allegiance to the new republic. The story of early American Methodism is truly the biography of Francis Asbury. Sent by Wesley to the colonies in 1771, with a group of missionaries, Asbury's alone remained during the war, keeping neutral through the strife, only preachinng and working. The story of Wesley in England is fully duplicated by the devotion of Asbury in America as he spent over 60 years riding ceaselessly in utter disregard to personal health and comfort, from Massachusetts to Georgia, through all kinds of weather, preaching, giving, counselling, living as near a perfect life as is possible for mortal flesh, eschewing all ease and pleasure for the glory of God, this was Francis Asbury, the great pioneer bishop of American Methodism.

One of the darkest periods of American history as to immorality and irreligion was just after the Revolutionary war. Francis Asbury and the Methodists were raised up for such time as that. Then a great revival sprang up beginning in Kentucky. In 1800 the Methodists numbered 65,000. In 30 years they had increased to 476,000. Now, 100 years later, the membership is 7,400,000 in American, in the three branches about

to unite, counting four adherents to each name listed would give them America, in the three branches about about 86,000,000. Methodist adherents in the world are estimated as over 50 million, the largest Protestant denomination on the globe.

## GRADE A

Fear has been expressed for the adult life of a student whose teacher always gives him grade A in his studies. Most of us have the notion that the student who always "pulled down" A's would experience no difficulty getting a position when he graduated, and of pushing his way up toward the top.

But those who have made a close study of the matter have come to a somewhat different conclusion. They have learned it would be much better if he were given a C or a D at times. But how can a teacher give him a low grade when he has earned a high one? Probably what is meant is that it would be better for a student if instead of earning all A's, he would earn only a C or a D.

Can we not see that the young man who leads his class may be inclined to think he can secure a position on his school grades? But that is a poor conclusion. Classroom work, which is often of a technical and, it may be, of a none too practical character, is nothing but a foundation, and success in life must be built on it and out of it. That he should rely on his school work is quite natural.

On the contrary the student who has had to burn the midnight oil to make even passing marks will rely on nothing when schools days are over but the same kind of daily plodding that made it possible for him to graduate. He will not entertain the delusion that a score of jobs will be awaiting him. On the contrary he will think of life as only another school of hard knocks, and he will be prepared to face the vigors of it. He is to be congratulated in the long run who has disciplined himself in hard work, and not who has mastered a textbook.

—Selected.

# MAPLE SUGAR

**By Carl Schurz Lowden**

When the first white men landed on our Atlantic coast they found that the Indians had a way of obtaining sweets from trees. With their flint axes the natives gashed the maples and caught the sap in crudely hewed troughs. Insects and other debris in the sap never worried the oboriginal Americans.

The Indians used sugar water for cooking meat long before they discovered that it could be boiled down into delicious syrup and sugar. According to their legend Woksis, the mighty hunter, had a squaw named Moqua, who was dutiful and diligent even when her husband went away to hunt wild game.

But can you imagine Moqua's distress one day when she so busied herself in making a pair of moccasins for Woksis that she quite forgot the moose meat cooking in the sweet water of the maples. The water had become thick syrup. At that moment the hunter returned. Instead of rebuking Moqua he tasted the thick substance, praised it, praised his wife, and told all the tribe about it.

Sugar water, as the Indians had ascertained, could not be drawn from the maple at any time of the year. They had to wait until winter showed signs of breaking and spring seemed just around the corner, when there was a certain mellowness in the air, when the ground froze at night and thawed during the day, the song sparrow twittered, and the tufted titmouse called "Peter" thrice.

From the scanty gleanings of the Indains the production of maple sugar and syrup has grown into a relatively big business in Canada, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Here in the United States the annual yield of the tree sugar is five hundred and eight thousand tons respectively

Perhaps the most delightful time of the maple harvest comes with the holding of a "sugar-eat." The syrup is boiled down low, and then spoonfuls are dropped into shovels containing heaped-up snow. The syrup cools at once into sugar. Adults and youngsters make merry with this maple-dining, with songs, games, and other diversions.

Many persons refer to the trees around a sugar camp as "the maple grove," but the owners or processors of the sap have another name for it. To them the maples are "the sugar brush," although the trees have grown stalwart without any resemblance to saplings or shrubbery.

Maple sugar is highly valued because of its distinctive flavor and pleasing dark brown color. If it were as well refined as cane and beet sugar are, it would also be white, taste precisely the same, and sell at approximately the same price. It is the comparative rawness of maple sugar that makes it different and enhances its worth.

---

While you are here learn to take it and smile. All this bad luck will one day be beneficial.—Exchange.

# SETTING A GOAL

**(Selected)**

"What do I want to do in life?" "What do I want to be?" Have you ever asked yourselves these questions or are you contented in going through life without ever definitely making up your mind?

There are people who are outstanding because of their accomplishments and achievements along particular lines. The average person envies the leaders, but at the same time does not try to analyze his heroes and see what it was that made them successful in life, while the majority barely manage to get along at all.

The reasons are very evident. The successful man first made up his mind as to what vocation or pursuit his life would be devoted. He did this by careful process of elimination, discarding those vocations of which he had no learning whatsoever, and considering those occupations that intrigued him. He conisdered the matter not lightly as though he were deciding what color shirt to wear, but seriously and with a full realization of its deep significance to himself.

After he chose the thing he was going to be associated with the rest of his life, he went to work at it and determined that he would not be a mediocre or average craftsman, but that he would be one of the best, if not the best. He concentrated his attention on his job during working hours and he studied various aspects of it during his leisure time. To put the matter briefly, he made up his mind he was going to be an outstanding individual and he would accept no substitute for success. He made a goal for himself and he was striving with all his power to attain that goal.

The rest of the process needs no telling. This inaginary man about whom we are talking had his object formerly fixed in his mind; and he was willing to put forth the necessary effort to reach that objective with the result that he reached the top of the ladder.

"What do I want to do in life?"

"What do I want to be?" rather important questions, aren't they?

---

"The mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put into it that counts, but how much you digest."

—Albert Joy Nocks.

# UNDER SEVEN FLAGS

**By Charles Doubleyou**

Biloxi, Mississippi, possesses a unique distinction. Over it have flown seven flags, five of them national emblems: Spain, France, Great Britain, the Confederacy, the United States; the remaining two are state banners: first, the Mississippi Magnolia, and the present State flag.

Biloxi is situated in the southeastern part of Mississippi, on a narrow peninsula between Mississippi Sound and Biloxi Bay, on an arm of the sound opening on the Gulf of Mexico and into which flows the Biolxi River.

An interetsing and attractive place is the city of 15,000 with the odd name assumed from a branch of the Sioux tribe that once made its home in that section of the country. Here, in 1712, was the first permanent white settlement of what is now the State of Mississippi, and from 1719 to 1722 it was the capital of the Louisiana Territory.

The flag that fluttered over Biloxi reflected the change of fortunes of nation that followed nation for control of the immense lands of the south. The French flag was lowered there in 1763, to be succeeded by the English for eighteen years. It was under the control of Spain from 1781 to 1798, when the Mississippi Territory was organized; and that part of it which is now the present State of Mississippi was admitted to the Union in 1817. Yet a fifth flag was to wave over Biloxi briefly, that of the Confederacy when Mississippi seceded from the Union. Across the bay from Biloxi is Beavoir, the former home of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy.

To most of us the name Biloxi is associated with fish food. The writer does not recall ever seeing a can of shrimps that was not packed there. Likewise, much of our crabs and turtles and raw and canned oysters come from Biloxi. A normal year's shipments include 175,000 gallons of raw oysters; 10,000,000 cans of shelled oysters; 8,000,000, cans of shrimps. Catching, packing and shipping fish food constitutes Biloxi's principal industry; and riding the waters of Biloxi Bay is a fleet of fishing boats and other small craft numbering eight hundred. A considerable business also exists in the canning of fruits and vegetables, and there are a few manufacturing interests.

Possessing an excellent climate, a fine extensive beach, mineral wells, and beautiful surroundings, a further source of revenue for Biloxi is catering as a poular resort, both in summer and winter, especially for the residents of New Orleans, situated about seventy-five miles to the southwest and of Mobile, about sixty miles northwest.

Giant oaks dripping with Spanish moss, and extending to the very edge of the water; long-leaf pines; magnolias; oleanders; camphor trees; palms—these persent a picturesque loveliness indeed to the city of the many flags.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The garden force, under the supervision of Mr. L. S. Presson, has been spending several days transplanting tomato plants.

---

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, engineer with the Budget Bureau, was at the School last Tuesday, when the contract was let for the renovation of our ice plant.

---

Miss Ethel Speas, consultant of intake and discharge, division of institutions and correction, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, spent last Thursday at the School.

---

Our farm manager reports that from observations at this time, the recent heavy frost did very little damage to our early crops, a field of Irish potatoes in the lowlands being the only crop to suffer.

---

Vernon Lamb, of the Receiving Cottage was called to his home in Lumberton last Thursday on account of the death of his mother. Both boys and officials of the school tender deepest sympathy to this lad in the hour of bereavement.

---

Horace Williams, of Cottage No. 1, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, returned to the School last Monday. At present he is recuperating in the "little white house," but is expected to return to his cottage soon.

---

Mrs. Leslie Bell, of Concord, recently brought out a number of magazines for the use of our boys. This fine reading material was the gift of the ladies of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, and we are very grateful for their kindly interest in the boys at the Training School.

---

Two grades of small children from the Hartsell School, accompanied by their respective teachers, Mrs. S. G. Hawfield and Miss Lila White Bost, visited the Training School recently, and the youngsters seemed to thoroughly enjoy visiting the various departments here.

---

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus and the rich young ruler, as found in the 19th chapter of Matthew, and made a most interesting and helpful talk to the boys on this subject. In this message the speaker stressed the fact that in order to do anything really worthwhile, we must make a sacrifice. To make an effort is com-

mendable, but to accomplish anything of importance, requires the very best that is in us.

---

Last week we received a copy of the "Dunn Dispatch." Since this paper is not on our exchange list, we felt that someone had sent it for some special reason, and, upon looking through its pages we found a picture of one of our boys, who had not been heard from since his graduation from the Dunn High School.

The picture was the face of a nice, clean-looking young man and underneath it was written these simple words, "Do you recognize him?" We do not yet know who wrote this brief message, but the following article gives a very flattering account of the boy's achievements since leaving us. We quote the newspaper story in full, only omitting the boy's name:

"He clicks his heels and answers to the roll call as 'Flying Cadet .....'" This 22-year-old citizen of Dunn has received an appointment in the United States Army Air Corps at Randolph Field, Texas. Although he has been at the famous flying field a little more than a week, he has made rapid strides and is already practicing advanced air maneuvers on the ground.

"This young man was selected among the students at State College through meritorious work. He passed the examination in Washington, D. C. and made an excellent grade. He was recommended for the appointment by United States Sentors Josiah W. Bailey and Bob Reynolds; Congressman J. Rayard Clark; in addition to several other political notables.

"He graduated from the Dunn High School with honors and then attended State College at Raleigh for three years, until his appointment. Always a flying enthusiast, he studied aviation, in addition to his college work, at the Raleigh airport. He also did commendable work there and received the praise of the airport officials. At the time of his appointment he was head of a R. O. T. C. unit at State College.

"In high school and college he was regarded as a leader and was prominently connected with various organizations in each. He was particularly active in scouting and Hi-Y activities while at Dunn. Immediately following his graduation from high school, he served as a page in the North Carolina Legislature."

---

Profanity is an indication of ignorance, poor word selection, bad breeding, mental laziness, and admitted inferiority.

—Exchange.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on **Honor** Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell 2
Burris Bozeman 2
Horace Journigan

—B—

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs 3
Audie Farthing
Clarence Gates
Oscar Smith

SECOND GRADE

—A—

J. T. Branch
James Blocker
Kenneth Conklin 2
Merritt Gibson
William Goins
Lawrence Guffey 2
William Jerrell 2
Wilfred Land 2
Felix Littlejohn 3
William Lowe 2
Joseph Mobley 2
Fonnie Oliver 3
Thomas Sullivan 3
Hildren Sweeney 3
Charles Taylor 2
Dewey Ware 3
Samuel J. Watkins 3
Ross Young 2

—B—

Don Britt 2
Carl Breece 2
Lewis Donaldson 3
Delphus Dennis 2
Samuel Ennis 2
William Estes 3
Blaine Griffin 3
Hubert Holloway 3
James Jordan 2
Mark Jones 2
Thomas King
Van Martin 2
William Pitts
William Surratt 3
Jones Watson
W. J. Wilson 2

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Junius Brewer 3
William Howard
Carl Singletary 3
Elmer Talbert 2
Leonard Watson
Joseph White

—B—

Archie Castlebury
Frank Crawford 2
Ivey Eller 2
J. C. Ennis
Roy Frazier
Bruce Kersey 2
Elbert Kersey

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Leonard Buntin
Theodore Bowles 3
James Coleman 3
John Robbins

—B—

Robert Atwell
Harold Bryson 2
George Duncan 3
Baxter Foster 2
Jack Foster 2
Junius Holleman
Thomas Pitman 2
Paul Ruff
Rowland Rufty
Grover Revels
Raymond Sprinkle 2
Mack Setzer
Earthy Strickland
Eugene Smith 2
Howard Todd 2

FIFTH GRADE

—B—

J. C. Branton 2
Leonard Wood

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Claude Ashe 2
Milford Hodgin
Nick Rochester 2

—B—

Odell Bray 2
Postell Clark
Henry Cowan
Heller Davis 2
James C. Hoyle
Thomas McRary
Grady Pennington
Oscar Roland 3
Thomas Shaw
Harold Walsh

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Ewin Odom
Fred Williamson 3
James West 2

—B—

Wilson Bowman
William Brackett
Carl Kepley
Edward Lucas
Charles Webb 2
Harvey Walters
Marvin Wilkins

---

## PROTECTING ROBIN REDBREAST

By way of the Winston-Salem Journal we learn of the old treaty which makes the killing of robins a federal offense. "Robin redbreast, traditional harbinger of spring," observes the Journal, "is a cocky looking little rascal, and no wonder. He has reason to swagger for he is so important that his life is protected by a trade treaty between England and the United States."

"Sir Robin did not achieve his importance simply by coming on the spring scene early, or because his flaming coat against a new green lawn has a decided aesthetic appeal, but by hard work and demonstrating the truth of the old adage that the early bird gets the worm," says the Journal.

"If insectivorous is an adjective that can be compared, then he might be termed the most insectivorous bird. His predilection for insects and worms of all kinds, and his persistence in satisfying his preference make him an invaluable aid to the farmer and gardener.

North Carolina game authorities are co-operating with the government in dealing with those who make war on the redbreast, according to W. C. Lisk, North Carolina fish and game protector.

"So, if you are one of those who love the robin for his beauty, his cheery note and his punctuality, as well as for his practical service, and are annoyed by the neighbors' boys who use their air rifles indiscriminately on everything that flies, you may scare them out of their murderous ways by telling them that 'Uncle Sam will git you, ef you don't watch out!"—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending April 10, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(19) Marvin Bridgeman 19
(14) Ivey Eller 21
(11) Leon Hollifield 21
(22) Edward Johnson 22
(8) Frank King 8
(22) Edward Lucas 22
(8) Warner Sands 14
(8) Mack Setzer 17

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Robert Atwell 4
Carlton Brookshire 4
Neely Dixon 10
(2) Coolidge Green 10
(4) James Mast 13
James McCune 8
William McRary 9
F. E. Mickle 9
Grady Pennington 4
(2) John C. Robertson 9
George Shaver 3
William T. Smith 9
(2) Fred Vereen 10
(19) Allen Wilson 21

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Ernest Beach 16
J. C. Branton 3
James Page 3
(7) Winford Rollins 15

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Robert Bryson 11
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 14
(2) Thomas Hamilton 11
(2) Columbus Hamilton 13
Charles McCoyle 12
Ray Pitman 14

**COTTAGE No. 7**

William Beach 8
(2) Cleasper Beasley 2
James Davis 7
(2) Donald Earnhardt 2
(2) Blaine Griffin 8
Hugh Johnson 13
(2) N. B. Johnson 6
James Jordan 4
(2) Edmund Moore 8

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(4) Don Britt 6
Edward J. Lucas 7
George May
Charles Taylor 10

**COTTAGE No 9**

Wilson Bowman 18
J. T. Branch 16
(8) William Brackett 14
Edgar Burnette 13
James Coleman 15
(8) Heller Davis 17
Woodfin Fowler 14
Odie Hicks 11
Mark Jones 7
(8) Elbert Kersey 12
Eugene Presnell 9
Homer Smith 18
Thomas Wilson 11
Samuel J. Watkins 11

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 11
Floyd Combs 7
Edward Chapman 8
Milford Hodgin 17
Elbert Head
William Knight 7
James Nicholson 5
William Peedin 10
Clerge Robinette 4
William R. Williams 7

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 15
Joseph D. Corn 6
Joseph Christine 3
Lawrence Guffey 9
(14) Albert Goodman 14
Ballard Martin 4
Paul Mullis 7
(4) Edward Murray 13
(2) Donald Newman 20

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 8
Alphus Bowman 11
Allard Brantley 7
Frank Dickens 14
James Elders 10
Max Eaker 14
Franklin Hensley 3
S. E. Jones 10
Lester Jordan 7
Alexander King 15
Thomas Knight 9
Tillman Lyles 8
Clarence Mayton 10
Ewin Odom 17
William Powell 10
James Reavis 10
Howard Sanders 12
George Tolson 2
Leonard Watson 4
Leonard Wood 3
Ross Young 14

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Norman Brodgen 14
Clarence Douglas 11
(2) Irvin Medlin 13
(2) Garland McPhail 4

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Clyde Barnwell 4
Fred Clark 5
James Kirk 18
John Kirkman 3
Richard Patton 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(10) Warren Bright 16
John Brown 14
Leonard Buntin 10
(5) Hobart Gross 17
(2) L. M. Hardison 15
Joseph Hyde 13
Clarence Lingerflt 13
(5) Raymond Mabe 16
(6) Paul Ruff 8
(2) Rowland Rufty 5

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) James Chavis 8
(4) Reefer Cummings 10
(2) Joseph Cox 16
(2) Filmore Oliver 17
Curley Smith
Hubert Short 12

---

## FOUR QUARTS A DAY

Two years ago Abraham Staz of Washington, was 65 years of age, and in poor health and losing weight. He started on a milk diet. "I felt bad all kinds of ways," he told a feature writer of the Washington Evening Star recently, and added: "My blood pressure was way up, I had pains in my stomach nearly every time I ate anything, headaches day after day—it was awful." The longer he stuck to milk the better he felt. For two years he has drank four quarts of milk a day, and he takes neither water nor other food into his stomach. "I don't miss food at all—in fact, never feel the least bit hungry," declared Satz.

He walks several miles a day, claims to have discovered the "perfect food." Maybe he is right since milk has long been known to health experts as a completely-balanced ration, consisting of the following: water, 87.34 per cent; fat 3.75; lactose, 4.70; caseinogen, 3; lactalbumin, 40; salts .75, and other constituents, .06.—Mooresville Enterprise.

APR 25 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 23, 1938 No. 16

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## YOUR OWN STORY

Has anybody told you that every thought you think
Makes lines just like the little lines you write with pen and ink?

And thoughts of anger, fear, or hate will spoil the prettiest face
By making ugly little lines which nothing can erase.

But thoughts of love and kindness, and joyfulness and cheer
Make very pretty little lines, all fine and firm and clear.

And by and by your face becomes an open story book
Which every one can see and read each time they chance to look.

So if you want your face to tell a story sweet and fair,
You must see that only good thoughts do any writing there.

—Author Unknown.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| LEND A HAND | (The Watchman-Examiner) | 10 |
| HARVESTING A TON OF COAL | By Jasper B. Sinclair | 11 |
| MACHINE-GRADED INTELLIGENCE | By Charles Doubleyou | 12 |
| THE CHILDREN'S HOUR | By Ruth C. Anderson | 13 |
| MIGRATION OF BIRDS CONTROLLED BY LIGHT | By Stephen J. McDonough | 14 |
| MUSIC AND MANHOOD | (Selected) | 15 |
| SEVEN YEARS A MUSICIAN | By Daniel I. McNamara | 16 |
| ISLE OF WIGHT PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRACED TO 1753 | By Daisy Nurney | 17 |
| IN CAROLINA WILD WOODS | By Simons Lucas Roof | 18 |
| THE PIONEERS' PARTY | By George Moore | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## GOD'S BEAUTIFUL WORLD

When God planned out the earth for us,
With all its lovely things,
The mountains and the rivers,
The lakes and bubbling springs,
The great wide rolling ocean
And the woods and meadow lands—
'Twas beautiful in every place
When it came forth from God's hands.

But it must be more lovely still,
And so, amid the green
Where the birds were singing over head,
The loveliest flowers were seen.
Blue, yellow, scarlet, orange,
And violet, and pink;
And then to make it perfect
He planned it so, I think,
That each month has its blossoms
From spring to latest fall
That come in bright succession
When they hear their Master's call.

The tender little wild flowers
Come creeping through the snow,
And blossoms riot over here
All down the orchard row;
June brings its matchless roses,
The summer white and gold
Of the queenly nodding lilies
And scarlet poppies bold;
And then when frost is threatening
To put the flowers to rout,
Chrysanthemums rise bravely
And sent their blossoms out.
So it is what the Bible says
About things as they stood,
When God had finished making things
He said it all was "Good."

—Apples of Gold.

## EASTER

The Easter exercise at the Jackson Training School was soul-stirring. The passion of Christ was pantomimed by the boys while the scriptural story was read. The characters taking part were dressed in costumes used at that period of history. The whole theme was depicted in pantomine with the earnestness and understanding of artists.

The boys in the audience were deeply impressed. There was not a whisper or anything to suggest restlessness. They were taught at this time the story of the Christ and the twelve in the upper chamber in Jerusalem; the trial before Pilate; His suffering in Gethsemane and the march to Calvary.

The music was beautiful. The trained choir sung all of the appropriate hymns, softy and in perfect unison. Mrs. George Barrier, director of music at the school, is an artist in training these boys. She was a teacher of public school music, and fills the place at the school admirably and successfully. The boys like their teacher which is an evidence that they too have an appreciation of good music. It has never been the pleasure of the writer to attend a more impressive Easter service rendered by students from any walk of life. This institution is putting over a fine program of activities that will rebound for good by returning to the state a citizenry of the finest calibre.

* * * * * * *

## FIGHT CANCER WITH KNOWLEDGE

The Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer was launched in the fall of 1916. To spread the message that "early cancer is curable" the slogan accepted is "Fight Cancer with Knowledge." This disease is not fought by the women alone. There is allied with them in every part of the country the leading physicians.

The American Society for the Control for Cancer organizes state divisions after approved by the State Medical Society. The American Medical Association is in complete sympathy with the work.

This is a woman's army because women suffer most from cancer, and it is imperative they know it can be cured in more than seventy per cent of the cases, if taken in time.

Dr. Thomas J. Parran, Surgeon General of the United States

Public Health Service is authority for the statement that last year's work of the Army was effective in preparing for enactment of legistation. And the campaign was more than justified for time and labor spent.

The state commander in North Carolina is Miss Ethel Parker, Gatesville. She is zealous in appointing her lieutenants in each county. Miss Parker has a clear mind combined with a pleasing personality that bespeaks for her success in putting over an educational program that will give acurate facts on cancer control. As the work advances the one ultimate aim of the Women's Field Army with allied co-workers is to hold clinics purposely to make people apprehensive of symptons so there will be no waste of time in consulting a physician and thereby avoid a tragic death.

The cancer Clinic at Wake Forest, April 14-15, assembled many notable scientists. Those attending were Dr. Charles F. Geschickter, John Hopkins Hospital; Dr. Max Culter, United States Veteran Hospital, Chicago and Dr. J. Grafton Love of the Mayo Clinic. Appearing also on the program is Mrs. Marjorie B. Illig, New York, who is National Commander of the American Society of the Control of Cancer.

This clinic is sponsored by Dr. H. B. Ivey, Goldsboro Hospital, Dr. T. Leslie Lee, Kinston Hospital, and Dr. C Coy Carpenter, dean of Wake Forest Medical School, chosen from the North Carolina Medical Association. In this great work these distinguished physicians are not working for either fortune or fame, but by experiment and study are trying to reduce the mortality rate from cancer that has been steadily increasing.

Today it stands second only to heart disease as a cause of death in the United States. This educational program when once effective will very soon eliminate the "quack" who feeds upon the ignorant masses who wish to be healed. A quack is a menace to any community, and unconsciously we have them in our midst, and they are plying their trade. For that reason if no other, we should "fight cancer with knowledge."

* * * * * * *

## CONCORD'S GARDEN TOUR

The past week marked the date of the first "Garden-Tour" for Concord. The entire program was carried out effectively, and the

gardens were visions of beauty. It would be difficult to say which garden was the prettiest. Each had a different setting, which was a matter of taste, also landscaped to suit the lay of the land, but the colorings were beautiful and varied—a perfect display of the handiwork of God.

Mrs. Charles A. Cannon sponsored the movement and she is to be congratulated. She has shown to the public many hidden beauty spots in Concord, and as the passing years beat out their march the spirit of this first "Garden Tour" will return each spring with a greater love for flowers—the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to breath therein the breath of mortal.

Some poet wrote "a thing of beauty is a joy forever". The memory of the many beautiful gardens visited on this garden tour leaves a mental picture of kaleidoscopic beauty that will continue to linger and be a joy. Such scenes give to all an eternal freshness born of the love of nature.

This first garden tour was an experiment, but we feel that each year this venture will become more popular and grow till Concord will be famed for its beautiful lawns and flower gardens.

The garden tour of last week embraced many of the beauty spots, and was more than an expression of the aesthetic taste of our home-makers, but an appreciation and adoration for the miracles,—a joyful reawakening in this warm spring time—a symobl of the ressurrection, making impressive Holy Week and Easter.

Seed sown in good soil will come in due time, so there is hope that a greater number of gardens will be open to the public next spring. It is a custom that should prevail and grow in interest, developing a finer and sweeter vision of the gifts of the Master.

* * * * * * *

## BACK IN 1669 FLORIDA WAS RECOGNIZED

The following clipped will please the Floridians who feel that the state of sunshine and health giving climate possesses every virtue that will draw tourists from all points of the compass. And these boosters are not far wrong if one should judge from the number of automobiles on the highways and the streets. The license plates are proof that every state in the union and every

province of Canada are represented in Florida. The following shows that back in 1669 Florida was advertised and boosted:

The complacence of Florida's sales talks seems to have extended back through the ages. However much further it may reach in future archaeological discoveries, the period of this spirit of enterprise has been pushed back to 1669. There was recently discovered in Annapolis library an advertising circular issued from London in that year, which boasted of Florida—then, however, extending as far north as Virginia—that it contained "many sorts of fruit trees"; that it produced "two crops of Indian corn in one year"; that it had "the most temperate climate" in the world. It made a special bid for feminine consideration by the assurance that "any maid or single woman, if they be but civil, and under fifty years of age, some honest man or other will purchase them for wives." It will be up to California to produce some earier pamphlet if she wishes to defend her pre-eminence and save her face.

* * * * * * *

## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

The Detroit News points a finger of criticism at every automobile driver who disregards the traffic laws in the following clever paragraphs:

"I hate the chap who tries to beat the traffic light; but it if happens to me—why, that's all right.

"I loathe the car that in a jam twists out and in; but if I'm sitting at the wheel I slyly grin.

"At drivers who lean on their horns, I rave and shout; but when some fool gets in my way, I honk him out.

"I grow indignant at the chance another takes; but I drive sixty miles an hour, and trust my brakes.

"I wonder, is it possible they cannot see that traffic laws were made for them, and not for me?"

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE

"When some time or other the better half, brother,
Seems peevish and all out of tone,
Don't get in a dither and argufy with her,
Just leave the poor lassie alone.

The Mrs. has worries, and those little flurries
Are some of a million or two;
It might be the baby, likelier, maybe,
The cause of the trouble is you."

---

The great trouble with this country is, too many people are surveying problems, when they ought to be solving them.

---

An exchange says that "Cupid uses nothing but smokeless powder in his warfare." And it keeps him puff-ing all the time.

---

Henry Ford says "The recession is making people think." Well, thinking will not accomplish a great deal unless you are doing something.

---

A magazine article advises it's readers "How to Tell Bad Eggs." If you have any conversation with "bad eggs" it should be done over the telephone.

---

We are told that Austria is about the size of Maine. And just now, I opine, is just about as important as Maine was in our last presidential election.

---

It is acknowledged by most every one that we are "living in a world of change." I recognize that, too—but what I'd like to know; how do you get hold of a little of it?

A college professor says gasoline is ten times more explosive than dynamite. Wonder if he is married? If not, he knows nothing about the greatest of explosives.

---

It used to be said that "one half the people of this country did not know how the other half lived." They have found out now, since the government has been passing out doles.

---

We are often told that "charity should begin at home." A great deal of charity in this world never begins any where; and in many cases, if it does begin at home, it stays there.

---

"There is probably nothing drier than a prohibition meeting," says a newspaper. How about the antics of a fellow trying to get into a ABC "legalized" store before it opens its doors?

---

When a wife begins to brush the dandruff off her husband's shoulders it is the foreruner of her desire for something dainty, and she hesitates to ask for it outright. Husbands are warned.

---

Did you ever see an unhappy horse? Did you ever see a bird that had the blues? One reason why birds and horses are not unhappy is because they are not trying to impress other birds and other horses.

---

It is said that the people who are trying to get something for nothing is causing most of the trouble in this country. It appears to me that the

fellows who succeed in getting something for nothing are the ones causing the trouble.

---

If it is true, as has been said for ages, that "man wants but little here below" why so many make such a fuss about getting little. But times have changed. Some men want the earth—and all that's in it.

---

Wild flowers are with us again in all of their beauty and subtile charms. Let us be content with admiring them and not pull them up by the roots and cause their extinction. Others passing by will be able to admire them if we leave them alone, as we should.

---

Speech is free. So it is. This is a political election year. Now if such a thing is possible if the government will put a tax on the speeches to be heard over the radio, and the hustings, possibly the government will be able to balance its budget by next year. The fact is, free speech is most too free.

---

A young girl student in St. Joseph's College, Hartford, Conn. was batting a tennis ball around the school gymnasium when she made a direct hit on a fire alam button and within a few minutes a good portion of the Hartford fire department was at the College. The young woman remarked that she "couldn't do it again in a million years," and the firemen replied that that would be soon enough as far as they were concerned.

---

## GRANDMA, 1938 MODEL

If you are one who remembers grandma as a sweetly wrinkled old lady in lace cap who sat by the fire and knitted on winter evenings and rocked and fanned herself on the porch in summer you're just an old-timer. The activites of a grandmother's club recently organized in Chicago will give you an idea what a streamlined person the contemporary grandma is.

This club boasts thirty-nine grandmothers. One is a candidate for Mayor. Another employs 300 people in her candy factory. Another heads the B. and O.'s woman's department. A fourth manages a $2,000,000 estate. A fifth (with thirteen grandchildren) manages a gravel pit. A sixth, 72, has sold insurance for a living since she was 54. And so on.

Like young folks, these grandmas play as well as work. Listed among their recreations are horseback riding, swimming. Rocking chairs? Why, bless your soul, leave them for the tired and decrepit younger generation!—New York World-Telegram.

# LEND A HAND

**(The Watchman-Examiner)**

Four years ago in its issue of January 1, The New York Times carried an editorial which it considered most timely. Certainly it could not have been more timely than it is today. We are making bold to repeat the words of this great secular daily, which are as follows:

"Never, perhaps, was there more need than today of the injunction which Edward Everett Hale gave an earlier generation:

> Look up and not down,
> Look forward and not back,
> Look out and not in,
> And lend a hand.

The divinity whose name was given to the month of January is pictured as facing both forward and back, but the divinity within us looks ever forward. Otherwise, man could not have risen to a godlikeness shown even by the humblest persons in their daily lives of devotion and aspiration. 'Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover' is good counsel, but it does not go far enough. The prayers that went up, even in the midst of the clamor of last night, for a better day, that went out in sympathy for the suffering throughout the earth and that looked forward in faith based on the belief that man could not have been led to his present height were it not that he is to find his way to a higher existence—these prayers answer themselves in the very hope that they inspire and in the struggle that they encourage toward the ideals which man has set before him.

Particularly is it incumbent now upon every upward-forward-outward-looking man to think of his neighbor who needs 'a hand'—which means sympathy or a word of friendliness or of guidance or perhaps material help. We must not get into the habit of looking to the government to lend a hand in every time a neighbor's need. It is for the time being an easy way out of difficulty, but it is not a good thing for the individual to be continually looking in, thinking of his own selfish interests instead of looking out upon life about him in the earth and meeting the responsibilities of a human being to his fellow-beings.

As to the pecuniary aspects of lending a hand, Robert Louis Stevenson suggested in his 'Lay Morals, some of its princples:

'To be rich in admiration and free from every envy: to rejoice greatly in the good of others, to love with such generosity of heart that your love is still a dear possession in absence or unkindness—these are the gifts of fortune which money cannot buy and without which money can buy nothing. He who has such a treasury of riches, being happy and valiant himself in his own nature, will 'enjoy the universe as if it were his own estate' and help the man to whom he lends a hand to enjoy it with him.' "

# HARVESTING A TON OF COAL

**By Jasper B. Sinclair**

When the value of coal as a fuel was first discovered, people described it as "black rocks that burn."

The primary value of coal still lies in its use as a fuel, of course, though modern science has found a hundred and one other uses for this mineral that certainly did not exist in the early days. So many and varied are its byproducts today that it is no stretch of the imagination to speak about harvesting a ton of coal.

A ton of ordinary coal, just as it is mined in the depths of the earth, may be worth only a few dollars for fuel. By the time all its byproducts have been skilfully extracted, however, its value has increased to a surprising extent.

Coal has long provided mankind with two different kinds of illuminants—coal gas and coal oil. It is well over a century now since William Murdoch , the Scottish scientist, discovered that the gas extracted from coal could be used for artificially lighting streets, homes and stores. Sir Walter Scott characterized him as a "madman" for daring to propose that he could light the streets of London with gas! Electricity has considerably lessened the value of both these byproducts, of course, but they still serve millions of people living in regions remote from electric light and power.

In some countries automotive engineers have been successfully experimenting with automibiles driven by a liquid gas extracted from coal. Tests have shown that this new motor fuel is cheaper than gasoline in those countries that lack petroleum resources of their own.

Various oils and tars taken from coal are widely used for medical purposes, and in the manufacture of different salves and lotions. Coal tar, in addition to its medical properties, is also of commercial value in the production of anilin and its dyes. The manufacture of anilin or coal tar dyes, by the way, dates back to 1856, in London, though the process itself had been discovered thirty years earlier.

From coal tar, also, is derived the byproduct known as benzene or benzol. This is the source from which is derived all the anilin colors and artificial flavors, in addition to its many other chemical uses. The benzene that comes from coal tar must not be confused with the benzine that is a byproduct of petroleum, for these are two entirely different materials.

Carbolic acid can be formed by the dry distillation of coal in the coal tar oil. It is useful mainly for disinfecting purposes, in the making of certain medical preparations, and in the preservation of meat.

Asphalt, for street paving purposes, may be produced during the making of coal gas. So may naphtha, a liquid that can be extracted from a dozen different sources—including even wood, sugar cane or corn stalks. The harvesting of a ton of coal will also yield a certain amount of graphite. Lead graphite, it is often erroneously called, though there is no lead in it at all. Carbon exists

as one of the basic elements in all coal, of course. It has its own wide variety of uses in industry and in manufacturing, particularly in the fusing of different substances or in the tempering of various metals.

---

It will help the next generation when prosperous parents stop giving their children everything they want.
—Sunshine Magazine.

---

# MACHINE-GRADED INTELLIGENCE

**By Charles Doubleyou**

The machine has invaded the field of education. Heretofore, as examination time approached in schools and colleges, the sleep of instructors was disturbed by nightmares in which stacks of examination papers loomed as high as Himalayas. But in the future, much of this worry will be obviated. Electricity will do the work of determining a person's knowledge—instantly, accurately. A machine has been invented for grading examination papers.

It is true that this machine will be limited in scope. It may be more accurate to say that it will judge a person's intelligence rather than his knowledge. If a university aims to determine the broad general knowledge a student has acquired from a course on the Elizabethan drama, or some phase of mediæval history, or the like, the old method of grading must undoubtedly prevail. But there is a type of question, known as the true-false, a sort of yes-no variety. It is of this type of examination that the electricity grader will function.

For examination purposes, a standard printed form will be inserted in the machine. Opposite the questions will be two or more columns in which to record the answers: true-false columns; yes-no columns. And the machine will of course know the correct answers! That is, the person who devises an examination will know them and he will set the grader to record the correct answers, whether true-false, or yes-no. And, finally since each question answered correctly will be accorded a certain number of points, a meter on the machine-grader will show the total of the student's marks.

The grading machine has been sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the General Education Board, Columbia University, and other educational organizations, and has been developed by engineers as the result of long experimentation. Twenty-five of these are now being built. When completed, they will be distributed to some of the leading universities of the United States, to test their practicability in finding out if the students of the nation know all the correct answers—or enough of them to get by!

# THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

**Ruth C. Anderson**

Has your child a definite period of time every day that he may call his very own? An hour when he may read his most exciting book without being disturbed? An hour when he may take his bike apart and get grease on his hands and know that he won't have to leave it in the middle of things to run an errand or to bring in the wood?

Perhaps you smile at such an idea, but I firmly believe that this plan in operation would harmonize and revolutionize many an American family. So often we see the atmosphere of the home disturbed and upset and both parents and children unhappy because Henry says, "Oh, gosh, Ma!" when she calls him from his kite-mending to run to the store for a spool of silk thread. He had just gotten the patch to fit—and the glue was all ready, but Mother's insistence upon immediate obedience made him drop everything and go for the spool of silk. He was crumpy because the glue would get hard, and—.

Of course, I believe that Henry should obey and that he should want to. I believe in obedience to the last degree, but I also believe that many of us grown-ups do not always give children a square deal, merely because they are chiildren. We expect them to leave their work or their play willingly and immediately to do our bidding. We forget that we also have an obligation to the Golden Rule. Sometimes our interruptions are justifiable, perhaps most of the time they are; but oftentimes they are the evidences of our poor planning.

Do you honestly like to be called from your baking to answer the door-bell or the telephone? Are you happy to be called to do some trivial thing just as you had all the pleats in Mary's skirt ready to press? And do you ever resent being disturbed just as the hero was saving the heroine from taking the glass intended for the villain? Of course you do, and so do I, and so does Henry. Why shouldn't he, when he is called just as he was starting to make a home run for his team?

If Sally and Henry were given a definite time daily in which they might read, sew, play ball, build a house, or do whatever they wanted to do at the time, undisturbed, they would be more agreeable individuals the rest of the time. They would feel that the grown-ups really respected their time and considered their activities of some importance. They would just naturally learn to respect the time of others and not disturb their elders when they are busy. Youngsters have a very definite sense of justice and are quick to respond to fair play.

Planning a definite schedule for the regular routine duties of each day, setting aside the Children's Hour, and then expecting and accepting interruptions and calls at other times would certainly result in a more contented, co-operative, and harmonious family life.

# MIGRATION OF BIRDS CONTROLLED BY LIGHT

By Stephen J. McDonough

Two of the mysteries of spring—the migrations of birds and the mating season of animals—were recently explained by scientists as the result of variations in the intensity of light as the sun comes north again.

Once these mysteries were believed to be controlled by some supernatural force which apparently perpetuated the life of various species of birds, fish, and animals, including man.

However, there is nothing supernatural or mysterious about this force, Dr. Oscar Riddle of the Carnegie institution of Washington and Austin Clark of the Smithsonian institution, said. It is merely the result of an increased amount of light falling on the eyes.

As the sun crosses the equator and the length of day in the northern hemisphere increases the robins, ducks, and other birds, also some species of fish, go northward with it as a direct response to the intensity of light, Clark said. The most extreme example, he added, is the arctic tern, a bird which winters inside the anarctic circle and then, as the sun goes north, flies almost from pole to pole to spend the summer above the Arctic circle.

Recent studies on hormones secreted by the glands of men and animals have given an explanation of this migratory mechanism and the mating instinct, Dr. Riddle said. The amount of light falling on the eyes acts as a direct stimulus to the anterior pituitary gland, located at the base of the brain, and sets in motion a chain of glandular reactions throughout the body.

Dr. Riddle said he and his associates had found that by subjecting the eyes of animals to the amount of intensity of light which normally occurs at their mating season the amount of stimulating hormone, known as "prolation," secreted by the anterior pituitary gland was greatly increased and mating could be inducted at any time.

"This effect of increased light—the renewed secretions of this hormone—is obtained when this light falls on either the eye, on the cut ends of the optic nerves, or directly upon the pituitary gland itself," the Carnegie institution scientist said.

"The later and fuller growth of the bodies of higher animals and man are also under the primary control of the anterior pituitary gland," he added, and these facts indicate that the secretions from it not only govern reproduction but also promote bodily growth and health by stimulating the appetite and keeping such vital organs as the thyroid and adrenal glands, the pancreas, liver and intestines in "favorable functional states," he added.

The pituitary gland is regarded by endocrinologists—the medical experts on gland functioning—as the master

gland of the body or the director of the endocrine orchestra of thyroid, pancreas, ovaries, testes, adrenals and other glands which keep human beings or animals functioning normally.

If the anterior pituitary has the specific effect which recent research indicates, the experts said, it appears that light falling on the eye, and to some extent on other parts of the body, is the real regulator of human existence.

---

The Best Telegraphing—Flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.—Exchange.

---

# MUSIC AND MANHOOD

**(Selected)**

From an editorial in the music journal, The Etude, we learn of a band conductor, who when a boy of seventeen was arrested, and brought before the judge. The boy's father was present, and the judge said to him:

The trouble with your boy is that he played the wrong instrument. If instead of letting him waste his spare time playing the nickle slot machines in billiard rooms and dance halls, you had had him to play the piano, the violin, the trombone or some other instrument, he might have kept away from bad company, and he would not now be facing a two year sentence in the penitentary.

That hurts, judge, said the father; His mother wanted me to give him music lessons, but somehow I thought it was sissy for a boy, and again I guess I was too mean to lay out the money. But judge isn't there something can be done? He's only seventeen.

Well, said the judge I could put him under parole. He looks as though he had good stuff in him; and I will do it under one condition, and that is that you buy him the best instrument you can afford and get him a fine teacher and arrange to have him come to my home once a month and let me judge how hard he is working at his music. You see I was brought up with music in my home; and I know what it means.

And the boy made good because he had something worth while to do and at which he could make progress, instead of doing what was not worth while and was without any gain.

And may not one factor of his success have been that he learned to look upon his father as a friend and not as merely the one who fed and clothed him? And perhaps it was a great lesson to learn that instead of being his enemy and wishing to send him to prison the judge wanted to save him to his home and friends.

# SEVENTY YEARS A MUSICIAN

By Daniel I. McNamara

Walter Damrosch, dean of American musicians, climbed as a tiny child upon the piano stool of his parents' home in Breslau, Silesia, more than seventy years ago, to embark upon an unparalleled musical career. Today at seventy-six, symbol of American musical culture the world over, the tall distinguished-looking, vigorous and alert Damrosch bridges a gap between the classicists of the last century and the modernists of today. His proudest boast is, "I am an American musician."

Walter Damrosch's earliest memories of his father, later the famous American conductor Leopold Damrosch, are of his being host to the elite of European musicians. The Damrosch home was a rendezvous of artists. Here he entertained Wagner, Liszt, von Bulow, Clara Schumann, Jachim, Auer and Rubinstein. Wagner was godfather for another Damrosch boy, his namesake, who died in early childhood.

The elder Damrosch brought his family to America when Walter was nine and soon became a leading figure in the New York musical scene. Walter's education was extended by trips to culture centers of the Old World, during which he renewed his childhood acquaintances with Wagner and Liszt. He was twenty-three when his father was fatally stricken while conducting a series of Wagnerian operas at the Metropolitan, and the young man took over his baton, promptly to become recognized as the leading exponent of Wagnerian opera in the New World.

Conductor at the Metropolitan, impresairo of his own German opera company, conductor of the New York Oratorio Society and of the New York Symphony Orchestra, composer, author, lecturer and educator, he has been a leader of American music for more than five decades. He has been honored with doctorates by New York University, Princeton, Columbia, Brown, Pennsylvania, University of New York State and Washington and Jefferson College.

He is president of the National Institution of Arts and Letters and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

His radio broadcasts on music appreciation have been received with growing acclaim for ten years. Now, with a weekly audience of more than seven million, these lectures are generally regarded as his crowning educational achievement.

One of his four grand operas, "The Man without a Country," first performed May 12, 1936, was selected for reproduction by the Metrouolitan as a feature of its 1937-1938 season.

A vigorous exponent of Americanism in music, Damrosch has conducted premieres of many American compositions. He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Recently, upon being felicitated on completion of an important musical task in the midst of many duties, he remarked with characteristic energy, "So much more remains to be done that I long for at least one hundred more years of life."

# ISLE OF WIGHT'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS TRACED TO 1753

By Daisy Nurney

Smithfield famed not only for its world known hams, but for its beauty shrines, and its history of many generations, is the site of the first free school ever operated in Isle of Wight County, Virginia.

According to L. T. Hall, superintendent of public instruction in Isle of Wight, the old building standing on Mason street in Smithfield was in existence in 1752, and was used for a school.

It is said to be the oldest building standing in Virginia used for school purposes and the second oldest Masonic hall in the State.

According to the old deed books of Isle of Wight, which are a treasure to the historian it is recorded that on January 6, 1753, Joseph Bridger, Gent, of the County of Isle of Wight, Miles Cary and Richard Kello of the County of Southampton and Richard Baker of Isle of Wight, were named as trustees to see that the desires of Elizabeth Smith, wife of Arthur Smith, 2nd, were carried out.

Joseph Bridger was named to purchase a suitable lot on which was to be erected a house, to be used as a school, the record reading:

"Whereas the said Elizabeth Smith is disposed of her pure goodwill and charity as well as to the children of the poor inhabitants of the Town of Smithfield as to any other poor orphans and children who cannot obtain a suitable education by any other means, to settle and maintain a free school in the Town of Smithfield after the manner and under the the restrictions and limitations here in mentioned."

Mr. Hall in his article mentions these limitations:

"1. The trustees shall provide a schoolmaster of sound morals and conformable to the doctrines and discipline of the church of England: 2. Poor children who have neither friends nor estate sufficient, shall be schooled; 3. The boys shall be taught reading, writing and arithmetic; 4. The girls shall be taught reading and writing; (arithmetic is left out of the girls' studies); 5. No child shall be admitted to the school before the age of 10 years; 6. The boys to continue in school 3 years, the girls 2 years; 7. After three years the boys to be bound out as apprentices to some honest calling; 8. The girls after two years to be bound out to some honest woman to be taught household affairs. 9. The school master to be paid twenty shillings per year per pupil out of the interest from the endowment."

The years passed on and later a second story was added to the school, and the second floor was used as Masonic Hall, For Smithfield Lodge No. 18. The record books state:

"At a court of common session held for County of Isle of Wight on the 8th day of June, 1788, upon motion of William Hary, Gent: On the behalf of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Smithfield

Union Lodge No. 18 is ordered (by and with the consent of Richard Kello, surviving trustees to the Free. School House in the said Town), that they have leave to build a new story upon the top of the old one and an addition of twelve feet to the end of the said school house, with the winding stairs, for the use of the Free Masons belonging to the said lodge, to be called the Masons' Hall, on their paying to the said trustee, his heirs, etc., the sum of one shilling, current money on the first day of January, every year ensuing."

The new addition cost the sum of 90 pounds, Virginia money and the keys were delivered to the Masons on December 3rd, 1788, when the first meeting was held in the new hall.

Mr. Hall calls attention to the two Masonic Halls in Smithfield— the first hall which was built over the Elizabeth Smith Free School, and the present Smithfield Masonic hall which was also built over a school in 1826, the school, later known as the Smithfield Academy which existed until the inauguration of the present public school system in 1872.

Mr. Hall says in his article: "There are two striking comparisons between these two old buildings: Both first were free schools the one endowed by Elizabeth Smith the second by the State of Virginia; both after serving as free schools became Masonic halls.

"It is doubtful," he says, if anywhere else in Virginia there are two such historical buildings still standing which make such an appeal to those interested in educational history and those interested in the Masonic fraternity."

---

All who joy would win must share it—Happiness was born a twin.—Byron.

---

# IN CAROLINA WILD WOODS

**By Simons Lucas Roof, in Charlotte Observer**

The pine siskin is one of the best bird studies remaining in America today. The siskin is so very irregular of habits, so changeable in its choice of breeding grounds, that in observing the bird, all naturalists, amateur and professional, are on an equal footing.

The pine siskin makes a difficult subject because it seldom remains in one community any length of time, and while in that community, it is apt to be very shy. Some naturalists have approached closely to the bird, and the siskin, busy with his seed-eating, has permitted worthwhile information to be collected. On the other hand, one may try his hardest to make the bird's acquaintance, but the siskin will fly away, probably out of "that neck of the woods."

Bird lovers in the Carolinas are favored in that the little siskin seems to like the two states. Small flocks

and single birds are reported rather often by naturalists from scattered sections of both states.

The pine siskin has been known to frequent certain communities for two or three years then for apparently no reason other than to be on the move again, the charming little tramp disappears from sight for five or six years. This erratic behavior causes records of the migrations of the siskin to be about as accurate as an empty thermometer.

The general direction of the siskin's migratory movements, however, may be accepted as fairly true. The movements are from one end to the other, and back, of the range. The range covers the great coniferous forests of northern North America, south of Nova Scotia and parts of the New England States. The siskin spread southward across high mountains and scattered districts, until eventually, it arrives at the western mountain ranges and on to reach the southern houndary of the United States. In winter, the siskin moves to any of his favorite resorts in Florida and the other Gulf states, and through Texas to the California valleys. Even Mexico is a home of the bird, and rarely Cuba.

In the Carolinas pine siskin is an irregular winter visitor, who frequent any section of either state it fancies.

The siskin breeds in the high mountain at the back of both North and South Carolina. This means that there is an unusually good opportunity for naturalists in those sections to learn some very worthwhile facts.

The first pine siskin I saw this year was sitting quite contentedly in a small dogwood tree. (For those who are interested in date observations, the pine siskin was sitting there on March 1.) The tiny bird remained about five minutes, perched quietly on the limb, and occasionally giving a small, sparrow-like call. After a while, with a faint air of boredom, he flew slowly away, but left me in possession of one fact new to me: that the pine siskin's weak "tit-i-tit" is remarkably like the call of the sparrow, even more so than like the call of his finch kin.

In spring, however, the song of the pine siskin resembles somewhat the song of the goldfinch. The song is a fretful, canary-like melody—see-a-wee, see-a-wee, see-a-wee. The siskin does not bother to sing very loudly; instead, the pretty little refrain with its nasal twang is a song that seems meant entirely for the enjoyment of the siskin and his lady-love.

The pine siskine is attractive in appearance, and has a mixture of the plumages of the sparrow and the goldfinch. The above part of the striped prominently The underparts are lighter, and the sulphur-yellow that makes the bird easy to identify is on the rump, the base of the wings, and the tail feathers. Both the male and the female are alike in dress, though the female may be a trifle more drab.

The bill is small, acute, and conical, and brown in color; the tail is rather short and forked; and the legs are short; the feet are brown. The length of the siskin is about four and three-quarter inches.

The long, pointed wings, and the general build of the goldfinch, is probably the reason why the siskin flies

with the same wavy, rising and falling, motion as his yellow finch cousin.

Almost any distance up 30 feet from the ground, the pine siskin builds his well-hidden, bulky nest. siskin is brownish, or grayish, and The tree chosen for the home is generally a cone-bearing variety. The nest is six inches across, but only two inches wide within the bowl; the walls are constructed with a great number of tiny twigs, and the inside of the nest is filled with soft material, such as, hair, plant down, fur, and feathers.

Greenish white or pale bluish are the four to six eggs laid in the fine nest. The eggs are usually spotted with faint chestnut or black. The small space in the nest is over-flowed with eggs and mother bird.

When the youngsters grow up, they are known by a number of names; pine finch, northern canary bird, pine linner, American siskin, and pine linnet. The siskin's scientific name is a bit of Latin poetry—spinus pinus.

As far as is known, the eccentric siskin's breeding range is in the high mountains of his range, and above the northern boundary of the United States.

After the breeding season, flocks of the birds gather and fly through community after community. Flocks of the siskins vary in size, and often range from the large flocks often reported in the North, to the small bands of half a dozen in the South, the location, however, of the birds, probably has nothing to do with the size of the flocks, a flock of a large size being reported seen only recently within our own Carolinas.

The pine siskin eats the seeds of the tulip tree, the tamarack, the white cedar, the alder, the maple, the larch, the pine, and a number more of the pines, spruces, and firs. Among the weeds, the finch likes the seed of the dandelion, the thistle, the ragweed, and others. Berries are eaten by the siskin when in season.

Practically no reports record that the pine siskin is an insect-eater From my own observations, I suspect that the pine siskin does occasionally eat certain of the pests, but I do not know definitely. Any light any naturalists can throw upon this particular point in the habits of the siskin, will be valuable.

When flocks of the birds stop to eat seeds in the cone trees, it is a common thing to see a number of the siskins hanging head downward from the cones on which they are eating, or to see them scampering swiftly about the branches, one moment upside down, the next, right side up. Siskins playing in the trees remind one of the nuthatches.

If the flocks are scared from their perches, all of the birds rise together, the first bird leaning outward against the sky, and the appearance of the whole group being that of a tilted forward crescent.

No bird could be much more interesting for oringinal observation. The habits of the siskin are somewhat like those of the redpoll and the goldfinch, but only somewhat. Why not record your own notes on the strange pine siskin?

# THE PIONEERS' PARTY

**By George Moore**

It was May of 1860. The air was fresh from recent rains. It was cool, but campfires burned cheerily beside the wagon corral. Estelle Coalson was working by her own fireside when a friendly voice called to her.

"Hi, there, Estelle. Come here."

Estelle straightened from her task and looked up to see the other three girls of the caravan talking together.

"Come here," said Maud Merrel again. "We want to tell you our plans. We're going to entertain the soldiers when they come to escort us across the Indian territory. We're going to have a program."

"Sh-h," a voice by the side of the speaker quieted her "Maude, you know there's no need to ask Estelle Coalson to help entertain. She'd only ruin things."

Estelle did not hear the unfriendly words of Ruby Lowe, as she hastened across the grassy stretch that encircled the kagon corral. She was only happy that the girls were at last being friendly to her. It seemed to Estelle that she was the only one who was hurrying today. There was no hustle and bustle around the caravan this afternoon. The wagon train would have to wait here at the crossing at least another day. They were waiting for the soldiers to arrive.

"We're to have a program?" Estelle asked as she drew near.

Despite the nudge Ruby gave do something to help entertain the Maud with her elbow, Maud continued: "We thought you'd like to soldiers. Ruby is going to sign. You know what a pretty voice she has. I'm going to strum my guitar and Nell is going to play her mandolin. Nell's father has promised to play some old tunes on his French harp, and my uncle is going to tell some of his favorite stories."

"I wish I could do something," Estelle faltered, wishing she were not so shy. For a moment she thought, "Why, I might—" she commenced.

"Make a speech," Ruby finished for her, her black eyes flashing in a teasing smile.

This witticism drew a laugh from the other girls. They all were visualizing Estelle trying to make a speech. Estelle wished she could make some smart retort. Then with a smile as jaunty as Ruby's, she said, "I'm afraid my speech-making would be about like your singing."

But as Estelle said these words she felt her throat tighten and her eyes sting. She turned and hastened away lest the girls see how much it mattered to her that she was not accepted as their equal. She knew how frightened her blue eyes probably looked. Besides, no one of them could know how much she wanted a part in the entertainment, how she wanted to appear popular, if only for this one night.

Dusk deepened. Frogs heralded the coming night with ever-increasing croaks down along the river's edge. Mud turtles climbed up on logs that had lodged in the river bed. For there had been a big flood which

had carried much driftwood down the river. Now the water had receded, leaving only mud, quicksand, and rotting logs.

"Look, girls," Nell suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the river. "What's that?"

A figure was walking along the river's bed, stooping now and then as though picking up something. Fear struck at the hearts of the girls as they watched. Who could it be, and what could anyone be doing out in that mud?

"I believe it's Estelle," Nell whispered. "How strangely she acts."

At once the girls were up and following along the bank. Why, Estelle was really picking up things and putting them in a large bucket. Stealthily they stole along the bank watching her, and listening to the faint ring as something hard dropped into the metal bucket after each time she stopped to pick something from the mud.

"Muscle shells, I do believe," Maud exclaimed. "Now what on earth could she want with such things?"

"Oh, people like her just like to collect smelly things like that. I guess, or else she's just a little queer," Ruby commented. "Come on, let's go back to the wagons."

The three girls, in their excitement over their entertainment for the next night, sat up until the moon rode high in the heavens. Campfires burned down to cinders and their last vestment of red disappeared.

"Look, girls," Maud exclaimed. "Is that Estelle again?"

. What they saw was Estelle going to each dead campfire and scooping the ashes into a gunny-sack. Soon the sack was nearly half full and Estelle was having to drag it. Now it was more than half full and she was at her own wagon hanging it on a rack.

"Why she's going to make lye," Nell exclaimed.

"She would do something like that." Ruby said. "Just when we three are working so hard to entertain the soldiers. Some people are so selfish."

By the moon's light they watched her carry water and pour into the sack of ashes. They watched her put a large pan under the sack to catch the dark brown drippings that seeped through the ashes in the form of liquid lye. Then she disappeared into the shadows of her own wagon.

For a long moment the three girls were still, then Ruby finally said, "I guess she'll have enough lye to make a big batch of soap tomorrow. No wonder she's so uninteresting. She's just a drudge."

Just a drudge. Estelle heard the words. When she had finished setting the lye to drip, she had decided to come to the other three girls and tell her plans for the next night. But she didn't get there. These words concerning her caught her ears and she stood still. But these were not the only words she heard.

Ruby spoke again. "You see drudges never get anywhere. You'll notice her clothes are not so new as ours. Her father has the worst wagon and the poorest horses in the caravan."

Estelle did not wait to hear more. She turned and fled toward her own wagon. The other girls, hearing the rustling of the grass, thought it

only one of the horses grazing near by.

Maud, ever quick to defend, said, "But Estelle and her parents have been traveling more weeks than we have. No wonder their horses are poor and their clothes old."

Unaware that Estelle had heard Ruby's words, the girls went happily to bed and sleep. They dreamed of the time when the soldiers from the nearest fort would come riding up to esort the pioneers through the Indian country. Each girl dreamed of the entertainment they were to give the soldiers here on the green grass where the tall trees were silhouetted against the sky line at the Crossing.

Estelle was neither resting, nor happy. She, too, had looked forward to the coming of the soldiers probably more than the other girls. But she had so wanted the friendship of these girls. She wondered what it would like to be popular and a leader like Ruby. If one could have seen her blue eyes in the in the campfire, he would have seen that they were glistening with tears.

But, drudge or no drudge, Estelle leaned over her work and plied diligently her brush and knife. She was cleaning the muscle shells she had gathered in the river bed. With a knife she was scraping off the mud and the dark brown coating on the other side of them. Then she brushed them clean.

As she brushed and rinsed each glistening shell, she began to hum. She forgot Ruby's words and was happy to see the pearl-like inner surface of the shells that reflected rainbow colors in the firelight. At last each shell was brushed and scraped. From under the sack of ashes she took the huge pan of liquid lye. Now she dropped the shells in this lye. This would purify them as well as loosen the brown blemishes on the outer surface.

The next morning Estelle was up with the sun. For she still had work to do. The morning was cool. A mocking bird chose the tree, under which she worked, to sing his morning songs. Cotton from the cottonwood trees drifted lazily through the air. This was a beautiful place, and life was a lovey thing, she thought as she watched a half-grown rabbit scuttle hurriedly across the grass to brush and shelter.

Ruby, she knew, had not meant to be unkind. What if their horses were poor? They were soon to reach their new home; then they would rest and get sleek and fat agian. As for clothes, she had a whole trunkful in her wagon that she had been saving until they reach their destination. They were going only to the fort from which the soldiers were coming to escort them. Her father had a good business prospect there. They would locate at that place.

As for clothes—she must think of what she would wear during the evening's entertainment. The soft blue dress which she had never worn, of course. She would be happy tonight. She would enjoy the entertainment even more than they tonight. She would love Ruby's songs which she'd sing in her rich, husky voice.

As Estelle hummed a little tune and polished each shining shell, the other three girls were on the other side of the wagon corral making out the final program.

Maud was venturing a suggestion. "Girls," she said, "I wish we had

some refreshments to serve the soldiers."

"What would we serve it from? Tin plates?" Ruby scoffed.

"No one in this caravan would have suitable dishes," Nell said.

"If we just had some fruit," Maud said. "That would not require dishes."

"Fruit," Ruby laughed. "You are getting ridiculous. No fruit grows within miles of here except wild plums and grapes. The plums are just now blooming, and the grapes are green."

Just up the river from the crossing was a grape thicket. The vines twined over hackberry trees, completely covering them. The delicate green of the large leaves showed plainly from here. The girls knew the faint salty taste of the curling tendrils. They knew the bitter sour of the grapes and the softness of the seeds, for they had been to the thicket to try them.

"There goes Estelle now," Nell exclaimed. "I guess she's going to see if the grapes are ripe."

At last the day passed. Evening came. Campfires were lighted and chuck prepared. No soldiers arrived yet. The pioneers were watching for them. But perhaps they had stopped to eat their supper before coming on to the camp. The soldiers, they knew, had had a long hard ride this day.

The people of the caravan ate their supper. Then, just as the fires were commencing to shove back the night shadows, a shout went up.

"The soldiers are coming. See the cloud of dust."

Sure enough, to the west they saw them. It was perhaps an hour later when the soldiers and pioneers had finished their greetings and had settled down to listen to the entertainment. The soft music drifted through the night air. The songs were beautiful. The stories were fascinating.

Finally the last story was told and the last song was sung. Then the captain, young and handsome, arose from his seat and thanked the pioneers for their kindness.

"But," he said, "I've just been informed that there is one more number on the program. My sister has prepared something for us."

His sister? Why, no girl had come with the soldiers.

But the captain was continuing. "You all know her. She has traveled with you for days; and for many weary weeks before that she and my father were journeying westward to the post where I was located. You all know Estelle Coalson."

Just then Estelle was coming into the circle of the firelight. Her hair that was usually fastened in a tight roll at her neck, dropped in soft golden curls to her shoulders. Her eyes, below the high white forehead, sparkled in the campfire light; and seemed to dance with the shadows of her blue dress. But what was she carrying? It looked like a tray. It was a tray.

"Just my little part in the entertainment," she murmured.

Then to each soldier and pioneer she gave a glistening shell. But what was in each shell that smelled so sour, yet sweet and crusty?

"Just green grape pie," Estelle explained.

"One would think my sister a drudge, the way she works to make others happy," her soldier brother said. "But I actually believe she makes herself happiest of all."

"This is a regular party," someone shouted. "Not just an entertainment."

By this time Estelle was passing the pie to Ruby. "Your songs were beautiful," Estelle wishpered to the other girl.

"But not so beautiful as you," Ruby replied, and tears were in her eyes for these words had more than one meaning.

From this moment a lovely friendship was begun between two girls that lasted a long lifetime.

---

## "WOOL" FROM BANANA SKINS

The skins of citrus fruits—the orange, lemon, and, occasionally, the grape fruit—comprise a large part of that delicious garnishment to toast—marmalade. Even if a housewife does not make her own, she generally saves some orange and lemon peelings, for flavoring her cooking and baking. But the skin of that very important fruit, the banana, which forms so large a part of the fruit and is so easily removed, has heretofore proved of no value.

Now, however, it appears that the banana-skin has a commercial value. It is being converted into a "wool." When next you peel a banana, note the strength of the fibre of the skin. It is this fibre which, used in conjunction with about the same quantity of artificial silk, has produced a synthetic wool which is fluffy and warm and will prove serviceable for high-class dress goods.

The production of synthetic wools is no new thing. Germany came first with with a "wool" from wood! then Italy, from milk, and now Manchester the center of Great Britain's vast textile industry, has produced a "wool" from banana skins.

The raw material should be inexpensive. At present the housewife consigns her banana skins to the garbage can. Perhaps, in the future, Junior, who zealously conserves the family newspapers and magazines, tires, rags, and other waste material, for a transaction with the junk man, will also add a banana-skin salvage department to his business. It will, moreover, teach him the lesson not to toss a skin carelessly on the sidewalk, where it may prove a menace to life and limb.

—Charles Doubleyou.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently exchanged a pair of old mules for a pair of fine young ones, preparatory to active summer work on the farm.

---

The second spraying of our orchards has just been completed and the prospects for a good crop of peaches this season is quite promising at this time.

---

The first strawberries of the season were gathered last Tuesday and were issued to the various cottage kitchens. Our entire family of nearly six hundred enjoyed strawberry short-cake.

---

Robert Teeter, formerly of Cottage No. 15, who left the School last year, spent Easter Sunday with us. Since leaving here he has been employed in a furniture factory in High Point. He stated that he has had steady work and has been doing very well.

---

The Easter pageant given in our auditorium last Sunday morning was repeated Wednesday night, and quite a number of visitors from Concord and Mt. Pleasant were present. They all expressed themselves as having been well pleased with this rendition of the Easter story in pantomime and praised the boys for their ability as actors. Rev. V. L. Cromer, pastor of James Lutheran Church, Concord, read the story as it was being enacted upon the stage.

---

Our pansy beds in various sections of the campus are still blooming in profusion. At the last gathering of blooms the other day, huge bunches were issued to the cottages, and in addition a number of large bouquets were sent to the various ministers in Concord, who have so unselfishly given their services to the School for many years. The first blooms from our peony beds were gathered at the same time and were sent to Mr. Fisher, who is in the hospital.

---

Mr. J. C. Fisher our assistant superintendent, suddenly developed acute appendicitis and was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, last Saturday morning. An immediate orperation was necessary and was performed at one o'clock that afternoon by Dr. James Gibbon. He is rapidly recovering and the latest encouraging report concerning his condition was to the effect that he had chicken for dinner on Wednesday, and got away with in a manner that would have done credit to a well man.

---

William Lloyd, who left the School in January 1929, called on friends

here Easter Sunday. Since leaving us William has served one enlistment in the United States Coast Artillery. Prior to his enlistment he worked in the Bellas-Hess Company's store, New York City. He is now living in Raleigh and is employed in a large warehouse there. He reports that he likes his work and is getting along nicely. William is now twenty-six years old, is married and has a little daughter aged four years, who accompanied him on his visit to the School.

---

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31st, as follows:

First Grade—Ernest Davis, most improvement; Second Grade—Felix Littlejohn and William Estes, best writing; Third Grade—Elmer Talbert and Leonard Watson, best spellers; Fourth Grade—Theodore Bowles and John Robbins, highest general average; Fifth Grade—Hoyt Hollifield and Jordan McIver, best in geography test; Sixth Grade—Grady Pennington, greatest general improvement; Seventh Grade—William Brackett, greatest general improvement.

---

Walter Sistar, a former member of our printing class, who left the School January 18, 1934, called on us last Wednesday. While here "Sis" developed into a good linotype operator and has been regularly employed as such during the time he has been away from the School. Upon returning to his home in Charlotte, he spent about a year as extra operator in several shops in that city, and in Anderson, S. C. He then obtained regular employment on the daily paper in Athens, Ga., where he stayed two years. About a year ago he moved to Winston-Salem, where he found employment with the Daily Sentinel-Journal, and is still a member of that force. For several weeks he has been out of work because of illness, but expects to assume his regular duties in a few days. This young man has been married for three and one-half years and is the proud father of a baby boy, now two and one-half years old.

We were glad to see "Sis" and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving the School.

---

The China Grove baseball team furnished the opposition for the Training School boys last Saturday afternoon, winning by the score of 6 to 4. The local lads, playing their second game of the season, seemed to be a bit nervous, making six errors which were directly responsible for four of the six runs chalked up by the visitors. Andrews, who started on the mound for the School, was in fine form. He pitched well enough to win any ball game during the seven and one-third innings he labored, allowing but five hits and causing eleven batters to strike out, but costly errors proved his downfall. Liske assumed the hurling duties with one out in the eigth, and allowed three hits and one tally.

Spry, the visiting pitcher, certainly lived up to his name. He was quite "spry" out there around the pitcher's mound, setting down fifteen Training School batters via the old strike-out route, and issuing but one pass to first.

Seven singles, two of them of the scratch variety, were all the hits he allowed, keeping the situation well in hand at all times.

J. Greason with a pair of singles and C. Daugherty with a triple and single, led the China Grove boys at bat. None of the Training School boys connected for more than one hit. The seven local players to get hits were: Poole, Finley, Liner, Andrews Davis, Smith, and Warren.

Eddie Poole, the School's left gardener, turned in the star fielding play of the game when, in the third frame, Honeycutt, visiting left-fielder, drove out a liner which appeared to be headed over the left field embankment, and would have been good for three or more bases. Poole had different ideas about the situation, however, and raced over to his right at top speed and speared the ball with his bare hand. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| China Grove | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | — | 6 | 8 | 1 |
| J. T. S. | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | — | 4 | 7 | 6 |

Three-base hit: C. Daugherty. Stolen bases: J. Greason, Poole, Carpenter. Struck out: By Andrews 11; by Spry 15. Base on balls: Off Spry 1. Hits: off Andrews 5 in 7 and 1-3 innings. Passed ball: Blackwelder. Losing pitcher: Andrews. Umpries—Hobby and Roberts.

---

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by our good friend, Mr. John Barnhardt, prominent textile executive and churchman, of Concord. After the singing of the opening hymn, Mr. Barnhardt read The Apostle Paul's comment on Christ's victory over death as found in the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, and in his inspiring talk to the boys he called attention to the real meaning of Easter to Christian people.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Barnhardt stated that Easter Sunday had various meanings to people. To some it means the wearing of fine clothes; to others it means having a lot of Easter eggs; to still another group it means various forms of celebration. These things, when properly carried out, are fine, said the speaker, but to the Christian, Easter is the greatest event of the year. There are two events in the life of Christ which are very dear to the hearts of Christian people all over the world—His birth at Christmas and His glorious resurrection on Easter Sunday.

The story of the Christ-child, continued the speaker, marks the beginning of the life of the greatest character known to man. He was sent to us from God for the purpose of redeeming our souls from sin. By Adam's sin men were lost, but God provided a way to save them by sending His only Son into the world, thus making Christmas a great factor in the lives of Christians.

At Easter time, said Mr. Barnhardt, we celebrate the greatest event in the history of the world. Christ made it possible for men to be saved by giving his own life for them, and by rising from the tomb, He won the victory over sin, thus saving men who will follow Him. The speaker urged the boys to look at life seriously and try to get the true meaning of Easter. Our Lord did not finish His work on

earth until He came forth from the tomb, and with His resurrection comes man's hope for eternal life. The serious side of Easter is the service side, continued Mr. Barnhardt, and Christ expects us to mature in Christian service. It is our duty, therefore, to study the true meaning of Easter, and try to pattern our lives after the life of the Master, and live lives of service. How may we render this service? By being willing to serve in some way, doing our very best to do what Christ would have us do.

We should start early in life to following the teachings of Christ, said the speaker. The finest thing for a boy to do is to try to render an unselfish deed each day of his life. By doing this, a boy will soon develop into the finest specimen of Christian manhood. We can find these opportunities for service to our fellow man every day, and when we listen to the call of service we are real Christains. By helping those less forunate than ourselves we are living in the true spirit of Easter every day in the year.

---

## IT'S TONIC TIME

The old custom of taking a "spring tonic" is due to neither superstition or habit. Ask your family physician and he will explain that along about this time of years one's blood commences to thin and the approach of warmer temperatures brings on muscle changes that we often attribute to laziness, and refer to as "spring fever." The doctor will tell you that it is natural and, while not serious, should have attention, especially among those of mature age.

The market is flooded with "spring tonics" and many of them do what their makers claim for them. But old nature hasn't been asleep on the job. She has furnished a few that man has never been able to excel. Along about this time of year mouths water for a mess of "greens." That is one of nature's tonics—greens and all the early garden truck you can get hold of. Sulphur and molasses serves the same purpose in the juvenile world; sassafras tea meets requirements in some localities, while sauerkraut is said to be efficacious. But nothing takes the place of green vegetables, eaten in reasonable quantities at every meal.

"That tired feeling" and "spring fever" will soon be recognized as common complaints among many people, and so the spring tonic for those who are thus afflicted is in order. Everyone must do his own prescribing, of course, or leave it to his family doctor. But it will be well to remember that nothing can beat nature's own remedy—and that is "a mess of greens" two or three times a week.—Mooresville Enterprise.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

**The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.**

Week Ending April 17, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(15) Ivey Eller 22
George Green
(12) Leon Hollifield 22
(23) Edward Johnson 23
(9) Frank King 9
(23) Edward Lucas 23
(9) Warner Sands 15

### COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders
Virgil Baugess
Henry Cowan 6
Howard Cox 5
J. C. Cox 16
Edgar Harrellson 9
William Howard 9
Blachard Moore 7
Fonnie Oliver 9
Howard Roberts 13
Jerry Smith 4
Frank Walker 6

### COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 9
John T. Godwin 2
Thomas McRary 3
Raymond Sprinkle 2

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Robert Atwell 5
Jewell Barker 2
Earl Bass 2
(2) Carlton Brookshire 5
Frank Crawford 6
(2) Neely Dixon 11
Harold Dodd 5
(3) Coolidge Green 11
Norwood Glasgow 9
(5) James Mast 14
Harley Matthews 3
(3) Fred Vereen 11
(20) Allen Wilson 22

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 9
Garrett Bishop 14
Odel Bray 15
Lewis Donaldson 10
James Hancock 20
John King 4
James Land 5
Van Martin 7
Frank Raby 17
Melvin Walters 15

### COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 12
(2) Ernest Beach 17
(2) J. C. Branton 4
William Barden 5
J. C. Ennis 8
Jack McRary 8
Richard Palmer 4
(8) Winford Rollins 16
Jack Turner 7
Dewey Ware 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 12
Robert Deyton 12
(3) Columbus Hamilton 14
(3) Thomas Hamilton 12
Randall Peeler 6

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 7
(3) Cleasper Beasley 3
Archie Castlebury 12
(2) James Davis 8
(3) Donald Earnhardt 3
(3) Blaine Griffin 9
Caleb Hill 16
Raymond Hughes 2
(2) Hugh Johnson 14
(3) N. L. Johnson 7
(2) James Jordan 5
(3) Edmund Moore 9
Elmer Maples 13
Ernest Mobley
Marshall Pace 7
Jack Pyatt 6
Kenneth Spillman 11
Loy Stines 5
Earthy Strickland 12

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Lloyd Banks 11
(5) Don Britt 7
(2) Edward J. Lucas 8
(2) Charles Taylor 11

**COTTAGE No 9**

(2) Wilson Bowman 19
Thomas Braddock 19
(2) Edgar Burnette 14
Hubert Carter 14
Gladston Carter 9
(9) Heller Davis 18
Frank Glover 15
(2) Eugene Presnell 10
Earl Stamey 12
(2) Homer Smith 19
Luther Wilson 13
(2) Thomas Wilson 12

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(2) Floyd Combs 8
(2) Edward Chapman 9
(2) Elbert Head 2
James Howard 6
(2) Milford Hodgin 18
(2) William Knight 8
Felix Littlejohn 2
(2) William Peedin 11
(2) Clerge Robinette 5
Jack Springer 10
(2) William R. Williams 8

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Harold Bryson 16
(2) Joseph D. Corn 7
(2) Joseph Christine 4
Baxter Foster 10
(2) Lawrence Guffey 10
(15) Albert Goodman 15
Allen Honeycutt
(2) Ballard Martin 5
(2) Paul Mullis 8
(5) Edward Murray 14
(3) Donald Newman 21
Berchell Young 18

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Alphus Bowman 12
(2) Frank Dickens 15
William C. Davis 3
(2) Max Eaker 15
Joseph Hall 3
Charlton Henry 14
(2) Ewin Odom 18
(2) James Reavis 11
(2) Howard Sanders 13
Carl Singletary 9
William Trantham 12
(2) Leonard Watson 5
(2) Leonard Wood 4
(2) Ross Young 15

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Jack Foster 9
Bruce Kersey 5
(3) Irvin Medlin 14
(3) Garland McPhail 5
Thomas R. Pitman

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(3) Clyde Barnwell 5
(2) Fred Clark 6
Delphus Dennis 3
(2) James Kirk 19
Feldman Lane 6
Fred McGlammery 7
Troy Powell 10

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(11) Warren Bright 17
(2) John Brown 15
(2) Leonard Buntin 11
Sidney Delbridge 7
N. A. Efird 2
(6) Hobart Gross 18
Clarence Gates 3
Hoyt Hollifield 12
Albert Hayes 3
Dallas Holder 5
Beamon Heath 6
Roy Helms
William Hawkins 9
(2) Joseph Hyde 14
Caleb Jolly 19
Robert Kinley 3
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 14
James McGinnis 17
(6) Raymond Mabe 17
Benjamin McCracken 2
Harold C. Oldham 3
(7) Paul Ruff 9
Ira Settle 7
James Watson 12
Harold Walsh 12

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(5) Reefer Cummings 11
(3) Filmore Oliver 18
(2) Curley Smith 2

ep364

APR 30 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 30, 1938 No. 17

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## MY RELIGION

My religion doesn't hinge
On some one rite or word;
I hold that any honest prayer
A mortal makes is heard;
To love a church is well enough,
But some get cold with pride,
And quite forget their fellowmen
For whom the Savior died;
I fancy he best worships God,
When all is said and done,
Who tries to be from day to day
A friend to everyone.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE LOST ART OF HOME MAKING | (Zions Herald) | 10 |
| WALDENSIANS' EXCUSIVE ORDER | By Hoyt McAfee | 11 |
| WILD FLOWER TIME IN THE ALPS | By Ethel R. Adamson | 15 |
| "THE HEARTSTONE OF THE REFORMATION" | By Mrs. William J. Dentler | 17 |
| SANCTUARY FOR SKATERS NEEDED | (Suffolk News-Herald) | 20 |
| A BIT OLD-FASHIONED BUT GOOD | (Suffolk News-Herald) | 21 |
| THE GIRL UPSTAIRS | By Ellen M. Stewart | 22 |
| THE OLD-FASHIONED SEWING MACHINE | (Christian Science Monitor) | 25 |
| WAIT A MINUTE | (Selected) | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MY RESOLVE

To cherish dreams of loveliness, of silver and of blue,
To find the trail to fairyland, where all the paths are new;
To make a garden blossom with old forgotten flowers,
To find a gleam of beauty as I watch the passing hours;

To find a better pattern for the warp that I must weave,
To know that life is always good though sometimes I must grieve;
To read a shining splendor in the tales that far stars tell,
To laugh through weeping raindrops and to feel that all is well;

To look for golden rainbows, to love the simple things,
The dream-blue of the summer sky, the song the robin sings;
To dare to send my ships to sea, but find a gallant crew
To keep their crimson sails afloat—this I resolve to do.

—H. W.

## BETTER HOMES

This week from April 24-30 is to be observed as better homes week. An ornate home is not the objective. A nice, clean, livable home with attractive environments devoid of all breeding places for the common house fly, a germ carrier, is the ultimate aim of this campaign.

No matter how many flies the housewife may poison, or how many she may catch up on sticky fly paper there will be just as many the next day unless all breeding places are cleaned up. It is true that by the peculiar structure of the house fly they carry millions of germs from the foulest places to the cleanest. A better homes campaign is not successful if war is not waged against the breeding

of flies. They carry the germs of such diseases as typhoid, tuberculosis, diarrhea and cholerea. If a single case of such diseases can be prevented the effort put forth for sanitary homes, or better homes, is well worth the time.

Mark Twain, the humorist, is credited wth the story that a spider found in his newspaper one morning was looking over the advertisement to see which merchants advertised.

This spider would go to the non-advertiser's place of business to spin his web, knowing he would be undistrubed and his web would remain indefinitely. Then too the sprider's web is a perfect net for catching flies. The significance of this story is easily understood if you have ever watched a spider weave his web, and when a fly is caught in the web the spider instantly races to catch the fly. From the habits of insects there are lessons to be learned if time is taken to observe. A clean home means a healthy family. Good health means happiness.

The better home's campaign is specifically to transform unkept homes into livable spots with a warmth of color and harmony of furnishings, sweet and clean—the influences that have a tendency to a higher moral and raise the standard of ideals with the masses.

* * * * * * *

## NORTH CAROLINA'S OLDEST HOUSE

The oldest house in North Carolina is the ancient Booth house in Edenton. This place is supposed to have been built in the early 1750's, a few years older than the town's famed Cupola House.

Edenton is the county seat of Chowan county. The county takes its name from a tribe of Indians, Chowanikes, who once owned and inhabited this particular territory. Edenton, the capital, is named in compliment to Charles Eden, Governor of the Province in 1720. The ancient records of Edenton are of great interest, full of incidents that present an inviting field for those who enjoy looking back into the past.

This Booth house is being restored to its original structure by W. Dorsey Pruden and his sister, Miss Mary Pruden, lovers of history and philanthropists. The ancient structure is a two story with dormer windows and a porch to the front the length of the house Plain and quaint is the architectural drawing, but an exact replica

of the first homes built by the pioneers of our country. To preserve these old structures keeps intact history of the ancient days that leave an impress upon the minds of the present and future generations that can never be erased.

* * * * * * *

## DIVIDENDS OF WPA

Grant much of what the critcs of WPA say. Still there are monumental divdends, scattered throughout the country, as highly useful by-products of these relief expenditures.

Here are some of the dividends of WPA:

40,000 miles of new highway, and many more miles of secondary roads and street improvements.

19,000 bridges, and 13,000 bridges reconditioned.

185,00 culverts.

105 new airplane landing fields, and improvements of 109 others.

12,000 public buildings such as schools, libraries, fire houses, armories, and improvements on many thousands of other buildings.

99 hospitals, and improvements in 934 others.

4,000 miles of new water lines.

5,700 miles of sewer mains.

1,400 medical clinics and 815 dental clinics conducted.

* * * * * * *

## UNSUNG HEROES

The Mooresville Enterprise writes editorially about the "unsung heroes". The theme is as old as the hills, but the real heroes of this life, such as the private in the army, the man who uses the hoe and manages the machinery to make the wheels of industry turn, continue to pass unsung. And then again the man of vision who puts over a big piece of constructive work gets little recognition. But later another reaps the reward. That is life. Yes, the real heroes pass on unsung. But there is comfort in the words often spoken by one of the "Mothers of Israel" who lived in our midst but has passed to her reward. Her solace was, "the Master continues to reign." This we clip from the Mooresville Enterprise:

There are heroes to be found in all walks of life, and every time we read or hear of their exploits our faith in the finer quality of

human nature seems to be bolstered anew. Down one of the steep mountains of western Pennsylvania a Maryland driver was guiding his heavily-ladened truck. He discovered that his brakes were not working, and almost at the same time he saw two passenger cars approaching. To avoid the impending collision he risked his own life by taking a chance and turning the big truck into a side road. It crashed into the bank, upset and he lost his life beneath the wreckage. Unselfishness is always a mark of true heroism This unheralded truck driver gambled with his own life to save the lives of others. He lost the gamble, and the penalty was death. The great Book of Life cannot record a deed more heroic.

* * * * * * *

## THE ONE BOOK TO STUDY

There are many readers of The Uplift, no doubt, who constantly resolve to improve their minds by the reading of intelligently written books, in the hope that they will become better equipped to understand the many issues that crowd them as they try to keep up with this modern world.

The impulse is good and worth following but very often in our research for the new we have a tendency to overlook the value of the old. For this reason we take the liberty of reminding our readers that, underneath all modern issues however expressed, human nature asserts itself much the same as it did in years gone by. Consequently, the basic study for us is human nature and the solvent for modern troubles is improved human beings.

By general consent of almost all mankind the Bible has long been recognized as pre-eminent in the field of human nature, possessing the fundamental guides to improve human beings. It might be a good idea, then, for all of us to give a little more study to the great truths that are set out in the book of books.

* * * * * * *

The service of the Boy Scouts to the nation's wild life has been recognized by the General Wild Life Federation. During the recent "Wild Life Conservation Week" America's 1,129,827 scouts, cubs, and their leaders were invited to join the Federation. This is due

to the positive results obtained by the scouts' instruction in the proper building and extinguishing of campfires to prevent forest conflagrations; the building of bird houses and feeding racks, placed so cats and birds of prey cannot reach them; the planting of trees to insure fruit supplies for birds and nuts for squirrels and their cousins. Incidentally this phase of Scout discipline has tended to enlarge the scientific knowledge of the scouts, and to educate their protective instinct for the works of nature.

* * * * * * *

America evidently wants to see Europe before it falls apart or is blown to pieces as it threatens to be. Last year 373,650 tourists went to different parts of Europe from our ports and from Canada, of whom only 153,301 were third class passengers. This number is stil far from the 618,478 who visited Europe in the banner year of 1930, but the total has mounted rapidly during the last five years. If the number could be increased, and the stream of tourists sustained, it might possibly induce the restless European states to abandon the precarious pursuit of a renewed credit by seizing new territory in favor of the golden rewards of peace that would follow in the wake of American sightseers. It might also help Europe to pay her debt to us, if she ever came around to thinking about it. But such generosity to a debtor by a creditor is surely not called for.

* * * * * * *

## WHY NOT LOOK AHEAD?

On an ancient Egyptian tablet unearthed by archeologists was inscribed a lament declaring that the earth is degenerate, youth in despair and the world coming to an end.

That was more than 2,000 years ago—and we are still here! Since that time we have evolved from the chariot to the airplane. When we can see nothing but progress behind us, why is it that prophets of gloom see nothing but disaster ahead?

Today the world is going right on revolving at the rate of sixteen miles a second, and scientists tell us that it will continue to do so for another hundred million years or so.—News-Herald.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

HERE WITH BOTH FEET

"She's here with both feet—
Goodness me—ain't she sweet?
Why, Miss Spring, of course, from her head to her feet,
See her smiling so fair
With a rose in her hair,
And her dimpled arms waiting your handshake to share."

---

You do a rash thing when you catch the scarlet fever.

---

This country will experience a great relief when there is no more relief to relieve.

---

There will come a time when every man will be contented with his lot—when he is buried in it.

---

It is told that a prisoner, on trial in a Connecticut court, fell asleep. He presented a nod spectacle.

---

Did you ever notice that a banana peel always slips under a man's foot behind his back? I sat down to think this thought.

---

A large number of women are editing newspapers in this country—but they have a man to "lock up their forms."

---

There is one rule that invariably works both ways. The more we want the less we receive; and the less we receive the more we want.

---

I am not worrying about what this country is coming to. It worrys me as to how we are going. The country is alright—it's the people.

---

We are told by engineers that the Washington Monument is slowly settling. But it is not settling so slowly as some of our European war debtors.

---

An animal trainer is now boasting that he has trained a dog to read. We've had spelling bees from time immemorial, and dancing fleas that made people dance.

---

The candidate for governor of California, it is said, spent five days in a jail term making speeches to fellow prisoners. There's one politician that had his audience to stay with him.

---

A story is going the rounds to the effect that the other morning in Chicago, when there was a nine-inch April snow on the ground a robin lit on the shoulder of a policeman, clearer his throat a time or two and said, "Brother, can you tell me which way is south?"

---

Everything imaginable under the sun, under the moon and under the stars, and above them, have been suggested as afflicting this world, and now the latest by some of the old-timers is to the effect that there are too many persons wearing Sunday clothes every day.

---

Frank Bennett, the singing chief of the Durham fire department, is of the opinion that a fireman can dress and turn out in less than thirty

seconds. If that's the case this is one position that women will not rush in to take the place of men, as so many of them are doing in other lines of business.

---

"Play Ball!" In every city, village and hamlet in America the call "play ball" has rung out and millions of Americans have sprung into action. No other event in American history so intrigues and fires the spirit of Americanism as our great national game—baseball. Baseball is the nation's safety valve. It provides an opportunity for the citizenry to get out into the open and yell long and lustily and let off steam. Go out to the game, exercise your lungs and the American prerogative of telling the umpires of their optical deficiencies.

---

**The Great Outdoors**

Hiking, fishing, hunting, camping or just driving outdoors in the great recreation grounds is our heritage, the valleys, the mountains, the forest, the streams, the sea. It all abounds with life on land, in the air and in the water. It is all here for our pleasure. The outdoors is the best medicine for tired bodies and tired minds. It refreshes and imbues with new energies. Nature is grand and unspoiled if left alone.

Nearer to nature, nearer to God, is the old saying. It is true. When in the outdoors, our actions, deeds and thoughts are finer. There is no time of place in the open to stimulate crime and vice.

The army of clean fun and healthy pleasure seekers is getting ready to invade every corner of this great State in its search for pleasure, recreation and the fragrance of real fresh air. In knowing all these things, a cordial welcome is extended to all the world to visit North Carolina and enjoy the rich blessings to be found in this glorious commonwealth during the summer.

---

## WOMEN REMEMBER

Women remember days of dolls and games,
And days of school with magic upon names
Like Pernambuco, Nuremberg, and Rome;
And days of love . . . and then a new wee home.
And they remember curtains that were hung,
And gardens that were made, and old songs sung,
And children laughing . . . Golden years that grow
Spread their beauties like the winter snow.
And when the fullest tale of life is told,
Women remember faith in growing old;
With prayers to God, in hearts of true thanksgiving,
They know the goodness of all things through living.

—Helen Maring.

# THE LOST ART OF HOME-MAKING

**(Zions Herald)**

Some of the very best young people of the present generation are "going in for art." They are studying elocution, music, drama, painting, drawing poster-making, pottery, radio broadcasting, and other subjects, with the purpose not only of "making a ing post-marking pottery, radio living" but also—and much more important—of making a life. They yearn to express the longing for beauty and high idealism of their souls while at the same time they earn their daily bread. Youth redeems the world with its glad beliefs, its unquenchable enthusiasm, and its noble aspirations. We who are older ought to thank God that, in the divine economy, provision is made for a continuous influx of "new blood" as men and women who have lived out their "threescore and ten" pass off the stage of time. The earth is thereby renewed, and God himself is given another chance for his "new Jerusalem."

There is a sense in which all life is art. Any task, no matter how commonplace and menial it may be, can be glorified. Everything depends upon the worker. He can approach the duty of the day in dogged fashion with his eye on the clock, hating the very sight of work, sure that there is "nothing to it," and grimly driving himself through the hours of drudgery, or he can hail the new day with joy in his soul, see hidden beauty in everything he touches, and carry through his tasks with a song. There is an art which few of us are inclined to rgard as an art. It is homemaking. What does the mention of the word call up in our minds? To most of us, unfortunately, only dish-washing, bed-making, window-cleaning, sweeping, dusting, and the thousand and one details that beset the busy housewife whose work is never done. These are the obvious things, the things that we see when we lack imagination, when in the woodenness of our materialism we attend only to the impressions that strike the five physical senses. But homemaking, real home-making, takes hold on eternity itself; it is related to the spiritual culture of immortal souls and even to the redemption of lives broken by the storm and stress a wicked world. Home-making, apparently so ordinary, is one of the highest of all the arts, not excluding music and painting.

---

When nothing seems to help, I go and look at a stonecutter hammering at his rock perhaps a hundred times without so much as a crack showing in it. Yet at one hundred and one blows the rock will split in two, and I know it was not the one blow that did it, but all the blows that had gone before.

—Selected.

# WALDENSIANS' EXCLUSIVE ORDER

**By Hoyt McAfee, in Charlotte Observer**

Roughly translated, "Le Phare Des Alps" means the eternal lighthouse of the Alps standing for friendship, fraternity, and good-fellowship among men, it is an exclusive order to which some two hundred Waldensian men of Valdese, North Carolina, belong.

In the matter of parliamentary procedure and set-up this closely-knit Waldensian order somewhat resembles American Masonic and Moose organizations. As for its character, purpose, and scope of activity, it naturally differs from them.

At intervals of every three months meetings are held in the Waldensian clubhouse, located only four or five broad jumps of the main highway which knifes the heart of Valdese. For the assembly, date the first Saturday in every new period is chosen. Women of the colony, including the wives of the various members, are not permitted to attend. Neither are outsiders. It is exclusively a Waldensian male affair—and one to which every one concerned looks forward with undisguised eagerness.

To spot a member of this order is simple. He will be sporting in his coat lapel a tiny badge with these initials inscribed thereon: "L. P. D. A., which, as you have doubtless surmised, signify "Le Phare Des Alps." It is a privilege and an high honor to wear this button—a button which symbolizes to the Waldensian what the statue of Liberty does to the American. No discreet or thinking Waldensian would minimize the significance it bears. Nor would he try to conceal the just pride he experiences for the opportunity and right to display it.

As it has been estimated that the Waldensian population of Valdese hovers around the 500-mark, it is easy to perceive that the 200-odd membership in the club "Le Phare Des Alps" constitutes a substantial representation of the whole colony. Those who desire to join the order must make known their wishes to a member. If the latter decides to sponsor the new prospect, he will present his name at the next meeting.

His acceptance for membership depends upon an almost unanimous vote of approval. Each member casts his vote with a small ball—either a red or black one. With a red ball if he endorses the applicant; with a black one in the event he wants to turn thumbs down on him.

There is an unique method of casting these votes with balls. So well perfected is it, in truth, that the individual member's decision will remain shrouded in mystery—known only to himself.

Simply he, unobserved, places the red or the black pellet in a slot and rolls it to a central board. To this central clearing-point come all the balls. If more than one of them is black, then the applicant is flatly rejected. Should only one of that color appear, however, the presiding officer calls for a discussion of this

particular man's fitness — or lack of it—for membership.

Rarely, if ever, Mr. Benjamin Perrou assured me, will a lone member rise and declare his opposition to a certain applicant. Perhaps he has registered the only vote—with a black ball—against the prospective member; yet he has done so secretly, and when the opportunity is afforded for him openly to voice his grievance against or his disapproval of this person, he tactfully holds his tongue.

Once accepted, the new member is notified of the joyful tidings by his sponsor. He saunters inside, hears the principles and by-laws of the order read to him, solemnly affirms that he will uphold, cherish, and abide by them; then he moves among his colleagues to receive their felicitations and well-wishes.

As he greets and shakes hands with his fellow members, they administer lustly slaps to his back. Sometimes they make him wince, but it is all part of the ritual and in the spirit of good sportsmanship for him to comport himself with a graceful, smiling indulgence.

Mr. J. H. Pascal, public-spirited Waldensian and an earnest champion of the well-being and destiny of his people, serves as president of the "Le Phare Des Alps" club. Rev. John Pons is the vise-president, and Mr. Henry Martinat the secretary-treasurer.

Each new member is required to pay an entrance fee of $25. But this is a small item of expense when one takes into consideration the functions and services the club renders. Humanitarian missions include visits to and contributions of aid to the sick and afflicted. To bring cheer and a ray of brightness into the lives of these unfortunates is a prime objective.

Fraternal work begins at home —and it never ceases. Funds are kept on hand to insure proper and swift attention to problems arising within the membership. If a member becomes ill, needs medical care, or encounters some other unforeseen difficulty, the club warmly and dutifullly proffers its moral support, sincere sympathy, and financial assistance.

Say for an example, that an operation has been necessary and the bill is $100. Then $75 of that amount will be borne by the order of "Le Phare Des Alps." From time to time—customarily at the meetings —fresh donations will be requested, especially if the financial resources for discharging the avowed duties of the club have dwindled to a low ebb.

At the regular gathering once every three months, business is disposed of in parliamentary fashion, free and frank discussions are conducted and questions of policy formulated and adopted. Informality is the keynote of these sessions, an informant told me. It is then that the Waldensians feel completely at home. An atmosphere conducive to their hearty participation prevails. Relaxation comes naturally. With the bars of stiffness and formality and forced dignity no longer stumbling blocks, each individual lets himself go in a spirit of conviviality, hearty good fellowship, and derives the enjoyment that springs from a brotherly association and festivity.

A carry-over of European plan,

formula, and inspiration, the club "Le Phare Des Alps" faithfully perpetuates the ideals, traditions, and customs of the Waldensian people. Through its medium a link of sentiment is maintained with the homeland—South France and Northern Italy.

This race stuck together and valiantly resisted the hounding and persecution of their Catholic tormentors over long dark centuries. This same indomitable will and determination animated them when they settled amid the comparative wilderness that was Valdese in 1893, forged cleared plots of ground for home sites, and prepared the soil for cultivation.

Rev. Dr. Teofilo Gay, energetic Waldensian minister, had touched at various points over the United States in efforts to interest the American people in the plight of his race, in their gospel, in the flaming courage of their faith. This was in the spring of 1892. Long before—on February 17, 1848—King Charles Albert of Piedmont had granted Waldensians full religious and civil freedom. But there lingered an outcropping of dissatisfaction among them because of poor economic conditions and an overcrowded population. Some outlet must be found to accommodate this outgrowth Rev. Gay undertook the task.

Before returning to the Waldensian Valleys, nestling snugly under the shadow of the Cottian Alps, he sounded out a North Carolina land company regarding the possibility of transplanting a colony of his native people to the area now known as Valdese. He received encouraging assurances of co-operation and consideration.

Back among the Waldensians, he sold them the idea of moving to America. An ageement was reached with the North Carolina enterprise with respect to the acquisition of the necessary amount of land; then some 13 families struck out for their destination —Western North Carolina. Surviving a voyage across tossing seas and the jolts of a tedious train journey, they attained their goal in the spring of 1893. In the early autumn of the same year 35 additional families joined their ranks.

Trying, difficult days and months and even years were encountered. Suffferongi the bo stood o non etht Suffering want, economic scarcity and discouragement wrapped their coils around the Waldensians, but they never for a moment strangled the fighting spirit, the iron will, and the industry of these sturdy people. True, some threw up their hands in resignation, migrated to such distant states as Montana, California, Utah, and other sectors of the West—only, in ensuing years, to have their identities and distinctive traits absorbed and assimulated by the natives of those regions.

An overwhelming majority of those who had pioneered to Valdese stuck by their guns, took hardships and discouragement in their stride. This necessitated fortitude. Many of the older Waldensians can tell of the intensity of suffering of their parents; how extremely hard it was to earn livelihood, make a start in those cheerlss early days. Jobs at thirty-five cents a day came at a premium. Many counted themselves fortunate to obtain employment at that pay.

Fathers would wend their way home at night with blistered hands,

raw shoulders, and physically exhausted bodies. Mothers would soothe these aches and pains with precious salve and ointment, so that the men of the house would be able to return to work next day. For food for hungry mouths must be provided.

If mother and any of the growing children could contribute to the family treasure by doing odd jobs, they eagerly applied themselves to the chores they were given to do, or those for which they had a specialty. For instance, the women folk earned a few coppers by knitting and sewing.

So gloomy was the picture and so tight the pinch of want at one stage, that application had to be made to state and federal officials for food and clothing supplies. Car loads of these essentials soon rolled in, and the suffering of the people was temporarily allayed. One who remembers those bleak days tells me that overalls and pants were passsed along to each boy and man as he stepped up, without regard to size.

If the clothes did not fit him he was exhorted to carry them home to his mother or wife and let her cut them down or fix them to suit him. With that advice, he was curtly dismissed.

At another period some of their number were offered jobs in a South Carolina manufacturing town. This employment a few accepted, but it was short-lived. Too, a few gleaned work over in Newton. This was also a brief spurt of employment for them.

Through the years of privation and strenuous toil the Waldensians received encouragement and help from their neighbors and their true friends in New York, New Jersey, and the New England states.

In time much of the original land on which they had settled was sold back to the corporation from which they had bought it. This transaction involved a heavy financial loss to the colonists.

Some four thousand acres of land were retained. Blocks of it were allotted to each Waldensian family. Farming was the first industry of the colony. In later years the Waldensians commenced to cultivate vineyads. Wine grew into a thriving industry. Its quality was widely-recognized, and it brought the Waldensians a certain amount of fame.

Shortly afterward dairying sprang up into a fair-sized industry among the Waldensians. Then orchards sprouted in growth over the landscape, and their trim appearances caught the eye.

In a word, the march of progress of the Waldensians never faltered. Today they represent the pivotal force and power and influence of Valdese's steady growth and prosperity. In fact, they are its backbone.

These snatches of Waldensian history, adversity, suffering, and triumph will illustrate how they translated a strong resolve into constructive action. Common ideals, a common bond, a common goal, have enlisted their united energies, resources, and genius.

This community spirit, this concerted earnestness of purpose, this wealth of co-operation for the common good, that the Waldensians have always demonstrated, also find expression in the aims and endeavors of their very fine order. "Le Phare Des Alps."

# WILD FLOWER TIME IN THE ALPS

**By Ethel R. Adamson**

Those to whom the name of Switzerland brings mostly pictures of snowy peaks, cold-tongued glaciers, or rolling ski fields and icy rinks, often find it difficult to think of "the little big country" in the heart of Europe as a flower garden at any season of the year. And yet there is perhaps no country in the world that can boast a larger variety of wild flowers and lovelier natural gardens than the land of the Alps in the spring and summertime.

Almost anywhere you travel in the time of flowers,

"When nature unto her finger tips
Tingles with the spring."

will be seen gorgeous floral displays. In the southern part of Switzerland, around Lugano and Locarno, the glad call of the new season comes earliest, and toward the end of March is ushered in with a charm that must be seen to be believed. For to the glory of the wild flowers is added the radiant picture of golden plumed magnolia, trailing arbutus, and purple-tasseled wisteria, while the fragrance of the blossoming orange and lemon groves mingles with that of the lilies-of-the-valley.

In April the lakesides everywhere are clothed with a lush green carpet spangled with the daintiest of "nature's jewels." in the woods and thickets hypatica blends contrastingly with deep-hued violets and delicate lady's slipper, and grape hyacinth begins to gladden the dull vineyards. Soon the meadows throughout the Oberland, the vale of Lotschen, Tessin, and around Lac Leman are sweet and lovely with harebells, orchis, pale anemones, wild geraniums, lacy parsley, periwinkle, and the bluest of blue forget-me-nots, called by the Swiss "the eyes of the Virgin." These and a host of other favorites patch the hillsides—pink and blue, white and yellow, gold and mauve, while still the great avalanches are thundering down the mountainsides!

One of the special glories of the Swiss springtime is the flaky-white narcissus, which in May covers the slopes above Montreux, the Riviera, like new-fallen snow. The advent of these fragrant, starry-eyed blossoms is marked each year by the "Fete des Narcisses," which attracts many spectators. This event is a popular one throughout the countryside, the peasants coming in from all around dressed in their pictureseque native costumes. There is always a big parade through the town, led by the float on which rides the "Queen O'-May" and her pretty little girl attendants. Then come the herdsmen in shirts as white as the peaks above and gayly embroidered waistcoats, Their animals, too, are in holiday attire, jangling huge bells hung from fancifully carved leather collars and with sprigs of honeysuckle and alpenrose entwined around their horns. The dairymen carrying "wheels" of rich yellow cheese, are represented and the alphorn blowers with their big horns. Quite sure to be in evidence is William Tell, of shooting apple fame, and his little son. While the yodelers liven up the occasion with many a lusty yodel song!

But all this time the flowery carpet has continued to spread upward in the path of the ever receding snowline, and in place of the cold, white winter blanket have sprung up troops of creamy-cupped crocuses, gentians, glowing popies; with the graceful solanellas, and pink tufted primulas perched beside each trickling rill. Past the dark encircling pine forests, the perfumed invasion is carried on, and beyond—to star the upland pastures, rich with tenderest grass and herbs, with myriad colored flowers. Until by midsummer the loftiest heights are reached, where nestling among the boulders and glacial debris amidst the eternal snows, may be found the hardy saxifrage and clumps of blue monkshood and yellow globe flowers. Here, too, the fairy avalanche lily breaks through the snowfields to form a softly nodding carpet on some wind-swept height; and the little crimson rhododendron, "queen flower of the Alps," lovely blooms whether nodding singly from a cranny in the rocks or mingling with its gay companions of the spring. In icy cols or on an overhanging ledge where the chamois could hardly find foothold, the edelweiss, Swiss national emblem, makes its home. This velvet-petalled flower is a favorite with shepherds and mountaineers, who often wear a flower in their caps or button-holes. It is regarded as a symbol of immortality, and on Ascension Day may often be seen suspended from the chalet windows. Because of the difficulty in finding it, and the call to adventure and sometimes danger, associated with the search, it is customary in some Alpine villages for a young man to give a bouquet of edelweiss to the girl he is to marry, as a token of his willingness to do and dare all for her.

The Swiss love their flowers, and plant them in pots and boxes in their chalet windows and gardens. They also recognize in them an asset to attract visitors to their country to live in the fine hotels and buy the beautiful handiwork of their people, displayed in town and village shops. For the protection of the wild plant life the government has of late years established "preserves" where the wild flowers are grown and may be studied by those interested in botany.

---

There must be some clouds foreboding,
But they bring refreshing rain;
There must be some nights of darkness,
But the morning comes again.
There must be some days of sorrow
In our journey here below,
But they brighter make the morrow,
With its Heaven-lights aglow.

—Selected.

# "THE HEARTHSTONE OF THE REFORMATION"

By Mrs. William J. Dentler

In nearly all histories of the Protestant Reformation, at least those interested in the purely religious element, the authors stress, and rightly so, the hand of God in the entire movement. Luther, they point out, was raised up at the appointed time to strike the decisive blow at the corruption that was destroying the life of the Church.

Yet they dismissed with few sentences another man who was no less an instrument of God to guard and sustain Luther that he might carry to fruition the work which he had begun when he nailed his immortal Ninety-five Theses on the door of the Castle Church. The man was Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, quite properly called "The Heartstone of the Reformation."

His work reminds us of the unseen man behind the stage, whose careful and accurately-timed work makes possible the smooth, perfect performance that delighted the audience. Even keeping himself in the background, he counciled here, he protected there, gave assistance financially when that was needed, and again used his influence to save the life of the man who was risking all for the sake of the faith.

To learn fully of Frederick's contribution to the Reformation, we must go to the records and history of Wittenberg.

At his death he was declared to have been "the greatest benefactor of the Protestant cause." From the beginning of his public career, every political move he made seemed ordained by Providence to prepare the way, as John the Baptist, making ready the field for One Who should come after.

At his father's death in 1486, Frederick, then a young man of twenty-three, with his brother, John the Steadfast, divided the inherited lands between them. Frederick, as the Elder, had to take the Electoral land of Saxony, including Wittenberg, thus placing him in protection of the city which was to play such an important role in world history in the years to follow.

As a youth he had been educated in the Augustine School at Grimma, where he imbided the doctrines of the Order; ever after, he made the monks of this pursuasion his particular concern. This interest in the Augustians in no small way attached him to Luther; he was a fast friend of Staupitz, Luther's Superior at Erfort.

Being an ardent patron of higher education, he wished his beloved city of Wittenberg to become a famous seat of learning. Therefore in 1506 he realized his dream by establishing a university there. He called it "his dear daughter" and invited his friend Staupitz to become its first dean. Soon afterwards the Augustina Monastery was built in the town to accommodate the increasing number of monks who were attracted to the new institution to study and to take degrees.

In 1508 it was deemed wise to add a faculty of philosophy. Fred-

erick sought the advice of Dr. Staupitz his dean, in the appointment of a suitable professor to fill the chair. Luther was suggested, and he accepted.

Soon after his arrival at the university, the Elector heard one of his lectures, and was so impressed by the brilliance of the young man, that he suggested, through Staupitz, Luther's preparing himself for the Doctor of Divinity degree, in order that he might become a professor of theology. When the dean conveyed the Elector's wishes, Luther argued his own unfitness, and pleaded a lack of funds necessary for such study. This excuse, however, was not allowed to stand, as Frederick came forward with the needed money.

An interesting phase of the taking of the degree of Doctor of Divinity was the pledge Luther had to take when the doctorate was conferred upon him. Had he received it from any other university he would have been compelled to take the oath of obedience to the Pope. At Wittenberg he had simply to promise to abstain from teaching doctrines condemned by the Church. The Pope had graciously exempted only Frederick's University from the former oath.

When Melanchton was added by Frederick to his already famous faculty, the institution attracted students from all Europe, made Saxon the most powerful state in the Empire, and the Elector particularly influential with the Emperor. He became so powerful a Prince that when Emperor Maximilian died in 1519, the Imperial Crown was offered him. He declined the high honor because he wanted to devote all of his time to making Wittenberg the leading city in the new era that was just dawning.

The Pope's next choice, after Frederick, was the King of France, but the Elector of Saxony suggested Charles of Spain, who was crowned as Charles V. The new Emperor always remained grateful to Frederick for the honor, and because of this gratitude Luther's life was spared.

When Luther defied the Pope by publicly burning the Bull sent to him from Rome, the Pontiff dispatched the Envoy Aleander to the Emperor to procure the Imperial Edict for the defiant monk's death. Charles refused it on the ground that such an act would displease the Elector who was befriending Luther, and he declined to injure the man to whom he was indebted for the crown he wore.

Aleander dared not return without the Edict, so he went in person to Frederick to plead that he urge Charles to act. The Elector argued that Luther could not be put to death unheard, and the only thing he would sanction was that he be given a chance to plead his case before a group of learned men, including five judges. The result was the calling of the Diet of Worms. Of Frederick's protection of Luther in the Wartburg Castle after the Diet, nothing need be said here, as that story is familiar to every Lutheran reader.

Another link that bound Frederick to Luther was that of the former's private chaplain and secretary. In the first class graduated from the university was a young man of exceptional ability, George Spalatin. The Elector at once made him his court preacher and scribe. No man

was closer to the Reformer or the Reformation teachings than was Spalatin. Thus in a very definite way Frederick was kept ever aware of the new teaching. Times without number he threw his influence on the side of the Doctor to shield him from harm.

After the appearance of the treatise "On the Babylonian Captivity," Henry VIII of England replied with his "A Defense of the Seven Sacraments." Luther's heated reply led King Henry to complain to the Elector Frederick and asked to have the heretic punished. The only comfort he received was to be told that he had started the trouble himself, and that in the future he would do well to stay away from fire.

Again when Carlstadt treated Luther contemptuously as he went to reason with him on his attacks on the Reformation teachings, Frederick banished Carlstadt from the Electoral States and took his income from him.

Strangely enough the Elector of Saxony did not openly embrace Protestantism until on his death bed. In 1525 while at Lochau he became very ill. Convinced that his sickness was to be fatal, he summoned Luther to come in all haste. Although the Doctor left Wittenberg at once, Frederick died before his arrival. To those standing by his bed he said that he was saved only by the blood of Christ, and not through any merit of his own. He confirmed his Protestant faith by taking the Lord's Supper in both kinds.

His dying request was that he be buried in the Castle Church and Luther preach his funeral sermon in German; he wanted Melanchthon to deliver the Latin oration. His wishes were carried out, and today we visit his grave in front of the high altar in the church.

Among many fine tributes Melanchthon paid him are these words: "He possessed the great private virtue and peculiar devotion to the study of the Christian religion. He always treated sacred things with the utmost seriousness, and amidst the variety of opinions prevalent in the present age, he diligently aimed to discover the best and most indubitable." No story of the birth of Protestism can be completely told without the story of Frederick the Wise.

There are, on either side of the windows above the "Theses Door," two imposing statues: one is of John the Steadfast; the other is of Frederick clutching his Elctoral Sword, signifying that he guarded and protected the Evangelical Faith.

---

There is much to be said for humility. Our most precious gifts come to us, not when we are aggressive, but when we are merely receptive. The Chinese have a saying that runs like this: The sea, by lying low, receives all the waters of the world.—Selected.

# SANCTUARY FOR SKATERS NEEDED

**(Suffock News-Herald)**

Early last winter with the advent of freezing weather, The News-Herald timidly suggested that the city turn one or more of its playgrounds (parks) into improvised skating rinks. The idea was not original with us, but it was sensible and practical. Furthermore, it was humanitarian in that our young people were faring to dangerous lakes and ponds to enjoy the sport of skating. The response was precisely what we expected—dead silence. The reason: "It would cost too much."

Because a ban has been slapped on roller skating at night on city sidewalks, a party of young people hied themselves to an neighboring town where they were promptly told "nothing doing" in that line. They motored to another some ten miles distant and skated to their hearts content although the going was decidedly rough in spots.

We are sorry our young people imposed themselves on other communities for their pastime. It was not good sportsmanship for those sidewalks belong to the people of these communities. Because they did so emphasizes the fact that Suffolk is derelict in its duty for failing to provide recreation places for its young people.

Of course The News-Herald does not approve of promiscuous roller-skating on sidewalks and would like to see it banned wherever it interferes with traffic or is dangerous. But there are surely short and little paved streets in practically every section of the city which could be roped off certain hours in the afternoon and early evening for the benefit of younger people or any who may wish to enjoy the sport.

Skating is both healthful and recreational. It is growing in popularity and if encouraged would become a national pastime. It is also innocent and wholesome pleasure. It will probably lead to opening of private skating rinks for those able to pay.

But the city should provide places where the general public may spend an hour or two in safety without violation of law. Think it over, you guardians of the public welfare and you social-minded who are looking for an opportunity to perform some useful service.

---

There are only three steps leading to the place where perfect harmony lives, yet they are hard to climb. The first is to think kindly of one's neighbor. The second is to speak kindly to him. The third is to act kindly toward him. The reason they are hard to climb is that we are too busily engaged in thinking well of ourselves, speaking well of ourselves, and acting in a manner which we think will do ourselves the most good.

—Selected.

# A BIT OLD-FASHIONED BUT GOOD

**(Suffolk News-Herald)**

The Portsmouth Star notes that twenty-two boys in the high school at Muscatine, Ia., are taking a special domestic science course established at their request. They want to learn to cook for a variety of reasons, says our neighbor. Some of them plan to go to college and live at co-operative dormitories, and figure that knowing how to do their own cooking will be useful.

According to the Star, others say they already help with the cooking at home and want to know more about the scientific side in the choice and preparation of foods. It cites that in a small village high school in another state the boys and girls have switched classes for a few weeks. The boys are studying cooking and serving in the cafeteria at lunch time; the girls are learning to use tools in manual training.

Now all of this is homely enough, but believe us, it is practical and worthy of the editorial pen. In this frothy and somewhat aimless era, we are prone to overlook the commonplace things from which no son of woman can ever hope to escape. We are thinking perhaps too much in terms of silks and satin and gorpeous motor cars. But let us remind the reader that while "we can live without friends and live without books, civilized man cannot live without cooks."

We don't anticipate for a moment that many of those Iowa boys will become famous chefs or even cook many meals in their homes when they have one of their own. However, anyone who has had the glorious privilege of getting married has seen the time when a knowledge of cooking would come in mighty handy.

We recall one dear old-fashioned mother who taught her boys how to cook, sweep and make beds "because it would make them sympathetic when they had wives of their own and not go through life with a sorry-for-themselves feeling that they were the only ones who worked." It is in this light we measure the real value of the training these youngsters are taking. There will be more happy homes in Iowa as a result.

---

## TRUST

Make a little fence of trust
  Around today;
Fill the space with loving words
  And therein stay;
Look not through the sweltering bars
  Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
  Of joy or sorrow.

—W. H. Morris.

# THE GIRL UPSTAIRS

By Ellen Mary Stewart

"Oh, Joy, Joy!" cried Ellen Martin, as she came running into her mother's cozy sitting room one blustery winter day, "somebody's moving into the apartment just above ours."

"Really?" exclaimed Myrtle, Ellen's older sister.

"Really," answered Ellen; "but I don't think much of them; they had only one small van of furniture, no piano or living room site, or any swell furniture at all."

"Remember, my dear," interrupted the voice of Ellen's mother, "fine things don't always make fine people; these folks with their crude furniture may be perfectly lovely."

"We can tell in a short time," chuckled Ellen, "what sort of folks they are—but, one thing for sure, there's a girl about my size in the bunch."

"You must have been watching them pretty close, Ellen, laughed Sister Myrtle, "to have seen the family go in along with the furniture.

"Didn't see them go in," answered Ellen, "but I saw the girl leaning out the window, and she's not a day older than I am; I'm most sure of that."

"In that case," returned mother, "I'm sure she will be downstairs in day or so."

But the days lengthened into weeks, and the newcomer didn't show up in the back yard when all the youngsters in the Sunnyside apartments congregated to play in the afternoons. And that wasn't all—nobody seemed to learn anything about her and more than once some of the inmates of the apartment house questioned Ellen concerning the statement that she had seen a girl with the newcomers.

"I know I saw a girl," declared Ellen, when the subject was brought up; "I saw her at the window—pretty, round face, with short, black hair."

"We'll soon begin to believe you're seeing crooked, Ellen," laughed Bonny Brown, one afternoon, while visiting in the Martin home, "for I've been up there twice and never the sign of a girl have I discovered."

"So have I been," interrupted Mary Hilton, "and I didn't see any girl up there."

"But I live just one floor below the newcomers," ventured Ellen, "and I'm sure I saw a girl when they moved in, and I've heard a girlish voice talking up there this very morning."

"You'll have to show us," laughed Pearl Moore, "and not until we see a girl on the floor above will we believe it, now."

"I just know there is a girl upstairs," mused Ellen that night when she went about setting the kichen in order, "for I saw her go up."

"But any number of folks could go up and come down and you'd never see 'em," argued Myrtle.

"Maybe so," agreed Ellen, "but I feel convinced this girl belongs upstairs. Anyway, I shan't be satisfied now until I find out for sure."

Suddenly the girls paused in their dish-washing task to listen to the faint, musical voice penetrating the air.

"That's she," whispered Ellen; "I've heard her sing before, but I—I —didn't dare tell the girls I had heard her singing, lest they would

chide me for making such a statement."

"Whoever she is," said Myrtle, softly, "she's got a sweet voice; let's go up and see if we can't locate her."

"Let's go right now," returned Ellen, "while we know somebody's at home."

Tossing the dish towels aside, the girls made their way up the flight of stairs, but the minute their footsteps sounded on the hall floor, the voice within the upper apartment became silent, and a knock on the door brought no response.

"I know there's somebody here," Ellen called through the keyhole, "and you'd as well let us in."

"Come in," a faint voice called from the inside, "if you want to; I'm in here."

"Must be nutty," Mrytle whispered to her sister, "to talk like that. Shall we risk going in?"

Ellen nodded, then turned the knob and swung open the door.

For a minute the girls stood in the doorway, blinking at the brightly lighted room and at a small figure they saw propped up among snowy pillows in a big armchair.

"Come in, girls," the occupant of the chair called pleasantly; "I'm all by myself and delighted to see you. I thought nobody was ever going to hear my voice and look me up, though I've been singing and wishing for weeks."

"—I—see!" murmured Ellen; "you're a cripple, aren't you?"

"Not for always, I hope," returned the girl. "I suffered an accident in an automobile wreck and I've been housed in all winter, but I'm beginning to realize there's nothing to self-pity, and, instead of remaining shut away from folks, as I have insisted on doing since we moved into this house, lest someone would laugh at my lameness, I am going to cultivate my neighbors from now on; so, should I ever get well and strong again, I'll have some friends to enjoy myself with —and—if I don't get well enough to run around any more," she finished softly, "I'll need friends worse than ever, won't I?"

"You will that," agreed the girls as they came into the barely furnished room, "and we want to be among those to help you, either way."

And that night, glowing with excitement, Ellen and Mrytle spread the information about the big apartment house that the girl upstairs had been suffering from a broken leg, but was now ready to receive callers.

So it happened the girl upstairs eventually got well, and never was there a more grateful person in the world than Lucy Taylor was to the friends who sought her out in spite of herself, and made life pleasant regardless of her protest for solitude.

---

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.—Thackeray.

# THE OLD-FASHIONED SEWING MACHINE

**(Christian Science Monitor)**

We think of our sewing machine as an old family friend, for there scarcely has been a happening of any importanc since our home was started that it did not have a part in preparing for the event. Stitching along swiftly and smoothly, with its wheels whirling as joyously as though it, too, shared in the anticipation and delight that was to come, it has been a standby and a faithful ally. How many spools of thread it has stitched into cloth, how many garments and household articles it has helped to make, it would be impossible to say. It has been thirty-seven years since it was bought for Mother by her proud young husband, but it does as perfect work now as it did when it was new.

For thirty-seven years it has had a place in an inconspicuous corner behind a door in the dining room, and there are deep marks worn on the floor by its being pulled out in front of the south window when in use and pushed back in place at night. Other locations have been tried for it but none has been so handy as that corner next to the kitchen where iron and ironing board awaited, and with the big dining table near by for cutting out. So back it would come to the nook which seemed to have been planned for it. Redbirds nests in the bushes outside the window, thrushes sing in the tall trees near by, and perfume drifts in from the flower garden. A pleasant place indeed it is to work.

Though Mother never really looks upon sewing as work. To her it is a pleasure and she goes at it with all the zest of a painter getting out his canvasses and brushes or a sculptor his molding clay. She says, and rightly, that dressmaking requires as much artistic skill and talent and clever ability as any other form of art expression.

Thinking back over the array of dresses and coats which she made for us, from our babyhood up, remembering how pretty and tasteful and suitable everything was, we realize that Mother had a real talent and used it. Many of our nicer clothes were "madeovers," when we were young, and Mother was at her best there. A coat or a dress handed down to us by some aunt was a challenge to her and she got a great deal of satisfaction in seeing how perfect a small garment she could make from the old one. As the "goods" of the donation usually was of the best, she loved working with it, for Mother likes "quality" and would rather do a lot of piecing in making over excellent stuff than to have any amount of uncut cheap material to work with. Later, as we grew older and too large for made-overs, she shopped with care, and our college wardrobes were every thing they should have been, with the expenditure of a minimum amount of money. A child's viewpoint may be seriously affected because she has to wear unbecoming or "different" clothing, but certainly Mother and the sewing machine combined to keep us from suffering any

"inferiority complex" for that reason. Now we often delight in recalling our favorite garments and the good times we had wearing them, and Mother, on her part, said it has been a delight for her to have daughters who were so appreciative of what she did for them,

Winter was the nicest time in those make-things-at-home days. Mother would get what she called "a sewing fever," and the machine would run gaily as we made curtains, aprons, and house dresses in readiness for warm weather. The bright, light materials dispelled the winter darkness and seemed to bring spring into the house even when storms raged outside.

Summer, on the other hand, brought the more serious business of getting wardrobes ready for winter wear, and many a hot August day was spent in sewing on silk and wool goods while the perspiration gathered on our brows and we had to get up very early to do our "fitting" when the morning coolness was in the air, so the clothes would not heat so much if we kept busy, so the planning and the working kept merrily on, the discomfort forgotten in the interest of what we were doing.

Now the sewing machine is not so busy, in these days of "ready-mades." But Mother still makes her own cloth "to suit herself," and "runs up" dainty dresses for little granddaughters. And sometimes when "we girls" are home she helps us with a few lovely garments, often inspired by the pictures on the Women's Page of the Christian Science Monitor. It has been, and is a real family friend, the sewing machine, and we always shall feel that it has had a happy part in our home life.

---

## FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

The CCC camps passed, recently, another milestone, the fifth. In no sense of the word concentration camps, these centers have led the way in reforestation projects, soil conservation education, and forest fire prevention during the five years they have been in existence.

Originally designed to take the unemployed boy off the city streets and put him into useful employment in the healthful atmosphere of the rural areas, they have become more significant with the passing of the years. The program is purely educational in nature, as it teaches and trains enrollees in useful phases of life, as well as giving them a new lease on things; a lease that they take back with them when their time of enrollment has expired.

The CCC movement, at the time of its fifth birthday, stands recognized as one of the ablest moves made by the New Deal during its existence.—Roxboro Courier.

# WAIT A MINUTE

**(Selected)**

The injured girl turned eyes dark with the fever of rebellion upon her friend who had come to console.

"I cannot see why," she said hopelessly. "I was so willing to work; I had my job; everything was going well, and you must admit that it was work for human betterment. Then this check—this accident. And I must lie here for weeks, perhaps months. It almost makes me think there isn't any overseeing Providence. Can you see any possible justice in it, or give me any reason for it?"

"I don't know," began the visitor.

"Do you mean you can?" challenged the invalid.

"Of course, I don't mean that I can understand these mysterious things. But I can see a possible reason. No doubt, there are other possibilities. Will you let me tell you a little story first?

"This morning I called my little Ted to do an errand for me. I had to tear him away from the preparation for a show in the back yard. The other boys were shouting for him to hurry back.

" 'Ted' 'I said I want you—'

" 'Oh, Mother,' he interrupted, you ought to see how Jimmy can walk the tightrope. And Tom's dog can do tricks.'

" 'But,, Ted I want—'

" 'And Frank has his uncle's bugle, and we can charge a penny for admission, and we need one more sheet for a tent.'

"Then I took Ted by the arm and led him to a chair. 'Sit there without speaking till mother tells you,' I said sternly.

"What an astonished and grieved face he turned on me! He hadn't done anything wrong. He had been so busy and happy, and, of course, mother should have been interested in the show. I almost relented. But I knew Ted needed a lesson in heeding. So I let him sit for five long minutes.

"Then I said: Teddy, grandma has telephoned that Uncle George brought in a lot of apples. You may take a basket and run down there, and she will give you some for your show.'

"Ted flew off the chair to give me a hug.

" 'My! but I'm glad you made me sit still and listen,' he called back, as he ran on his errand.

"It's a homely little story. But you know one of our poets saw that the things of earth are 'patterns of the things of heaven.' Our dealings with children often help us to see our Father's dealings with us. Don't you think that sometimes God may want you to sit awhile and listen? We are so busy with our own plan and our own work; so sure that our way is the one right way; so eager to tell about it, that we do not listen to the Voice over us.

"We cannot know for another person. Our accidents and illnesses are usually brought on by carelessness. But after they happen, and we must lie still, I think we might improve the time by making it a period to 'sit still and listen.' We may find that God has something to say to us."

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ervin and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ervin, Jr., all of Catawba, were visitors at the Training School last Tuesday.

---

Miss Anne Pruitt, of Franklinton, and Miss Flora Haynes, of Wilkesboro, members of the faculty of Mt. Pleasant High School, visited the Training School the other day.

---

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Burris of Kinston, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Burris is truck farm manager at the Kennedy Home and his wife is matron in charge of one of the cottages at the institution, which is the Eastern Carolina branch of the Mills Home, Thomasville.

---

Messrs. S. T. Howell, of Concord and J. E. Perry of Kannapolis, members of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the School last Thursday morning, and were shown through the various departments by Superintendent Boger. They expressed themselves as being very well pleased with the manner in which the work is being carried on here. We were very glad to have these gentlemen with us and hope they will make a return trip to the School whenever they find it convenient to do so.

---

Bob Worthington, a former member of our linotype class, who has been away from the School a little more than a year, wrote us the other day from Anderson, S. C., where is employed on the Daily Independent. From the time he left the School until just a few weeks ago, Bob worked on the Concord Herald-Observer, but when that paper merged with the Daily Tribune, he was dismissed, not through any fault of his own, but because of the fact that he was the newest man on the pay roll, and with the forces of the two papers combined, he was not needed there. In a little more than a week he went to work at his present place of employment. Bob tells us that he is getting along fine; has a fine man to work for; a nice place in which to work; and is very well pleased amid his new surroundings.

---

Travis Browning, who left the School about fourteen years ago, called on old friends here last Saturday. Upon being permitted to leave the School, Travis was placed with a Mr. Morrison, up near Gilwood, to work on his farm, where he stayed for eighteen months before returning to his home in Brunswick County. He then worked for the North Carolina Highway Commission for some time, and a little later secured employment with a private contractor. Travis is now with the sanitary engineering department of the Federal Government, doing dredging, and lives at Longwood, Brunswick County. He is now thirty-one years old and has been married about three years. He tells us that he owns his own home. From his appearance and manner one could

not help but get the impression that he has been getting along fine since leaving us.

---

The Harrisburg boys had an easy time defeating the Training School lads last Saturday afternoon, the score being 11 to 6. Pete Fowler started on the firing line for the School boys, but was chased to the showers in the third frame, after the visitors had secured five hits and scored five runs. He was relieved by Lisk, who was also hit rather freely. This was quite a big inning for Harrisburg, seven runs being scored before the final out was made. They added another in the fourth, two in the sixth, and one in the seventh inning.

The School lads were able to get but six hits off the delivery of R. Lambert, and eleven of them went down swinging. Their first run was scored in the fourth on a single and two errors; two errors, a base on balls and a single produced two counters in the eighth; two triples and two free passes to first added three more in the ninth.

Cranford, the Harrisburg, left fielder, led his mates at the bat, getting three singles out of six trips to the plate; Rufus Lambert, Robert Lambert, J. W. Lambert and Kelley, cracked out two hits each. Liner, with a triple and a pair of one-base knocks, led the Schol boys with the stick; Kirk got a triple and single. The score:

| | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harrisburg | 0 0 7 1 0 2 1 0 0 — | 11 | 16 | 4 |
| J. T. S. | 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 3 — | 6 | 6 | 3 |

Three-base hits: Query, Rufus Lambert, Liner, Kirk. Stolen bases: Robt. Lambert, Query, J. W. Lambert. Double play: Robt. Lambert, Query and J. W. Lambert. Struck out: By Robt. Lambert 11; by Fowler 3; by Lisk 6. Base on balls: Off Robt. Lambert 4; off Fowler 3; off Lisk 2. Hit by pitcher: By Robt. Lambert (Cowan); by Fowler (J. W. Lambert). Losing pitcher: Fowler.

---

Last Tuesday afternoon the Cannon Mill team, of Concord, visited the local ball orchard, and finished up on the losing end of a game by the score of 4 to 2. The game was called in the seventh inning by agreement.

Pete Fowler did the pitching for the School lads and was in danger but one inning, the third, when the visitors chalked up their two markers. He allowed but four hits. Simpson attended to the hurling duties for the Cannon lads and was nicked for eight safeties.

The School boys went right to work in their half of the first frame, scoring three times on an error, a pair of singles and a double. Three singles were responsible for their final tally in the sixth.

The outstanding fielding play of the game was made by Heller Davis, playing left field for the School. In the second frame Turner tagged one of Fowler's pitches for what appeared to be labeled a home run, but Davis dashed down the steep embankment in deep left field and made a seemingly impossible catch. The score:

| | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cannon Mill | 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 — | 2 | 4 | 1 |
| J. T. S. | 3 0 0 0 0 1 x — | 4 | 8 | 1 |

Two-base hit: Liner. Stolen bases: Poole, Seawell. Struck out: By Simpson 7; by Fowler 2. Base on balls: Off Fowler 3. Umpires—Lisk and Crooks.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mr. Bob Booth, a young Charlotte attorney and Y. M. C. A. secretary, who leads a group of about two hundred underprivileged boys, and following the Scripture recitation and opening hymn, he presented him as the speaker of the afternoon.

Mr. Booth had as his subject "A Big Game—the Game of Life," and in his talk he divided it into four divisions: (1) Play; (2) Personality; (3) Work; and (4) Religion. He presented this subject to the boys in a most interesting manner.

The speaker began by stating that we play a game first to win—not just to win, but to win fairly and squarely, and to be a good sport in the game. His definition of a good sport was not the one who does something just to pass the time away—that sort of a fellow is not worth the snap of a finger; but a good sport is one who plays the game to win; who gives the best he has; who recognizes the fact that he may be wrong and the other fellow right; who works in co-operation with all the other players, rather than try to be an individual star; who puts his trust in a power greater than his own hands, and who, if he loses, can still say to the winner, "You played a nice game."

Personality, continued Mr. Booth, is the presentation you give to your fellow beings, and in order to give the boys an idea as to the development of personality, he quoted some of Dale Carnegie's principles: "If you want to have friends, become interested in your fellow beings' problems; just smile; lead people, do not try to force them; make the other fellow feel important—be honest, but admire him when you can.

The best pay for work, said the speaker, is the satisfaction of knowing you did a piece of work well. He advised that we cut down on complainers. If we are good, be better; do not be satisfied too easily; and practice the Golden Rule.

In conclusion Mr. Booth stated that the game of life cannot be played without religion. He placed great emphasis on this last big pointer, closing his address with this piece of advice: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

---

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on; for the soul is tinged and colored with the complexion of thought.—Marcus Aurelius.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending April 24, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

Marvin Bridgeman 20
(16) Ivey Eller 23
(2) George Green 2
(13) Leon Hollifield 23
(24) Edward Johnson 24
(10) Frank King 10
(24) Edward Lucas 24
(10) Warner Sands 16
Mack Setzer 18

### COTTAGE No. 1

William Haire 13
(2) William Howard 10
Horace Journigan
Vernon Johnson 4
(2) Fonnie Oliver 10
H. C. Pope 4
(2) Frank Walker 7

### COTTAGE No. 2

Ansel Byrd 2
(2) John Capps 10
Samuel Ennis 6
Floyd Lane 3
(2) Thomas McRary 4
Henry Phillips
Oscar Roland 5
Fred Seibert 10

### COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Robert Atwell 8
Earl Barnes 4
(2) Jewel Barker 3
(3) Carlton Brookshire 6
Kenneth Conklin 4
(2) Frank Crawford 7
(3) Neely Dixon 12
(6) James Mast 15
James McCune 9
William McRary 10
George Shaver 4
(21) Allen Wilson 23

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Garrett Bishop 15
(2) Odell Bray 16
Paul Briggs 6
Hurley Davis 11
Hugh Kennedy 6
(2) James Land 6
(2) Van Martin 8
Charles Mizzell 9
Robert Orrell 10
(2) Frank Raby 18
(2) Melvin Walters 16
Rollins Wells 4
James Wilhite 12
Cecil Wilson 2

### COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Almond 12
(3) Ernest Beach 18
(2) J. C. Ennis 9
(2) Jack McRary 9
(9) Wilford Rollins 17
Ned Waldrop 5

### COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 4
(3) Robert Bryson 13
Fletcher Castlebury 15
Martin Crump 7
Robert Dellinger 3
Robert Dunning 13
(4) Thomas Hamilton 13
Clinton Keen 8
Joseph Sanford 6
George Wilhite 16

### COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Paul Angel 8
(2) Archie Castlebury 13
(4) Donald Earnhardt 4
William Estes 13
(2) Caleb Hill 17
(3) Hugh Johnson 15
(4) N. B. Johnson 8
(4) Edmund Moore 10
(2) Marshall Pace 8
J. D. Powell 10
(2) Kenneth Spillman 12

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(8) Lloyd Banks 12
(6) Donald Britt 8
(3) Edward J. Lucas 9
John Tolbert 8

**COTTAGE No 9**

(3) Wilson Bowman 20
J. T. Branch 17
(2) Thomas Braddock 20
James Coleman 16
Heller Davis 19
George Duncan 9
Woodfin Fowler 15
(2) Frank Glover 16
(2) Earl Stamey 13
(2) Luther Wilson 14
(3) Thomas Wilson 13
Samuel J. Watkins 12
Horace Williams 2

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(3) Edward Chapman 10
John Crawford 9
Milford Hodgin 19
(2) James Howard 7
(3) Elbert Head 3
(3) William Knight 9
James Nicholson 6
(3) Clerge Robinette 6
(3) William R. Williams 9

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Joseph D. Corn 8
(4) Donald Newman 22
John Uptegrove 14

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 9
(3) Alphus Bowman 13
(3) Frank Dickens 16
James Elders 11
(2) Charlton Henry 15
Franklin Hensley 4
Elbert Hackler
Tillman Lyles 9
Clarence Mayton 11
**(3) Ewin Odom 19**
(3) Howard Sanders 14
Harvey J. Smith 10
(2) Carl Singletary 10
George Tolson 3
(3) Leonard Watson 6
(3) Leonard Wood 5

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 6
Clarence Douglas 12
(2) Jack Foster 10
(2) Bruce Kersey 6
(4) Irvin Medlin 15

**COTTAGE No. 14**

John Church
(2) Delphus Dennis 4
Audie Farthing
John Ham 3
(3) James Kirk 20
Henry McGraw 2
(2) Fred McGlammery 8
(2) Troy Powell 11
John Robbins 11
Harold Thomas 7

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(12) Warren Bright 18
(3) Leonard Buntin 12
(2) Sidney Delbridge 8
(2) N. A. Efird 3
(7) Hobart Gross 19
(2) Albert Hayes 4
Hoyt Hollifield 13
(2) Beamon Heath 7
(2) Roy Helms 2
(3) Joseph Hyde 15
(2) Caleb Jolly 20
Cleo King 9
(2) Robert Kinley 4
(2) James McGinnis 18
(2) Benjamin McCracken 3
(7) Harold Oldham 4
Edward Patrum 5
(8) Paul Ruff 10
Rowland Rufty 6
(2) James Watson 13

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

---

As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it be cracked or not, so men are proved by their speeches whether they be wise or foolish—Demosthenes.

MAY 9 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 7, 1938 No. 18

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## TIRED FINGERS

Tired fingers so worn, so white,
Sewing and mending from morn 'til night.
Tired hands and eyes that blink,
Drooping head, too tired to think.

Tired arms that once had pressed
A curly head to a mother's breast.
Tired voice so soft, so dear
Saying "Sleep well, darling, mother's near."

Tired fingers so worn, so true.
Sewing and mending the whole day through,
From break of dawn 'til setting sun,
"A Mother's Work Is Never Done."

—Anon.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| A LITTLE PARABLE FOR MOTHER | By Temple Bailey | 10 |
| SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS CONCERNING MOTHER'S DAY | (Selected) | 11 |
| THE TELEPHONE AS A MODERN MARVEL | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 12 |
| DO YOUR OWN THINKING | (Boys' Industrial School Journal) | 15 |
| THE LORDLY UMBRELLA | By J. Will Blair | 16 |
| DO YOUR WORK JOYFULLY | (Watchman-Examiner) | 17 |
| HARVARD PRESIDENT BELIEVES TOO MANY ATTENDING COLLEGES IN U. S. | (Selected) | 18 |
| ROWENA'S DECISION | By Alleta Jones | 19 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

Her heart is like her garden,
Old-fashioned, quaint and sweet,
With here a wealth of blossoms,
And there a still retreat.
Sweet violets are hiding,
We know as we pass by,
And lilies, pure as angel thoughts,
Are opening somewhere nigh.

Forget-me-nots there linger,
To full perfection brought,
And there bloom purple pansies
In many a tender thought.
There love's own roses blossom,
As from enchanted ground,
And lavish perfume exquisite
The whole glad year around.

And in that quiet garden—
The garden of her heart—
Songbirds are always singing
Their songs of cheer apart.
And from it floats forever,
O'er coming sin and strife,
Sweet as the breath of roses blown,
The fragrance of her life.

—Alice E. Allen

## MOTHER'S DAY

If there is any one day in the year which every one of us should observe it is Mother's Day. For the great majority no word calls to mind such fragrant thoughts and beautiful memories as that simple expression—Mother. A nation's destiny rests in the lap

of its mothers; some mother, by her love, care and devotion is primarily responsible for the success of every individual.

Yet Fate decrees that the world's mothers bear the cross of humanity. To bring children into the world they descend into the Valley of Death; through the years they nurture and train their little ones to worthily play their parts on the stage of life. Too often they sacrifice their own comfort and health in order that their offspring may receive the utmost it is possible for them to give. Then, the coronet they have rightly earned, in many instances proves to be no more than a crown of thorns. Their children, full grown, arrogant in their new-found strength, ambitious to make a place for themselves in the great march of humanity, sometimes forget that gentle mother, as they enter the worldly struggle for recognition and success. But mother never forgets them! Cold, callous, unfeeling though a child may prove, in a mother's heart he reigns supreme.

Often the best of men from mere thoughtlessness neglect a mother who, with the passing of the years, has slipped unnoticed into the background. Engrossed with the daily problems of life, probably with family responsibilities of his own, a man is apt to forget the mother in whose heart he is ever enshrined.

Mother's Day offers a golden opportunity to repair past omissions. So little will bring joy to a mother's heart. A small gift, a letter, even a telephone call on this day of days will illumine her life for many months to come. All she asks is some tangible remembrance that the baby she nursed through sickness, watched through childhood, inspired in youthhood, has not forgotten.

Is it too much to ask that every one who reads this brief message to do something to show Mother that she is not forgotten.

* * * * * * *

Napoleon once remarked that when his mother died the only one who could control Napoleon would be gone. He ruled armies with an iron hand, but became clay in the hands of his mother.

The world owes much to the noble controlling power of mothers. The counsel, faith, and love of mothers have been the invisible influence behind the lives of many of the greatest men who stride across the pages of history. When Lincoln's mother lay dying,

it is said she whispered to him the words: "Be somebody, Abe!" Who can measure the controlling power of these words in the life and destiny of the Great Emancipator?

Looking back, most of us will agree that the controlling power our mothers exerted on our lives has been the most ennobling, enriching and inspiring influence we have known. When we live in harmony with the old fashioned virtues that our mothers taught us, we discover a peace and serenity that nothing else in this topsy-turvy world can offer.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * *

During the Spanish-American war, when the cruiser "Boston" was in the battle of Manila, one of the power boys pulled off his coat, and it fell over the railing into the ocean. He turned to the officer, who was standing near him, and asked if he could jump overboard and get the coat, which was floating on the water.

The officer refused to let the boy jump overboard. Slipping atround to the other side of the ship, the lad jumped and swam around to the place where the coat was floating. Then he swam back and climbed aboard.

The officer saw him as he climbed back. He immediately put the lad into the small prison on the ship, and when the battle was over, the lad was tried for disobedience under fire. He was found guilty, but the decision of the court had to be reviewed by Commodore Dewey, commander of the fleet.

Dewey sent for the boy, and asked him in a friendly way why he had risked severe punishment in order to get the coat.

"My mother's picture was in a pocket of the coat, and I just had to have it back," replied the boy.

The great commander swept the boy into his arms and hugged him. Then he ordered that all charges against the lad be dismissed. "A boy who loves his mother well enough to risk his life for her picture cannot be imprisoned on my ship!" exclaimed Dewey.

* * * * * * *

## GRADUATION

This is the season of commencement and graduation from the High Schools throughout the state. The closing exercises of these

institutions are in full swing and the young men and women are our future citizens who will take some place in the affairs of their respective communities.

The word "commencement" is more significant than realized. It means in the fullest sense the commencement of a new life for those who graduate. A small precentage of the graduates will go to higher institutions of learning for further preparation for some specific professon or a career of some kind. But the masses never go higher than the high school, therefore, their graduation from the high school marks the era when an army of young men and women pass over the threshold of their Alma Mater out into the world to carve a career. Their success depends upon their sterling qualities and preparation in the public schools. If prepared they succeed, if not they flounder around at least for a long time.

To be truly educated one must think deeply, meditate seriously with a goal in view. We do not expect finished products from these schools but if the schools teach the rudiments thoroughly and inspire to greater things much has been accomplished, and the time and money spent are truly worthwhile.

For these high school students "Graduation Day is a grand climax to more than a decade of continued toil and study, and it is the beginning of a career of useful service into a world of confusion with problems more aggravated and varied than at any previous period of history. The schools have a wonderful responsibility in their training of the future generation for a life of service. It is imperative that vocational training be emphasized in the public school system if the youths of today meet the problems of life. Skilled craftsmen are in demand.

* * * * * * *

## A FINE SPIRIT PASSES

Again the death angel has passed this way and claimed one, Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Senior, a most valued and beloved citizen. She was a native of this county, having spent in Concord her happy girlhood and radiant womanhood as the wife of J. W. Cannon, a most successful business man and recognized as a textile magnate throughout the whole country.

She was never the type to cater to publicity but lived unassumingly in her home, the throne seat of true womanhood. Such a life, she preferred quiet and unpretentious, when possible to command all that wealth could buy. In her were combined those enduring traits and benign impulses which make for exalted womanhood.

Never will the writer forget the picture presented the morning after the burning of the "Administration Building" at the Jackson Training School. There was nothing but confusion and despair. To rebuild seemed utterly impossible. But while the building was a mass of smoldering embers, this fine and strong character accompanied by her son, C. A. Cannon, appeared on the grounds. The heart strings of motherhood were touched as the boys, too, walked about with bowed heads, expressing their grief in subdued tones. Seeing the picture Mrs. Cannon's countenance instantly radiated the deepest concern and it was her interest and sympathy that gave hope. The hope was not futile for the divine spark of love in her nature for the wayward boys was the test.

To make a long story short in a brief period of time a new building was erected and furnished, known as the "Cannon Memorial Building," a memorial to her distinguished husband, J. W. Cannon. The gift was magnanimous, coming at a time when the school was struggling to continue its work in behalf of boys who never had a chance. The old saying "misfortunes present opportunities" was verified at this time for the opportunity was accepted with great joy.

Each boy reclaimed at this institution means an added jewel to the well earned crown of this noble woman. This building of brick and stone will not alone stand as a memorial but the expression of a hope for the boyhood of the state.

Mrs. Cannon typified the noble and beautiful characteristics that we like to attribue to our highest type of Southern women. She would have made an ideal model for an artist's conception of motherhood. Yes, she will be missed, and memories fond and tender, will linger long among her legion of friends who knew and loved her.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### MY KIND OF A MAN

"Oh, give me a man who will do all he can
To lighten my burden and woe,
Who will stick to the end, if he claims me a friend,
He's the man that I'm thankful to know.

"Who with all of his might, will help me to fight.
When my spirits are ready to die;
I'll take off my hat to a fellow like that,
And admit that he's better than I."

### Man Just Don't Know

A man in Wales says the general upset in finances, manners, climate, and morals all over the world means but one thing, the destruction of the world before three months. It has been five years since he gave utterance to this prophesy, and the world has not ended yet. It shows that we have false prophets in the world, just as in the days of old when real prophets lived.

### "Acts of God"

In a legal document was found the above phrase. Floods, hurricanes, dust storms and such are attributed to the Almighty. But it seems to me some of them are due to man's ignorance.

Man has denuded our mountains, hills, and plains of trees, leaving nothing to hold the water back and giving the winds a clean sweep. He "kills" the soil by not feeding it the proper legumes for revival, and reduces it to dust. He has brought other calamities. True he used, but he also abused to the point of waste.

Had he planted trees to take the place of those he cut down, had he done many other things he should have done, there would not have been so many "Acts of God."

### New Wells to Be Opened.

This world is full of destroyers of various sorts. Mockers and scorners who laugh at holy and sacred things themselves and lead others into the same irreverence and wickedness. There are men and women, who, by their influence and example, are constantly destroying the good in others and leading them astray.

There are Philistines in the world today who are constantly trying to fill up the wells of blessing which our forefathers have dug often at the cost of life itself. There are those who hate everything that is pure and honest and of good report. There are those who would destroy the principles of our government and the religion which is the strength and comfort of our people. The young people of this generation can not sit in idle ease. There is a goodly inheritance from our fathers to be presented and many new wells of living water to be opened for the blessing of future generations.

### Clear Thinking

Today, perhaps more than ever, the American people must do some clear thinking. Propaganda of all kinds seems to flourish today more than ever before, propaganda pertaining to our internal political and economic structure. Even our social structure is seriously affected because of various new economic and political changes.

The press, the air, and the platforms reek with propaganda. Much

of which is based on facts, and still more on pure imagination and malice. Both the imagination and the malice are caused by either prejudice, or fear—of what is to happen.

The rich man, the middle man, and the poor man, think more seriously than ever before. They know more than ever before. The time is here when we are faced with a wall, and are trying to find a way out. Back we cannot turn. To do so is out of the question since we have gone too far.

We have had depression and now we are having the so-called recession. One name is as good as another. Call it what you will, it does not matter since it cannot be changed by simply giving it a different name.

Some say we are drifting down the stream. It is not so. We are swimming up the stream against a terrific current, bouncing left and right, up and down, but we are swimming and convalescing, or rather resting here and there, forming new energies to overcome additional obstacles, just as the salmon before going over the falls. But when the salmon reaches its destination it dies after leaving its eggs for a new crop. We are not going to die. We are going to leave a new and better structure for the coming generation—we hope, and keep on living without the constant battling of the stream. We must, since there is a limit to human endurance, and the endurance of our nation has also its limits.

We are bound to win. We must. But to do so, we must do more clear thinking than ever before. We must use our own heads and disregard all the propaganda regardless of its source.

---

## MAN'S DEAREST FRIEND

Friends may come and friends may go,
As we travel down life's road;
Few are they as we all know
Who will share part of our load.

True friends will stay, while others all flee,
And may never again reappear;
Still there is one, who faithful will be,
For to her you will ever be dear.

Through toil and strife; through sorrow and pain;
One trouble the same as another;
Through thick and thin, she'll ever remain;
It's man's dearest friend—his mother.

—Robert A. Noll.

# A LITTLE PARABLE FOR MOTHERS

**By Temple Bailey**

The Young Mother set her foot on the path of life.

"Is the way long?" she asked.

And her Guide said: "Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young Mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed with them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are not afraid for you are near, and no harm can come," and the Mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the Mother was weary, but atall times she said to the children, "A little patience, and we are there." So the children climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, "We could not have done it without you, Mother." And the Mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars, and said: "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength."

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the Mother said: "Look up. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But the children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their Mother; and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the Mother said "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them."

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: "We can not see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a Living Presence."

# SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS CONCERNING MOTHER'S DAY

**(Selected)**

"Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—Exodus 20:12.

* * *

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—Proverbs 1:8.

* * *

"Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old."—Proverbs 23:22.

* * *

"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."—Luke 2:19.

* * *

"And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."—Matthew 12:49-50.

"When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he said unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold, thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."—John 19:26-27.

* * *

"She stretched out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—Proverbs 31:20, 25-29.

---

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

# THE TELEPHONE AS A MODERN MARVEL

**By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter**

We are all so accustomed to modern conveniences that if we were to be deprived of them suddenly, without any warning, it is only then that we would fully realize not only what they meant to us personally, but to the very existence of our present-day civilization.

Let's take the telephone for example. Project yourself into the past, not necessarily the far distant past, but say about sixty-five years ago. If you wanted to get a message to your home or needed a doctor, there was no way in which that could be instantly accomplished. It involved finding a messenger or the sending of a servant, if you had one. Now-a-days, a nickel in a machine, a few turns of a dial, a signal in the receiver and a different one at the station being called, and, presto, you may talk clearly and distinctly with anyone at that particular number, no matter how far away it may be located from where you are standing. That's modern "magic."

Have you looked in your phone book recently? Not necessarily for the number of a telephone you wish to call, but at those pages in front, just plain straight text about tolls and services, that so few people read. If you have, you've perhaps noticed, the rates for telephone conversations with England, India, Iceland and countless other countries, as well as to ships on their voyages across the Atlantic.

One wonders if even the inventor of the telephone visualized anything so fantastic as you reaching for his phone by your bedside in, say San Francisco, telling the operator that you wanted to speak with Mr. John Doe aboard the S. S. Berengeria, one day out from England. We can be sure that the inventor would be amazed to know that within a couple of minutes you would be chatting comfortably with your friend some 5,000 miles away across both land and water. 'Tis an age of marvels in which we of today are living!

Of course, everyone knows that it was Alexander Graham Bell who invented the telephone, for the system which uses a modern adaptation of his invention still bears his name: Bell Telephone System.

Bell was born in Scotland on March 3, 1847, and he went to Canada when twenty-three years of age. A year later found him in Boston as a teacher of deaf mutes at Boston University. During that period he did a great deal of his experimenting at night. While working on another device, the harmonic telegraph, he more or less stumbled on the basic idea that was to make the transmission of speech over wires possible The technicalities of the device are not perhaps of as great interest to the majority as are the actual results achieved.

From an attic room at 109 Court Street, in Boston, Bell and his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, ran a wire down to the ground floor which were the premises of the Williams' Electrical Workshop in which many of Bell's early models were constructed. This

was the first telephone line, but it did not function very satisfactorily as Watson could not distinguish Bell's words, and the latter could not hear Watson's voice at all. That was on June 3, 1875. Feverishly they worked on the perfecting of the device, yet it was not until March of the following year that the first thoroughly intelligible sentence was transmitted and received.

The first telephone was exhibited by Bell at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. In appearance it was far different from the types with which we are familiar today. To express the wonderment of the people, it may be illuminating to quote from the report of one of the great scientists of the day, Sir William Thompson. "I need hardly say," he wrote, "I was astonished and delighted, so were the others who witnessed the experiment and verified with their own ears the electric transmission of speech. This, perhaps, the greatest marvel hitherto achieved by electric telegraph, has been obtained by appliances of quite a homespun and rudimentary character."

In spite of this enthusiastic report, financial difficulties beset the development of the device, as is seemingly the case with all epoch-making inventions.

The first speech over any distance was accomplished October 9, 1876, between Boston and Cambridge—a distance of two miles. It was not until two years later, however, that the world's first commercial telephone exchange was opened at New Haven, Connecticut, January 28, 1878. From then on events moved somewhat slowly, but the progress was nevertheless steady. The first direct telephone line between New York and Chicago was placed in actual service October 18, 1892, but it was not until January 25, 1915, that a transcontinental line was opened between New York and San Francisco.

The next development of major importance was the transmission of speech by radio telephone on August 27, 1915, between Arlington, Virginia, and Panama. This was followed a month later by radio telephone communication between Arlington, Virginia, and Mare Island, California.

Gradually the telephone had made itself felt in the life of the nation, its importance was obvious and it was soon relied on as a quick, direct means of personal communciation; but even at that time, just twenty-two years ago, telephony was still in its infnacy, though 1915 marked a tremendous stride forward in its development and growth. On October 21, that same year, the first transoceanic radio telephone conversation was transmitted from Arlington, Virginia, and was heard in both Paris, France, and Honolulu.

All this long distance radio telephone service was not yet open to the public, and it not until July 16, 1920, that the world's first public radio telephone service was opened . . . and that was between Long Beach and Santa Catalina Island in California!

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two marked the beginning of ship-to-shore conversation by wire and radio telephone between Bell telephone subscribers in homes and offices and the S. S. America four hundred miles out at sea in the Atlantic.

One year later, the Bell System engineers demonstrated one-way transoceanic radio telephony between

New York and London. The first intercontinental telephone service opened to the public was between the United States and Mexico, September 30, 1927. From then onward rapid strides were made in the linking up by radio telephone and telephone of the nations of the world. In 1930, radio telephone service was opened between the United States and Australia, a distance of 10,600 miles, and as recently as April 25, 1935, the first around-the-world telephone conversation, by wire and radio, covering a distance in excess of 23,000 miles, took place between Bell Telephone System executives from their New York office.

One of the most important anniversary dates in the history of the service of the telephone took place on January 7, 1937, for that date marked the tenth anniversary of the official opening of commercial radio telephone service between New York and London.

What wonders have been performed since the telephone had its inception sixty-two years ago, what history-making conversations have probably been held over it by diplomats, and what colossal enterprises have been sealed over its wires will perhaps never be known. Today the telephone serves mankind in innumerable ways: in the affairs of nations, capitalists, social intercourse, etc., and it is responsible for the employment of a vast multitude of people, not only those connected with the actual operation and maintenance of the gigantic network of wires and instruments but in the industries which supply the needs of the immense organization that control the system, such as the paper industry for directories, statements, etc., the printing trades, the lumber business (for poles, etc., wire manufacturing, insulators, and so forth.

Another link has been forged in the strong chain that is binding nations closer together, and our civilization marches on more rapidly as a result of this quick means of communication and interchange of thought thanks to the inventive genius of Alexander Graham Bell and the staff of engineers who have brought his invention to its present high state of perfection.

---

## MOTHER'S DAY

Gypsy Smith says that he has preached to great congregations on every continent of the earth and has in addressing these audiences employed every method of appeal, and that there is but one appeal which wins a response from all classes and conditions of men in all lands and that is mother. Men everywhere seem ready to declare:

"I have sought through life's garden of roses and rue,
And I find one sweet blossom, all jeweled with dew—
Love, sympathy, faith—all changing and true—
Are the heart of my flower—dear mother, 'tis you."

—Selected.

# DO YOUR OWN THINKING

**(Boys' Industrial School Journal)**

If there ever was a time in a young man's life when he should do his own thinking it is when he starts out to make his way in the world. He then makes new acquaintences, experiences new conditions, and is confronted with new and puzzling problems.

While he is being "sized up" whereever he goes and whatever he does, he should also be appraising people and things and reaching his own conclusions.

He should choose friends carefully, distinguish between social opportunities and others, and choose wisely the conditions under which he works and lives.

The time has passed when any young man of character and personality has to be "the victim of circumstances." Laudable purpose has neither to be compromised nor surrendered.

Thorough investigation, painstaking analysis of discoveries, legitimate deductions, and calm judgment will open the way for any chosen course in life.

The young man who thinks, and thinks straight, has fewer regrets and more satisfaction. If perchance he makes mistakes, thinking not only shows him the best way out of them, but also aides him in capitalizing such errors for future successes.

Thinking stimulates mental growth. It measures the real man, whatever his size, look, or muscular powers. In whatever class, vocation, or profession he may be, the thinker stands in strong contrast to all his fellows.

Thinkers render the service the world most needs, and that's why their names stand out on the pages of history.

It may be easier to have others do your thinking for you. Thinking is the hardest kind of work. But when others think for you, your capabilities are not greater than theirs—perhaps not as great as theirs.

Originality which gives the world something it needs is always at a premium, and that's why great inventors of the ages have been hailed and, dying, mourned. They made life for others larger, more enjoyable, and richer.

They did their own thinking for themselves and for fellowmen, supplying some needs and creating opportunities for other thinkers, among them in the future some young men of today, young men who have learned to do their own thinking.

No matter how far this old world of ours advonces in civilization, the thinker will always have opportunity for service for which the world will be greatful.

---

Another, who may be said to have his ups and downs is the unfortunate chap who happens to get an aisle seat at a movie.

—Exchange.

# THE LORDLY UMBRELLA

By J. Will Blair

If it ever rains where you are, as is a frequent practice in the eastern and central states and on parts of the Pacific coast, and you possess no raincoat, you will probably get out the old family umbrella, snap it open to be sure it will work, and regret if you are a man, the necessity that compels a person of your masculinity to carry so effeminate a rain guard. If you have this feeling of repugnance to the inoffensive umbrella don't for a moment believe that by so doing you are being modern, for the ancient Greeks and Romans bore the same grudge. Greek and Roman women, however, carried umbrellas.

It may interest you to know that the umbrella was much regarded in the Orient at a very early period. Old sculptures in Ninevah and in Egypt show that kings and their representatives were in the habit of carrying or having carried for them, umbrellas as a sign of power and place, and they tell us that even yet the umbrella is a royal covering, and that certain Indian princes bear the title "lord of the umbrella."

In fact, the umbrella was so important in the old days that it is still reflected in the canopies over bishop's chairs, altars, and gateways, the Church of Rome being especially given to honoring the umbrella in this way.

If you feel that constant rains have placed the now humble watershed in such a position of power, you are mistaken, for umbrella means a shade, om-brella in the Italian, um— in the Latin, and a shade was a protection from the sun in eastern and southern countries where the sun really got in its most effective blows. The French have a parapluie, and that is used against rain. They have also given us the parasol, against the sun.

Jonas Hanaway, of the latter part of the eighteenth century, is celebrated as the first Englishman who carried an umbrella. According to what we hear, it must have been a rude affair, perhaps of oiled cotton whose ribs were whalebone with cross-stretches of cane. Later gingham and alpaca were used before a suitable silk was found.

A man of Balitmore is given credit for carrying the first umbrella in America, an importation from India. That was in 1772, while King George III still ruled these shores. The effect of our friend's umbrella was worse than that of the automobile at the beginning of the present century, for it is said that women fled, horses bolted, and the poor umbrella-carrier was thought demented. However, it was not long before other towns followed enterprising Baltimore and the umbrella became an established American institution among those who feared rain or sun.

# DO YOUR WORK JOYFULLY

**(Watchman-Examiner)**

A young man said, "I simply hate my work, and I can never come to do otherwise." It is said of Leonardo da Vinci that he held a lyre in his hand while he painted. This was one of the secrets of his work as an artist. His heart was always bubbling over with joy. No man can do his best work unless he loves his work, unless he can put his whole heart into it. But even if the work is not attractive, one can still remember the end which one has in view.

Much disagreeable work is necessary work. It is possible to do disagreeable work cheerfully, and even joyfully. The drawers of water and hewers of wood are absolutely necessary to the progress of civilization. Such work is as dignified and as noble as the work of the statesman, the scholar, or the captain of industry. Do your work as unto God, and the light of his presence will irradiate the path of the commonplace. It is not so much the work one does as the way in which he does this work that makes life worth living.

The man who hates his work can never make a large success. Despite the adage about the rolling stone, it is sometimes best for a man to change his vocation. There are many misfits in the world, round men in square holes and square men in round holes. It takes a great character to rise supremely above circumstances and environment. The choice of a vocation is of transcendent importance. If you have made a mistake do not be ashamed to correct the mistake. If your work is distasteful, and other work, more to your taste, opens to you, then be brave enough to run the gaunlet of criticism and take up the more agreeable task.

Nevertheless you must remember the peril of cowardice and indecision. It may be that you are now where God wants you to be. Be willing to do what God wants you to do. Do not kick against the goads. Do not fret yourself by longing for a chance, and your present work may yield enjoyment of which you never dreamed. Again we say, it is not so much the work you do as the way you do this work that makes life worth living. Better be a shoemaker by the grace of God, like Hiram Goff, than be a self-seeking minister of the gospel. Whether our work is sacred or secular depends upon the spirit and the motive in which the work is done. It is a small matter where we work, so long as we are conscious that the approving eye of the Master rests upon us. If you would do life's work effectively do it joyfully.

---

He is a happy man that has a true friend at his need, but he is more truly happy that has no need of his friend.

—A. Warwick.

# HARVARD PRESIDENT BELIEVES TOO MANY ATTENDING COLLEGES IN U. S.

**(Selected)**

Warning against overcrowding and unemployment in the "learned professions," President James Bryant Conant of Harvard university tonight termed "desirable" a reduction in the number of students attending universities in this country.

Dr. Conant, in his annual report to the university board of overseers, recommended:

1. Continuance of the Harvard practice of limiting the size of entering classes.

2. Greater attention and study of methods of selecting college and graduate school students.

3. More adequate scholarships for "promising young men" from the lower economic levels.

Calling attention to the Harvard practice of limiting entering classes, the report said, "it would be unwise to embark on a program looking forward to a much larger student body. There appears to be an optimum size for every academic institution; growth beyond this points results in the loss of those very qualities which made expansion first seem desirable."

Concerning reduction of the number of university students in the United States, Dr. Conant said there was "no pressing need" for a larger annual supply of graduates of liberal arts colleges and graduate schools.

"On the contrary," the report continued, "it seems evident we are in danger of reaching the condition already so acute on the continent of Europe where the problem of unemployment in the learned professions demands attention even in countries raked by political and economical troubles."

Declaring "no one knows how serious is unemployment of university men," Dr. Conant added, "It seems to me highly probable that a diminution in the total number of students in the universities of this country is desirable."

Harvard's experience with national scholorship for students from 15 western and southern states indicated "we are providing opportunities for certain youths who otherwise would not have been able to attend any institution of high learning," the university head declared.

Suggesting "a large addition to our scholarship endowment in the college and professional schools would be most welcome," he asserted the university intended to extend its scholarship awards to all parts of the country and to obtain "more of these large scholarships" for graduates of other colleges who desire postgraduate work at Harvard.

---

Those who have not often felt the joy of doing a kind act have neglected much and most of all, themselves.—A. Neilen.

# ROWENA'S DECISION

By Alleta Jones

The Chimacum, the Seattle-Bremerton ferry, whistled and moved away from the pier. I heard the churning of black icy water as the boat slid out of its safe harbor into dense sightless fog, and shuddered.

I hate being on the sound in a fog. You never know when your boat may collide with another one nor what's going to happen if it does. Gracious! how inky black everything was! And damp and oozy like a cave. At six-thirty in the morning darkness hadn't yet turned into grayness, and the dripping clammy fog hovering over the sound blotted out every flicker of light from boats and piers.

Last week I'd been so sunk in misery I told myself I wouldn't care one speck if I were on the bottom of the sound. I just wished I were. Life wasn't worth living. But now that there was more than a little possibility that I might land there instead of at Bremerton, where I was scheduled to arrive, I realized the bottom of the sound was a place I hadn't the least desire to be, which only goes to show life is sweet even when you think it is bitter.

I heaved a long drawn-out sigh, which indicated my heart was down in the toes of my new sports oxfords, and turned away from the window. My cousin, Jerry Baxter, was sitting next to me on the long seat. He'd stayed at our Seattle home last night to bring me and my luggage to Bremerton this morning. We had to take this early boat so that he could get home in time for school. Hearing me sigh he concluded, I suppose that I was homesick already. "Cheer up, Rowena," he said, "things could be worse. Time flies. Before you know it your parents will be home from Europe and coming to claim you."

"It isn't that, Jerry," I said quickly, I didn't want him to get the idea I was ungrateful. "I will love living with you boys and Aunt Hazel and Uncle Jim. It's just that I can't get over being such a flop with my art."

"I suppose it is hard," he agreed, "but forget art and let's go back to the counters and have some breakfast. I'm hungry as a bear just out of hibernation."

It seemed a little heartless in Jerry to pass over my troubles so lightly and think only of food, but the boys are like that, I guess. Jerry doesn't care a picayune about art so, of course,, he couldn't be expected to understand how I felt.

The odor of frying bacon coming from the rear of the cabin where a horse shoe of lunch counters was located did smell appetizing, but I wasn't in the mood for food if Jerry was. "I couldn't eat a mouthful," I said. "You run along. I'll eat when I get to Aunt Hazel's."

Jerry picked his long, good-looking dark self off the seat and went away, and I tried to amuse myself gazing idly around the boat. It wasn't very exciting. The Chimacum was loaded with men on their way to their work in the Bremerton navy yards. Most of them had their noses buried in the morning paper, and all you could see was a field of drab-colored felt hats. There was only a

sprinkling of women aboard, and they had their heads against the backs of the seats trying to sleep.

I wasn't sleepy, but there was nothing to look at, so I put my head against the back of my seat and closed my eyes, thinking maybe that would make me sleepy—we'd got up at what seemed to me to be the middle of the night, but it didn't. The minute I shut my eyes the past two weeks marched grimly before me. It's strange how anybody's world can so completely and unexpectedly turn upside down as mine had in those two weeks. Nobody ever dreamed dad's company would take a sudden notion to send him to Europe on a long busness trip, and that he'd take mother with him to visit Aunt Alice, who is a famous artist painting in France. It certainly was a blow to my plans for school and everything, but I'm no weakling, I took it standing. It was the blow to my art I couldn't take standing or any other way.

As far back as mother can trace her side of the family there has been a really gifted artist in each generation. I'm the only person in my generation who has the least leanings toward art, so I've always felt I was the one chosen to carry the torch, so to speak. I'm wild about art, so as you can guess I was proud to be the chosen one. I've anticipated the day when I should be as famous as Aunt Alice, and have even dreamed of a villa on the Riviera. I've simply devoured art classes in school, and for the past two years have been studying under Miss Ramsdale, a well-known artist.

As soon as mother and dad made plans for me to stay with dad's brother, Uncle Jim Baxter, and his family, in Bremerton, while they were in Europe, I rushed to Miss Ramsdale's studio to break the news to her. If I live to be a hundred and ten I shall never forget that day nor how the studio looked. Miss Ramsdale, in a blue, paint-spattered smock, was sitting in the middle of the studio before an easel, working on a child's head. All about the room were other easles with the partly finished work of her students on them. Over by the south window was my easel, with my own sketch on it, a copy of three black kittens, just started.

Seeing Miss Ramsdale sitting there with her gold hair rumpled in the sunshine I sort of hated to tell her I was leaving for good. I planned to enter Cornish when I returned to Seattle. Of course, I didn't actually expect her to break down and weep, but I did think she'd manifest considerable lamentations of regret. It isn't every teacher who has the niece of a famous artist among her students. I've often thought when I've become famous myself how proud Miss Ramsdale would be to point to me and say, "She's marvelous, simply marvelous! She was one of my pupils. I helped her to become what she is."

So you can imagine how utterly dumb-founded I was when, after I'd broken the news as tactfully as I could so as not to hurt her feelings, she said, oh kindly enough, but very frankly, "Rowena, dear, you're wasting your time studying art. You'll never make a great artist, or even a reasonably good one; you haven't the talent, dear."

Well, when I got over being dumb with astonishment I was positively furious. 'Why Miss Ramsdale," I

cried, "I know I have talent. You must have forgotten I come from a long line of artists. I've got to be an artist! I want to be! I will be!"

Then she said, "Dear little Rowena Baxter, you don't need to paint pictures on canvas to be an artist. You can be an artist in almost any line of work if you will."

The idea! I went home seething. Miss Ramsdale was jealous of my talents, that was what was the matter. Mother and dad were sympathetic, but, though you'd never believe it, mother said. "We've felt all along, darling, your talent in art is slight. But you've been so set and determined to become an artist we felt it was useless to say anything. We've been hoping you would become interested in something in which you do have ability—domestic science for instance, except as a pleasant pastime. You're a born cook, sweatheart."

I never was so disappointed in mother in my life. From an artist's villa in France to an American kitchen! And suggested by my very own mother! I was weak with surprise and humiliation. Of course, I'd known all along that my parents weren't overly enthusiastic about my art, but I'd supposed that was because they didn't want me to be vain. Mother thinks I'm a little inclined that way.

"I prefer to feed people's souls, not their stomachs," I said when I could speak. There was nothing romantic that I could see standing over a kitchen stove as a career. And I wanted a romantic career.

After dinner dad tok me on his knee and we had a long talk. Before we got through I began to see that perhaps my talents in art weren't anything to rave about as I had thought, but that only increased my humiliation. Everybody who knew me knew I was slated to followed in Aunt Alice's footsteps.

Gracious! the blatant blast of a fog horn made me jump so I nearly slid off my seat. Outdoors the blackness was changing to gray, a thick dense gray you couldn't see through. Ever since Jerry and I got on the boat fog horns had sounded back and forth in the distance, mellow and sort of lonely like mourning doves calling to each other. But there was nothing mellow about this blast. It fairly screeched. I could tell from its volume that it belonged to some ocean going vessel, and that it wasn't many yards away. What if that sea monster should ram the Chimacum! The very thought made me cold. The Chimacum's no toy, but it couldn't hold its own against that ocean liner, or freighter, whatever it was. Goodness, I wished Jerry would come back. Probably he'd had to wait. The men who take the six-thirty boat have to leave home so early that hordes of them have their breakfast on the boat. Ah, there was Jerry now.

I wasn't going to let him see how jittery I was if I could help it. I needn't have worried, he didn't notice. Before I could get my mouth open to say anything he said, 'Did you konw Tommy Lawrence is working at the counters? He couldn't go to the university this year, she he's working and saving his money for next year."

"Tommy!" I exclaimed. "No, I didn't know." If I had I should have gone to breakfast after all. Tommy

lives next door to Jerry, and is his best pal. He's been over to our house lots with Jerry, and we've played tennis together, and last summer he went camping with us up at Rosario beach. He's one of the nicest boys I know.

But another blast of that awful horn made me forget all about Tommy. I strained my eyes out the window trying to pierce the fog, and what I saw sent cold chills dashing up and down my spine. Vague, but real, the outline of a huge hull moved slowly toward the Chimacum. "Jerry," I almost shrieked, clutching his blue sweater sleeve, "look how close that boat is!"

The next thing I knew I didn't know much of anything. Where was I? I wondered, out of a swimming blackness. I felt as if I were in a cradle being rocked violently. I managed to push my eyes open, though it was an effort. Was that Jerry's face bending over me? How white it loked. And those strange men's faces. What had happened?

"Are you hurt?" Jerry asked anxiously. I didn't know whether I was or not. Then dimly I began to remember a crash and the hattering of glass. I wasn't sure but I thought I remembered being hurled from my seat. After a bit things sort of cleared up and I realized I was lying on the seat opposite the one on which Jerry and I had been sitting, and that there were several men bending over me. I tried to sit up. Things whirled dizzily for a minute. After that they began to look like themselves.

"Are you hurt, Rowena?" Jerry asked again. "That was a bad bump you got against the edge of the seat."

"No." I answered this time rubbing my forehead, which felt rather sore. "I don't think so—dazed I guess."

By this time I'd got possession of enough of my senses to be aware that the boat was careening in a dangerous way. "Are—are we sinking?" I stammered.

"Nothing so bad as that, little lady," one of the strange men said. "The Chimacum's well built and equipped with strong pumps."

That was comforting news, if it were true. The boat certainly acted as if it were planning to do something desperate. There didn't seem to be anything I could do about it, so I adjusted my red beret—it was sliding off backward, and pulled my red-flecked tweed coat into place as best I could without standing up. I didn't dare attempt getting to my feet in that teetery boat—I felt too teetery myself.

I tried to calm my nerves. It wasn't an easy thing to do with the waves hammering and banging against the sides in a perfectly deafening way, and the Chimacum herself bumping along like a crazy thing. Jerry said there couldn't be any danger or we would have been ordered to put on life belts, and nobody had mentioned them. The men in the cabin went back to their newspapers, and after a while the water stopped pounding and settled down into a more normal slush and swish. I thought the excitement was over, but it wasn't.

It seems the crash had dislodged a two-gallow can of syrup on a shelf above the cook's head, back of the counters, and when the boat gave a quick lurch it slithered down and struck the cook on the head. He crumpled upon the floor like a dried

leaf, and had to be carried off to emergency quarters.

"I guess that settles breakfast," Jerry said.

"Breakfast I almost snorted. "I shouldn't think breakfast mattered. How could anyone care about food after all that's happened this morning?" But goodness, nothing could keep men from eating.

I picked up a newspaper someone had left on the seat near me, and read the funnies and the sports page and two or three other items that weren't terribly interesting. I was laying the paper aside when I noticed the counters were as crowded with men as though we were having a peaceful ride on a calm summer morning. "If this boat sinks I suppose those men will go down chewing on a waffle," I thought disgustedly.

And then I saw something that made me leap to my feet without once remembering the jittery boat. "Good grief!" I exclaimed right out loud. "Tommy isn't trying to cook!" That's exactly what he was doing. Remembering the pancakes he had fried one morning at Rosario, which no one in this world would have guesesd were pancakes, I couldn't help groaning. Tommy's face was as red as if he had a bad sunburn; his taffy hair stood straight up where he'd run his fingers through it—and he was burning the bacon! Um, smell it! Look at the smoke!

I know something about cooking on a stove in a kitchen with a floor that stays put. I didn't know whether I could cook on a boat that was having St. Vitus dance or not. But one thing I did know, not even a healthy man could work on Tommy's cooking. He'd have acute indigestion, sure. "I'm going to help Tommy," I said to Jerry, and marched down the aisle and through the swinging gate at one end of the counters. That is, I marched as well as I could with the boat skidding me from one side of the aisle to the other.

"Tommy," I demanded, eyeing a whitish, pasty sphere he was taking off a waffle iron, "is that a waffle?"

Tommy grinned. "Rather pale around the gills, isn't it?" he said.

"Dump it in the garbage can," I ordered, "and give me that apron. I'll make the waffles, if I can keep the waffle iron from turning somesaults."

I dumped my coat and beret and purse on a stool inside the counters and Tommy took off the more or less white apron he had been wearing and handed it to me. It was miles too big, but by winding it around my scarlet dress and fastening it with a safety pin I managed to keep it on.

I wouldn't have supposed it was possible for anybody to be as busy as I was for the next half hour. Talk about feeding harvest hands! This was feeding an army! It seemed to me I used up a barrel of waffle batter, besides frying slabs of bacon and crates of eggs. There was something thrilling about it, though. I wasn't eavesdropping, but I couldn't help hearing a man on the end stool say to the man next to him, "'Smart kid, that. Not many youngsters her age could come in and put a job across the way she's putting this one over." When you're sixteen it's anything but flattering to be called a kid and a youngster, but I forgave him. I felt his intentions were good.

Once Tommy, when he dashed up with some orders and yanked on the

spigot to the coffee urn, said, "Say, Rowena, you ought to hear what the men are saying about your cooking. You're a peach to help out like this. Preside over those waffle irons like a queen, that's what."

I had to laugh at the thoughts of a queen presiding over a waffle iron in a man's soiled apron, and especially on a leaking boat. Nevertheless it was something to think about.

After a while the stools along the counters emptied and we had time to draw our breath. "Have you had your own breakfast, Tommy?" I inquired.

"No," he said, "and I could take care of a half dozen of those waffles."

"You'll not get a half dozen," I informed him firmly. "You may have three, and I think I'll have one myself."

We found ourselves a place at the counters with our waffles and bacon. I was too busy with my own thoughts to notice I wasn't talking much until I saw Tommy looking at me from under the corner of his lashes. "Why the pensiveness in wide brown eyes?" he questioned. "Tired to death? I'm a thousand-legged centipede to let you work yourself to death this way. I should have done the cooking myself, though I'm afraid I'd have killed more men than I would have fattened."

"That's what I was afraid of," I grinned at him. " 'Member those pancakes at Rosario?"

Tommy chuckled, then, "Hah!" he shouted, draining his coffee cup at one gulp, "there's the whistle. The old boat's limped into port."

"And here comes Jerry for me," I answered.

"Perhaps," I reflected, as Tommy helped me on with my coat. "I really will specialize in domestic science, but whatever I do, even if it's no more exciting than polishing door knobs, I'm going to be an artist doing it. There's more truth in what Miss Ramsdale said than I thought."

---

## MOTHER

There's a word known as faith and one as love,
  And hope is a word oft' repeated,
They all bring a thought of the things above;
  As we hear them our hearts are elated.

But there is a word that embodies them all,
  Faith, love, and sweet hope put together,
The world and her sages it seems to enthrall;
  It's the sacred, the wonder-word
    "Mother."

—Mrs. Jack Burton.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

James Johnson, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who left the School three years ago, recently wrote a member of the staff that he has been working on a farm in Guilford County for the past two years and is getting along well.

---

A new Rowell furnace for melting linotype metal and a Rowell water-cooled mold have been installed in our printing department. This outfit was set up in the boiler room at the Swink-Benson Trades Building, and was used for the first time last Thursday, with very satisfactory results.

---

Our farm forces started planting corn on a 125-acre field early this week and have the task about half completed. This year the School will depart from the usual custom and plant eight or ten acres in cotton, in order to supply the textile unit which will soon be in operation here.

---

Ralph Wright, who came to the School from Iredell County, and after having made a good record here, was paroled in 1928, dropped in to see us the other day. He is now twenty-seven years old and has been married several years. Ralph informed us that for the past five years he has been employed as salesman for the Kent Hosiery Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., and has been getting along very well.

---

Superintendent Boger, accompanied by Mrs. G. L. Barrier, our musical director, and four boys, attended the regular weekly luncheon of the Salisbury Rotary Club, held in that city last Tuesday. Mr. Boger addressed the assembly briefly on the work the Training School is doing, after which the four boys, Milford Hodgins, Caleb Jolly, Carroll Dodd and Albert Silas, rendered four vocal numbers, and Hodgins and Jolly sang a duet, Mrs. Barrier accompanying them at the piano. Upon their return the members of this group reported that their efforts were well recived by the Salisbury Rotarians, and that they all had a fine time.

---

Dr. Michel Saliba and Mr. Arthur Chesson, of Wilson, accompanied by Mr. H. G. Gibson, of Concord, were visitors at the School on Sunday, April 24th. Dr. Saliba, who is Grand Master of Royal and Select Masons in North Carolina, was the guest of honor at an assembly of the Piedmont Province, held in Concord the night before.

Our visitors were shown through various departments of the School by Superintendent Boger, and at the end of their brief tour, expressed themselves as being well pleased with the manner in which we are trying to carry on the work here.

We were very glad to have Dr. "Mike" and "Ches" with us and hope they will return soon, preferably on a week-day, when all departments at the School will be in full swing.

---

On Friday of last week, the day

set for reception of bids for the erection of an infirmary and gymnasium at the Training School, a tabulation shows that seventeen bids on the general contract were filed; eleven on the heating equipment; and nine on the plumbing system. These bidders, coming from all parts of the state, met with officials of the School and Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, engineer with the State Budget Bureau, in the Cannon Memorial Building at two o'clock. The low bid on the general contract was $40,338.00 for both buildings, and the contract was awarded to the Ervin-West Construction Company, Statesville. On the plumbing the low bid was $1,845.00 and for the heating the bid was $2,945.00, both contracts being awarded to John L. Sides, Concord. Work on these buildings will begin at once and is to be completed at the end of a period of 120 days.

---

Franklin D. Roberts, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who was permitted to leave the School in August 1930, called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. As a boy here Frank worked for a while as office boy, after which he was employed in the shoe shop for several months. He reported that he has been working in cotton mills during the entire time he has been away from the School, and for the past four years has been working in the Mooresville Cotton Mill, part of the time as a weaver and in the dyeing department at other times. He told us that he had had steady employment ever since leaving the institution; has been attending church and Sunday school regularly; and has not been in any kind of trouble. That is a fine record—the kind we like to hear of our boys making when they return to their homes or are placed elsewhere. Frank is now twenty-two years old and has been married for two and one-half years.

---

The regular Sunday afternoon service at the School last week was conducted by Rev. T. W. Hager, pastor of Westford M. E. Church, Concord. He was accompanied by Rev. John Simpson, also of Concord, who assisted in the service.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Hager read part of the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, and in his talk to the boys on "What Christ Did For Us," he called special attention to John 3:16—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker said that when we think about what Jesus did for us, we should study about several things which preceded the crucifixion. First, he mentioned the Holy Trinity—God, the Father; God, the Son; and God, the Holy Spirit—what a beautiful combination this was, saying, the only thing that marred the picture was the sin that was in the world.

God looked down and saw a troubled world, contiuued the speaker. For more than four hundred years there had been little or no preaching of His word in the world, and spoke of what the world would be like today if people should go a like period of time without hearing God's word.

At the time of Christ's birth, said

Rev. Mr. Hager, the world had forgotten about God, and He saw that the only thing that would save it would be to send His only Son into the world. God loved the world because He had made it, just as men today are always proud of something they have made. God so loved the world that He gave His Son; this Son so loved it that he was willing to give his life for it. The whole thing points to the greatest love ever known in all the world.

Christ grew and began his ministry, continued the speaker. Just as people are doing today, they scorned him; they reviled him in all kinds of ways, but because of his love for them, he carried on the work of his Father.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hager stated the troube with the world today is that people are selfish. He told the boys if they were going to make their lives count for anything, they must try to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, who not only made the supreme sacrifice in order that the world might be a better place in which to live, but that men might be saved for all eternity.

---

## MY SHRINE

I have worshipped in churches and chapels,
I have prayed in the busy streets,
I have sought my God and have found Him
Where the waves of the ocean beat.
I have knelt in the silent forests,
In the shade of some ancient tree,
But the dearest of all my altars
Was raised at my mother's knee.

God, make me the man of her vision,
And purge me of selfishness;
God, keep me true to her standards,
And help me to live to bless.
God, hallow the holy impress
Of the years that used to be,
And make me a pilgrim forever
To the shrine of my mother's knee.

—Selected.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

**The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.**

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell 2
Howard Baheeler 3
Burris Bozeman 3
Hobart Gross
Horace Journigan 2
James McCune 2
Ray Reynolds
Berchell Young

—B—

Wesley Beaver 2
Richard Freeman
Clarence Gates 2

SECOND GRADE

—A—

J. T. Branch 2
Lawrence Guffey 3
William Jerrell 3
William Kirksey
George Newman 2
Fonnie Oliver 4
William T. Smith 2
Thomas Sullivan 4
Hildren Sweeney 4
Dewey Ware 4

—B—

James Bartlett 3
Donald Britt 3
Robert Bryson 2
Floyd Crabtree 2
Fletcher Castlebury 2
Delphus Dennis 3
Samuel Ennis 3
William Estes 4
Blaine Griffin 4
Hubert Holloway 4
James Jordan 3
Van Martin 3
William Pitts 2
Hubert Short
William Surratt 4
Canipe Shoe 2
Jones Watson 2
W. J. Wilson 3
Lewis Donaldson 4

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Frank Crawford 3
Elbert Kersey 2
Edward Murray 3
Carl Singletary 4
Leo Ward 2
Leonard Watson 2

—B—

Clinton Adams
Ivey Eller 3
Winford Rollins 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Atwell 2
James Coleman 4
Thomas R. Pitman 3
Rowland Rufty 2

—B—

Lewis Andrews 3
Harold Almond
Harold Bryson 3
Theodore Bowles 4
Leonard Buntin 2
George Duncan 4
Baxter Foster 3
Beamon Heath 2
Leon Hollifield
William Knight
Andrew Lambeth
John Robbins 2
Paul Ruff 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Paul Mullis
Richard Thomas

—B—

Edward Chapman 2
Burman Holland
Clyde Hoppes
John Kirkman
Thomas Knight

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Wayne Collins
Charles Davis 2
Howard Roberts 2
Fred Vereen
Harold Walsh 2

—B—

John T. Godwin
Hoyt Hollifield
Hugh Johnson
William McRary
F. E. Mickle
Ernest Mobley
Lloyd Pettus
Kenneth Spillman
Julius Stevens 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Wilson Bowman 2
Caleb Jolly 2
Edward Lucas 3
Robert Orrell
Albert Silas 3
Jack Springer 2
Marvin Wilkins 2

—B—

Marvin Bridgeman 2
Charles Webb 3
Harvey Walters 2
Allen Wilson 2

---

## WHY DO WOMEN WORK?

At some time or another during the past half-dozen years possibly someone has found himself asking why so many women and girls are at work while the male unemployment rolls have mounted into the millions. Much criticism has accompanied the query, the old belief that "woman's place is in the home" still prevailing.

Now reliable figures are available as to why women work, and local readers will be interested in them. In a group of 12,000 higher paid women workers, with an average income of $1,300 a year, less than 10 percent of the number had no dependents. One out of every three supported households ranging from two to seven persons. In the lower paid group, girls averaging about $950 a year, two out of every three reported they were virtually the sole support of at least one other person than themselves. If the surveys resulting in these figures are to be taken in a real cross-section of the millions of women gainfully employed in this country then it is evident that the great bulk of our women workers get their jobs because they have to do so. They are the sole support of themselves and others dependent on them.

The common idea that most women work because they want "pin money" with which to procure more clothes and more luxuries does not hold up under this new survey. The one prime answer to why they work seems to be: "Because they have to."—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending May 1, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Marvin Bridgeman 21
(17) Ivey Eller 24
(3) George Green 3
(14) Leon Hollifield 24
(25) Edward Johnson 25
(11) Frank King 11
(25) Edward Lucas 25
(11) Warner Sands 17
(2) Mack Setzer 19

### COTTAGE No. 1

Virgil Baugess 2
Henry Cowan 7
J. C. Cox 17
(3) Fonnie Oliver 11
Howard Roberts 14
Albert Silas 14
R. L. Young 18

### COTTAGE No. 2

(3) John Capps 11
Julius Green 10

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 9
(4) Robert Atwell 7
(2) Earl Barnes 5
Earl Bass 3
(4) Carlton Brookshire 7
Herman Cherry
Wayne Collins 2
(2) Kenneth Conklin 5
(3) Frank Crawford 8
(4) Neely Dixon 13
Coolidge Green 12
(7) James Mast 16
Douglas Matthews 2
Harley Matthews 4
(2) William McRary 11
F. E. Mickle 10
Grady Pennington 5
John C. Robertson 10
(2) George Shaver 5
William T. Smith 10
(22) Allen Wilson 24

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 7
(2) Hurley Davis 12
(3) James Land 7
Van Martin 9
J. W. McRorrie 2
(2) Robert Orrell 11
(3) Frank Raby 19
William Surratt 5
(2) Rollins Wells 5
(2) James Wilhite 13
(2) Cecil Wilson 3

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Harold Almond 13
(4) Ernest Beach 19
(3) J. C. Ennis 10
Grover Gibby 6
(3) Jack McRary 10
(10) Winford Rollins 18
Ralph Webb 9

### COTTAGE No. 6

Eugene Ballew
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 16
(2) Robert Dunning 14
Columbus Hamilton 15
Leo Hamilton 15
(5) Thomas Hamilton 14
William Jones 3
Spencer Lane 14
James Rackley 15
(2) Joseph Sanford 7
Joseph Tucker 3
William Wilson 9
Woodrow Wilson 12
(2) George Wilhite 17

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Donald Britt 9
(4) Edward J. Lucas 10
Charles Taylor 12

**COTTAGE No 9**

Hollie Atwood 6
(4) Wilson Bowman 21
(3) Thomas Braddock 21
Edgar Burnette 15
Hubert Carter 15
(2) James Coleman 17
(2) Heller Davis 20
(2) George Duncan 10
(2) Woodfin Fowler 16
(3) Frank Glover 17
Elbert Kersey 13
(3) Earl Stamey 14

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 12
(4) Elbert Head 4
(2) Milford Hodgin 20
(4) William Knight 10
Felix Littlejohn 3
(2) James Nicholson 7
Jack Norris 2
James Penland 13
William Peedin 12
(4) Clerge Robinette 7
Oscar Smith 9
(4) William R. Williams 10

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Lawrence Guffey 11
Albert Goodman 16
Andrew Lambeth
Franklin Lyles 2
(5) Donald Newman 23
Roy Pope
Berchell Young 19

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Allard Brantley 8
(4) Frank Dickens 17
William C. Davis 4
(2) James Elders 12
Max Eaker 16
(3) Charlton Henry 16
Hubert Holloway 15
Alexander King 16
Thomas Knight 10
(4) Ewin Odom 20
James Reavis 12
(4) Howard Sanders 15
(2) Harvey J. Smith 11
(3) Carl Singletary 11
William Trantham 13
(4) Leonard Wood 6
Ross Young 16

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Burris Bozeman 3
(2) Clarence Douglas 13
(3) Jack Foster 11
(3) Bruce Kersey 7

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Monte Beck 8
(2) John Church 2
Fred Clark 7
(3) Delphus Dennis 5
(4) James Kirk 21
(3) Fred McGlammery 9
(3) Troy Powell 12
Richard Patton 5

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(13) Warren Bright 19
John Brown 16
(4) Leonard Buntin 13
(8) Hobart Gross 20
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 14
(4) Joseph Hyde 16
William Hawkins 10
L. M. Hardison 16
(3) Roy Helms 3
(3) Caleb Jolly 21
(3) Robert Kinley 5
(3) James McGinnis 19
(8) Raymond Mabe 18
(2) Edward Patrum 6
(9) Paul Ruff 11
(2) Rowland Rufty 7
Richard Thomas 12
(3) James Watson 14

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Joseph Cox 17
Filmore Oliver 19
Hubert Short 13
Curly Smith 3

---

**"The bird, the great crested fly catcher, with rare exceptions, decorates his nest with a cast of snake skin. It is generally supposed this is done for protection."—Selected.**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 14, 1938 No. 19

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THE TWO ROADS

In the morning, when you wake,
Two roads before you lie.
For the day, which will you take,
Since either you may try?

One's the road of selfishness;
And those who travel there
Cause others sorrow and distress
By tears and frowns they wear.

And one's the road of helpfulness;
And those who pass that way
Have cheery words and smiles to bless
The ones they meet that day.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS | By Jasper P. Sinclair | 10 |
| FAMOUS DR. W. L. POTEAT HAD NO FORMAL UNIVERSAL TRAINING | By Charles F. Hudson | 13 |
| RUG HOOKING AS A HOBBY | By Francis J. McHugh | 19 |
| 275TH ANNIVERSARY OF CHARTER REACHED | By Gertrude Carraway | 21 |
| THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HELPED | By Emma G. Wallace | 24 |
| MAKING SOAP | By Wouter Van Garrett | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TODAY

This is the Salutation of the Dawn,
This is the Message that the Morning brings:
This is thy day—a gift of God to thee.
And this is Life—the very Life of Life;
In its brief course lie all the verities—
Whate'er in Life is best, whate'er
Thou canst receive, whate'er thou canst do,
Whate'er in Being vital is, or real—
Glory of Action; blessedness of Growth;
Splendor of Beauty; fullness of delight,
For Yesterday is vanished like a dream;
Nothing remains to thee except Today,
Tommorow's vision, yet unrealized.
But, if the Truth ye love, then ponder this:
Today, well lived, makes every Yesterday
A Dream of Happiness—a waking bliss;
Lights every mountain-top with starry hopes,
Gilds every sun with beams of expectation.
Look therefore well to this aspiring Day.

—Selected.

## NATIONAL HOSPITAL DAY

The date, May 12, is chosen as National Hospital Day. This is the date of birth of Florence Nightingale, who in 1844, began a tour of Europe, looking into the condition of hospitals, and thereafter entered upon a course of study as a trained nurse at Kaiserworth on the Rhine.

In 1854, the time of the outbreak of the Crimean War, she with thirty nurses immortal her name when she took charge of the military hospitals up to the time of the close of the war in 1856.

She also turned her attention to the improvement of the sanitary conditions of the army and wrote many papers and books on sanitation and kindred subjects.

She is the founder of the St. Thomas Home in London for the training of nurses, and for this work received a cross from her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and a bracelet from the sultan of Turkey. Like the women of the yesteryears the women o fthe present date are the ons ewho mphasize hygiene, sanitation, beautification and other activities that promote health and happiness.

With such a history as that of Florence Nightingale, the pioneer of scientific nursing, it is indeed fitting that her birth day be chosen as the National Hospital Day, knowing that the nurses of such institution are as essential as practitioners, surgeons diagnosticians and others with a knowledge of science.

The Cabarrus county hospital is a gem instructure and equipment. The citizenship have a reason for being proud of this institution. They were slow in building but built wisely and not the half has been revealed yet. The people at large are all fired to make this unit of humanitarian service the equal of any in the country. Faith backed by courage is the motivating power of any good work.

* * * * * * *

## METHODIST MERGER

A very vital meeting that involved the membership of Methodist Protestant, Southern Methodist and Northern Methodist, including a membership of 8,000,000, covering the whole of the United States, convened in Brimingham, Ala., the 28 of April. The question before the General Conference of the Methodist Church was unification of these branches of Methodist faith. The merger was strongly endorsed by a majority because it would fulfill the dream of John Wesley, 18th century founder of world Methodism. The plea of Wesley when he left the United States was that his church might remain a single, undivided group.

The merging of these three units of Methodist faith is not a late issue, but has been talked of at every conference for years, but is now a reality. There were no doctrinal difference to smooth out. The Mason and Dixine line, an invisible one, but a most powerful

one was the stumbling block. It was purely a section difference too old to mention.

Time alone can erase sectional prejuduces, the advance army of new generations, obliterates all past difference. This merger is an evidences that the "bars and stars" have merged until there is nothing seen but one cross and one star—the star of Bethlehem. All united for the cause of preaching the Gospel with Christ the central figure so that the Church may serve with a greater hope of spreading the Gospel.

* * * * * * *

## FEDERAL AID FOR EDUCATION

The question foremost in the minds of the general public today is the education of the youth of the county. The question as to kind of training, mental or manual, has not yet taken lodgment in the minds of people. The training of the young people should result into a life of service if one is truly educated.

However, those interested in education are interested in a bill pending in Congress which if passed will give Federal Aid to states on a basis of needs. Let us hope the need for a more extensive manual preparation will be the emphasized need.

The proposed bill provdes for grants for adult education, appropriations for rural libraries and research work. A grant for a work-shop under a skilled artism in every community should be in order so as to take children from the streets and teach them a gainful occupation and most a delightful pastime. Something must be done for the straggling youngsters on the streets or schools for delinquents and prisons will have to be enlarged.

Despite the fact the Federal government has a hand in many state activities and things have moved smoothly, but the question in many minds is wherein will the control of the educational system be if Federal Aid is accepted.

* * * * * * *

## BETTER HEALTH—THE GOAL OF FEDERATED CLUBS

The State Federation of Women's Clubs has taken another forward step for the cause of better health for the unborn. It was

at a meeting of the Federated Clubs in Wilmington last week that a resolution favoring a law requiring persons seeking a marriage certificate have a health certificate showing that such applicants are not afflicted with syphilis. This law simply means the safeguarding of the innocent and protecting the future generations which is a wise move in the right direction.

From the press we learn that the state of New York has recently passed a law requiring a certificate, and similar laws are in effect in New Jersey, Connecticutt, Rhode Island, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

It is hoped that North Carolina will join the ranks of the states just mentioned, but if such a law is to be effective in this state, Virginia, South Carolina and Tennessee must adopt a similar law. In fact, since syphilis is wide spread throughout the nation, every state should have such a statute. It would be in keeping with the nation-wide campaign against the disease.

A Woman's Club is a vital organization in every community. The women have a more comprehensive understanding of civic conditions, health and beautification. In "union there is strength". A Woman's club gives an approach to any and all activities of any city or community.

* * * * * * *

## AN AGRICULTURAL CLASSIC

Tom Watson of Georgia, the famous agrarian, leader and scholar described, as no one else could, the beauties of spring at corn planting season.

The Progressive Farmer accepts this article as a classic, a pen picture that paints the beauties of nature—all of these symbols are suggestive of the unseen power:

The bluebird was out today, out in his glossiest plumage, his throat gurgling with song.

For the sunlight was warm and radiant in all the South, and the coming spring had laid its benediction on every field and hedge and forest.

The poplar leaves are now as big as squirrel ears and it's "time to plant corn."

Look north, look east where the sun rises, look south, look west

where the sun sets—on all sides the scene is the same. In every field the steady mule, the steady plowman, and the children dropping corn.

The smell of newly plowed ground mingled with the subtle incense of the yellow jasmine and from every orchard a shower of the blossoms of peach and apple and pear was wafted into the yard and hung lovingly on the eaves and in the piazzas of the old homestead—the old and faded homestead.

Was there a cloud in all the sky? Not one, not one.

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through the lanes and quiet fields, and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again.

* * * * * * *

## A TRANSFUSION IS GOOD.

The president of Harvard University, Dr. James B. Conant, while touring the south this spring expressed himself well pleased with the students of his institution from the Southland.

He commended them as good students, and is a strong advocate of an interchange of students at places of higher educational advantages for many reasons. He thinks the exchange gives a broadening and more sympathetic effect through a more comprehensive understanding of conditions that regulate life in different localities.

Through this understanding of prevailing conditions of different sections of the country it breaks down sectional prejudices, religious, racial or political, that retard progress of any kind peculiar to state or nation. In fact this transfusion of a different slant upon life snatches one from the same grooves travelled by inheritance for generations, and transforms a new life in a new world. An understanding heart makes a more charitable citizenship. In some way we commisrate the self satisfied fellow who passes through life with a closed mind. We may remain loyal to home without a sectional prejudice. No section has a monopoly. Wherever we go there is a commingling of the good and the bad, and the privilege is ours to choose the best.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

PASS IT ON

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gets ye
An ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that you sling it
It's a boomerang for you."

---

Straw hats show which way the wind blows.

---

It worries a whole lot of people to see other people not worrying.

---

Would you call a youth that reads a great deal a read-head boy?

---

A lot of men know when to speak; but they seldom know when to stop.

---

The wind bloweth where it listeth; but the taxpayer, giving in his taxes, doesn't.

---

If ignorance is bliss, it does look as if there should be a lot of hapiness in this world.

---

The man who pays cash deserves the most credit—but he seldom gets it, or asks for it.

---

It is told that an Illinois tornado carried a book 50 miles. Another example of "Gone with the Wind."

---

Daylight saving time has been added to the confusion of affairs in life, and a lot of us not only don't know where we are, but we don't know what time it is.

The report is current in Washington that the chaplain has prayed only twice in the Senate this year. Who knows but what that is the matter with the country today.

---

Counting sheep in order to go to sleep is just another way to "pull the wool over your eyes." A much better way is to count the sound of passing automobiles.

---

Anent the question of taxes, it seems that very little is accomplished when the government lends business nest eggs, and the tax collectors come along and purloin the nests.

The greatest item that disconcerts the affairs of men and women is politics.

---

Some time ago a little boy in one of the schools was asked by his teacher in what State, and what month he was born. He replied: "I wasn't born in any State. I was born in a trailer. And was born sometime, between the second payment on our car, and the third payment on the radio."

---

Outside influences often work havoc with the influences of the church, among young people. For instance: "If we go to church we can't listen to Charlie McCarthy," says a young church member quoted by Rev. Hugh R. Perry, of Herb Lake, Manitoba, who obliged by changing his service schedule.

---

It is told that recently Governor

Perry, of Virginia, and Governor McAllister, of Tennessee, rode for one mile in the same automobile—in the same seat—and did not leave their respective States! The State line runs down the Main street of Bristol. Now, that is what I would call stately neighborliness.

---

There are some honest and candid people in the world, but they do not get into print often. A stranger recently went to the door of farmer Roy McCleary, at Dixon, Ill., and asked the farmer his name and age and handed him a dollar bill. Flabbergasted, McCleary demanded, "how come?" "Many years ago," said the stranger, "I was a teacher at Dixon College. Now I'm a successful traveler and I want to pay you for a chicken I stole from your farm 22 years ago last Thanksgiving Day."

---

After exhausting the supply of water in a cistern, the Warsaw, (Ind.) fire department stopped a passing milk truck and pumped 500 gallons of milk on the burning farm house of Mrs. Ed Hoagland, saving it from destruction. That reminds me that many years ago the store house of a Jew, in Orange, Va., was struck by lightning, and was about to burn down. Mr. Rose, the proprietor, heard that milk was good to put out fires started by lightning, and in his excitment, he was yelling, "Mine Gawd, people, get some butter-milk, and get it quick, and safe mine store!"

---

## TODAY

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
The day is almost over and its toiling time is through,
Is there anyone to speak a kindly word to you?
Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,
Or just a sort of "howdy," then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,
Or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today?
Can you say tonight in parting with the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does the man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?
Did you waste the day or lose it; was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God would say,
"You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today."

—Marion Hoover.

# UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

**By Jasper B. Sinclair**

Here and there on the maps of the world are small splotches of color representing bits of territory over which no country has ever stablished complete sovreignty.

Generally they are worthless islands, dotting the surface of the seven seas far from the lanes of trade and travel, harborless, coral-rimmed islets or volcanic peaks of negligible importance.

Spitsbergen, for centuries a land without a flag, is a notable exception. Even today Spitsbergen still enjoys the distinction of a more or less uncertain sovereignty. That's rare in an age when practically all the worth while land areas on the face of the globe have been rather thoroughly approtioned among grabbing nations.

The average American would perhaps experience difficulty in locating Spitsbrgen offhand. He might confess that the name has an "Arctic flavor," but his replies would probably run the entire gamut of both the Arctic and Antarctic Circles.

That's not surprising, of course, for Spitsbergen is still one of the world's few remaining blank spots. Even the people of northern Europe know little of this country that lies beyond the northern rim of the continent. It has bulked large in Arctic history and in twentieth century news stories, but it is still one of the far frontiers that lie beyond the horizons of common knowledge.

Actually, Spitsbergen is a mountainous group of forbidding-looking islands. Twice the size of Maryland, they embrace some 25,000 square miles of snow and ice, of majestic glaciers and wind-swept tundras. The largest of the group is West Spitsbergen, equivalent to about half the island domain. Around it are clustered the lesser isles, like frozen ships in some phantom convoy.

This group lies about 370 miles due north of the North Cape of Norway, midway along the sea lanes that lead to the Pole. The bleak, expanseless waters of the Greenland, Norwegian and Barents Seas complete the world isolation of these isles.

Historically, Spitsbergen goes back a matter of seven and a half centuries in the record of the human race. Originally it was discovered in 1194, by some hardy Norsemen sailing the trackless seas of the north in their stout Viking craft.

For a space the islands again lapsed into obscurity behind the misty veil of the Arctic. In 1596 they were rediscovered by the daring Dutch explorer, William Barents, on one of the earliest of all Arctic expeditions.

For centuries the islands were the resort of whalers, fishermen and seal hunters from several nations. Most of them came from Norway, Sweden and Denmark, but some were Russians who ventured all the way from distant Baltic ports.

Ever since 1261, Norway has periodically asserted her claims to the islands, but without any material success. That's one instance where priority of discovery meant little. From 1870 the demand for sovereignty became even more insistent, particularly when Norwegian exploration

discovered rich outcropping seams of coal.

That's a necessity Norway lacks. A necessity that Norwegian industry and commerce had previously to purchase from neighbor nations.

With apparently uncounted treasures in coal—perhaps other minerals, too—waiting to be dug from these islands and shipped to home ports, Norway began pressing her claims more strenuously than ever before.

International conferences were held to settle the destiny of the group. But the isles of Spitsbergen were fated to further delay. The World War put an end to these negotiations and Norway's claims were once more pigeonholed in the international cabinet of diplomatic intrigue.

But when the time came for settling up at Versailles, the delegates at the peace table found the name of Spitsbergen surprisingly injected into the proceedings. This time an agreement was reached—after a fashion.

A treaty was signed at Paris on February 9, 1921, by the United States, Great Britain, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway. By the consent of these nations Spitsbergen was put under the flag of Norway, but not with unlimited sovereignty.

Norway agreed to certain restrictive conditions in return for what virtually constitutes a mandate over these Arctic islands. No naval base was to be established theron. The ships of all signatories were to enjoy hunting and fishing privileges there, and equal treatment must be accorded all.

In February, 1924, Soviet Russia hastened to affix her signature of acceptance to the treaty. Thus assuring her own Baltic fishermen of a chance to sail for the "happy fishing grounds" that lie off the shores of Spitsbergen.

A year and a half later Norway witnesed the culmination of her unceasing struggle for ownership. On August 14, 1925, the Norwegian flag was formally hoisted for the first time over this land of eternal snow and ice.

So far as Norway is today concerned, the fishermen of all nations are welcome to the catches made in Spitsbergen waters. The people of Norway are more vitally interested in the natural resources buried beneath the crust of snow and ice that blankets this rugged group.

These resources are today being speedily tapped by Norwegian enterprise and industry. Nearly all the coal mined to date has gone to Norway for the state-owned railways and steamship companies.

Metallurgists have estimated that the resources of the Spitsbergen coal fields approximate some nine billion tons of "black rock". But that is not all. Large deposits of low-grade iron ore and cypsum have also been found in the snow-encrusted hills, while signs of oil have recently been reported, to further gladden the hearts of Norwegian industrialists.

With the uncovering of these treasures Norway faces a new era of industrial and commercial expansion, probably without paralled in the history of this Scandinavian nation. The centuries during which she so stoutly contended for island sovereignty have at length brought their reward in the opening of this new field for national development.

Spitsbergen, despite its new-found prosperity, is by no means an overpopulated territory. The last census,

that of 1927, revealed that exactly 826 persons had the hardihood to live in this Arctic country.

Today it is estimated that the "summer population" is about 1,500, declining to about 1,200 during the winter months. The great mystery to outsiders is how the people of Spits bergen—or Svalbard, as the Norwegians call it—tell the difference between summer and winter, for these islands are under the year-round regency of Jack Frost.

A stepping stone on the road to the Pole, Spitsbergen has figured prominently in Arctic exploration ever since Barents reached that northern latitude in 1596. Henry Hudson, Phipps, Scorseby the Elder, and many another Polar expedition reached these islands in the early days, or used them as a base from which to push farther north.

In the present century Byrd, Amundsen, Wilkins and Nobile have all used these islands to complete their polar journeys.

Sir George H. Wilkins and party cruised, in 1931, under the Arctic ice above Spitsbergen in their submarine. They were at times 500 feet below the surface and traveled under ice fifteen feet thick.

The party found sea valleys north of Spitsbergen that were 12,000 feet deep, while the ridges were only 2,400 feet from the surface of the sea.

Tragedy has also stalked alone these sea lanes within sight of the icy ramparts of the Spitsbergen shores. On July 11, 1897, the Swedish aerial engineers—Salomon August Andree, Niles Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel —departed from Virgo, Spitsbergen, on board the balloon Ornen, bound for the North Pole.

From that day henceforth they vanished from the world of living men. Thirty-three years later, on August 6, 1930, their frozen, preserved, shrunken bodies were found on White Island by a Norwegian scientilc expedition headed by Dr. S. Horn. The final chapter had been written to another Arctic saga under the northern lights.

---

## TO AVOID CANCER, DON'T GET TOO GOOD A SUN-TAN THIS SUMMER

If you want to avoid cancer of the skin don't try to get too good a suntan this summer—and this is no April Fool joke.

Dr. Arthur Knudson and Dr. W. Ray Bryan of the Albany Medical College told members of the Federated Biological Societies recently that too much sun bathing or nudism can be an important contributing cause of skin cancer.

The reason is, they said, that too much ultraviolet light draws a concentration of cholesterol, a normal body chemical, to the skin. Cholesterol is closely related to coal tar and other chemicals which are known to cause cancer when injected under the skin.—Selected.

# FAMOUS DR. W. L. POTEAT HAD NO FORMAL UNIVERSITY TRAINING

**By Charles F. Hudson, in Charlotte Observer**

On March the 12th William Louis Poteat died. An intellectual frontiersman fared on in the love of there as in the love of here. He was a generalissimo of genius who glorified all life wherever he touched it. An able friend of his designated him as not only the ablest scholar but also the first citizen of North Carolina.

The New York Times appraised him as follows: "That doughty, venerable scholar and defender of the faith (whose armor was his honest thought), Dr. William Louis Poteat, now emeritus president of Wake Forest college." The editor concluded: ". . . that brave old warrior who has fought so valiantly for the truth and permanent peace, never playing for safety, never shunning a position that called for heroic spirit. He is nearing his eightieth year, but his spirit and faith have been caught into the minds of youth and will prevail." (Editorial N. Y. Times Fedruary 25, 1935).

The purpose of this article is to reveal an exclusive and authorized interview given by Dr. Poteat about the time of his 78th birthday. Much of the following will be direct quotations from the old master himself.

As to his church relationship Dr. Poteat said: "I joined the church at Yanceyville when I was 12 years old. You see my father and mother kept the Sunday school there. She was very tender in her religious life and had more to do with my joining the church so young."

When queried as to his early education Dr. Poteat described rather briefly the circumstances of his day.

"We had a governess in the home, in fact we had several. The governess taught the four of us, and now and then a cousin of mine would spend some time attending this school taught by these governesses. They were faithful and true to their obligations, but they were not specialy trained. We did not go to any public school. I went for five months to a school up in Yanceyville—walked two miles up there—a sort of boys' school. But the other children all went to a school taught by Miss Lizzie Lownes. She was quite a remarkable woman and was well trained for that period. She taught me Latin, but she used the English pronunciation."

In answer to the request for a sketch of his college career Dr. Poteat replied:

"I went down to college and Dr. Taylor called me 'Mr. Poteat,' and I was only 16 years old. Doctor Wingate was president of Wake Forest at that time. I think that we were as well trained in that day as they are today, if not better. We did not scatter over so much ground. We had three years of English, three years of Greek and history, philosophy and science. I studied Greek, but lost a year on account of illness. When I went back I joined the same Greek class, and Dr. Royall gave me 100 on that examination. We went into a subject and we went on through it. I think our science teaching was very deficient. One professor of science taught all the sciences and we had no

laboratory work; it was all recitation. I got my degree in 1877."

When asked as to his purpose in going to college, he said:

"I was really not very eager to go to school. My brother Ed got to be a very distinguished man, you know. He begged to stay at home when the time came for him to go. And when I got to Wake Forest, I begged to go back with the gentleman who brought his son and me down.

"Doctor Sage, of the Rockfeller Foundation, came down to Wake Forest six years ago, and he was investigating the question of how a man who was in science now was influenced to go into that field—what professor influenced him—and he asked me and I said to him, 'I was sent to teach studies that I never studied myself. There was nobody to influence me.'

"Dr. Taylor was president and asked me to come down there and teach. I graduated in 1877, and he asked me down in the summer of 1878, and so I began the year after to teach at Wake Forest. I went home after I graduated and studied law. And I was going to be a lawyer, and thank the Lord I changed. He called me to be a tutor at $400 for the whole year's work. It sounded like a welcome bird in the hand. It was attractive.

"The literary society was the main feature of Wake Forest in those days. We would sit up there in the Euzelian society until 1 o'clock in the morning debating questions, and that was in th e winter time when we had no fire. The hall was so beautiful that we did not want to smoke it up. We would wrap our feet in overcoats. We met every Friday night and every Saturday morning—about 100 students."

On being asked to name some of the outstanding students of his day, Dr. Poteat replied:

"My friend, Edgar E. Polk, who was editor of the Tennessee Baptist paper for many years after his graduation. He was in my class, and he was a very attractive man. Then there was Charles W. Scarborough, who was a leading spirit in the Chowan association later on. As a preacher, pastor, public speaker, and public spirited man, he was charming. He was really my best friend in those college days, though he was 10 years older than I. I was the youngest man in the class. Then there was James W. Denmark, who was founder of the Students' Aid association at Wake Forest. Erastus B. Jones was another member of my class, later superior court judge in North Carolina. There was R. B. Jones, a useful country pastor. Those were the members of the class. There were only six, and I am the only one left."

Dr. Poteat taught at Wake Forest college for almost 60 years. He said:

"I taught practically everything that needed to be taught. I think I did most of my work in the beginning in Latin, Greek and English—five hours every day for five days of the week, and I seemed to have more leisure then than I have now. I know that I would have a New York paper and would stray off in the woods and lie down in a sunny broomstraw hill side and read. I would be playing golf today. Dr. A. T. Robertson (world renowned Greek scholar) introduced me to G. Campbeel Morgan. He said, 'Here is the man who taught me my Greek letters.' I taught A. T. Robertson."

"In 1881 Dr. Taylor persuaded me

to be assistant professor of natural science. And in 1883 the trustees elected me professor of biology. It was rather a new position there. Doctor Lewis was professor of biology at the University of North Carolina, and son of the late Dr. R. H. Lewis. He is a brother to the famous Miss Nell Battle Lewis. He confirmed the statement that had been made at the University of Virginia that I was the first man that introduced the biological method, I mean to say, the laboratory method, in the teaching of biology in the South. The professor of biology at the University of North Carolina told me once that I was presenting the doctrine of evolution in my courses at Wake Forest 15 years before he dared to mention the subject in the University of North Carolina. I had to learn these courses as I taught them.

"I went to Berlin in 1888 to study in the University of Berlin. I went mainly to get some inside information about the method of teaching. The slides I made in 1888 in Berlin are still useful in my classes. In the summer of 1893 I spent some time at Woods Hole, Mass., on Buzzard's Bay. I think that it has been rather unique in just that particular way, that I acquired these subjects as I went along. **I did not have any university training after any formal fashion.**

Queried as to the general reaction to his teaching, Dr. Poteat gave the crux of the long conflict through which he pased and overcame in North Carolina. "I had a personal problem. I was called to teach the most revolutionary of the sciences in the period when the biological revolution was taking shape and coming through in England. And I had to make some adjustments for my own comfort, don't you see? I was learning that what I knew in biology was in direct conflict with what I had been taught in the field of religion. **I made, I think, the most important discovery of my career right there. I found that religion was one thing and intellectual effort to account for it was another thing.** I came to distinguish between the religious experience and theology, and while I would not be able to accept items current in theology—the young people have not learned it yet. And that is the reason why they are bothered. I was very unhappy for a considerable period—up to the time I made that discovery. After that I was at peace. I was at peace because I did not have to accept what Mr. Smith told me. I could think as well as he could. I had the same responsibility to think my own thoughts as he had, especially since he had got somebody else's generally. **That was a critical period in my personal history, because I could then think what I had to think and still retain my attachment to Christ and His program in the world.**

"Early in my teaching carreer, I formed the habit of leaving my scientific work at the college. I did not make my preparations for my lectures at home. But I made them at the college—my notes, my text books, and all at the college—and when I came home, why goodbye biology, good-bye science. I came home and was a man and not a man of science. I was a man with intellectual curiosity and tastes which I was able to gratify. If I have my capacity in the field of literary achievement, I attribute it largely to

that, because I was not willing to be a specialist. I would come home at nights, look at my library and say, 'Which one shall it be tonight?' Well it might be Browning, you know. I rarely read novels. They don't interest me. They are too long. I decline to be a specialist. And that accounts for my general intrest in public matters, I suppose. I have a definition of a specialist. He is a man who has one interest and no horizon. Isn't that about so?"

President Poteat was very positive in his conception and distinction between a research man and a true teacher. He declared:

"What they call scientific research is, I was about to say, 75 per cent bunk. Here is a man who gets his Ph. D. degree in some university on the 'Bacterial Content of Cotton Undershirts.' I have read of another man who got his Ph. D., on 'What Goes on in Boiled Icing.' I understand, of course, that this little item of observation may contribute something to human knowledge, but they have no relation to culture at all. Some of the gentlemen who were reporting investigations at—university the other day struck me very much the same way. There was a man who was trying to find out what different amounts of pressure would have on an egg that was growing to be a chicken. He said that he had not ascertained anything yet. What difference does it make if he does find out? I mean to say that 75 per cent of it is useless."

Professor's Poteat's elevation to the presidency of Wake Forest college was an epoch in the history of North Carolina Baptists. It was while he was abroad in 1905 that he received the news of his election. On this trip he made an address on "The Social Implications of the Gospel," in Ector Hall, London. This was the occasion of the Baptist World Alliance which met in London that year. At the same time Dr. Poteat was being urged to accept the presidency of Mercer university in Georgia. Dr. J. W. Lynch cabled President Poteat that he was elected, and the cablegram was delivered while he was crossing the English Channel. Lynch has always been the close friend of Wake Forest and its presidents.

Dr. Poteat has been a popular lecturer in the larger universities and colleges of America for more than a generation. Being a true Christian scientist his messages have been in demand by the schools of religion everywhere. However, he had been greatly persecuted by those who did not have any conception of the scientific approach, and did not know that he was a foremost follower of Christ. Among his most outstanding lectures were "Can A man Be a Christian Today?" "The Way to Victory," and "The Elements of the Beverage Age."

The furor of the so called fundamentalists gathered about the head of President Poteat at several Baptist conventions. But he never lost his poise. When he spoke for himself "there was no guile in his mouth," and all present were better men for having heard him. With such phrases as "A great campaign and Christ as our leader, and we want to cut out this debating in the rear of the lines. Yonder gleams his banner. Up and after him to victory." At the close of this immortal address the convention arose and sung, "All Hail The Power of Jesus Name," and the belligerent

brothers went home with bowed heads.

To sum up the entire situation it is well to name one incident. An enemy went to the meeting and Dr. Poteat was speaking when the gentleman arrived, but the enemy did not know him—none of his enemies did—so after the meeting the emeny said, "That man did not leave one foot for him to stand on." He was speaking of Poteat's own address.

Often when Dr. Poteat spoke audible expressions like this were heard in the crowd, "Lord, help him!" This is indicative of the tenseness of those hectic occasions. Dr. Poteat refused to surrender, or resign under fire. His nobility of soul demanded perfect vindication. When he did resign at age 72 the substance of his letter was:

"Years ago I determined to resign when I was seventy years of age. I am offering you my resignation now in consideration of my age and for no other reason."

He later relates his reactions: "I never had so much fun in all of my life when I could forget the injurious impressions which this fight was making on young Christians. I said it was spreading thorns in the path of young Greeks who would see Jesus."

There was victory for "Dr. Billy" at Winston-Salem, Charlotte, and wherever he fought. He could stand in his characteristic poise with a New Testament in his hand and talk to men about Christ until none would lift their hands against him.

Dr. Poteat enjoyed many distinctions of which no other man can boast. Although he was not an ordained minister he preached often and most acceptably. He is the only layman ever asked to preach the annual sermon of the North Carolina Baptist State convention. One of his former students, Rev. Charles F. Hudson, nominated him for that place. The sermon was preached at the Greensboro meeting, and was a crowning effort on the part of Dr. Poteat. His audience was held enrapt as he "preached unto them Jesus."

Dr. Poteat always demonstrated perfect chivalry. It is one of the sacred traditions of Wake Forest college to recall the courtship and marriage of "Dr. Billy" and Emma Purefoy. In their lives they were not divided. In answer to a question concerning his family, Dr. Poteat said: "We have three children. The eldest is Hubert McNeil Poteat, Ph. D., of Columbia university, Professor of Latin in the summer school of Columbia now for nine years, Professor of Latin at Wake Forest college. A man said to me one time, 'You had better look out, Hubert is going to take your laurels.' I said, 'Let him. What is the use of a second generation if it is not an improvement on the first?'

Dr. Poteat has not written an autobiography despite the fact that many have asked him to do so. On being asked as to his degrees he said: "I hold four honorary degrees: LL. D. from Baylor university 1905, University of North Carolina 1906, Brown university 1927, Mercer university 1933."

When asked how he had managed to keep physicially fit, and so alert mentally, he replied:

"I have to thank my parents for that. They were both sound and vigorous, and that is my chief blessing from them—a sound heredity. I lead a rather quiet life—but have done a great deal of exercise in the

way of trips with my classes. They usualy say I walk them too fast. I play golf. I have been playing golf for ten or fifteen years. I have a nap every afternoon. It is not a habit. It is a religion. I think that it prolongs my life. I never get too tired. I don't call on my reserves. I eat a great many vegetables, little meat."

Being born on a southern plantation in the days of slavery, it is significant that Dr. Poteat's last public utterance was concerning the race problem. He was an ardent champion of racial fairness.

In 1936 the Baptists of North Carolina elected Dr. Poteat president of the convention. Thus they crowned him whom they had once cruified. He lived to see his own immortality.

---

## NOT BY LUCK

It all depends on the choice we make,
And which of the two roads we decide to take;
Though luck may follow, or stay behind,
It isn't by luck that a man grows kind.

Each of us says what his fame shall be,
Fashions the man which the world shall see;
He may blame his luck for the loss he meets,
But there's no excuse for the man who cheats.

We can all be fair under skies serene,
But it isn't by luck that man stays clean;
Chance may favor some shady plan,
But luck never fashioned a gentleman.

The fame man wins, and the friends he makes,
Depends on which of the two roads he takes;
Wealth may be won by a wheel that is turned,
But honor is something that must be earned.

In countless ways are our natures tried,
And what we shall be we must all decide;
The world shall judge us as false or true
By the men we are and things we do.

We may gather from fortune what joys we can,
But it isn't by luck that a man's a man.

—Selected.

# RUG HOOKING AS A HOBBY

By Francis J. McHugh

Some of the most treasured possessions handed down from Colonial ancestors are hand hooked rugs. That's what they did with their old clothes and leisure time, those shrewd old Yankee farmers. When clothes had been patched and patched until they were no longer fit to wear, the women cut them into strips and rolled the strips into balls. Then, on long winter evenings, the whole family men and women, sat on the floor before the fireplace and hooked. They made their own patterns: ships, woodland and pastoral scenes, flowers, and geometric designs. The more the rugs were used, the better they looked. And today, it's difficult to realize a valuable Colonial rug was once Jeremiah's red flannels and blue pants.

The present vogue of hooking rugs springs from this Colonial source. But your true hooker avoids the modern trend toward yarns, mechanical hookers, and tilting frames. They make the hobby expensive and sort of sissified. He prefers the old Yankee idea; rag strips, hand hooks, and simple wooden frames.

During the winter months, when his boat is in drylock, a young professional yacht skipper who lives on the island of Martha's Vineyard, spends most of his enforced leisure hooking rugs. His wife collects all the old clothes she can get, washes and cuts them into strips about three-eights of an inch wide. He has built a wooden frame four feet square from three-quarter-inch stock. They mark a pattern on a burlap bag and tack it on the frame. Then they sit on the floor, a pan of fudge between them, and go to it.

He files his hooks from old screw drivers. The pattern, which they designed themselves, is incorporated into each rug they make, the idea being to refurnish their home with hand hooked rugs of similar patterns. So far they have made rugs for the bedrooms and one long one for the stairs. This winter they are working on the living room rugs.

Woolens furnish the best materials for the strips because they keep their colors. The wool is held under the burlap base, the hook is inserted from the top, and part of the strip is looped through to about one quarter of an inch above the surface. The loops are as close together as possible. There is no need of sewing the pieces together; when one strip is used, another takes its place.

The thrifty Nova Scotians hook their rugs from coarse yarns made from old grain sacks. The sacks are first dyed. Then they are unraveled and the fibres loosely twisted to form a yarn.

The novice usually makes the loops too far apart and uses too many bright colors. A bit of red or orange adds warmth and cheer, but a great deal will spoil an otherwise good pattern. Dark colors produce the best background. The desired shades are secured by dyeing the strips. About one inch of the burlap base is left around the edges. This is folded and bound so the rug can be used on either side.

Hooked rugs are never shaken or

beaten. They are brushed or vacuumed. With care, they last a lifetime, each year adding to their beauty and value. It is said that antique dealers expose new rugs to unusual wear to get an oldish effect.

Hooking rugs requires patient skill and strength. Many men as well as women enjoy this leisure activity.

---

## TODAY

I will start today serenely
With a true and noble aim,
I will give unselfish service
To enrich another's name.

I will speak a word of courage
To a soul enslaved by fear,
I will dissipate drab discord
With the sunshine of good cheer.

I will be sincere and humble
In the work I have to do,
I will praise instead of censure
And see the good in you.

I will keep my mind and body
Sound and flexible and pure,
I will give my time and study
To the things that long endure.

I will do what I am able
To advance a worthy cause,
I will strive to lessen evil
And obey God's righteous laws.

I will pray to him to guide me
In the straight and narrow way,
I will shun false pride and folly,
I will live my best today.

—Grenville Kleiser.

# 275TH ANNIVERSARY OF CHARTER REACHED

By Gertrude Carraway

March 24th was the 275th anniversary of the granting of the first charter of King Charles II of England to the original eight Lords Proprietors for the province of Carolina in the New World.

This first charter after the Restoration in England, dated March 24, 1663, was for practically the same territory that had been granted by King Charles I in 1629 to his Attorney General, Sir Robert Heath. The property was extended by the Second Charles by a second charter June 30, 1665.

The eight original Lords Proprietors were important leaders in England, loyal to the Crown: Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, high chancellor of England whose daughter had married the King's brother; General George Monk, "Master of our Horse and Captain General of all our Forces," who for his military success in behalf of the monarchy had been made Duke of Albemarle.

William, Earl of Craven, an outstanding soldier, who had assisted Charles II financially; Lord John Berkeley, "our right trusy and well-beloved," Anthony Lord Ashley afterwards created the Earl of Shaftesbury, Parliamentary leader and chancellor of the exchequer.

Sir George Carteret, considered the best seaman of the period, knight, baronet and vice Chamberlain of the Royal household; Sir William Berkeley, for some years Royal Governor of Virginia; and Sir John Colleton, knight and baronet.

The charter stated that these leaders were "excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith, and the enlargement of our empire and dominion," by settling "in the parts of America not yet cultivated or planted, and only inhabited by some barbarous people who have no knowledge of Almighty God."

Accordingly, by the charter, King Charles II did "give, grant and confirm" to the eight men "all that territory or tract of ground scituate, lying and being within our dominion of America extending from the north end of the island called Lucke island, which lieth in the southern Virginia Seas, and within six and thirty degrees of the northern latitude, and to the west as far as the south seas, and so southerly as far as the river St. Matthias, which bordereth upon the coast of Florida."

This document was granted, it states, by "Charles II, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith." On May 23, 1663, the Lords Proprietors organized under the charter.

The eight men were named absolute Lords Proprietors of "Carolina," with full powers of governments, to make laws with the consent of the freeman, that would not be in violation of English laws; to allow freedom of worship in the New World; and to grant titles to nobility not in use in England.

Under John Locke's "Fundamen-

tal Constitutions or the Grand Model of Government," which had important ideals of liberty but failed to function suitably for the scattered inhabitants in the colony, a Palatine's Court was organized by these "Property Kings."

After forming a joint-stock company and providing by general contributions for transporting colonists and paying their expenses, the Lords Proprietors had to defend their title to the Carolinas because of previous grants; but when their ownership was assured they gave Sir William Berkeley the power to appoint a Governor for their new land.

Sir William, as Governor of Virginia, stopped issuing land patents in the "Albermarle" territory about December 25, 1663, and afterwards they came under instructions from the Lords Proprietors. William Drummond of Virginia was named as first Governor of Albermarle county, and served from October, 1664 to October, 1667.

Names of the Proprietors still survive in the names of places through the Carolinas. The share of the Duke of Albermarle, the name remembered in the south, was acquired by John Granville, Earl of Bath, who dying in 1701, was succeeded by his son, John Lord Granville. In 1709, the Duke of Beaufort acquired this share and devised it to James Bertie in trust for his sons, Henry and Charles Somerset. Beaufort county is named for the Duke, as is the town of Beaufort; while the oldest town in North Carolina bears the name of Bath.

Craven country honors the Earl of Craven. When the original Proprietor died without descendants, his share went to his grandnephew, William Lord Craven, whose son by the same name next inherited it.

After the death of the Earl of Clarendon, his share was bought in 1679 by Seth Sothel then going later to Thomas Amy and eventually to James Bertie, after whom Bertie county was named.

Lord Berkeley's share went to his son, John, a famed admiral but it had been forfieted and in 1698 was sold to Joseph Blake and his son, Lord Ashley's share went to his son. Sir John Colleton's share on his death in 1666 went to his son, Sir Peter, and then to Sir Peter's son, Sir John.

The share of Sir William Berkeley was sold upon his death to John Archdale for his son, Thomas Archdale. Afterwards, it was sold to Sir Peter Colleton, for himself and three other Proprietors, and the title was conveyed to Thomas Amy as trustee for them. This property in 1705 was obtained by John Archdale, who conveyed it to his son-in-law, John Dawson. Later by court decree it was sold to Hugh Watson as trustee for Henry and James Bertie.

Carteret county was named for the Carterets. George Carteret's share upon his death in 1679 was inherited by his infant son, who was represented by the Earl of Bath. This second George Carteret died in 1695, and he was succeeded by his son, George Carteret, who at the time of the purchase of Carolina rights by the Crown in 1729 as lieutenant governor of Ireland and in 1742 overthrew Walpole's administration and became prime minister. On the death of his mother, Countess of Granville he became Lord Granville. He would not sell his New World property to the Crown, and in 1744 it was set apart to him in the northern half of North

Carolina. It was held by the State after the Revolution. His heirs brought suit, but failed to recover.

After sale of the other shares by all the other Lords Proprietors to the Crown in 1729, North Carolina was a Royal Province, ruled by Royal Governors appointed by the British King until the last Royal Governor Josiah Martin was driven from New Bern May 31, 1775.

---

## FUTURE HOUSES

If your son and his wife buy a house in 1970, it won't look much like the home you're living in now, according to Marcus Duffield, writing in the January Commentator. There will be:

No basement.

Heating units will be contained in a pantry built vertically like a cone through the center of the house.

No attic.

Instead there will be a flat enclosed roof, to be used as a playground for both children and adults.

No windows that open.

Air conditioning will include proper humidity, elimination of kitchen odors, enough ozone to make it bracing.

No carpets.

All floors will be of a soft but durable composition material, pneumatically inflated, so that you will literally be walking on air, and children can tumble without getting bumps.

Changeable color schemes.

Your son will be able to change the color scheme at will, by means of lights.

If he is having a party, gay yellows and reds will be in order; if he is tired, restful blues and greens will soothe him. His walls may be silvery today, orange tomorrow.

Flexible walls.

He can also change the shape and even the number of rooms. Partitions within the house will bear none of the weight of the building.—Selected.

# THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HELPED

By Emma Gary Wallace

Little Helen's mother was having company. It was an afternoon party in honor of an old schoolmate of hers, whom Mrs. Blount was very happy to have visit her. To little Helen, this guest was Aunty Jean, and Helen loved to have Aunty Jean there.

Before the time came for the ladies who were invited to come, Helen's mother dressed the little girl very daintily in a fine white frock, trimmed with small pink rosebuds. Helen wore little, shiny, black slippers and pink and white socks.

"Doesn't she look darling!" Aunty Jean cried, giving the little girl a squeeze.

"Yes, I think she looks very nice," smiled Mrs. Blount, "and I am quite sure she will do all she can to help me."

Helen looked thoughtful, for she didn't know that there was anything she could do.

"You can keep brother Bobbie quiet and contented," her mother went on, "until grandma comes for him at four o'clock. She is to take him over to her house for the rest of the afternoon. Then if you see any of the ladies sitting alone, and perhaps with no one near, you can go up and talk to them, and, perhaps, show them some of the beautiful views which Uncle Frank has just brought back from his trip around the world. You know they are in the little brown basket on the window still. Or, perhaps, if someone does not look quite comfortable, you can offer a cushion to put at her back.

"And I am sure you can answer the telephone for me if it rings. Unless it is very necessary, do not call me. Just say that mother is busy and begs to be excused until evening.

"Then I expect that a delivery man will bring the ice cream at 4.30, and I'd like you to be on the watch out and tell him to leave it in the hall just outside the kitchen door. And when the mail man arrives, you can take the mail and put it on daddy's desk."

"My, my!" laughed Aunty Jean, "what a busy little girl Helen is going to be! I wonder if she will remember."

Helen looked very thoughtful, but she made up her mind to do her best, and so all the afternoon she was watching for ways and places to be of service. She was very busy up to the last minute when lame Mrs. Elder forgot her handbag and Helen ran back into the house, got it, and took it out to the car to her.

"Thank you, dear," smiled Mrs. Elder, "you are a real little helper, aren't you!"

The praise made Helen very happy, and when Aunty Jean told her daddy that night how much she had done to make the party a success, her father patted her head in approval. And somehow that made Helen's heart very light, indeed.

One week later, Aunty Jean was back home, and Helen had a birthday. That morning the postman stopped with a long, narrow box. The little girl could scarcely restrain her curiosity until the box was opened, and then she hopped up and down and

clapped her hands for joy, for there was the loveliest doll she had ever seen. It had blue eyes and real hair.

Beside it was a little envelope and in the envelope a note which said, "To Helen, the helper, who is always something to make someone else happy or comfortable."

Helen listened while her mother read the note.

"But, Mummie," she protested, "I had a good time helping others."

"Of course, you did," laughed her watching for an opportunity to do

---

## ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Commit thy way unto the Lord.
Dare to do right; fear no wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make a rule to read your Bible daily.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to everyone a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is sure.

—Selected.

# MAKING SOAP

## By Wouter Van Garrett

It would be difficult to imagine what life would be without soap. It is one of those common articles that we use again and again without any thought as to its origin, or to the method of its manufacture. People who have had to go without it for any length of time tell us that they became desperate when they were deprived of it. During the early years of the Russian revolution a great many Americans found themselves in a country where soap was difficult to secure. Some became so desperate that they were willing to barter precious possessions for it, or even to steal.

In the early days of our own country almost everybody made their own soap, and in many rural communities it is still the custom to make it out of fats and lye. But most of the soap that is consumed in this country today is made in large factories where the business has become highly specialized. For many years it was made only in bars and cakes, but now one can secure it in the form of flakes, liquid, and power.

The scientist has a technical name for soap-making; it is "soponification" and means that fats or oils are made to react under the influence of sodium hydroxide. In the factory stearin is also used in the making of soap, and its source is tallow. The housewife used to use an iron kettle in which to mix and boil the ingredients, and the factory also uses kettles; but they are much larger. In fact, they may be so huge as to hold hundreds of thousands of gallows of liquid, and to produce as much as a million pounds of the finished product.

After it comes from the huge kettle the soap is run through crunching machines where it is shaped into molds, after which it is cut into strips by thin steel wires. These large strips may weigh as much as 1200 pounds each, and later they are cut into desired sized cakes. The final step in the process is drying to give it hardness.

So far, in the discussion one might have formed the impression that soap-making is a very simple process, and plain ordinary soap is made by a rather simple process. But the industry has developed to a stage where its product is made to meet the needs of different conditions, and different water. Some water is hard, that is it has a large lime content, and some is soft; different proportions of water are put into the ingredients to meet these conditions.

You have used floating soap, and transparent soap; the former is made by beating air into it while still in liquid form, and the latter contains glycerine. Toilet soaps are treated with dyes and perfume in order to make them attractive to the buyer. Those of inferior quality contain free alkali and are actually harmful to the skin, causing it to chap; the better grades are made of ingredients that have been selected with great care. The same is true of medicated soaps.

There is also soft soap, and liquid soap, and these are made by substituting some other ingredient for sodium and hydroxide. Shaving soaps are made by using as the chemical agent

a mixture of sodium and potassium hydroxide. Laundry soap must lather freely, and to meet this need rosin is added.

The powdered soaps that have become so popular are made by grinding a hard soap into a fine powder; most of these brands are packed in paper packages. Soap chips are made in much the same manner except that the original soap blocks are not cut into such small particles. There are also a number of scouring soaps on the market, and they have a useful place in the home; they are made in much the same way as ordinary soap except that some gritty substance is added, such as powdered sand, to act as a cleaning agent.

There are scores and scores of different soaps on the market, and for different purposes and uses. If one will exercise a little care, and really know what the particular brand of soap is expected to do the buyer can find the particular kind for her need. The old homemade soap had a limited scope of usefulness, and it was a tedious task to make it. It meant saving odds and ends of fats for weeks and then working hard all day to produce a single batch. The manufacturer has lifted a bit of drudgery from the housewife by engaging in the business of making soap, and in addition he has enlarged its scope of usefulness. He has had the chemist to assist him in producing soaps to meet various needs.

## MENACES TO THE FAITH

The world is today being rapidly divided into nazi-fascist and socialist-communistic nations. Between the two, democracy is being crushed and Christianity destroyed. Nazi-fascists are totalitarian in their conception of the state. The socialistic-communists are proletarian in their conception of the state.

The one heads up all power in a dictation. The other heads up all power in the people. The one is intensely national, the other international. The one stands for the conquest of the world by force; the other for the conquest of the world by ideas. The one has its origin in the teachings of Aristotle and Plato; the other originated with Karl Marx. The one defies the state; the other defies the people.

Both are coming to be a religion; both are antagonistic to Christianity, and either, if successful, will banish the faith of the lowly Nazarene from the earth.—Home Missions.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Chairs and tables for our new music and lecture room in the Swink-Benson Trades Building have arrived and have been placed.

---

New power sewing machines, recently purchased for the sewing room, were received the other day, and will soon be installed in this department, also located in the Swink-Benson Building.

---

The following boys were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital Charlotte, yesterday, for tonsil operation: Burris Bozeman, James Boone, Ben McCracken, Albert Hayes and Herman Cherry.

---

William Pitts, of Cottage No. 1, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Monday, where he underwent an operation for acute appendicitis. The latest report coming to us from that institution stated that he was getting along fine.

---

The beautiful peony bed near the Cannon Memorial Building, which has been so pleasing in appearance for several weeks, is rapidly passing into history. These plants have been tagged and seeds will soon be gathered from those bearing the nicest blooms.

We received a card this week from Carl D. Shoffner, a former member of the printing class, who returned to his home in Graham a few months ago. Carl tells us that he is in the eighth grade in the public school there, and is getting along well in his studies.

---

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby, members of the Training School staff, accompanied by their daughter, Betty, and Mrs. Hobby's sister, Miss Pearl Mast, were motoring back to the School from Boone last week when the car in which they were riding collided with a transfer truck near Statesville. Miss Mast received many lascerations about the face and Mr. Hobby was considerably bruised. Mrs. Hobby and little Betty escaped uninjured.

---

Mr. J. C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, and Mr. Alf Carriker, officer in charge of the wood-working department at the School, went to Raleigh last Monday to meet with the members of the State Division of Purchase and Contract for the purpose of selecting wood-working machinery with which to equip the new shop soon to be opened in the Swink-Benson Trade Building. The selection of machines was made and purchase of same authorized, so it won't be long until this newly-equipped department will be in operation.

Robert McDaniel, formerly of Cottage No. 1, visited us last Monday and Tuesday. He was paroled April 27, 1926. Robert is married and is now living in Washington, D. C., and reports that he is getting along very nicely. He was enthusiastic in speaking of what the School had done for him and stated that he feels the folks here are his real friends. Feeling that he would like to do something for the boys here, Robert asked permission to provide enough ice cream to serve all the boys at supper on Monday night. This was granted, and he kindly donated seventeen gallons of ice cream—enough for our large family of nearly five hundred boys and the members of the staff. This was a fine gesture and both the boys and officials of the School are grateful to Robert for his generous gift.

---

Through the courtesy and co-operation of Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., Standard Oil Company representative in Cabarrus County, and Mr. R. L. Burrage, owner of the Cabarrus Creamery, Concord, the entire Jackson Training School family was treated to a generous serving of excellent ice cream last Sunday evening. The milk, cream and sugar were furnished by the School and the addition of other necessary ingredients, the making and transportation of the ice cream were taken care of by Messrs Propst and Burrage. With the assistance of these good friends, the School expects to be able to serve ice cream each Sunday during the summer months. All the boys are hailing Messrs. Propst and Burrage as the best kind of sports in thus making possible this treat for their enjoyment, and it is our opinion that they could not have hit upon a more acceptable service.

---

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read a selection appropriate to Mothers' Day, the story of Hannah and her son, Samuel, as found in the first chapter of I Samuel.

At the beginning of his talk to the boys, during which he told several stories illustrating the purpose of Mothers' Day, Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that a boy is representative of the home from which he comes, and especially is he a representative of his mother. Next to "Master" the sweetest word in the English language is "Mother." A mother never loses faith in her boy. Mother, if the right sort, is the very best friend a boy ever has, no matter how fine a man his father might be.

Rev. Mr. Hughes told the boys several stories in a most engaging manner. His concluding story was that of St. Christopher, the patron saint of traveling. The name itself, said the speaker means "Christ bearer," and the lesson we get from this story is that we should all strive to be Christ bearers. He urged the boys to start doing so now in order that they might develop into fine men.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending May 8, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Marvin Bridgeman 22
(18) Ivey Eller 25
(15) Leon Hollifield 25
(26) Edward Johnson 26
(26) Edward Lucas 26
(3) Mack Setzer 20
(4) George Green 4
Vernon Lanb

### COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 6
William Haire 14
Horace Journigan 2
Vernon Johnson 5
William Pitts 3
(2) Albert Silas 15
Preston Yarborough 15

### COTTAGE No. 2

Clinton Adams
Norton Barnes 6
(4) John Capps 12
Postel Clark 2
William Downes 2
Samuel Ennis 7
John T. Godwin 3
(2) Julius Green 11
J. W. Jones
(12) Frank King 12
Floyd Lane 4
Clifton Mabry 9
Nick Rochester 13
Oscar Roland 6
Warren Tarkington
Brooks Young 3

### COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Robert Atwell 10
(5) Neeley Dixon 14
Harold Dodd 6
(2) Coolidge Green 13
(8) James Mast 17
(2) John C. Robertson 11
(3) George Shaver 6
(2) William T. Smith 11
(23) Allen Wilson 25

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 10
Garrett Bishop 16
Odell Bray 17
Hurley Davis 13
James Hancock 21
John King 5
Charles Mizzell 10
Hubert McCoy 12
(3) Robert Orrell 12
Melvin Walters 17
(3) Rollin Wells 6
(3) James Wilhite 14
(3) Cecil Wilson 4

### COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 13
(5) Ernest Beach 20
(4) J. C. Ennis 11
(2) Grover Gibby 7
(4) Jack McRary 11
(11) Winford Rollins 19
Dewey Ware 3

### COTTAGE No. 6

Martin Crump 8
(3) Fletcher Castlebury 17
(2) Leo Hamilton 16
Charles McCoyle 13
(2) Joseph Tucker 4
Donald Washam 2
(2) Woodrow Wilson 13
(2) William Wilson 10
(2) George Wilhite 18
(3) Joseph Sanford 8

### COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 8

Lloyd Banks 13
(8) Donald Britt 10
(5) Edward J. Lucas 11

### COTTAGE No 9

(5) Wilson Bowman 22
J. T. Branch 18

(2) Hubert Carter 16
(3) George Duncan 11
James C. Hoyle 8
Thomas Sands 12
Thomas Wilson 14
Luther Wilson 18
Horace Williams 3

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(2) Clyde Adams 13
Edward Chapman 11
Floyd Combs 9
Jack Howard 8
James Hare
(3) Milford Hodgin 21
(2) Felix Littlejohn 4
(2) Jack Norris 3
(2) James Penland 14
(2) William Peedin 13
Jack Springer 11
(2) Oscar Smith 10

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Joseph Christine 5
Baxter Foster 11
(2) Lawrence Guffy 12
William Tobar 2
John Uptegrove 15

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 10
Alphus Bowman 14
(2) Allard Brantley 9
Ben Cooper 13
(5) Frank Dickens 18
(4) William C. Davis 5
(3) James Elders 13
(2) Max Eaker 17
Joseph Hall 4
(4) Charlton Henry 17
Everett Hackler 2
Richard Honeycutt 3
(2) Hubert Hollaway 16
S. E. Jones 11
Lester Jordan 8
(2) Alexander King 17
(2) Thomas Knight 11
Tillman Liles 10
Clarence Mayton 12
(5) Ewin Odom 21
William Powell 11
(2) James Reavis 13
(5) Howard Sanders 16
(3) Harvey Smith 12
(4) Carl Singletary 12
(2) William Trantham 14
George Tolson 4
Leonard Watson 7
(4) Leonard Wood 7

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Vincent Hawes 5
Isaac Hendren 8
(4) Bruce Kersey 8
Marshall White

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Raymond Andrews
(3) John Church 3
(4) Delphus Dennis 6
Audie Farthing 2
(4) Fred McGlammery 10
Paul Shipes 11

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(14) Warren Bright 20
(2) John Brown 17
(5) Leonard Buntin 14
N. A. Efird 4
(9) Hobart Gross 21
Beaman Heath 8
(4) Roy Helms 4
(4) Caleb Jolly 22
(4) Robert Kinley 6
Clarence Lingerfelt 15
(4) James McGinnis 20
Benjamin McCracken 4
(10) Paul Ruff 12
(4) James Watson 15
Harold Walsh 13

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis 9
(2) Joseph Cox 18
(2) Filmore Oliver 20
(2) Hubert Short 14
(2) Curley Smith 4

---

There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living, and the other how to live.—James Tonslow Adams.

p364

MAY 24 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 21, 1938 No. 20

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## A WORD OF PRAISE

What joy it is, that ray of light
That pierces darkened days,
To have some person treat us right
And give a word of praise.

A kindly little word or two,
When things look dark and drear;
Will make the skies above more blue,
And fill the heart with cheer.

So shed some sunshine along life's way,
To help a brother through;
And sunshine will smile back each day
To warm the heart of you.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| CLOCKS OF MANY TIMES | By J. B. Densmore | 10 |
| "AND NONE SHALL MAKE THEM AFRAID" | (Selected) | 12 |
| "WHAT EDUCATION CANNOT DO" | (Selected) | 13 |
| SPRINGTIME IN VALLEY FORGE | By W. Henry Boller | 15 |
| EARLIEST PICTURES OF CHRIST | By Dorothy F. Bortz | 17 |
| THE EVENING OF A WONDERFUL DAY | (Selected) | 21 |
| SUSANNAH WESLEY, A GREAT TEACHER | By Harriet Hobson | 22 |
| WHERE WE GOT OUR QUININE | By Lois Snelling | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TOO BUSY TO LIVE

Too busy to receive,
Too busy to give
Life's sunshine, life's blessings
Today while we live.

Too busy to enjoy
The song of the birds,
To catch their sweet warblings
And put them in words.

Too busy to worship,
Too busy to pray,
Too busy our homage
At His feet to lay.

Too busy to stop by
The side of a friend;
To speak a kind message,
To lend a firm hand.

Too busy to visit
The bed of the sick;
Too busy the roses
About us to pick.

Too busy to lighten
The load of the poor
Or feed the lone beggar
Who waits by our door.

Too busy to cater,
To busy to clothe
Those who are so needy
From unforeseen woes.

Too busy to gather,
Too busy to grasp
Life's sunshine, life's blessings
Today while they last.

Too busy to lighten,
Too busy to give;
Too busy to brighten,
Too busy to live.

But when death's bright angel
Appears from on high,
How then will we answer—
Too busy to die?

—Mary Flair Buhrman.

## THE KING'S DAUGHTERS LIBRARY

The King's Daughters Library at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, established about four years ago with a meager beginning, a few discarded books from the local library, has experienced a marvelous growth. From the day the library was opened the boys have shown a desire to read and the interest has continued

till reading with them is now a habit and most delightful pastime. During the month of March the librarian reports that 1,000 books were given out and that is strong evidence the library is used and is an aid in discipling the boys.

We proudly boast of 5,000 volumes of fiction, science, biography, history, poetry, and books for the primary grades. Added to this assortment of good books are many magazines that are a joy to the boys. They have access to the National Geographic, Boy's Life, Open Road For Boys, Reader's Digest, Better Homes, Hollands, Child Life and other periodicals. Many of these are given by fine friends of the institution.

The library having outgrown its old quarters is now in a newly renovated room, large and airy, a delightful place where boys may spend their leisure time reading. About 4,000 of the old books have been rebound by the WPA project under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Gibson. The library presents a delightful picture that is a credit to Mrs. E. E. Peele, who has inspired interest in the library by both soliciting books and in the meantime soliciting funds for rebinding the old books.

Superintendent Boger has taken an interest in the library and never fails to call the attention of visitors to it. He realizes the library has proven a most valuable acquisition to the Jackson Training School.

Many old boys after being paroled have donated books. One young man who was paroled ten years ago, now in Miami, sent a box containing thirty books and another expressed twenty-five volumes of splendid fiction. This is a strong evidence that books have had a leveling influence upon the boys who have passed through the portals of this institution.

The vision that inspired a school for delinquents was to make a home with neither a fence nor bars. And a library should be one of the outstanding features of all well regulated homes. So the next step to be taken by the well-wishers of the enlargement of the library is an all time librarian so the boys may do research work, therefore, further benefit by good books. The goal of this institution is to save the boys by spiritual and refining influences and let compelling forces be the last resort.

## GENUINELY TRUE

The editor of "The State", Carl Boerch, makes a practice of touring the state and culls therefrom the beauty spots of the land and at the same time emphasizes the noble acts of mankind and relates the same in his magazine. Editor Goerch has a fine conception of the value and influence of the press in molding the mind of mankind to think upon beauty and fine deeds. One really feels better to dwell upon such subjects and eliminate the distasteful whenever possible.

The following depicts a sweet story of undying love for the memory of a foster mother who served "Little Boy Johnnie" when a youth. The like is seldom seen:

Great indeed must have been the love in a man's heart to prompt the erection of a monument which I saw last week on the road between Cullowhee and Cashiers. It stands about seven or eight feet tall, is made of granite and contains the following inscription:

The boyhood home of
Dr. John R. Brinkley
and his
Aunt Sally.

She is remembered and loved for her ministrations to the sick of this community.

This marker erected in 1937 in loving memory
by
Her "Little Boy Johnnie."
She was the only mother I ever knew.

J. R. Brinkley, M. D.

* * * * * * *

## WHAT A GRAND GIVER

In an April farm sermon, Dr. J. W. Holland pays through The Progressive Farmer a whole-hearted tribute to the cardinal. Hear him.

"As the spring is breaking about us we see that the gladness and fulness of nature seems to consist in giving. We are as guests at an infinite table where in order to be fed we must keep passing the dishes to others.

"As I am writing this there is a beauitful cardinal in the large elm in front of our house, whistling in sheer gladness at being alive and in love. His red coat makes him more easily visible to birds of prey and so he keeps on the move. Yet he is giving away his music. From the house across the street two elderly ladies have walked into their yard to catch a glimpse of the bird in scarlet and to revel in his song. Some little girls are looking up from their doll carts to admire the little red bugler. He has not tossed down one copper cent's worth of material value but has given us all a free concert. There he goes now, off to another tree to blow his flute for the people in the next block. What a giver the cardinal is!"

* * * * * * *

## MUSIC IN JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

This fine institution of mercy does not always elicit the interest and attention that it should from the public. Doubtless there are some who feel that such a school as the Jackson Training School has no other goal than give the delinquents lodging and keep, or make for some a snap of a job. This idea is all wrong and the only way to disabuse such sentiments is to visit the institution and look upon the majesty of the work.

There are five hundred boys all of the time in the Jackson Training School. And that means five hundred minds with as many different talents. And unlike a big industrial plant that turns out thousands of yards of material over one pattern these boys require a varying technique to develop them according to adaptability. Each boy requires special attention if he is returned to the state as a worthy citizen.

But if there is a will there is some way to solve problems and especially so when the salvaging of a human soul is involved. Therefore, to make a long story short we are delighted to announce that the superintendent has hit upon a program that has engaged the attention of all the boys.

The Jackson Training School has a teacher of public school music who loves her work and at the same time loves boys. She truly has taught the boys musical appreciation and they sing with expression and understanding. In fact our boys want to sing. And another fine feature is that the best music as far as possible is

selected. The chorus work, the solo and quartet parts are soul stirring. And the beauty of it is this splendid work is done by boys who are looked upon as delinquents.

Right here we can not refrain from saying that if funds were adequate for an instructor of band instruments the Jackson Training School band would be in demand. The Jackson Training School quartet has been recognized. By such training—a love of books, music, flowers and other refining vocational influences, the strong wave of crime sweeping over the country could be broken. These boys are wards of the state the same as the children who attend the public schools and are entitled to equal advantages. The old saying "an empty mind is the devil's workshop", continues to remain the same as time passes. Therefore, we can not make useful citizens of the wayward sons of North Carolina without giving to them better things to think upon.

### WHAT DO YOU OWE?

What do you owe God, you ask? Suppose He sent this bill:
One hundred thousand dollars for the sun upon the hill;
Two thousand for the little brook that runs along the way;
Five hundred for the night time, and a thousand for the day.
Six hundred for the little birds that trill and chirp and sing;
Six hundred for the tiny flowers which tell us that it's Spring;
These are the bills which everyone of every clime forget.
If God should charge you what you owe, you'd always be in debt.

—Marcella Hooe.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### A LITTLE KINDNESS

A little kindness every day
While at work or at our play;
A little smile, a little song,
A word of cheer when things go wrong.
A little kindness—'twas the plan
To help each other since time began—
It's only heaven that we can know
Along life's pathway, as we go.

---

Not every girl is a stenographer, or typist, who has the touch system.

---

New York is to have a world's fair next year. What is really needed are plans for a fair world.

---

They say that figures don't lie. But you just look around on the beaches this summer and you'll see that they do.

---

It is reported that there are 19,000 magazines published in the United States. And their names embrace about everything under the sun.

---

Remember way back yonder when the Government furnished people with free seeds. But it did not pay anything for their not coming up.

---

The government pays farmers for not raising certain crops. Why not pay the newspapers for not publishing what the farmers didn't raise?

---

It does look as if some people ought to be satisfied with the troubles they have. But it is too often the case they are looking for more—and find them.

---

It looks now like all that the grown-ups have learned in the past few years, is to go faster in everything they do, and make more fuss over it.

---

A dry cleaner's ad says: "Let us seal your suit in a moth-proof bag for the summer." And prevent me from taking a summer vacation. No, thank you.

---

According to one authority, the earth is 470,000,000 years old. If this be true the earth is old enough to know better than what it is now doing in certain quarters.

---

There's one thing you can say about the Old Oaken Bucket. It may have had it's drawbacks, and draw ups, but you didn't have to prime it every time you wanted a drink of water.

---

If Edgar Bergen would lend Charlie McCarthy to take a round with the people of this country, there are a lot of things people should be told about themselves for their edification.

---

There have been destructive tornadoes and huricanes within the year, in various parts of the country. But our biggest wind storms are yet to come before the campaign is over.

---

This is an exceedingly funny world. People who have gone through more than 25 elections will swallow the same old political bunk again this year, just as easy and as quick as they ever did.

---

According to the Weather Bureau,

white lightning is far deadlier than other types. But the trouble is, when lightning visits your vicinity it is such a brief visit you cannot discern it's color, it's so flashy.

---

The fellow who fusses so much these days about young people sitting so close together in the rumble seat didn't mind it a bit the way the old hammock used to push him and his girl close together 20 years ago.

---

The United States, says an Englishman, will never have another depression. Are we to infer from this that the present one will last forever? We'd like to trade it to some of our foreign nations for the war debt they owe us.

---

A haberdasher clerk was telling a wife, who was purchasing shirts for her hubby: "These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry." And she said: "I know that kind; I have seen some that come back with their sides split."

---

"A hitherto unexperienced force of gravity is slowly exerting its influence on the earth," says Professor Einstein. For some time I have been thinking that there was something unusual keeping things down, and now we have an explanation, but do not know what the explanation is.

---

## LIFE'S DILEMMA

Shall I lament the sweeter things of life now gone,
Or shall my joy abound, that they were once my own?
Shall I rejoice that bitter things in life are past,
Or shall I weep and worry lest worse things come last?
Shall I deplore the hardships on the journey done,
Or just rejoice that they have been my stepping stone?
Shall I look to the past for strength to go ahead,
Or shall I pressing boldly on, ask God to lead?
Shall I go through my life in deslote despair,
Since Christ has said to me, "I'm with you everywhere?"
Then, why should I in life waste all my useful years,
In pagan unbelief, at counting future tears?
Then why should I, the future all unknown to me,
Not trust my Friend Who lives, and knows eternity?
Why not have faith, rejoice, and hasten on the road
Content to leave each chapter, in the hands of God?

—Charles E. Dozer.

# CLOCKS OF MANY TIMES

By J. B. Densmore

That watch you carry in your pocket or on your wrist, and the clocks without number that surround you everywhere you look, are greater benefits than you're apt to realize. Behind every modern timepiece—from the great church clocks with their golden-toned chimes down to the lowliest "dollar ticker"— lies the story of long centuries of inventive effort before our needs for highly accurate measurement of time could be easily fulfilled.

The Assyrians made the first clock we know anything about. That was some six centuries before Christ, and they called their clock the "clepsydra." It was a simple device, consisting of a metal cylinder filled with water which flowed from the cylinder through a small outlet. It took exactly the same amount of time for the cylinder to empty after each filling. Installed in a public place, the clepsydra was filled every morning at sunrise. It was refilled again and again as needed until sunset, announcement being made on each occasion. These units of time that it took to drain the clepsydra—about two hours each as we measure time today—governed, the day of the Assyrian merchant, housewife, laborer, professional worker, and school child. Within a few centuries there was even a form of pocket-clepsydra, too. A well known doctor by the name of Herophilus, who lived at Alexandria about 300 B. C., carried one with him on his rounds to time the pulse of his patients.

Crude at it was, this primitive water-clock of the Assyrians was almost wholly relied upon by the Greeks and Romans, and was still a widely used type of clock as late as 1700 A. D. Numerous inventors tinkered with the idea of a mechanical timepiece which would be more accurate than the water-clock for many centuries before satisfactory ones were finally developed. Their efforts date back to old Archimedes of Syracuse, who tried to use a system of sinking-weights in the clepsydra in place of the water.

Though the first pendulum-clock was not invented until about 1375, the idea of time being measured by a revolving wheel (called an "escapement wheel") inside the clock dates back as far as the ninth century. Several inventors made such clocks. Saladin, chief of the Saracens, gave an escapement wheel clock to Emperor Frederick II, and the idea itself may have been brought into Europe from Arabia by the knights returning from the Crusades.

In thirteenth century Italy appeared an escapement wheel striking clock, and in 1228 a British watch wizard was commissioned to make such a clock for the Tower at Westminster.

The fact that a timepiece for the pocket could not have a pendulum proved a stumbling block to all the earlier horologists. So the inventor of the first mechanical pocket watch is definitely known. His name was Peter Henlein, and he fashioned the first "portable clock" of the escapement wheel type in his blacksmith shop at Nuremberg in 1480.

In his miniature clock, Henlein ingeniously substituted for the pendulum a little balance wheel that regulated the uncoiling of the escapement spring. This baby timepiece proved eminently practical and soon his "portable clocks" had transformed Henlein's smithy into the first watch factory, filling orders that poured in from all parts of Europe.

At first all mechanical clocks and watches had only an hour-hand, similar to the dial on the later clepsydras. It was not until the eighteenth century that a minute-hand was generally added, and you will look far to find a clock or watch with a tiny dial to mark the seconds prior to 1800.

With all our highly accurate electric clocks, and other ultra-modern chronometers of these days, it is interesting to note how popular ancient timing devices still are. Most gardens still have a sun-dial, and it's fun to figure the hour from it at different seasons of the year. And many a cook relies implicity on a three-miute hour glass, as do those business people who must frequently employ the long-distance telephone, and want to keep a check on the high-priced minutes as they talk over the wires.

---

## WOOL

The first material to be woven for clothing was wool. This as we all know, comes chiefly from the backs of sheep, and is an animal product instead of a vegetable one. Just when people first discovered that they could cut the covering from the sheep and make it into clothing, instead of killing the sheep and using the entire skin, is not known. Whenever it was, it marked a great advance in civilization.

Wild sheep have short wool next their bodies, covered over by long hair. Domestic sheep have been bred up so that now their coats are all of wool. Wool is also obtained from some species of goats, and in other lands, from camels, alpacas and llamas.

Wool makes the warmest of garments and is produced chiefly in the colder climates. Other things being equal, the colder the climate the better the wool. That from different parts of the animal also differs greatly in quality. Sheep are kept for their wool in almost all parts of the world, except in those places that are very warm.

Wool, too, is often mentioned in the Bible.—Junior Life.

# "AND NONE SHALL MAKE THEM AFRAID"

**(Selected)**

Two fathers met at lunch the other day. Both were past fifty. Both had just realized, with a pang perhaps, that ere long their children—their babies—would leave the home nest forever.

One had fear written large on his face. It clutched him at times almost in death embrace. He gazed into vacant space, trying to read the riddle of the years, anxious, concerned, disturbed.

"Why," he said, almost in a whisper, "my daughter will be eighteen in March and she hasn't a single settled interest in life! All she can do is dance and have a good time. She—she thinks life is just an extended week-end party!

"And Webster, my boy, hasn't earned a dollar in his whole twenty years! He spends a dollar as if it were a leaf and he owned a forest of trees!" He sighed wretchedly.

The other had no fear in his heart. He faced the future expectantly, eagerly, confidently. "My daughter baked a loaf of bread last night," he said, "that put her mother to shame! You see, it's been so long since mother baked . . . . And John—well, he had saved $250 before he was fifteen years old. What do you suppose he did with that money? Why, he used it to buy the engagement ring he gave Marian last month!"

A little later I heard one of the men—you can guess who—say: "What every family needs more than it needs anything else is just a fireplace, a hearth, around which it can gather. Yes, sir, a fireplace in every living room!"

I thought of that. What he meant was that, first of all, every family needs a hearth, a home of its own, and then the habit of gathering there so that it can, through the long years, experience the real riches of the fundamental virtues it possesses. He knew the truth of that utterance made on the hills of old Judea thousands of years ago: "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid!"

No fear comes to those who hug to their hearts love of home and all it implies. Those who ignore it through the years, who seek a substitute for home-making, shall face the future with unconcealed anxiety. Put the habit of the hearth into the hearts of those you love, and none shall make you afraid!

---

Half the world is composed of people who have something to say and can't, and the other half who have nothing to say and keep on saying it.—Frost.

# "WHAT EDUCATION CANNOT DO"

**(Selected)**

Suggesting that a large part of the money used for education in this country is spent on the theory that high schools, colleges and universities are equipping students for success in specified business or profession, the Chattanooga Times declares that it is a fact that, outside of technical schools, it is doubtful if the management of any curriculum could with reason underwrite the future of the most proficient student. Dr. Robert H. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, is remarked as saying, quite recently, that "what education cannot do" is to prepare men and women for "specific jobs."

Dr. Hutchins is the youngest of the university presidents; thirty years old when chosen to head the Chicago institution nine years ago. He says that all that education can hope to do for students "is to train their minds so that they can adjust themselves to any job." Dr. Hutchins administered an educational "assembly line" which turns out graduates in the liberal arts, in medicine, in law, and in a dozen fields touching business and the professions gives his opinions weight.

Candidly Dr. Hutchins told the members of the Inland Press Association that "the shadiest educational ventures under respectable auspices are the schools of journalism." The talk was made, it should be understood, not to a group of people who have any quarrel with the Press, but to an organization of editors from many of the leading newspapers of the Middle West. He said: "Schools of Journalism exist in defiance of the obvious fact that the best preperation for journalism is a good educaion; journalism itself can be learned, if at all, only by being a journalist." This is very generally admitted.

"Any lawyer ten years out of law school will admit, perhaps ruefully," said the Times, "that this law degree did not make him a lawyer, and the same confession can be obtained from the members of any professional or business organization. But it does not follow necessarily that a good education must avoid giving attention to courses or lectures in journalism."

The Times indicates that the president of Chicago University is behind the times if he imagines that the leading schools of journalism pretend that their training qualifies a graduate to step into any newspaper job and handle it expertly. Journalistic training outside the city desk's leading strings may be over-emphasized, it is declared, but a growing number of journalism schools are requiring for a degree substantially the same course of instruction followed by candidates for the liberal arts degree.

The Times concludes that schools within universities which undertake arts to acquaint students with specific problems dealing with journalism, public life, or other "pecific jobs" are trying haltingly to meet the issues raised by an age of specialization. "It is doubtless impossible," it is said, "to import 'concrete situations' into school curriculums. But per-

haps it is possible to prevent the importation to college campuses of some of the alarms which make knowledge for its own sake less attractive than the specialized knowledge on which the outside world places so much emphasis."

---

## PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE

A story is related of Sir Isaac Pitman. Sir Isaac was seated at his desk one day when an office boy came in and asked for some ink. He was told where to get it, but in reaching to the self the bottle slipped and fell, breaking into several pieces. The important lithographic work which Sir Isaac had just finished was utterly ruined. Vigorous attempts to mop up the ink failed.

Then Sir Isaac said: "Well, my lad, you have spoiled my work. I shall have to do it over again—only better."

The story reveals some typical characteristics of that great man—his determination to improve his previous efforts, ready forgiveness, forbearance, self-control, and gentle demeanor.

Impatience unfits us for our best efforts. A mother who was busy sewing asked her daughter to thread a neddle for her. The girl tried repeatedly, but the thread would not enter the eye of the needle, and the girl "went to pieces."

"You can't possibly do it now," the mother said calmly, and she threaded it herself.

Loss of temper and poise puts us into a mental state of helplessness. Anger is said to lend strength, but it destroyes our power of direction. The angry person speaks loudly enough, but he says the wrong thing every time. The impatience tennis player strikes to hard and without sufficient control of his racket.

A school teacher used to say: "A pupil can't spend half his energy raving over the difficulty of a lesson and have enough left properly to master that lesson, but if he makes a patient and honest effort he cannot fail to derive some benefit as well as credit from his teacher."

If a thing cannot be accomplished by patience, it will fail even more dismally when we lose patience.

In our relations with other people, patience is one of the Christian virtues. It smoothes the rough places, reduces discord and petty strife to the minimum, and makes for a lovable disposition. It is an admirable and helpful quality to possess.

—L. E. Eubanks.

# SPRINGTIME AT VALLEY FORGE

**By W. Henry Boller**

Set like a gem amid the rolling hills of southeastern Pennsylvania lies Valley Forge Park, camp-site of the Continental Army during the long winter of 1777-78. Approximately twenty-four miles north and west of Philadelphia, Valley Forge is within easy reach of that city, and is the yearly mecca for thousands of visitors.

Spring has ever been a joyous season at Valley Forge. With the arrival of the first warm breezes the snows of winter recede from the woods and fields, and the Pennsylvania hills take on their blanket of emerald green. These warm spring breezes meant to Washington's army the end of that "terrible winter" of cold, hunger, suffering and despair. As we journey today to Valley Forge we can feel in some small measure the joys which the arrival of spring must have brought to that devoted band.

It was on the sixth of May, in the year 1778, that special couriers brought to the Continental Army, still encamped, the news of the French Alliance, an event which meant so much to the colonies and their defenders. Early in May the dogwood trees now bloom at Valley Forge Park, as though to form a living and beautiful memorial to the new hope which sprang high in those ragged breasts, and a symbol of the great country which they went on to found.

The dogwood, with its pink and ivory blossoms, each year transforms the naturally beautiful countryside into a veritable fairyland. This dogwood display, which is rapidly becoming known throughout the country, usually reaches its height during the first or second week in May. The display is nature's own as the trees are allowed to grow in their natural settings, rather than being planted in a formal planned design.

The dogwood trees which now bloom at Valley Forge are descendants of those trees which grew upon the land before it was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania for park purposes. It is highly probable that dogwood trees bloomed there in that long ago spring of 1778, as the dogwood is a native shrub of Pennsylvania.

The pink and red dogwood trees, whose roseate blooms form such a pleasing color pattern among those whose blooms are white and ivory, are however a later addition to the scene. Blossoming trees of both colors are now lined thickly along the drives, and scattered lavishly throughout the fields and woods of the park.

The dogwood is not a very big tree usually growing to a height of only six to eight feet. The shape of the tree is so symmetrical and the blossoms so profuse that from a distance they resemble huge balls of color. The individual blossoms, which grow in clusters, measure about two inches from tip to tip.

In the fields where cannon were once parked, and soldiers once marched, the dogwood trees now bloom. Violets carpet the ground beneath the trees, and dandelions here and there splash golden yellow on the green of the grass, all in beautiful testimonial of the peace which has for so long blessed this fair countryside.

At the foot of the hill, and close beside Valley Creek, which flows into the near by Schuykill River, is the small stone building which General George Washington used as his headquarters. Here again the beauties of spring are combined with the American traditions which are embodied in Valley Forge.

To one side of the headquarters a great clump of bridal wreath lends the beauty of its white flowers to the scene. Within the doorway a small dogwood tree blooms, while climbing a trellis at one side of the house is a purple wisteria vine, also in full bloom. Overhead bees drone to their home in the building's eaves, while all about the trees are putting on their first spring hues of brilliant green.

After Washington's army of 11,000 soldiers had arrived at Valley Forge in mid-December, 1777, Washington himself lived in his canvas tent for almost two weeks, unwilling to seek warmer quarters until his men were all provided for. When the soldiers had all been quartered in hastily constructed log huts, the General moved down hill to the farmhouse of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher and miller. Here he made his winter headquarters.

At Valley Forge, Washington and his troops fought one of their hardest battles of the campaign for independence. It was a battle, not against soldiers with gun in hand, but against the wearying enemies of sickness, famine, winter's cold and discouragement.

The soldiers were without adequate clothing and many had no shoes. Blood stained the snow as they walked. Mutiny and wholesale desertion threatened the little army, but they never came to pass. The soldiers withstood tremenodus hardships and came out triumphant. Washington throughout those errible days not only maintained discipline, but gave his men, through his own example, both courage and hardiness.

By March the weather was growing milder; in April came the first green of the trees; in May came news of the French Alliance. All of this great story seems epitomized in the blossoming of the dogwood at Valley Forge. More than the monuments and markers which dot the campground, the dogwood and other spring flowers seem to bring the blessings of peace to the scene and memorialize the great suffering and splendid courage of the men who camped here so long ago.

When the dogwood blooms, together with bridal wreath, the wisteria, the azalea, the laurel, the rhododendron, the dandelions and the violets, spring has come once again to Valley Forge.

---

DOUBT

'Tis doubt that gives the battle zest.
No grown up man would choose
Or take the slightest interest
In games he could not lose.

# EARLIEST PICTURES OF CHRIST

**By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz**

It was a natural curiosity which prompted the early converts to Christianity in the first century to ask of the disciples, "What is He like?" for no one can be long interested in a person desiring to know what that person is like. It is this same devout curiosity which prompts twentieth century Christians today to wonder whether there really is in existence anything approaching an actual likeness of Christ.

In sculpture we cannot hope to find the earliest likenesses of Christ because for the Christians in Rome, the art of sculpture was too closely associated with the statues of the pagan gods and goddesses. Early Christians would have deemed it idolatry to have preserved the likeness of their Lord in this pagan way.

In literature we have only one Scriptural description of Christ, and that is Saint John's vision of His transfigured glory as told in the first chapter of Revelation: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a and his hairs were while like wool, as flame of fire . . . and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

"It was a wondrous face," says a later writer. "It haunted John to his dying day."

Perhaps the best known description of Christ in secular literature is the so-called letter of Publius Lentulus, which purported to have been written by a Roman governor of Judea to the Roman Senate:

"There appeared in these our days, a Man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the People is accepted as a Prophet, but his own Disciples call him THE SON OF GOD. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair, of the color of a chestnut full ripe, and plain to his ears, but thence downwards it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead plain and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red. His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard thickish, in colour like the hair of his head, not very long, but forked. His eyes grey, clear and quick . . . . Pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh. But many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent. His hands and arms delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A Man, for his singular Beauty surpassing the Children of Men."

But even this description has been proved to have been a forgery of the twelfth century. Nevertheless, it does seem to picture Christ as we imagine He would have appeared to those people among whom He lived and labored.

In the realm of portrait painting it is generally believed that the first

attempts at portraying Christ were drawn upon the catacomb walls about the middle of the fourth cenutry, A. D. 350. It was then that artists began painting Christ with a beard and with long hair falling down upon His shoulders.

But it remained for Thomas Heaphy, the little known British artist (1813-1873), to descend into these dark, underground cemeteries and bring out from their secret hiding places some of these early likenesss of Christ. The story of Heaphy's copying pictures in the catacombs is one of the thrilling romance—a life work filled with romantic adventure.

As a very small boy Heaphy's imagination was stirred by the picture of a very ancient portrait of our Lord's face imprinted on a cloth. The inscription beneath it read: "The true likeness of our Lord miraculously imprinted on the cloth as He laid in the sepulchre."

This picture so inspired the lad that one day, tucking a copybook under his arm and putting some silver into his pockets, he started out on a walking tour to visit Rome, where the inscription said this cloth could be found.

He reached the Eternal City at night and went directly to Saint Peter's, but the doors were locked. Bright and early the next morning he went back, seeking in vain for his picture. No one knew anything about it. Finally, a bishop happened by, and noticing the enthusiasm of the lad, inquired his mission.

"The Veronica cloth?" the bishop smiled. "Certainly it is here—safely deposited in the sacristy over the image of Saint Veronica. But it can be seen only by the Holy Father and two other members of the priesthood. And then on only one day of the year —Palm Sunday—after ablutions and communion."

In his ignorance, the eager lad pulled a piece of silver out of his pocket and offered it to the bishop.

"My dear boy," said the kindly eccelesiastic, "I am very sorry, but I can do nothing for you."

It was a greatly disappointed lad who turned his footsteps homeward, but evidently one who was not to be thwarted, for later evidence shows that on subsequent trips to Rome, Heaphy did succeed in copying this famous Veronica cloth portrait and others similar to it.

But that part of Thomas Heaphy's life work which fascinates us most is his experiences in the catacombs while copying these early likenesses of Christ. It was Heaphy's good fortune to enter these underground cemeteries at a time when they were just being reopened and explored. In this way he was enabled to sketch and copy the wall paintings while they were still fresh and undamaged by dampness and the smoke of many lamps and tapers. But the real romance of Heaphy's work lies in the fact that many of the valuable pictures which he sketched then have since faded—and except for his copies, would be lost to Christiantiy forever!

Heaphy's task of copying in the catacombs was one fraught with all manner of obstacles. In the first place, he found it an almost Herculean labor to gain permission to enter these underground passages. For several months he tramped the streets of Rome under a blistering sun, seeking one dignitary after another. Finally, he was directed to the attic apartments of the Major-Duomo, the In-

spector of Apostolic Palaces, where Heaphy was graciously received by the fat, baldheaded, barefooted official himself. But he could do nothing for Heaphy.

"Is there no regular official, then, from whom I can secure this permission?" the artist entreated in desperation.

"Yes, certainly. I'm the proper official, but I can't do it!"

And the fat, jovial fellow chuckled and closed the door.

After several more weeks of fruitless searching, Heaphy at last appealed to the cardinal. This dignitary received him kindly and promised him the docket of permission within three days' time. When it arrived, Heaphy found the signature of the baldheaded, barefooted Major-Duomo the most conspicuous of them all!

At last the artist was ready to enter the catacombs, but first of all he had to buy his entrance from the guard with much silver. And then, after having sketched for several days in one range of the catacombs, Heaphy was informed by a kind friend that as yet the guard had not shown him the most ancient part of that underground cemetery! Imagine Heaphy's wrath upon hearing this, for his stay in Rome was at an end. He must leave the city the next day!

Heaphy suddenly realized that the most important part of his work yet remained to be done, and that meant sketch all night or be defeated. So with renewed determination he bribed the guard to let him go down into the dark, subterranean mazes and to remain there until morning. And then with candles, matches, and copy-book, Heaphy descended eighty feet underground to begin his dangerous task.

First of all he made detailed notes of the twisting, winding route for one false turn in any one of the galleries would have meant losing his way—and certain death! After being assured of his ability to find his way back to the entrance, he settled down to the long task of coyping three old pictures.

Two he completed successfully, but as he began the third he realized that it would be a choice between the candle to light his way back, or the candle to finish the most important picture. He choose the latter, and finished the picture within one-half inch of the candle!

"The perils I encountered during this night in the catacombs in total darkness, and the difficulties I had to surmount in finding my way out, I must, however, leave to the imagination of the readers," Heaphy wrote in describing this thrilling experience.

One of the most important pictures of Christ which Heaphy copied came from the catacomb of Saint Callixtus. Of this picture, showing the full face view of Christ, an artist friend of Heaphy's said:

"It is the loveliest of all the remembrances of our Lord, and at the same time the divinest and most human of them all."

The original picture is life-size and appears to have been done in color. When Heaphy copied it, it was still fresh and unimpaired, but today only a dim outline of the beautiful face remains.

The other picture which Heaphy copied in the catacomb of Saints Nereo and Achilleo shows the face of Christ in profile and only one shoulder. The peculiar feature about this picture is that Heaphy found it on the ceiling

of one of the family vaults. It is believed that instead of laying a cloth, with Christ's face drawn on it, over each dead body in the chamber—as the early Christians were wont to do—the artist painted this picture of Christ on the ceiling, thereby covering over all the dead in the room with one likeness.

In 1873 death put an end to what has been called "perhaps the most fascinating study a man ever undertook." For it is to Thomas Heaphy and to his perseverance in carrying out what he considered an almost sacred duty that Christianity owes the preservation of these important early catacomb likenesses of our Lord.

---

## IF CHINA COULD WIN

Japan has been forced to throw heavy reinforcements into China and during the past few days appears to have made some additional headway against the stubborn and gallant Chinese, who for weeks now have astonished military men by effectiveness of their resistance to the invaders.

Unrest is reported growing in Japan, where the "restoration of order" in China is turning out to be a most costly business and Japan must win quickly or not win at all. Every time one Chinese army is reported practically destroyed it seems that a new one arises out of the four hundred millions.

There is more of interest in this undeclared war for Americans than mere sympathy for the "under dog" or a widespread belief that China is being unjustly invaded by a nation mad with greed for power. The outcome may mean billions for the American taxpayers. If Japan wins over China then this nation will go on spending billions to keep its naval armament a few steps ahead of that of a powerful Nippon. But if Japan should be defeated in China the Japanese people will be so fed up with sacrifice to the ambitions of haughty warlords that they will rebel against the oppressive expense. They have been told that the Chinese would have to bear all the cost of the war. But if Japan loses the Japanese people will have to pay for this war and won't be able to increase armament for other conquests.

And here is where the expectant interest of the American people comes in. If Japan is checked in its armament splurge the United States can afford to let down in its efforts, the mightiest yet put forth since the nation was born. A victorious China would be no threat to the United States. But a victorious Japan would cost us more billions for armament.

—Lexington Dispatch.

# THE EVENING OF A WONDERFUL DAY

**(Selected)**

Not once in a hundred years comes there a day as April 29, 1938, when the action of the General Conference in Birmingham, Alabama, made one American Methodism. This is the largest group of the followers of the Nazarene that ever united at any one time in any one land. What might eight million devoted followers of the Christ do for the saving of a distraught and disturbed world! Not all of these Methodists are even respectable and decent citizens much less men and women who are willing to let Jesus have a chance in their lives, but they are perhaps as good as the Christ has ever known in the larger groups of his followers.

What thrilling hours those at the close of Unification Day in Birmingham! Dr. J. H. Straughn, fraternal messenger from the Methodist Protestant Church, and Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, messenger from the Methodist Episcopal Church, were in their most charming mood and they brought messages that will long be remembered and talked of to children and children's children.

Following the vote of the afternoon that vast crowd assembled in the evening with a vivid sense of victory and coming conquest. All thoughtful followers of Wesley were mindful of the two centuries gone and they rejoiced to face the future with a new sense of fellowship and brotherhood. We were all Methodists together with many eager to do something more than ever before in spreading scriptural holiness over these lands and beyond the seas. It seemed that J. H. Straughn and Edwin Holt Hughes were messengers sent from God to cheer us on at the close of this epochal day. We dreamed dreams and saw visions of the coming decades as united Methodism moved to the conquest. How that congregation did sing! And all about through the crowd as these men of God talked were those who almost unconsciously reached for their handkerchiefs to brush away the tears of joy. All felt that this was indeed the climax of an almost perfect day in Methodist annals.

For this Methodist preacher who for thirty years since Thomas Hamilton Lewis, the Methodist Protestant prophet of Methodist union, stirred new visions in his soul, it was indeed a rare privilege to watch from the press gallery the achievements of this glorious day. Better stil, is it to have had some little part for the past fifteen years in making possible the favorable conditions for real union in North Carolina. Perhaps we Methodists are better favored in this respect than the people of any other state. Surely we will give our youth and every forward looking person among us a chance to count for more than ever before. The challenge that went out from Birmingham on April 29 is a call to the world. This is indeed our Aldersgate for real conquest.

# SUSANNAH WESLEY, A GREAT TEACHER

**By Harriet Hobson**

Susannah Wesley stands out among the women of the seventeenth century, as might a lofty pine, lifting its top heavenward, high above the trees of the surrounding forest. A woman who would be recognized today as an advanced and enlightened teacher, the mother of John and Charles Wesley lived her span of life more two centuries ago, and was unknown save to the poor of her husband's parish and to the members of her own family. She belonged to no clubs, did not travel; but her writings are classics, and she ranks with the world's greatest authorities upon the wisest and sanest methods for rearing and educating children.

How she blazed a new trail along educational lines; how and where she sought and found the light and the wisdom and the courage to accomplish the seemingly impossible tasks that confronted her, is a splendid saga of the courage that is the realization of faith, and the soaring faith that is the supreme courage. Her methods were her own; how they worked in active operation, the lives of her sons, John and Charles Wesley, have recorded upon the hearts and minds of the world.

Mrs. Wesley was the daughter of one scholar and the wife of another. Education and high thinking were as much a part of her daily life as breathing. When many children came crowding into her home, she accepted each one as a special gift from God, and determined that her sons and daughters should receive the physical, mental, and religious training that would fit them for worth-while living, and prepare them to fill any position they might be called to occupy, no matter how high or difficult it might be.

Nineteen children came to Susannah Wesley in twenty-one years, and of these she brought ten to a splendid maturity. The story of her life, and her own writings reveal that she accomplished the seemingly impossible task she set herself, because she was a praying woman. She had no books on child training; she had not been brought up to be a teacher. With empty hands she turned to God, asking for strength and wisdom for the herculean task of rearing and educating her children. She felt that her prayers were heard and that they would be answered as her needs demanded, and calm, serene, poised and sure, she went to her daily tasks with a faith that never wavered.

Mrs. Wesley believed that "if the shaft of the column is to point to the skies, the base resting upon the earth must not be neglected." She cherished her children's souls, but she also looked after their bodily needs. She writes that she started training her babies when they were two days old. From that age they were fed by the clock, and laid in their cribs at the same hours each day. Once tucked in, they were left to sleep or not as they pleased. At seven each evening, her brood was prepared for the night;

small ailments were ministered to; tiny troubles were talked over and straightened out; prayers were said, then each little Wesley crawled into bed, was tucked in, the candles were extinguished, and there was quiet and peace in the home until the next dawn.

In the little Wesley rectory spirituality filled the family life with fragrance. Before her children could speak, they were taught to bow their tiny heads at prayers and when the blessing was said at meals. To them Sunday was a holy and beautiful day of peace, and their father's small church a sacred spot where thoughts and voices were stilled.

To Susannah Wesley her family circle was a small world, and she made each of her children realize that he held an important place in the world, and that to fill its position wisely and well, he must learn obediance to superiors, and show kindness, courtesy and justice to every one. Her few rules were rigidly enforced, and as a result, her children had no "company manners," but were sincere, gracious, thoughtful of others, and courteous at all times. She had a psychology of her own that fits in perfectly with the wisdom and science of today. She said it was easier to will a smile to the lips than a frown to the brow; that it required less effort to will a firm "no" to temptation, than it did to say "yes." Out of this phychology she had found in her heart, Susannah Wesley gave to her children the priceless gift of trained wills. Then when their young minds matured to where intellect took charge, they possessed the ability to will to learn—to will to choose the higher things—the will to turn aside from the folly of the moment, to grasp the principles that form the basic stones of worth-while living.

Mrs. Wesley regarded the spirit of a child as something divinely sacred and precious, and not only did she cherish it in every way, but she taught each child how to keep this inner self in the ascendency.

The Wesley young people ran and leaped and romped and played in the open, for both parents recognized the value of exercise and fresh air. The children were allowed no games that interfered with their highest mental and spiritual development. Mrs. Wesley taught them:

"Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength of your body over your mind,—that thing is a sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Mrs. Wesley's ideas of teaching were as modern as tomorrow. Until her children were five years of age they ran and played and had a few small tasks about the home. The day after their fifth birthday was celebrated, they were called into the school room at nine in the morning, and were taught the alphabet in one day. This amazing woman did not use either readers or spelling books with her pupils. The second day in school the small student was started reading with the beautiful verse. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This method gave the child the rolling splendor of beautiful words, exquisite literary form, and great spiritual truths, all in one. In Mrs. Wesley's plan there was nothing to unlearn. Not one word was wasted; each sentence bore truth with it, was

positive, and gave the pupil something he could use so long as his mind functioned.

The little home school opened at nine each morning and the lesson hours lasted until noon, to be resumed at two in the afternoon, and end at six. Nothing was allowed to interfere with those hours of study. Mrs. Wesley wrote in later years: "It is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by vigorous application, if they have but tolerable capacity and good health. Every one of my children could read better in that time than most of women can so long as they live."

This great mother had seen the grave close over nine of her children, and to those that were left she gave a care and devotion that lasted until her own death. She writes: "I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night and discuss with each child by itself, some subject that relates to its own principal concern." This beautiful custom brought the mother and children very close to each other. So close, that when he was a mature man, and well acquainted with grief, John Wesley wrote asking that she would give him again, his "holy hour with her," that they might find a solution to a problem that had arisen in his life. In her reply, telling him his hour was his, she called her famous son "her child of her tenderest love; her friend in whom she ever found inexpressible joy and delight."

Susannah Wesley was great as a wife and as a mother and teacher. She was greatest as a woman who recognized and accepted the work intrusted to her, then found the courage and wisdom to carry it through the years to a glorious conclusion. Her simple words, written not long before her death, reveal her as she was, and make her akin to all women of all time:

"The care and education of so many children created abundance of trouble, and perpetually kept the mind employed as well as the heart and the body, yet, I consider it no small honor to have been intrusted with the care of so many souls. And if that trust has but been managed with prudence and integrity, the harvest will abundantly recompense the toil and the weariness of the seed-time. I pray now, as I prayed when I was a young mother, that I may be so true to the trust given me that I may stand forth at the last day and say—humbly and yet, with truth—'Lord, here are the children which Thou has given me, of whom I have lost none by my ill example nor by neglecting to instil into their minds—in their early years, Thy principles and Thy true religion and Thy true virtues."

---

Whenever a full mind meets an empty one it is a call to teach and not to scoff; when refinement encounters roughness it is a call to influence not to shun; when a higher nature comes in contract with a lower one, it is a call to lift up and not to thrust down.—Selected.

# WHERE WE GOT OUR QUININE

**By Lois Snelling**

A missionary to the Belgian Congo tells of a means of suppling the natives of his district with medicine to allay the fevers which are so prevalent in the tropics. These people are too poor to buy quinine in the finished form that the apothecary sells, so the missionaries have taught them to "raise their own." In little baskets they plant the seeds of the cinchona tree, and when the young plants are large enough they are transplanted into the ground, basket and all. It is the bark of the cinchona tree from which quinine is extracted, but the bark of a very young tree is negligible. So while these fever-wrecked nurserymen wait for their plants to mature, they use the leaves as a substitute. A bitter tea is brewed by boiling the leaves.

It was a boon to ailing mankind when the merits of cinchona bark were discovered by white men in Peru early in the seventeenth century. Doubtless the Indians of that country had used the bark for medical purposes for centuries, and as was true with so many of our present day remedies, the white man learned of its powers from the aborigines. We are indebted to a Spanish lady, the Countess of Chinchon, for the introduction of the medicine into Europe. The Countess was the wife of the Governor of Peru, and having been cured of a fever through the use of the bark she wished others to profit from its benefical results. Hence, in 1639 some of the bark was taken back to Spain and distributed there. The cinchona bark is known by various names, being associated with different people in different countries. The Indians of Peru, for instance, called the tree kina, and it is probably from this source that the terms china bark and quina bark are derived. The most common names are Peruvian bark and chinchon bark, the reason for such names being obvious. Because of the Countess of Chinchon, the drug was also called Countess' powder. A Spanish cardinal also lent his name to the newly-discovered medicine, and it was referred to as Cardinal de Lugo's powder. Another popular term was Jesuits' bark. The Jesuit missionaries from Spain, working in South America, were delighted with the results obtained from the use of cinchona bark. Following the example of the governor's wife, they transplanted it to the home country and distributed it through their stations there. The cardinal was particularly active in its recommendation and distribution, so it acquired his name.

The use of cinchona bark in Europe appears to have died out after a number of years, but in the latter part of the seventeenth century it returned with increased popularity. The revival occurred in England through the efforts of an apothecary by the name of Robert Talbot. In 1678 Talbot was appointed physician in ordinary, and was knighted by Charles II. The following year the apothecary rewarded his sovereign for the favor, by curing him of a certain fever through the use of cinchona bark. In the same year he cured many patients of high rank on the Continent, including the

Dauphin of France. So impressed was Louis XIV, father of the Dauphin, that he bartered with the Englishman for the secret of his bitter drug. His success in acquiring the formula assured cinchona bark a permanent place on Europeon medicine shelves.

While the bark from the trees in South America was being imported into European countries during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that any effort was made at growing the trees. It was in 1848 that an experimenter by the name of Weddell planted cinchona seeds, and seedling plants went into the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. From the botanical gardens they found their way to Algiers in 1850 and two years later they were being grown in Java.

The alkaloids contained in chinchona bark were not discovered until early in the nintennth century, but with their discovery a new era was constituted in the history of medicine. There were several of these alkadoids, quinine being by far the most important. Second in importance is cinchonine, which is similar to quinine but less powerful in its effects. Cinchonine is a while crystalline substance, having neither odor nor taste. It does, however, leave a bitter aftertaste in the mouth.

The chinchona tree is evergreen, with laurel-like leaves. Its fragrant flowers grow in clusters, similiar in appearance to the lilac and privet, and are white, rose, or purplish in color. When a tree is felled it is cut as close to the root as possible, so that none of the bark may be lost. When the bark is stripped from the trunk, carefully dried, and packed, it is ready for shipment.

## FISHERMEN'S PATRON SAINT

Chapala, the largest of Mexico's lakes, in the state of Jalisco, is a seventy-mile-long inland sea, twenty miles wide. Its climate is that of a perpetual Indian Summer, which attracts throngs of visitors to a popular resort on its shores, known as the Mexican Riviera. If one canoes around the lake the suggestion is always made that it would be well to take an Indian to do the paddling because storms are apt to come up at a moment's notice.

This is a winter haven for northern wild fowl that migrate here by the thousands, in infinite variety. The lake shore is dotted with tiny Indian fishing villages whose inhabitants catch the fish, which are extremely plentiful, in nets ranging from twenty to three hundred feet in length. Their strange native craft show early oriental influence. In the town of Chapala itself there is a pretty little church with a double spire containing an image of the fishermen's patron saint to whom they pray for a heavy catch and a safe return.—Beatrice Warren.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The Misses Evelyn Goode, Laura Morrison and Mariana Nicholson, all of Statesville, were visitors at the School last Friday afternoon. They spent quite some time in going through the various departments.

---

Miss Evelyn Page, of Danbury, Superintendent of Public Welfare of Stokes County, visited The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. She was accompanied by Mrs. Tom Duggins, also of Danbury, whose son was admitted to the School the same day.

---

Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, girls' commissioner of the city of High Point, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. This visit was for the purpose of taking Donald Britt, of Cottage No. 8, back home for medical treatment. Don will return to the School in a short time.

---

Mr. L. C. Williams, Superintendent of Public Welfare of Alamance County, and Miss Edna Fetter, a case worker in that department, visited the School last Monday afternoon. They visited The Uplift office and other departments in the Swink-Benson Tardes Building, and were very enthusiastic in expressing their pleasure in seeing how the work of the School is being carried on.

---

Mr. Paul Owensby, who was our band director several years ago called at The Uplift office last Monday. For several years past Paul has been in the United States Army. He was stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C., for a while, and for the past two years has been at Fort McClellan, Alabama, serving as trumpet and cornet instructor in the Fourth C. A. Band School. He tells us that he likes his work very much, and was expecting to return in about a week. He is spending a two weeks' furlough with his parents in China Grove. Paul made many friends during the time he was a member of the School staff, and they were all glad to see him and to learn that he is doing so well in the employ of "Uncle Sam."

---

Jay Lambert, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who has been away from the School since 1925, spent last Monday with friends here. For several years Jay has been assistant steward aboard vessels of the American Merchant Marine Lines, and has recently returned from a trip to South Africa. Since returning to the United States, Jay has been visiting his sister in Kannapolis, and said he just could not pass up the opportunity to come down to the School and talk over old times with his boyhood friends.

Since entering the merchant marine service Jay has visited practically all the principal seaports of the world, and has had many interesting experiences. He says he is going to give up the sea if he can find some other suitable mployment, but if not, he'll try to sign up for a trip to India.

Jay is now twenty-eight years old

and has developed into a very nice young man. In talking with officials of the School he made the statement that some of the happiest years of his life were spent right here at the Jackson Training School, and that he would always be thankful for what the institution had done for him.

---

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the first chapter of Ephesians, and in his talk to the boys, he called special attention to the 7th verse: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."

This message from the Gospel, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, was a call from a needy world. Men had been crying out for forgiveness. Conscience has always been troubling men. They cannot find peace until they put their trust in Jesus Christ. The man who really knows what peace and hope is, is the one who follows Jesus.

The speaker then told of a beautiful fishing village, and how artists from all over the country went there to paint pictures. To them, going there in summer weather, all is beautiful. If we would know the real harbor we must ask the natives who spend the entire year there. The summer visitor sees only the bright side, while the natives sees the dangers that follow the fishing business in the winter. To the visitors the harbor is a place of beauty, but to the native, the harbor is a haven of safety.

So it is with the Bible, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Any cultured person can appreciate the beauty of the language found in God's Holy Word, but to those people, if that is all they know of it, the Bible is of little value. The best witness of the greatness of the Bible is not the scholar, but the sinner who has been brought to the right way of living by letting God's Word shape the course of his life. It is the forgiven penitent who is able to bring to us the value of the blessed truths and promises found in the Bible.

The great trouble with the world today, said the speaker, is that so many people have never come to the realization of the need of forgiveness. The self-righteous man does not deceive God—the only person he deceives is himself. In speaking to members of the early Christian church, Paul sets forgiveness as the first gift of God's grace, and it should occupy the same position in men's lives today. People today are not giving the Word of God its rightful place There has been at all times a great need of a deeper understanding of the wonderful truths of our Savior as found in the Bible.

We should take our problems to God and ask Him to solve them, said the speaker. Through the Bible we know that He has promised to help us, therefore, as Christians, we should always go to Him in prayer. By so doing we shall find help and comfort.

Society, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, becomes greatly corrupted because it chooses to follow its own way. People want to do the things that attract them. A continuance of this practice will mean the downfall of society. The only safe way for one

to travel is to follow Christ. It is not the easy way, but it is the only way. Things which come easy have very little value; it is the hard tasks accomplished which makes us appreciate the value of them.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated in conclusion that as long as people are centered in self, they will not get very far. But if we get away from self, and go to our Heavenly Father, we will find the way to eternal peace and happiness. Let us, therefore, accept God's help as it is offered to us, and realize all the wonderful things He has in store for us.

---

## CHRIST STILL FIRST

In the bookstore of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, gather during the passing of a few days many scores of undergraduates and faculty members. A student paper gave them an opportunity to make a list of the twelve men who, in their opinion, have had the greatest influence in the world. One hundred and three of these lists were made, about half by students and half by members of the faculty. Each was free to consult his own judgment, and write without any suggestion from anybody.

One hundred included Jesus Christ, and two of the others said they omitted His name inadvertently. This was practically a unanimous agreement that Jesus' influence on the world has been greatest. The nearest to Him was Napoleon with a score of fifty-eight. Then came Caesar with fifty-two, Mahomet with forty-six, Aristotle with forty-five Marx with forty-two, Plato with forty-one, Pasteur with thirty-eight, Edison with thirty-four, Columbus with thirty-two, and Darwin with twenty-nine. These were the twelve chosen as having the greatest influence in the world. Behold, how far ahead they put Jesus!

It is interesting to note that down toward the end of the listing is Mussolini, named by twelve; Hitler by seven, and Stalin by three. Of course such a listing would result differently in many other groups, but it is significant that among the teachers and students of a highstanding school Jesus Christ still is first.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending May 15, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Marvin Bridgeman 23
(19) Ivey Eller 26
(5) George Green 5
(16) Leon Hollifield 26
(27) Edward Johnson 27
(27) Edward Lucas 27
(4) Mack Setzer 21

### COTTAGE No. 1

Virgil Baugess 3
Henry Cowan 8
(2) Howard Cox 7
(2) Vernon Johnson 6
Blanchard Moore 8
H. C. Pope 5
Howard Roberts 15
(3) Albert Silas 16
Frank Walker 8

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

James Boone
Wayne Collins 3
(6) Neely Dixon 15
(2) Harold Dodd 7
(3) Coolidge Green 14
(9) James Mast 18
Grady Pennington 6
Fred Vereen 12
(24) Allen Wilson 26

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Garrett Bishop 17
(2) Odell Bray 18
(2) Hurley Davis 14
Lewis Donaldson 11
(2) James Hancock 22
(2) John King 6
James Land 8
Van Martin 10
(2) Hubert McCoy 13
J. W. McRorrie 3
Lloyd Pettus 15
William Surratt 6
(2) Melvin Walters 18
(4) Rollins Wells 7

### COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Ernest Beach 21
(3) Grover Gibby 8
(5) Jack McRary 12
(12) Winford Rollins 20
Thomas Sullivan 12
Ralph Webb 10

### COTTAGE No. 6

Eugene Ballew 2
Noah Ennis 11
Columbus Hamilton 16
Thomas Hamilton 15
(2) Charles McCoyle 14
James Rackley 16
(3) George Wilhite 19

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 9
Cleasper Beasley 4
Carl Breece 4
James Davis 9
Donald Earnhardt 5
Blaine Griffin 10
Lacy Green 8
Caleb Hill 18
Hugh Johnson 16
N. B. Johnson 9
James Jordan 6
Edmund Moore 11
Elmer Maples 14
Marshall Pace 9
J. D. Powell 11
Jack Pyatt 7
Loy Stines 6
Earthy Strickland 13
Dewey Sisk 6
William Tester 9

### COTTAGE No. 8

Felix Adams 7
(2) Lloyd Banks 14
Howard Baheeler 5
(9) Donald Britt 11

Richard Freeman
(6) Edward J. Lucas 12
George May 2
Fred May 6
John Penninger 4
Norman Parker 5
John Tolbert 9
Charles Taylor 13
Edward Whitaker

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(3) Clyde Adams 14
Walter Cooper 2
(2) Floyd Combs 10
Edward Chapman 12
Elbert Head 5
Jack Harward 9
James Howard 9
(2) James M. Hare 2
Milford Hodgin 22
William Knight 11
(3) Felix Littlejohn 5
James Nicholson 8
(3) Jack Norris 4
(3) William Peedin 14
(2) Jack Springer 12
(3) Oscar Smith 11
William R. Williams 11
Torrence Ware 6

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 17
Joseph D. Corn 9
(3) Lawrence Guffey 13
Donald Newman 24
Thelbert Poole
(2) John Uptegrove 16

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Allard Brantley 10
(6) Frank Dickens 19
(2) Joseph Hall 5
(5) Charlton Henry 18
(2) Tilman Lyles 11
(6) Ewin Odom 22
(2) William Powell 12
(6) Howard Sanders 17
(3) William Trantham 15
(2) Leonard Watson 8
(5) Leonard Wood 8

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 7
Norman Brodgen 15
Jack Foster 12
(2) Isaac Hendren 9
(5) Bruce Kersey 9
Harry Leagon
Jack Mathis
Irvin Medlin 16
Garland McPhail 6

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Raymond Andrews 2
Clyde Barnwell 6
Monte Beck 9
Fred Clark 8
(5) Delphus Dennis 7
John Ham 4
James Kirk 22
John Kirkman 4
Feldman Lane 7
Henry McGraw 3
(5) Fred McGlammery 11
Troy Powell 13
Richard Patton 6
John Robbins 12
(2) Paul Shipes 12
Harold Thomas 8
William Warf 3
Garfield Walker 7
Harvey Walters 13
Jones Watson 2
Junior Woody

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) John Brown 18
(6) Leonard Buntin 15
(10) Hobart Gross 22
Joseph Hyde 17
(2) Beamon Heath 9
Albert Hayes 5
Dallas Holder 6
(5) Caleb Jolly 22
(5) Robert Kinley 7
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 16
Raymond Mabe 20
Harold Oldham 5
Edward Patrum 7
(11) Paul Ruff 13
Rowland Rufty 8
Ira Settle 8
(5) James Watson 16

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(3) Filmore Oliver 21

cp 364

MAY 28 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 28, 1938 No. 21

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## A MEMORIAL DAY PRAYER

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For those who paid the price;
Our stalwart youth, so brave and fair,
Who made the sacrifice.

They slumber in the cypress' shade,
They, who so nobly died;
Facing destruction unafraid,
All for a nation's pride.

We pray that in the hearts of man
The flame of hate may die;
That clouds of war no more shall span
Our nation's peaceful sky.

—Arthur R. Bemis, Jr.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| STATE'S FIRST LADY AS A SPEAKER | (Smithfield Herald) | 10 |
| A FAMOUS FAMILY OF TREES | By Leonora S. Ashton | 11 |
| PERSONAL SLANTS | (Selected) | 13 |
| ZERO CITIZENS | (Winston-Salem Journal) | 14 |
| TELEVISION TAKES ITS BOW | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 15 |
| DUTY BEGINS WITH "D" | By Miriam E. Mason | 18 |
| A CHINESE CREED | By Samson S. Ding | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MEMORIAL DAY

The day began with sweetness in the air,
The mingled odors of a thousand flowers
That come on vargrant breezes unaware,
In warmth that grows in strength with mounting hours.

A gala day that's overspread with hush,
A reverent mien walks through the crowded street,
And in the lull, like covey from the brush,
Is heard the steady tramp of marching feet.

In time to drums they come, with heads held high,
Each man in khaki with a firmness treads,
But at the line's long end there falter by
The men in blue and gray—we bow our heads.

To youth and age and those who have known death
Today we pay our homage, nor shall cease
To honor them, who faced war's scorching breath,
That we might know security and peace.

—Lydia Kingsway.

## MEMORIAL DAY

The nation honors its heoic dead May thirtieth.

Graves of those who paid the price of devotion to their country will be decorated; praise will be given in patriotic addresses, and the memories of the lads who fought and died in the conflicts of the past will be memorialized on this annual Memorial Day.

Memorial or Decoration Day originally was designated as a period of tribute to the Union soldiers who died in the Civil War. General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the

Republic, appointed May 30 as Memorial Day, on May 5, 1868. This was the date of the discharge of the last volunteers of the Civil War.

Today Memorial Day has become of greater scope, and the nation will pause to remember the boys of the gray as well as the lads in blue, the khaki-clad troops of the Spanish-American strife, and also the olive-drab-clad warriors of the great World War.

Year by year, this army of the silent dead increases, but the public declares that the memory of the noble dead, who, in the hour of the country's peril, battled for the Nation's existence, shall ever be cherished; and annually shall their graves be strewn with flowers and decorated with the glorious "Stars and Stripes."

* * * * * * *

## DISMISSED FOR SWEARING

When there is a suggestion of a finer or better moral, it matters not when or where, this little magazine emphasizes the same with a hope of implanting better and higher ideals.

In the columns of a splendid periodical mention is made of the fact that the celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, forbade cursing among his workers when building St. Paul's Cathedral in London. And this incident dates back two hundred years.

Sir Christopher Wren, born in England, educated at Westminister School and Oxford, inherited true gentility and during his early life had advantages of high culture in the best schools of England. Doubtless this fine gentleman felt a nausea when profanity was used in his presence. With an aesthetic taste and a vision of beauty at all times he could not frame his thoughts in any way but in the purest diction.

If a person of the calibre of Sir Christopher Wren realized and safeguarded the sacredness of a temple for the worship of God how much more important is it to eliminate profanity among workers who are entrusted in molding the characters of our young people? This suggestion at least is food for serious thought.

All workers on the cathedral were given warning by the following:

Whereas, among laborers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently heard, to the dishonor of God and contempt of authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utter-

ly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honor of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be sufficient crime to dismiss any laborer."

During the present time this age old restriction could hardly be enforced due to labor unions and other organized forces that intimidate and offer a detriment to order and virtue. Besides swearing has become a habit among the gentler sex for no other reason than it is smart and gives a grand finale to conversation. We repeat it is a habit, and a bad one, and chase and refine expressions could be used with the same grace and ease.

* * * * * * *

## ANTON LANG DEAD

Anton Lang, the veteran figure of the role of Christ in the Oberammergau passion play, died in Munich Hospital at the age of 58 years. He impersonnated Christ in the famed passion play 1910, 1922, 1934, and was accepted as the Germanic ideal of the Saviour in stature and expression with the strong appeal as a veritable Jesus, meek and mild.

In the choice of his trade as a potter, a humble calling gave him a contact with people of all kinds and conditions making it possible for him to choose the best in life to impersonate Christ. He was known as an exemplary husband and a father who anticipated the best for his six children.

He had a strong liking for travel and it was during the administration of President Coolidge that he came to the United States with other characters of the passion play to sell products of their little Bavarian village famed for the production of the Passion Play every ten years. The next character to play the role of Christ will be as in the past chosen from the humble walks of life for no other but the meek and lowly can impersonate Christ.

* * * * * * *

## "KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD"

In busses and railroad coaches, in freight cars and on the brake rods beneath, 270 delegates poured into Altoona, Pennsylvania, for the 30th annual convention of the Hoboes of America. During

the nine days program the vagrant ladies and gentlemen heard their King, Jeff Davis, Cincinnati, recite typical praises of itinerant, migratory workers who refuse to be classed as tramps or hoboes.

During their business session they passed resolutions and made recommendations pertinent to their well being in a manner very similar to the activities of other conventions. Besides, they discussed national issues, condemning and endorsing as they understood. The most colorful incident of the entire affair was the parade, celebrating the 84th birthday of "General James Coxey", leader of the ragged army that marched on Washington forty-four years ago.

* * * * * * *

## THE GLOOMY OUTLOOK

If you subscribe to the belief that the present outlook is the gloomiest in history, you will do well to read all the way through the following quotation and its accompanying note, taken from one of our exchanges:

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.

"In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly disturbed relations in China.

"It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference—which happily, no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.

"Of our own troubles (in the U. S. A.) no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is

the occasion of this wide-spread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

(When worrying too much about today, remember that the above article is reprinted from Harper's Weekly, Vol. 1, Page 642, of the issue dated October 10, 1857—81 years ago).

* * * * * * *

## HOW TO LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED

This story will prove interesting to many who have a desire to live beyond the allotted three score and ten. This is the jist as taken from "Sunshine Magazine":

In Oklahoma City, an organization whose 800 members are 70 years or more, are maintaining a "school of maturates" to learn how to live to be 100 years old. These are the rules if the objective is reached:

Take a walk in the open daily.

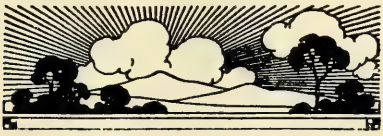
A well balanced diet is necessary so as to keep the blood alkalinized.

Not less than once a week attend church or make a social call once a week.

Have some engaging interest so as not to get in grooves.

Above every thing keep cheerful.

Don't lose faith in people and maintain supreme faith in Infinite Goodness.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### LIFE IS QUEER

"Life is queer with its twists and turns
Sooner or later everyone learns;
When care presses you down a bit,
Rest if you want—but do not quit.

"Often the straggler has given up
When ready to grasp the winner's cup;
Learning too late in falling down
How nigh had been the golden crown."

---

The bathing suits this summer seem to have left something out.

---

No one is perfect. If you think you are, this world must be a lonely place to you.

---

H. G. Wells says "History is the bunk." Yes; that's where many an unforgotten man in sleeping.

---

This world is coming to a pretty pass when the politicians practice their chicanery upon each other.

---

Many people who have conceived the idea that "It Can't Happen Here" will sooner or later find out that it can.

---

A wise person is cautious and sure about his going; but a fool rushes on where angels fear to tread, and is overtaken by punishment.

---

Gentility is not all on man's side of the house. Going home a few evening's since on a bus the vehicle was crowded to hardly standing room in the aisle. Of course I had to stand. Believe it or not, two ladies got up and offered me their seats, and one held a small child in her arms. Couldn't think of accepting their courtesy. I knew I was getting along in years, but I did not think I was old enough to receive such thoughtfulnes.

---

Some awful liars are abroad in the land. A few nights ago I heard, over the radio, Bob Burns tell of the richness of the soil at the homeplace of a kinsman. Corn planted there grew so fast that a son of the land owner jumped on a stalk and it carried him so high that he was afraid to jump down. His father got an axe to cut the stalk down, but he never hit it in the same place, the stalk grew so fast. Then Charlie McCarthy up and says, speaking of rich soil, the grass on his farm grew so tall that the cows had to wear stilts. And they had to get on the roof of the barn to milk them. These are some tall prevarications.

---

I like church music, especially when so many voices help to carry the tune. I make a very poor out of it when I attempt to carry an air alone. Mrs. Hurrygraph is a very discerning woman. She stands by my side in church and when I am singing she every now them gives me a nudge in the side with her elbow. When this occurs I fear that my voice is a little to high, and I lower it; or I may be too low in my tempo, and I raise it. The nudge still continues to come. I decided I'd fool her one time in my efforts to express myself in song, so I just moved my lips without an audible sound. The nudge came just the same, and I inwardly breathed my devotion in song. Its a habit of hers expressed

with her elbow, to remind me that she is by my side whatever betides.

---

Let us all cultivate Faith, Hope, Love, as against Fear, Pessimism and Hatred. What after all, are the forces that make for order and health in the individual and society? What kind of victories have the promise of permanence in the home, in industry, among the nations. Those of force, or those that in love seek justice and show mercy? Just as a practical matter? Or, if we please, just as a matter of what pays best in the long run? Just a little Faith; just a little Hope; just a little Love. What magic there is in them! To open doors to the truth which the unselfish heart can see much more quickly than the acute mind; to swing wide the gate that shall release our spirits from bondage to little things and assure us of the timeless worth of every endeavor and final victory of love and righteousness over every dark and evil thing!

All over the world today men and nations are reaching for power. It may be the power of the dictator who claims authority over the liberty and lives of men, or military power which threatens the autonomy of weaker nations. Yet no matter how large these loom in the world about us, the greatest and the most lasting is the moral power of the Christian man. To the man who feels his weakness in this day of turmoil God says, "Be of good courage, and I will strengthen thy heart." That is what God said to Moses when He made of him an emancipator. He said it to Joshua when into Joshua's hand was given the leadership of the people. He said it to Ezekiel when the prophet shrank from the message which he was told to preach to Israel, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and be of good courage and I will strengthen thine heart." So, we are admonished to be courageous in dealing with God and man. A wise admonition.

---

## AN HONEST WORKMAN

Is never afrad of an inspector.
Values his honor above his wages.
Gets real pleasure out of his job.
Depends more upon ability than pull.
Appreciates justice far more than pity.
Is not envious of the success of his employers.
Doesn't have to speed up when the boss comes in.
Believes that work is a blessing and not a curse.
Always gives something that wages cannot pay for.
Doesn't nurse the thought he is not getting a square deal.
Looks after his tasks and lets the clock take care of itself.

—The School Industrialist.

# STATE'S FIRST LADY AS A SPEAKER

**(Smithfield Herald)**

The wife of the President of the United States is famous in her own right. By her interest in folks, in uplift movements, and in the happenings of the world, she will go down in history because of her own interests and achievements and not merely as the "First Lady of the Land." Not since Alice Roosevelt Longworth lived in the White House has a feminine member of a president's family so impressed her personality upon the American public.

Somewhat as Mrs. Roosevelt is doing in the nation, Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey, North Carolina's "first lady", is doing in this state. Mrs. Hoey is interested in all the activities of a normal woman, and she has made speeches before women's clubs in various sections of the state. Always her kind, sympathetic manner, as well as the message she delivers, makes a splendid impression. In a world of rush and hurry and sophistication, it is refreshing to hear from the lips of the first lady old-fashioned advice concerning the training of children. The following excerpt from a speech which she recently delivered before a group of Lumberton women is typical of Mrs. Hoey:

"There is no place where a woman can leave her mark where it counts for more than in her own home, and we need to go back into our homes and really live there. Whatever its women are, is what a community will be. This is our challenge."

Mrs. Hoey, incidentally condemned drinking among women as she admonished mothers not to disregard the early formative years of their children's lives.

---

## REWARD

Blest is the man whose heart and hands are pure.
He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,
No sorrow that he may not well endure:
His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure.

Oh, blest is he who ne'er hath sold his soul,
Whose will is perfect, and whose work is whole;
Who hath not paid to common-sense the toll
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control.

Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night,
He will not lose a glimmering of the light;
Nor, though the sun of day be shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.

—John Addington Symonds.

# A FAMOUS FAMILY OF TREES

**By Leonora Sill Ashton**

A great many trees are associated with notable events in history, but the one which stands out above all others in the reverence and affection of Americans is the Washington Elm, the tree which stood at Cambridge, Massachusetts, at the time of the Revolution, and under whose branches George Washington, the newly made commander of the American forces, took command of his soldiers.

How old this tree was in 1775 we cannot determine now; but we know that for over one hundred and fifty years after the date it stood, putting out its leaves every spring, and presenting itself to generation after generation as a living witness of the great act which was accomplished beneath its branches.

The Washington Elm was carefully tended and nurtured until 1923. Then it was found that its trunk was so decayed by the natural processes of age and battlement with storms, that it was cut down rather than have it remain in that condition.

The parent tree was cut down, but at the same time, some strong and healthy offsprings of the elm was growing in Maryland.

They had been carried there by a young law student, in 1888, when this Harvard scholar, by the name of William M. Lewis, going to and from his classes as June drew to its close, chanced one day to rest under the shade of the Washington Elm. It is not hard to imagine, that, glancing at the marker on the tree, the fact came to him that the famous elm could not live forever. With this thought in mind he gathered up a handful of the seeds from its branches which lay thick on the ground beneath them and took them back with him to plant at his family home in Maryland. From these seeds sprang fifteen young trees, direct descendants of the Washington Elm at Cambridge.

A few years after his return home, William Lewis moved to Washington to live, but before he left Maryland, he transplanted thirteen of the seedling trees to the grounds around Mount Vernon, one to the grounds of the old State House at Annapolis, and left one at his home.

All of these trees grew and flourished, and the ones at Mount Vernon and the State House are standing green and fresh at this writing. The one left in Maryland, grew to be a sizeable tree, only to be broken down one summer by a heavy storm.

Its life was not destroyed however, for up from the root sprang small but strong shoots, which in their turn were nourished and cared for by a niece of William Lewis, Mrs. Alice Burnside Dorsey. She it was, who, when they were large enough, had them taken up with their roots and planted in the garden of her house near Baltimore. Here they grew into young trees strong enough and sturdy enough to bear moving again. "Grandchildren" of the Washington Elm, they are called, and they have all been given places worthy of honoring them in different parts of the country.

Two of them are growing at the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American

Revolution Headquarters in Washington. One grows with those other descendants of the Washington Elm at Mount Vernon. There is one at Fort McHenry, Baltimore; one at Valley Forge; one at Yorktown; and one at the tomb of Washington's mother at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

As time went on, other shoots appeared, springing up from the roots of that old tree at the Lewis home in Maryland. Mrs. Dorsey obtained two more lots, and once again she went through the long, tedious process of rooting the shoots and guarding and encouraging their growth. Finally in 1932, the year of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, she had fifty small elm trees descended from the Washington Elm, growing in her garden and ready to transplant.

The Maryland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution co-operated with Mrs. Dorsey in sending one of these to nearly every state in the Union to be planted on state house lawns.

Later on, during the festival year of 1932, state officials, patriotic organizations, and authorities in charge of patriotic shrines made requests for the trees, and today there are more than one hundred of them standing in various parts of the Union. Only a very few of the grandchildren of the Cambridge Elm are left standing in Mrs. Dorsey's garden.

One of the latest of these elms to be planted in a historic spot was the one dedicated to the memory of the one hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution on April 28, 1937 when the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the American Revolution placed it at Valley Forge with appropriate ceremonies.

The soil which was scattered around the roots of this tree at that time was gathered from many shrines. It had been collected from Washington's birthplace at Wakefield, Virginia, from his boyhood home, opposite Fredericksburg, from Fort Necessity, the scene of his well known military experience, from the garden of his mother's home in Fredericksburg, from Independence Hall, and from the old State House at Annapolis where he resigned his commission and started home to Mount Vernon.

It is interesting to note, that within a month, before May was well on its way, this tree at Valley Forge had put forth strong budding leaves.

---

## PROFANITY

When I hear someone swear as most of us do
I think of a phrase, often heard, and how true.
T'was spoken by an English professor, who said,
"Profanity comes from an empty head."
He said it was stupid to be profane
Because it only showed we could not explain
What we wanted to say, and use the right word
So the stupid must swear or never be heard.

—Ed O'Donnell.

# PERSONAL SLANTS

**(Selected)**

One is apt to think of an artist as one who paints a picture, or plays a difficult composition, writes a compelling novel. But I know a groceryman who is an artist, though he does not express his love of the beautiful in painting, music or literature.

One day recently I passed by his store window and the effect that he had achieved in the arrangement of his vegetables was truly a work of art. A border of uniform golden bananas framed the picture, which had panels of dark green spinach and string beans, alternating with the light green of lettuce heads. And in the corner where the rows of vegetables conveyed was a nest of yellow lemons bringing out the color note of the bananas. I suppose customers finally destroyed the perfect arrangement, but I am sure they were drawn inside the store by the orderliness and color scheme of the show window.

I have a neighbor who is an artist, too, but she could not paint a sunset or thrill an audience with a solo. But her flower garden shows a sense of design that pleases the eye and excites emotion. Her bed of daffodils and hyacinths with their background of trellised vines and shrubbery form a colorful landscape that people go out of their way to see.

I have another friend who expresses her artistic temperament in the arrangment of furniture in her house. An easy chair in a book-lined nook with table and lamp forms an inviting picture. A window arrangement that frames an outdoor scene and a vase of flowers that emphasize the color motif of the draperies is another pleasant picture. The treatment of the fireplace expressing the cheerfulness of her personality is another exhibition of the art which prevades all her home making.

A work of art, then, is a creation of one's imagination and intelligence, and all of us whether or not we can wield a brush or pen or baton, can be artistic, either consciously or unconsciously.

---

## SATISFACTION

There's no thrill in easy sailing
When the sky is clear and blue.
There's no joy in merely doing
Things which anyone can do.
But there's great satisfaction
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.

—Selected.

# ZERO CITIZENS

**(Winston-Salem Journal)**

Somebody is always coining new terms. President Harding gave us "normalcy," President Wilson made us acquainted with "hyphenated American," grammarians writers, specialists and scientists introduce novel words and expressions into the language from time to time.

It was left ostensibly to I. G. Greer, director of Mills Home, to give us the term, "zero citizen." And a very fitting term it is.

The "zero citizen," as Professor Greer defined him in a speech before the local Junior Chamber of Commerce, is the fellow who doesn't take any interest in community affairs. He is perfectly willing to let George do it. He is the man who would be neutral if he could between the forces of good and evil, progress and reaction. But since this manifestedly is impossible, by his indifference he aids and abets evil and reaction.

Professor Greer named as the antithesis of the "zero citizen," the "positive citizen." He is the fellow who is always endeavoring to do something about the vital problems of life. He may err, and get into serious difficulties, or he may succeed immeasurably. But whether he climbs or falls, he is always in motion, he is always found playing the game of life on one side or the other.

Many will agree with Professor Greer when he takes his stand for the positive citizen. If every citizen belonged to the zero class the world would stand still and stagnate. We could have no civic, state or national progress, we could solve none of life's most pressing puzzles and problems if everybody sat on dry goods boxes and whittled, or turned a deaf ear to call of community needs and service.

---

## MYSELF

Would you know the thought that came to me as I lay half asleep last night,
That startled me, keeping me wide awake till the shadows took their flight?
Then, here is the thought that held me fast as it came in the dark to me—
"I shall always have to live with myself," no matter where I may be.
"Wherever I live, and how long I may live, and whatever the things I do
I can never get away from myself." That startled me, wouldn't it you?
And so, as I never can hide myself away from myself, you see,
I must make myself so I can like myself—and fit for the whole world to see.

—Selected.

# TELEVISION TAKES ITS BOW

**By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter**

What a marvelous age it is in which we are living! No era of the past has been so full of possibilities for the development of inventions, and none can dispute that television is the most modern of developments in the field of electrical engineering.

Literally hundreds of thousands of people in these United States have not yet seen a television demonstration, and yet, even while you are reading this story, pictures are flashing through the air. At first many difficulties beset the path of the experiments, even room-to-room transfer of pictures without the aid of mechanical means seemed impossible. Three decades of experimentation have passed and television is about to take its bow, to become a part of our daily life.

Intimately the development of television has been woven in with that of radio. In December, 1901, Marconi achieved radio transfer of signals across the Atlantic Ocean for the first time. Just a few dots (short sounds) were heard, and it was not until a year later that equipment was perfected to the point where a coherent message was transmitted across the ocean, and trans-atlantic radio transmission did not become an established fact until the World War.

About the same general time, radio telephony was born. First it could scarcely be described as anything else than a wailing. Imagine though the thrill I had when acting as radio operator on a boat bound for India. Those were the days of ear phones, and listening intently for one of the English radio stations, I heard, instead of the familiar dot and dash of the Morse code, a voice eerily coming out of the ether: "Hello, he-ll-oah, he-ll-oah Dover." Over and over again, long drawn out, came the voice and then I "picked up" a faint answering call from another station in Holland.

Radio telegraphy, radio telephony, are the forefathers of radio broadcasting. Year by year the realm of radio advanced until today it carries messages, songs, orchestras—all sound in fact—to every spot upon our globe. "A message to Mars" may not be as fantastic as some skeptic would think; many of the fabulous stories of Jules Verne had equally unsubstantiated ideas for their plot, and many of them, as you know, in the light of subsequent invention and development, have become actualities, part of our everyday life.

For a mement let us go back to that ghastly period of the World War when all inventive genius was turned toward development, and, alas, toward destruction in most instances. Many good things, however, from which mankind has benefitted came out of that period, ironically enough. High-vacuum tubes were developed and replaced the old-time crystal and cat-whisker; electrical amplifiers magnified faint signals so that they were audible over loud speakers, instead of phones. Higher frequency continuous wave generators were developed, in fact, radio communication facilities went ahead by leaps and bounds.

Many of the problems connected with radio broadcasting, which brought world-famous artists, musicians and specialists in many fields before our vast population were ironed out when the Federal Radio Commission was created in 1927 by an Act of Gongress. The Commission quickly straightened out the babel that existed on the air with many programs trying to operate on the same wave-lengths. Now radio broadcasting is strictly confined to definite wave-lengths, time, and so forth.

April 7, 1927, saw the first demonstration of television in New York, but it was not until January 13, 1928, that radio television leaped the barrier between the laboratory and the home with a demonstration of television broadcasting. At three different points in Schenectady, groups of engineers, scientists and newspapermen, standing before the first "home television sets" ever to be demonstrated, saw the moving images and heard the voices of a man and a woman, transmitted from the research laboratories several miles away.

So lifelike were the lights and shadows reproduced from the research studios that the flash of an eye was transmitted by radio just as a picture unfolds on a screen.

The first home television set was of very simple construction, not unlike the familiar phonograph cabinet in size and exterior appearance. The elements of the television home receiver are a light source, the scanning device and the synchronizing system. The signal, or electro-magnetic wave from the television transmitter, is received in equipment designed to receive modulations as high as 40,000 cycles. The amplifier is much the same as that of the home loud speaker. The receiving system differs from a modern loud speaker system in that a neon gas-filled lamp is substituted for the loud speaker. The amplified current is delivered to this lamp, which responds to the intensities of the current and gives fluctuations of the light intensity just as a diaphragam of the loud speaker reproduces pulsations of the air waves.

The scanning disc is twenty-four inches in diameter, with forty-eight small holes arranged in a spiral so tha the forty-eight holes will pass each other and trace successive lines of the picture, completing or literally painting a picture in one revolution. In other words, if the discs were revolved very slowly a ray of light through successive holes would trace over the entire object. The disc is revolved by a standard motor, similar to those used in household devices, such as the washing machine or the vacuum cleaner. The revolutions occur at a speed of eighteen per second, slightly faster than a film passes through a motion picture camera. An observer, looking at this revolving disc as the light from the lamp shines through these small holes, would see the image being sent by radio but this picture would be but one and one-half inches square. Magnifying lenses enlarge the picture twice so that it is three inches square in the aperture in the front of the receiver cabinet.

Synchronization of the scanning disc of the receiver with the scanning disc of the transmitter is obtained by manually operated control, a push button held in the hand. By means of this button, of the bell ringing type, the picture may be held in the field of vision, with a little practice, as

naturaly after a time as driving an automobile or steering a bicycle.

The reproduced picture or object has a pink color, which is characteristic of the neon gas used in the lamp. D. McFarlan Moore, the inventor of the lamp which bears his name, found in early work that this gas was most efficient and most sensitive for reproducing a light which will go on and off in a millionth part of a second.

The transmission system is of the type using a disc with spiral holes, a duplicate of the disc in the receiving machine. A spotlight is projected on the object through the moving disc and the reflection of this light is intercepted by photo-electric cells, which convert the light to electric waves, ready for the short wave transmitter. Such was the general type of receiver and transmitter used in the early demonstrations. Improvements and modification have been inevitable, and television yet has some considerable way to go before it is practical on a large scale for wide distribution.

Television images transmitted by radio were publicly exhibited on May 23, 1930, as a part of a regular theater performance in Schenectady. It was the first appearance of television in the theatre and was presented to show the possibilities of the then new art as a medium of entertainment. Through a loud speaker system the voices of the performers, also transmitted by radio, were heard by the audience. The active images of performers were reproduced on a screen six feet square and were readily visible by those seated in the back rows of the balcony.

Through the span of seven years the radio transmission of moving objects has advanced. June 29, 1936, saw the commencement of an elaborate series of field tests by the television experts. Experimental programs are transmitted from their station on top of the Empire State Building in New York by remote control from the studios in the R. C. A. Building, a mile or more away. Receivers have been installed in the homes of their engineers' living in the metropolitan area and adjacent suburbs. The new science is hardly out of the crawling stage, yet it is felt that ere long it will be a husky, robust youngster in the sphere of radio science. Already television programs have been consistently and accurately received over a distance of forty-five miles. In eight years many hurdles—and the most difficult ones, for they naturally come in the early stages of development—have been successfully cleared, and so another marvel is well on the way to becoming an accepted fact in our daily lives.

---

Life is a voyage in which we choose neither vessel nor weather but much can be done in the management of the sails and guidance of the helm.—The School Industrialist.

# DUTY BEGINS WITH "D"

**By Miriam E. Mason**

After all these days of gloomy rain there was enough sunshine to make a pleasant warmth in the runway which connected the two divisions of the snug cabin. Grandmother Canfield had taken her knitting out there; her thin old fingers twinkled and flew above the heavy woolen sock.

"I've got work to do in here," Permelia had answered, when grandmother called her to bring her sampler and come down to the runway. Jane and Sarah and little Ashpah were gathered obediently about grandmother's footstool, busied with little useful occupations. Grandmother would reward them with a story. Permelia knew perfectly well that it would be about that wonderful time in grandmother's childhood when the famous Paul Revere had stopped at her home for a drink of water.

She scoured the hearth, dusted cupboard shelves, and scrubbed soot spots, but even those activities could not drown out the sound of grandmother's voice, reaching the dramatic peak of her ofttold tale. "And just then, my dears, I heard a horseman clatter up to the gate—"

Nor could they drown out the fiery resentment that blazed in Permelia's fifteen-year-old heart; had been blazing since she knew for certain that she would not get to go to Indianapolis village, the new capital of the young state which was thirty miles to the north.

A tear slipped down Permelia's round cheek to splash in the sudsy soap. "There'll never be another time like this in all the world! Never, so long as I live will I have a chance to see the Marquis de Lafayette. He'll never again come clear across the ocean from France to visit this country. . . . And he's in Indiana now, and everybody'll be crowding into Indianapolis village to see him—and I'd set my heart on going for sure"

In the raw young state capital there would be flags and music, marching and feasting, flowers and soldiers, banquets and crowds. It was a great occasion—this visit of the fine old French nobleman to the country he had helped. It was an occasion that would go down in history when these days of 1825 became history.

And every settler for miles around who could get to Indianapolis would be there this week. The Marquis had crossed the Alleghenies; he sailed down the Ohio; now he was nearing the far western frontier of Indiana, and Indiana was athrill to do him honor.

"The whole world there to see the Marquis and the governor," thought Permelia, going up the narrow stairway after her sampler, "while Permelia Dunham stays home and sews on her sampler—ugly thing!"

She looked at the square of handwork with distaste. It was not really ugly. The tow linen was firm and evenly woven; the embroidering, done in shades of blue and scarlet, was neat and bright. The pattern, drawn with pokeberry ink, was a good likeness of her log cabin home here in the heart of Indiana. It showed the sturdy, two-part cabin of hewed logs, brightened with flowers which had

had their origin back in the New England garden of her own mother's childhood.

"I'm sick of duty," she said rebelliously, to her handwork.

The lettering of her sampler shimmered as she looked at it. It shimmered with her disappointed, rebellious tears. She hated the "motto" which adorned the picture of the house. It was the very same motto which was on the sampler that Grandmother Canfield had finished on her tenth birthday.

"Do thy Duty: that is Best.
Leave unto Thy Lord the Rest."

The first two letters were already done in beautiful cross-stitches of vivid crimson and blue. Now Permelia was ready for "Duty." The big D stared at her like a solemn round eye, like the eye of Schoolmaster Soloman Gooch when he was admonishing his pupils; like the eye of Grandmother Ganfield when she was saying, "It's your duty, child!"

"It's your duty, child!" That's what grandmother had said to Permelia three days ago when the boys, Permelia's big brothers, had ridden off, in the carefree way of men, toward Indianapolis and its excitements. They were boys—men. They could ride off where there were music and banners and stirring events —where history was being made. They could go, and because Permelia was a girl, and the oldest girl in the motherless family of the pioneer circuit rider, she must stay behind and do her duty by the family.

Permelia frowned at the poorly shaped "D" of the hated word. It looked more like an "O." "I'd best get some fresh ink and draw it over," she said. It would be a shame to hand down to her grandchildren a sampler with a letter slightly askew. A sudden whimsey struck her.

"And I think I'll not do that word in madder or blue," she said. "I'll do it in butternut thread, ugly brown stuff like mud and soot. That'll suit it better!"

Two sly dimples broke mischievously into Permelia's cheeks as she pictured how the sampler would look. "Do thy Duty"—a beautiful stretch of blue and scarlet with the ugly brown word set like a sour slave-driver in the middle of the row. She'd be very careful with her stitches; even grandmother wouldn't be able to find fault with her stitches. But the ugliest, brownest, saddest colored bit of wool thread in all the year's dyeing should go into that word which Permelia had heard too, too often. Under the pointed ceiling of the cabin hung the hanks of wool thread, the great rolls of tow. She chose a piece of wool to suit her dark fancy and descended the narrow stairs to where Grandmother Canfield was just capping her dramatic narrative with the neat moral: "And so you see, my dears, it was a lucky thing that I had gone down to the well, instead—"

She broke off to smile at Permelia, with approval, seeing the roll of tow linen and the sweetgrass work basket. "Come and join us," she invited cheerily. Little Sarah raised round blue eyes from her hemming. "Grandmother's been telling us about the time Mr. Revere stopped at her house for a drink—Mr. Paul Revere. And she's just finished."

"Oh, I dare say I could think up some things about it that I forgot," promised grandmother, who dearly

loved to retell this tale. "I didn't tell you what he said when I handed him the cup, did I?"

Permelia excused herself with a haste that, in anybody but a preacher's patient daughter, might be called rudeness.

"I'm thinking I'll not stay in the house," she said. "It's warm and sunny back yonder at the edge of the cornfield, and I can shoo the crows and squirrels away from pa's corn while I'm sewing."

Grandmother loked disappointed, but could hardly discourage this doubly useful motive. "Seems to me it's terrible dampish out by the woods, after all this rain," she said. "But maybe if you'd hunt out a good, sun-warmed tree stump, it won't hurt you."

Permelia promised to do this, and picked her way through the mud of the cabin yard, through the mud of the back garden, and on down to the mud of the cornfield where the young green blades pushing higher each day through the mud that had lately been forest floor.

Down at the edge of the woods there was color; vivid green of the young corn in the field, the darker green of the encroaching trees, against the brilliant blue of the June sky. Squirrels flitted up and down the trees, crows screamed angrily at the guardidan of the cornfield.

Permelia let the sampler rest across her knees unheeded, while her thoughts, swifter and brighter than a parakeet's wings, carried her over the mud-bound roads and into the village of Indianapolis where, even now, her brothers might be witnessing the gaieties of the Marquis' reception. And again tears glimmered in her blue eyes as she remembered her long plans and hopes for this occasion. A young couple, married by her own preacher father, who lived in the village, had sent word for Permelia to be their guest during the thrilling time of the nobleman's visit. Permelia had a new dress for the occasion, not the usual yellow brown or dull green of home-made linsey, not even cream-colored tow linen, or bright-dyed scarlet. Her new dress, almost too gay and fine for a preacher's daughter, grandmother said, was of blossomy-figured peau de soie, silky and rich enough for a bride's gown. The material had been given to her by a wealthy merchant's wife over at Noblesville village, who was grateful for the comfort which Mr. Dunham had ministered in her son's illness. The unworldly preacher had hesitated over taking the gift, but after all, his earnings amounted to only about eighty dollars a year and he would never be able to purchase a piece of imported silk for his daughter's frock. And Permelia was his oldest daughter, the picture of her beloved dead mother, and he craved little joys for her. So Permelia had a lovely new frock for an occasion that was now lost to her!

"Duty!" said Permelia angrily, gathering up the tow linen sampler. "I've a feeling that duty sometimes talks out of turn, like—like those black crows up there, waiting to steal our corn. Pa wanted me to go to Indianapolis with the boys, such experiences broadened a woman, he said. He had planned to stay at home with Grandmother Canfield and the little children. The time wouldn't be lost, for he could be writing on his book of sermons."

And then—like a thundercloud

spoiling the sunshine, like a black crow stealing the green corn—then came duty, in the shape of an appeal from some shiftless squatters over the other side of Whetstone Hill who were suffering with malaria and chills, due to the rainy weather. The preacher, in addition to giving spiritual comfort, was skilled in the use of pills and blisters, and was always a welcome visitor to households afflicted with the Indiana scourge.

"Oh, Pa, you won't have to go now before I come back from Indianapolis?" Permelia had pleaded, when the gaunt youth from the other side of the hill had stated his need. And the preacher had looked distressed beyond measure. "It's my duty, child," he had said, "I dare not refuse. Perhaps I can be back—"

But he wasn't back before the boys rode off through the woods He wasn't back yet. And life and duty were still going along in the same dull way; nothing to look forward to in the drudgery, nothing to remember as she went about her work.

The sound of horses' hoofs clumping on the damp woods road roused her into a moment of childish expectation. Maybe the boys had repented and were coming back to wait until she could go with them. Maybe they had met her father, returning from his duties.

But no, it was three strangers who emerged from the heavy shadows of the woods road. They looked tired, hungry, and muddy, and Permelia felt resentful at the realization that it was her duty to offer them rest and a meal before they continued on their journey south.

Permelia sat very still. Let them ride on. She had planned to have hasty pudding and milk for dinner today. Men always had to have big meals wtih hearty foods, meat, and corn cakes and tea or coffee. Her kitchen hearth was clean, and the shelves scrubbed. She didn't relish the thought of scattering the ashes about to stir up a hot meal.

"After all, we're not an inn," she said rebelliously to herself. Too many travelers used the preacher's neat home as a stop on their way, ate his good food and went on without more than a careless word of thanks.

Then she saw that the sharp eyes of the foremost rider had spied her. Her bowed to her and spoke courteously, a quiet, gentlemanly appearing man of early middle age. His two companions, young men, stood in the background, allowing their tired horses to snip at the grass at the edge of the clearing.

Permelia returned his greeting with reserved primness and surveyed her embroidery work, beginning to get very busy with needle and threads.

"This road lads to Jeffersonville, does it not?" quieried the traveler. Permelia's eyes widened. Jeffersonville was many miles to the south, down on the Ohio River. She had never traveled so far as that.

"It's but a poor, twisting road. If you keep following it, though, going to the south, it'll get you in Jeffersonville some time. North it goes to Indianapolis, that's the new state capital." Permelia pulled and twisted at the fabric on her knees. She hoped, with a shamed horror, that the gentleman would not notice that tears were splashing down upon it.

But he did notice, for after an instant he spoke gently. "Are you in trouble, lassie?"

"No. No. Not at all! I was just thinking—this stitching of mine—it's all awry—it strains the eyes to look at it and try to make the stitches—"

"Let me look at it!" the man dismounted suddenly from his horse, threw the bridle rein in the direction of his followers. "Let the horses graze for a while and rest," he commanded. "I'll stop awhile with the little girl."

He sat down beside Permelia on the wide tree stump where there was ample room, and took the sampler from her hands. "We'll see what's so troublesome about a bit of stitchery that it must bring tears to a maid's eyes. I was once a schoolmaster, perhaps I can tell."

He looked at the picture and read aloud the wording:

"Do thy Duty; that is Best.
Leave Unto thy Lord the Rest.
Permelia Dorcas Dunham; 1825."

"A good sentiment," he approved, and Permelia returned hotly, "No., Not good. Harsh, mean, ugly!"

She saw his eyes, half astonished, and half amused, upon her flushed face, and the astonishment in his gaze drove her to greater recklessness of speech.

"Duty is an ugly word. Especially for women and girls. Men can have some fun along with their duty, and some excitement—like saving a country, or marching to music, or rolling the logs for a new house or—going to Indianapolis where the Marquis de Lafayette is going to be! But girls—their duty's just staying at home with the pots and the hearthfire, the grandmother and the children. I hate it!"

"My! What a little orator we have here! If the time ever comes when women can stump speech in politics what a stump speaker you'll be!" His tired eyes twinkled at her.

"All the same it's true and you can laugh because you're a man, and duty's not the same word for you that it is for a woman. You wouldn't like it if you had to stay home and mind the fire and the cooking spider and the babies and the grandmother instead of traveling to see the governor and the Marquis and all the grand folks at Indianapolis, now, would you?"

Her visitor seemed to think this a great joke, for he laughed heartily. "Maybe you're right, little fire-eater," he admitted. "But I can think it would be more fun for me to stay at home than to traipse through this mud and water to Jeffersonville!"

And then he took the sampler in his hands and studied it more critically.

"Duty begins with 'D,' young lady," he said in a tone of severity. "What's this you've got—an 'O' or a 'Q?' This is no honest D—look at it!"

Permelia loked meekly, her temperish fires subdued by his Soloman Gooch tones. "It's—it's backward, that's the trouble," she admitted, presently. "No wonder it didn't look right!" And she laughed at herself, those two slim dimples like pointed arrows in her cheeks again.

"That's better," her guest approved. He took a goose quill from his pocket and trimmed it a little. "We'll see if we can make this mistreated D into a thing of beauty—"

"You can't," said Permelia saucily, yet watching with interest as he dipped his goose quill into her pot of pokeberry juice and touched the creamy fabric. "D's an ugly letter—it's the beginning of so many ugly

things, of drudgery, and dust, and dark and disagreeable and—"

"And dear and darling, daughter and dauntless, daring and dreams and decoration—"

Deftly he was redrawing Permelia's wry letter, making it with a beautiful copperplate exactness until it stood out in the line of lettering, a very blossom of a letter among plain green leaves. Then he handed it to Permelia with a questioning smile, and she took it with delight; "Why, it's beautiful! Beautiful! Why, it doesn't look like the same letter at all!"

"It's the same, only you had it backward," he said, and added with careless modesty, "in the days when he was a schoolmaster, Will Hendricks was esteemed an expert in the making and using of quill pens."

"Will Hendricks?" The words rang like a bell in Permelia's mind. "Will Hendricks? Why, that's the same name as the governor!"

"The same, by your leave, ma'am," the man rose and bowed to her, his eyes sparkling with a mischief that washed away their weariness. "William Hendricks, governor of Indiana, and pleased to meet you, ma'am!"

"But—but—" there was an honesty in his eyes that forbore doubt. "But why aren't you in Indianapolis, waiting to receive the Marquis de Lafayette who's visiting Indiana?"

"Because, little lady, the roads being so very bad between Jeffersonville and Indianapolis make it dangerous for an aged nobleman like the Marquis to come to Indianapolis—and therefore Indianapolis, or the governor thereof, must needs travel to Jeffersonville to see the Marquis!"

Peremlia felt as if she had fallen suddenly into the deep waters of Half Moon Spring. Then she gasped and swallowed and rose bravely to the occasion.

"Oh sir, your honor, your excellency!" she breathed, not forgetting to spring up and curtsy before the high official. "Will you please, please stop and eat dinner with us before you go on?"

"I will consider the matter," said Governor Hendricks gravely, but with that twinkle at the corners of his mouth. But Permelia, on flying feet, was hurrying to the cabin.

The governor unfolded his napkin "Dinner!" he said solemnly. "A word beginning with d. A beautiful word. Or perhaps I should say, a delicious word!"

It was such a dinner. A dinner as only a lavish Hoosier, with a background of New England good living could produce. Spider-fried chicken, tender and crisp, with crackling corn johnny cakes; some of the smoked venison ham which had been a gift to her father last February; delicate new-made hominy, crisp lettuce greens from behind the house; roast potatoes; boiled eggs; dishes of rich preserve —crabapple, cherry, persimmon, and pumpkin; maple syrup and milk in tall jugs; coffee, from pa's precious store, with brown sugar and rich cream; and, last of all, a round glass bowl of tiny strawberries, gathered quickly by the faithful little sisters, and piled on the glass platter by Grandmother Canfield, who had had long years of experience in fixing up fine dinners.

The governor sat at the head of the scoured plank table in the kitchen room with Granmother Canfield at the foot. There was plenty of room along the sides for the children, the two attendants, and Permelia, for the

minister's table was well used to extra guests.

Permelia's eyes shone and her cheeks glowed rose. At the last minute, when they were almost ready to sit down, she had hurried up the stairs and slipped into her blossomy peau-de soie. She was thankful for curly hair that could be brushed back behind the ears and tied with a bow of ribbon. And though they might think her foolish for dressing up so, she felt that she must do it. This day would never be forgotten, so long as she lived. It was a day that would stand out like a bright flower, like a warm fire in all the days of her life, and she wanted to do it justice.

The governor rose and bowed and looked flattering when she came into the kitchen. He had not thought her silly. He had understood. And he used courtly manners with his eating. One would have thought they were seated about the board of the governor's mansion, as he discoursed of the times, the roads, the Marquis de Lafayette.

"I shall remember this time," thought Permelia as the meal wore on. "When I am old, I will remember it and talk about it to my grandchildren. It will shine out in my life, no matter what happens!"

Then at last the dinner was at an end, and it was time for the guests to be pushing on down to Jeffersonville, for the roads were very bad, and it was hard going.

The governor borrowed Permelia's pokeberry pot again, and scribbled upon a bit of foolscap which he laid in her hands.

"Good-by, my little stump speaker!" he said, smiling. "We are both good Hoosiers—I would not insult you by offering you money for your gracious entertainment. But I beg of you that as soon as your duties permit, you will travel to Indianapolis and let me repay you in kind."

There was the note; and official invitation to Miss Permelia Dorcas Dunham, a young lady in flowered peau de soie, to have dinner at the governor's house. It was signed officially by William Hendricks, governor of the Commonwealth of Indiana.

Permelia watched them ride away, refreshed from their weariness and hunger, stronger for the rest of the hard journey. She listened as long as she could to the thud of their horses' hoofs. When they were quite gone from her sight and hearing she returned to the cabin. She took off her beautiful dress and hung it away. She put the treasured note into the safekeeping of her Bible box.

When all the dinner clutter was cleared away, and the hearth swept clean, and the kitchen in spotless order, she got out her sweet grass work basket again. The afternoon sun was still warm and bright. She would have time to make many stitches on her sampler; upon the this day would stand out in her memory.

"Funny how I thought it was an ugly word," smiled Permelia to herself. "Funny that I ever looked upon d as an ugly letter. Why it's lovely; and duty—duty's a beautiful word!"

She took her sewing out to the runway where grandmother was knitting warm brown stockings, her old fingers flying, while a dreamy, reminiscent look shone in her eyes.

Permelia sat down on a footstool carefully selected a vivid thread of crimson with which to begin the

stitching of the precious "D."

"Grandmother," she said softly as she threaded her needle, and put it to the linen, "won't you tell us once more about the time that Mr. Revere stopped at your house?"

---

## JEFFERSON MEMORIAL

Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln stand as the three towering figures in the first years of American history. Time adds to and does not detract from their eminence. The existing Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial will be supplemented by the addition of a Memorial to Thomas Jefferson. From the Washington Monument grounds the Jefferson Memorial will be seen across the Tidal Basin, in which the Lincoln Memorial and the cherry trees flanking it will be mirrored. President Roosevelt has approved the plan and it seems to win gradual acceptance from different groups that have opposed.

Thomas Jefferson was an architect. He designed his own historic home of Monticello, at Charlottesville, Va., and the original buildings of the University of Virginia. The Capitol at Richmond was likewise by him. The Memorial at Washington is practically a replica of the Library building at the Virginia University.

The Jefferson Memorial will be modest and beautiful, particularly so because John Russell Pope, one of the masters of architecture of our own time gave to this work the touch of modernism and the added classic of France that Jefferson wove into the buildings of the University. Mr. Pope was the architect of the Mellon National Gallery of Art, and that building is already under construction. Messrs. Ott R. Eggers and Daniel Higgins are carrying on the plans of Mr. Pope, who died last year.

The Jefferson Memorial Commission of which Congressman John J. Boylan is chairman is composed of a dozen outstanding officials and citizens. They have convinced the opposition to agree to their plans. In doing so many controversial points regarding location and changes in public grounds have been settled amicably.—Monroe Enquirer.

# A CHINESE CREED

**By Samson S. Ding**

What is the attitude of Chinese Christians toward Japanese aggression in the present situation?

In general, the convictions of Chinese Christian workers may be summed up as follows:

1. We should continue to preach the love of God and the redemptive power of Jesus Christ. Changing conditions can never permanently interefere with the work of God's servants.

2. God is loving and righteous, and he will save the weak from the yoke of the strong.

3. This is the time to preach faith—faith in God and in the eventual emergence of the kingdom of God on earth.

4. We believe that the Christian people are in greater need of the Christian religion in this dark hour than ever before. Many of our national leaders in the government are finding strength and courage in their fellowship with God.

5. Because we believe that the present aggressive policy of the Japanese militarists to conquer not only China but the whole world does not represent the attitude of the Japanese people, we are willing to co-operate with the common people of Japan, especially the Christians, to resist Japanese militarism.

6. We are calling on Christians throughout the world to unite in the use of moral strength to fight against militarism in general and Japanese militarism in particular so as to save the world from its menace.

7. We believe that this is the time to reveal Christian love by self-denial and sacrifice in doing our utmost to help the war refugees.

8. We are unanimous in following our Christian leaders in the government in resisting this invasion to the last ditch, and we share their strong conviction regarding our final triumph.

9. We believe in the real signifiance of the cross of Christ: thus we believe in resistance and sacrifice.

10. We believe that justice and righteousness are non-defeatable; so the spirit of China is indomitable and her cause will have the favor of God as it prevails in the end.

---

## TELLING THE TIME

The time of day I do not tell,
  As some do, by the clock,
Or by the distant chiming bell
  Set on the steeple rock,
But by progress that I see
  In what I have to do.
It's either Done o'Clock to me,
  Or only Half-Past Through.

—John Hendrick Bangs.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Elsie Buie Thomas, a member of the fauctly of Greenwood School, located at Lemon Springs, spent the past few days with her aunt, Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse.

---

Mr. Alf Carriker, and his group of carpenter shop boys recently treated the floor of the porch at the Cannon Memorial Building to a fresh coat of paint, which adds very much to the appearance of the building.

---

James Dunn, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who left the School about four years ago, called on friends here last Wednesday. James reported that he was working in the Johnston Mills, Charlotte, and was getting along very nicely.

---

W. A. Brown and Sons, contractors, of Salisbury, recently started work on the renovation of our ice plant. From the progress being made at this time it would appear that this department will be in operation in a short time. While this work is being done, it has been necessary to purchase our ice supply from Concord.

---

Twelve books, the gift of the Concord Library, were recently added to the King's Daughters Library here at the School. Good books are always a most acceptable gift, and we are grateful to those in charge of the Concord institution for their kindness in thus remembering the boys at the Training School.

---

Another of our boys has developed appendicitis. Kenneth Gibbs, of Cottage No. 2, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital last Saturday afternoon, where he underwent an immediate operation. The latest report from that institution stated that Kenneth is getting along nicely and it was expected that he would soon be able to return to the School.

---

Arrangements have been made with the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, to remove tonsils from all Training School boys in need of such treatment, a group of nine boys to be taken down to that institution each week. One group has already been operated on and returned to the School, and another group went down yesterday. This will continue until all have been treated.

---

Dr. H. L. McRorey, president of Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte, who has played a prominent part in promoting higher education for the Negro race for many years, and Prof. S. Herbert Adams, registrar of the university, were visitors at the Training School one day last week. After

going through the various departments they expressed great pleasure in seeing how the work is being carried on here.

---

Our farm forces have started harvesting oats. As this crop covers about 150 acres, some time will elapse between the beginning and end of this task. Two harvesters are in action every day the weather permits. A recent hail and wind storm did considerable damage by blowing and beating down quite a large portion of the oats, which will make harvesting more difficult. It is estimated that this year's crop will exceed 5,000 bushels.

---

William Frank Johnson, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School about six years ago, spent a couple of days here last week. With the exception of a short time spent in the United States Army, Frank has been connected with the mortor transfer business ever since leaving us, working as truck driver, and has made trips through many states. At the present time he is employed by the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, as a dispatcher at their Charlotte warehouse. His duties are to check all trucks leaving or coming in, and Frank tells us his contract with the company is for five years.

---

Superintendent Boger, accompanied by Mrs. George Barrier and a group of boys, went to Winston-Salem last Monday afternoon to appear before the Junior Chamber of Comerce at its weekly meeting. Mr. Boger addressed the members of this group on the work of the Training School, after which he presented the boys' quartet, consisting of Caleb Jolly, Albert Silas, Milford Hodgin and Carroll Dodd, who rendered several selections. They were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Barrier, our musical director. All those making this trip reported that their efforts were pleasantly received, and that the outing was a most enjoyable occasion.

---

Another of the Training School boys has gone home and stuck to his school work until reaching the time for graduation. Last week we received an invitation to the graduating exercises of the Lenoir High School, which were held on Wednesday night, May 25th. Among the graduates listed is found the name of John Wilson McLean, who left here January 1, 1935.

Wilson made a fine record during his stay at the School and we understand he has continued this record, especially in his school work, since returning to his home.

We are glad to acknowledge through these columns the invitation sent by Wilson, and express our appreciation and congratulations for his fine achievement.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Major John Bivans and a group of Salvation Army

workers of the post in Charlotte, who assumed charge of the program after being presented by Mr. Sheldon. The meeting was held on the campus, near the auditorium, and the opening song was rendered by Major Bivans. Following a prayer, the Salvation Army Band played a march. The three Bivans sisters than sang a number, which was followed by a cornet solo by Robert Trilton, bandmaster. Captain Stratford then read the Bible Lesson, and after another selection by the band several members of the group gave testimonials as to why they decided to follow the Christian life. The meeting was then closed with selections by the band. Those taking part in this service were: Major and Mrs. John Bivans, Misses Dorothy, Violet and Elizabeth Bivans, Genie and Glenn Proctor, Captain and Mrs. Rigsby Satterfield, Julius Satterfield, Dan Biggs, Cecil Cudd, Bandmaster Robert Trilton and Mrs. Trilton, Captain Dorothy Tucker, Sara Cleveland, Rene Tyler, A. C. Carlisle, Willard Evans, Captain Charles Stratford, Mrs. Ruth Wilson, Captain James Prout, Lieutenant Hughes, Mrs. C. S. Bryant, James Mason.

---

A letter was received the other day from Norman Hulan, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was paroled January 15, 1935. He is now in the United States Army and is stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Here are some excerpts from the letter:

"I suppose you are surprised to hear from your old Cottage 2 boy. Have just been taking stock of my life—what I had gained and what I had lost—and happened to think of Jackson Training School. I am grateful for what the School did for me and really believe it did me more good than I can realize. One of the important factors is that it taught me honor, which all sums up to a great deal of respect for one's self and others. Honor is a great word and takes in a lot of territory.

"I am taking a course in baking here and expect to make it my career when I leave the army. I became very much intrested in baking while at the School and am working hard at it now, and am quite sure I can succeed in following this trade.

"I like Hawaii just fine and am very fond of army life. Hawaii is surely a fine place, with its agreeable climate, lovely flowers and tropical foliage. Waikiki Beach certainly deserves its fame as a beautiful and enchanting spot. It cannot be fully described by anyone.

"Remember me to all my good friends at the School and if you have an extra copy of The Uplift around, please send it to me. I sure would like to look it over and let it bring back memories—some pleasant ones and some not so good—but they all go together and are worth remembering."

---

If angels wept tears in heaven over the stupidity of man, the deluge of old would look like a damp spot compared to the flood we'd be having right now.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending May 22, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Marvin Bridgeman 24
(20) Ivey Eller 27
Clyde Gray
Gilbert Hogan
(17) Leon Hollifield 27
(28) Edward Johnson 28
Vernon Lamb
(28) Edward Lucas 28
Lonnie Roberts
(5) Mack Setzer 22

### COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Virgil Baugess 4
William Howard 11
(3) Vernon Johnson 7
Fonnie Oliver 12
(2) Howard Roberts 16

### COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 3

Jewell Barker 4
Earl Barnes 6
Carlton Brookshire 8
(4) Coolidge Green 15
(10) James Mast 19
James McCune 10
(2) Grady Pennington 7
George Shaver 7
(2) Fred Vereen 13
(25) Allen Wilson 27

### COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Garrett Bishop 18
Paul Briggs 7
(3) Hurley Davis 15
(3) James Hancock 23
(2) Van Martin 11
(2) J. W. McRorrie 4
Robert Orrell 13
(2) William Surrrat 7
(3) Melvin Walters 19
(5) Rollins Wells 8
Cecil Wilson 5

### COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Grover Gibby 9
(6) Jack McRary 13
George Ramsey 6
(13) Winford Rollins 21
(2) Ralph Webb 11
Dewey Ware 4

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 14
(2) Eugene Ballew 3
Fletcher Castlebury 18
(2) Columbus Hamilton 17
Leo Hamilton 17
(2) Thomas Hamilton 16
Randall Peeler 7
Ray Pittman 15
(4) George Wilhite 20

### COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 9
(2) Carl Breece 5
(2) Cleasper Beasley 5
(2) James Davis 10
William Estes 14
(2) Blaine Griffin 11
(6) George Green 6
Robert Hampton
(2) Hugh Johnson 17
(2) Caleb Hill 19
(2) Edmund Moore 12
(2) J. D. Powell 12
(2) Dewey Sisk 7
Loy Stines 7
(2) William Tester 10
William Young 9

### COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Edward J. Lucas 13
(2) Fred May 7
(2) Charles Taylor 14

### COTTAGE No. 9

Wilson Bowman 23
J. T. Branch 19
Edgar Burnette 16
Heller Davis 21

Earl Stamey 15
Thomas Sands 13
Thomas Wilson 15
Horace Williams 4
Samuel J. Watkins 13

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(4) Clyde Adams 15
Ralph Carver 2
(3) Floyd Combs 11
(2) Elbert Head 6
(2) William Knight 12
(4) Felix Littlejohn 6
(2) James Nicholson 9
(4) Jack Norris 5
(4) William Peedin 15
James Penland 15
(3) Jack Springer 13

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen
Charles Bryant 9
(2) Harold Bryson 18
(2) Joseph D. Corn 10
Joseph Christine 6
(4) Lawrence Guffey 14
(2) Donald Newman 25

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 15
(4) Allard Brantley 11
Ben Cooper 14
(7) Frank Dickens 20
William C. Davis 6
James Elders 14
Max Eaker 18
(3) Joseph Hall 6
Everett Hackler 3
(6) Charlton Henry 19
Richard Honeycutt 4
Hubert Holloway 17
S. E. Jones 12
Lester Jordan 9
Alexander King 18
Thomas Knight 12
Tillman Lyles 12
Clarence Mayton 13
(7) Ewin Odom 23
(3) William Powell 13
James Reavis 14
(7) Howard Sanders 18
Harvey J. Smith 13
Carl Singletary 13
(4) William Trantham 16
George Tolson 5
(3) Leonard Watson 9
(6) Leonard Wood 9
Ross Young 17

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(2) Norman Brogden 16
(2) Jack Foster 13
(2) Harry Leagon 2
(2) Garland McPhail 7
Paul McGlammery 4
Marshall White

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(3) Raymond Andrews 3
(2) Clyde Barnwell 7
(2) Monte Beck 10
(2) James Kirk 23
(6) Fred McGlammery 12
(2) Richard Patton 7
(2) John Robbins 13
Howard Todd
(2) Harold Thomas 9

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(4) John Brown 19
(7) Leonard Buntin 16
N. A. Efrid 5
(11) Hobart Gross 23
Hoyt Hollifield 15
(2) Joseph Hyde 18
(2) Albert Hayes 6
(3) Beamon Heath 10
Roy Helms 5
(6) Caleb Jolly 24
Cleo King 10
(6) Robert Kinley 8
(3) Clarence Lingerfelt 17
(2) Raymond Mabe 21
Benjamin McCracken 5
(2) Harold Oldham 6
(6) James Watson 17
George Worley 10
Harold Walsh 14

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Reefer Cummings 12
James Chavis 10
(4) Filmore Oliver 22
Hubert Short 15
Curley Smith 5

---

An optimist is a person who sees the grin in grind.—Selected.

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 4, 1938 No. 22

## OUR PERENNIAL GARDEN

Let's sow the seeds of friendship
In that great flower-pot of fate,
Let's sprinkle them with kindness
And pull the roots of hate.

Let the sun shine down upon them,
The sun of cheerfulness;
With gentle hands let's care for them
Our motto, Willingness.

Roots below of confidence,
A stem of faith above,
And when the green buds open
Let's call the flowers our love.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| A STORY IN BLUE | By Laura C. Hemingway | 10 |
| DUKE LIBRARY IS RANKED HIGH | (Selected) | 13 |
| HISTORIC CHURCH, LONG NEGLECTED, FACES BETTER YEARS | (Suffolk News-Herald) | 14 |
| MARIE CURIE LIVED AND LABORED IN SPITE OF TUBERCULOSIS | By W. M. Harmon | 16 |
| THE LAST STRAW | By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 19 |
| THINKS CANCER TOLL CAN BE CUT IN HALF | By Howard W. Blakeslee | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE STONE IN THE ROAD

Once upon a time there was a very rich man. He lived in a beautiful house near a large city. Many people traveled by his house every day.

The man was very kind to everyone who passed. He would invite the weary to rest in the shade of his fine trees. He often gave them water to drink and food to eat.

But this good man was often sad because so many of the people who passed were idlers.

One day he placed a large stone in the middle of the road and watched to see what would happen.

A man came by leading a cow. He grumbled at the stone, but passed around it and went on his way. Next came a farmer with his load going to the mill. He also grumbled because he must drive around the stone, but he did so and drove on to the mill.

Many people passed during the day and all seemed angry to see the stone there, but no one took the trouble to roll it away.

Just before night the miller's boy came along. He had worked hard all day and was tired. He was also hungry, and he wanted his supper, but he stopped and said: "It will soon be dark; someone may stumble over this stone and hurt himself. I must roll it out of the road."

The stone was heavy, but he pushed and tugged until he rolled it into the gutter.

Under the place where the stone had been he found a pot of gold. On the pot was written: "This pot and the gold belong to the one who takes away the stone."

The miller's boy dragged the heavy pot of gold home.

When the rich man, who was watching, saw the boy rolling away the stone, he was glad he had found someone who was willing to work, and to work for the good of others.—Selected.

## ADULT EDUCATION WEEK

From May 23-27 inclusive was observed as Adult Education Week, and during that time special emphasis was laid upon exhibits of work of the many classes in the different localities of the city. The

results of the year's program showed marvelous improvement and great progress.

A report from the high officials of this specific work gives out the inspiring news that in the past ten years, illiteracy in Cabarrus County has been reduced 6 per cent. The entire project is aiming to make a finer citizenship by giving some attention to a class of people who never had a chance to go to school.

These students, men, women and girls and boys in the teen age, are grasping the opportunities offered both in the elementary studies and the art of home making.

The climax of this week's work was a social gathering, around a festive board, where teachers, students and friends touched elbows and there each had a better understanding of the life of each. These students, men and women of very mature years, gladly told how delighted they were to be able to read and write. There was joy written in their faces when they courageously stood up and said, "I no longer am clàssed with the X-markers."

To help the under man is a real joy and is the most soul satisfying ideal ever undertaken by mankind in any walk of life. To live for self is nothing short of greed.

* * * * * * *

## ROBIN HOOD FARMS

"The Robin Hood Farms, Inc." is a new project. It was conceived by one, L. T. Vaughn, with an advisory committee of representative citizenship. The object of which is to aid young men and young women who have finished high school, but have no special training that fits them for service.

The young people who will have the opportunity to partcipate in this new movement will be accepted according to the needs of the applicant. All expenses will be met so every precaution will be taken to select the most worthy with a desire to learn practical farming, dairying, carpentry, poultry raising, truck gardening, rotation of crops and treatment of soil.

This new experiment will be the means of teaching many that farming requires constant attention if results are realized and the same is true with the other activities mentioned. To be skilled in

any calling it takes training and it is the untrained that thinks otherwise.

The information is that as facilities are provided the ultimate aim of the school is to have not less than 500 young men and women enrolled. This plan is suggestive of the fact that the country sadly needs a diversfied interest and that the rural life offers the greatest developments. There are today in this country too many people absolutely dependent upon the week end pay roll. Nothing is more inspiring than farm life, and it truly gives one the feeling of self security.

Mrs. Edwin C. Gregory, Salisbury, a widely known woman of the state, has been made head of the Women's Division.

Mrs. Gregory in commenting upon the movement says: "The enterprise is a non-profit, tax exempt corporation, philanthropic, educational, non-sectarian, but stressing citizenship and thinking, with a responsibility to a Higher Power. Youth will be taught that Home is the palladium, the key to all that's sacred and beautiful in life, with inspiration to dedicate young lives to home, to country and to God."

* * * * * * *

## THE PRESIENDENTS' WIDOWS PENSIONED

As a couresty to the deceased presidents their widows are given the small compensation of $5,000 annually. There has been one exception to this custom. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the widow of the twenty-third president, has up till a few days ago for some reason been denied this courtesy. Evidently the matter was called to the attention of President Roosevelt and he without delay signed a bill giving to Mrs. Marrison the customary, $5,000 designated for that purpose.

This neglect upon the part of the leading officials seems unpardonable, or for some reason discriminating, but the delay could have been due to the fact Mrs. Harrison married the ex-president after his term of office expired. But she is the widow of a deceased president just the same and President Roosevelt rose to the emergency and did the fair and polite act by correcting a faux-pas, or words to that effect. President Roosevelt did the fair and gentlemanly act to say the least and that is sufficient comment.

There remains today in the galaxy of widows of deceased presidents only four and three of them, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Wilson are familiar names to the general public, but Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's name has not been seen quite so frequently in the press.

Mrs. Coolidge was admired for her gentle manner and quiet demeanor, Mrs. Wilson is recognized as the widow of the World War president, Mrs. Cleveland is remembered as one of the most beautiful women who ever graced the White House but little is known of Mrs. Harrison who never lived in the White House.

* * * * * * *

## POPPY DAY

Again the women throughout the nation maintained their reputation as the first to give moral support and the last to shirk a duty. Last Saturday was known as "Poppy-Day" and on all corners of the streets there were stationed women with poppies, a replica of the beautiful poppies that grew in the battle fields of Flanders during the World War, to offer to passers-by with the hope of selling them.

These noble women, an organized band of the finest type of womanhood, widows, daughters, wives and sisters of veterans, are interested in the welfare of the disabled soldiers and their families deprived of support because of the cruelty of war. Women usually rise to every emergency that carries a humanitarian appeal.

There may arise a feeling at times that there is too much street-corner solicitation, but the cause if thoroughly understood carries an appeal, therefore, a small response at least will be made.

To wear a poppy is a symbol of interest for the suffering of the youths twenty years ago on the battle fields, and is significant of the fact we have an appreciation and love for noble manhood. It is the duty of women to keep the home fires burning and keep alive the spirit of patriotism, they are always true to the responsibilities imposed upon them.

* * * * * * *

## "A NEW DEAL IN SCHOOL WORK."

The New York Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Harold G. Campbell, two years ago rebelled against dull reports to be left unread on dusty

shelves. His reports are bound like any magazine, the title is "All Children." This when read tells in story the aspiration and aptitude of the child. The results of this project, after each child is studied as a distinct human being, that honor students, delinquents, cripples, are cared for in certain classes. This is done to develop the child for service, to eliminate shiftlessness so as to reduce the crime wave throughout the nation.

Work is the only panacea to overcome waywardness, a class that finally falls into the pitfalls of crime. The country needs more work-shops and fewer prison camps. "Crime-Prevention" should be the consuming thought of all thinking people. To prevent crime costs less than maintaining agencies to fight crime.

* * * * * * *

## AUDUBON COMES SOUTH

Donald Culross Peatie, writing in the April Progressive Farmer about "Audubon Among Southern Birds," gives this bit of vivid word-picturing:

"Day was returning; a morning as dewy as if it were the first of creation, when the beasts were all unnamed and the ways of nature knew no sin. Even so unspoiled and Eden-innocent was Feliciana Parish 118 years ago, when John James Audubon, woodsman, wanderer, lover and painter of birds, made the South his adopted home.

"In this primeval forest wilderness he was the one man astir thus early. He was no hunter hiding in the reeds but a man who came to a dawn tryst with a blue heron, in his waterly half-world, only to learn its ways by artist's heart. No figure like him moved across the vast, empty scene. He went unrecognized as yet. In Louisiana no doubt a strong French accent might have passed without raising laughter. Woodsman's clothes, even unshorn locks, in the days of Boone were nothing out of the expected anywhere along the Father of Waters. But the wheeling buzzards, the little brown creepers, cocking a curious eye from around the bole of poplar, the gossiping crows at the dead tree by the crossroads, they knew him and knew that here was one human that was not as the others were. For here came their way one of those rare humans who have the power to watch the wilderness at its ways without alarming it."

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### CALLED WHEN READY

"God sometimes calls those servants home
Whose years are in their prime,
But he has better measures than
The pendulum of time;
Some workers quickly do their task
Of service and of love,
So their promotion early comes
To higher work above."

---

Many persons who boast of "laying down the law," are picked up by the law.

---

This is the season for more driving on the highways. Forget not to drive carefully, cautiously, sanely. Save a life!

---

Many a man has found out how little he knew by starting an argument with his mother-in-law. He also hears a few things he didn't know.

---

Would you believe it? There are said to be 17,966 drug stores in the United States that have no soda fountains or sandwich counters. They must be odd-looking places.

---

It is possible that automobiles can go 90 miles an hour. But however fast they can go, it is no reason that fools should try and demonstrate their speed, which some of them do.

---

People generally understand the meaning and the need of co-operation, but the trouble is so many want to head the activities, and be the whole show among the co-operators.

---

There are people in the world who disagree with every other person. In fact, they disagree with themselves. Even their food does not agree with them. They are disagreeable malcontents.

---

A high court affirms a citizen's right to pass out handbills. This is a triumph for civil liberty. But the court is silent on compelling people to read them, when they litter up the doorways.

---

An interesting observation is to stand on some advantageous spot, on some street corner and watch the crowds go by. Note their moods and modes. No two expressions of faces are alike. Some are morose and sad. Others apparently cheerful and happy. Some smile, some frown. Above all, note the varigations of the costumes the ladies wear. I am not criticizing but simply recording observation. Crazy quilts do not hold a light to the different colors. The former is like unto a wax taper to an electric bulb. The figured patterns are as numerous as the stars in the heavens. There are woven figures of everything growing and made under the sun, the moon and the stars. It looks as if there are no more colors, or designs, to be fashioned into dresses. All have been used up. The ladies wear the varigations with apparent pleasure and look just as sweet and attractive as they do in solids and somber colors, God bless 'em!

---

A friend, nameless in this column, writes me: "I think your Ramblings are fine, and I enjoy them immensely; but I think you put too much religion

in some of them."

My friend, I am inclined to believe that you are somewhat of a heretic. You cannot put too much religion in anything. Religion is the daughter of heaven, parent of our virtues, and source of all true felicity; she alone gives us peace and contentment, divests the heart of anxious cares, bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the pious breast. Religion promotes love and good will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and wherever seen, and enjoyed, breathes around her an everlasting spring. A little religion is apt to make men gloomy, as a little learning is to render them vain. Drink deep of it and find its treasures to your soul. Then you'll want more religion in your life. Every sorrow shall be but the setting of some luminous jewel of joy. Our very mourning shall be but the enamel around the diamond; our very hardships but the metaollic rim that holds the opal glancing with strange interior fires! Your religion, I opine, is too shallow to see and feel the beauties and benefits it. I can plead for what I conceive to be helpful, without being a dreamer, "Can't I?"

---

## ON LEARNING PRAYERS

From many patient lips when I was young
I learned beloved childhood prayers that chime
Forever in my memory; they rhyme
Their simple intercessions on my tongue,
And tenderly within my heart are sung
Where'er I go in this or other clime,
Though separated far by death and time
From those dear ones from whom my life has sprung.
I have forgotten much I learned in school
Of marching armies and triumphant kings;
I cannot now recite each rigid rule
That governs numbers, capital, and things;
But from my mind no passing years have wrung
These little prayers I learned when I was young.

—John D. M. Brown.

# A STORY IN BLUE

**By Laura Cromer Hemingway**

If your spring dress is blue, and so many of them are, there is a story in it of such perseverence and courage on the part of a sixteen-year-old girl that she brought to the new colony of South Carolina an industry that poured wealth into the laps of its people. That girl was Eliza Lucas, whose experiments in the culture of indigo resulted in providing a steady income to the planters of the South Carolina low country for the decade between the years of 1745 and 1755. Because of this girl's pluck and intellect indigo ranked for a period of years second to rice only as the staple commodity of the province.

Charleston was only three-quarters of a century old when the sixteen-year-old Eliza Lucas was sent by her father, who was Governor of Antigua, to the province of South Carolina to shoulder the burden of his three plantations there. Eliza, or Elizabeth, as some choose to call her, also assumed the rsponsibility in the young Carolina of the family, and she proved herself worthy of being the head-of-the-family while her father concluded his duties in far-away Antigua.

Eliza was a normal young Miss, loving the acepted pleasures of her day just as the young woman of today enjoys a pleasant time. Perhaps she was no more intellectual than a great many of the girls of her age today. But responsibility had been forced upon her necessarily early in life, and her background had fitted her for it. She had grown up in the company of those who discussed the economic, social, and the political affairs of that day. Thus she was familiar to a considerable extent with the problems of her day as they were forced upon her.

Those who have been privileged to read her account of her early experiences in a new country have realized how hard it was for this girl to bear the burdens of three plantations at the age of sixteen. But the clarion call to duty rings out in all her letters. No matter how great the lure of pleasure, she always turned to duty first.

Eliza had made a study of botany even before her opportunity presented itself to put it into practice. The colonists had grown indigo for years before she arrived. But they had not made of it a commercial crop. This girl was quick to grasp the fact that the province was not growing indigo in quantities sufficient to prove profitable. She began to experiment to demonstrate that this plant could be grown in the Carolina soil profitably. Her father sent her indigo seed from Antigua. She planted it on his plantation near the Ashley river, not a great distance from the then thriving little town of Charles Town.

Frost destroyed the first crop, so she informed her father that he should send the seed earlier the following year. He sent the seed and she had the plants well advancd before frost came that year. However, ill-fortune fell upon this second crop. Worms cut the plants down.

Again Eliza went about the planting of indigo, and her third attempt was successful insofar as the crop

itself went, but she met with disappointment again when the man her father had sent to show her how to prepare the dye failed in his trust and spoiled the indigo.

Realizing that indigo could be brought to harvest before the time of frost, this girl continued to experiment with the crop until her plans became perfected, and South Carolina began, at last, to supply England's great demand for the dye.

The result of this young girl's efforts and perseverance is summed up in the fact that during the year ending March, 1765, more than one-half million pounds of indigo left the South Carolina ports. Some estimate of the wealth the crop was by that time bringing to the province may be gained by records showing that the price ranged from thirty cents to two dollars twenty-five cents a pound. By that time the cultivation of cotton was succeeding the cultivation of indigo, due to the fact that cotton could be so much more easily grown and brought to sale than indigo.

A glance at the laborious task undertaken by Eliza Lucas in bringing to success the marketing of indigo dye tells the story of her perseverance. She had learned through her many experiments that the best time for time for planting indigo was early in April. As plows had not at that time been put into common use, she had to see that the negroes opened each furrow with a hoe. The seed were planted by hand and germinated within about two weeks. From the time of their first appearance it was a busy time on the plantation until the dye was placed upon the ships that were to carry it to England. The plants had to be kept free of weeds. As summer came on and the plants began to bloom they had to be cut and cured.

While plantation labor did the actual work, the supervision was entrusted only to white intelligence. There must be no muddling while the plants were passing through the curing process.

The plants were laid, with the stalk upright, in a vat that was called the "steeper." A weight was placed on the plants and water was pumped into the vat to submerge the crushed indigo.

The water from the "steeper" was drained into a second vat called the "battery." The fluid was then beaten by hand until it began to fill with small solid particles much as the churning of milk brings butter. Lime water was then pumped into the "batter," the beating continuing all the while until the liquid became purple. This solution was then allowed to remain until it settled. The water was then drawn from the vat through a plug hole, leaving the purple solid pieces that were the dye particles, on the bottom of the vat.

During the process nothing was allowed to interfere with the draining of the vats at the proper time.

But the task of providing a blue dress was not yet completed. The purple, gum-like mass at the bottom of the vat was strained through specially prepared sieves, then placed in small bags, and hung in the shade to drip free of every particle of liquid, just as cottage cheese is hung on farms to drip free of milk.

When the dripping process was ended the indigo was cut into small blocks about two inches square, and laid carefully in a log house to dry. These small blocks were placed upon racks

and turned by hand several times each day to insure a uniform drying. When this was accomplished the indigo was ready to be packed in barrels and shipped to England.

It seems that a blue dress required more trouble to make than it was worth. But blue always has been a favorite color, and those who wished to wear it were glad to pay for the trouble of the making.

It was not until many years later, when German chemists found that a blue dye could be extracted from a coal tar derivative at a cost greatly under that of producing indigo through nature's process, that Eliza Luacs' industry became a thing of the past. But not until it had enriched many of her relatives and neighbors in the new Carolina country.

Her vision, ambition, pluck, and perseverance she carried through life with her. She married while still quite young, Chares Pinckney, one of South Carolina's noblest statesmen, and went to live with him on his plantation near Charleston, where she experimented with the culture of silk. Her perseverance carried her on to success in this venture, also. When she and her husband went on a visit to the Princess of Wales, she carried with her three dresses she had made from the silk produced on her husband's plantation. One she wore herself, one she presented to the Queen Mother of England, and the third she presented to Lord Chesterfield.

So, if your spring dress should chance to be blue, and made of silk, you may like to think of this story of a young girl who thought so seriously about the future of her country's welfare that she toiled unceasingly while her companions were free to indulge in the pleasures accptable at that time, so that they and others might wring from this new land to which her father had sent her all that could be wrung.

This spirit of service to others she bequeathed to her children, who became most useful in the affairs not only of their native state, but of the nation.

---

## A NATION'S STRENGTH

What makes a nation's pillars high
  And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
  The foes that round it throng?

Not gold, but only men can make
  A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
  Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep—
  Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
  And lift them to the sky.

—Emerson.

# DUKE LIBRARY IS RANKED HIGH

**(Selected)**

Granted that the heart of any university is its library, Duke university has attained nineteenth rank among the big-hearted universities of the nation, a late survey indicates. And in the southeast it takes first place.

The growing pains that the university's library felt the past year, according to the recent annual library report, are measured by the 35,000 or more volumes placed on its shelves, boosting the total to a half-million books. In addition, 56,000 items were acquired for the manuscript collection which now stands above the 441,000 mark. During the year covered by the report $134,247.48 was spent for books, binding, and periodicals.

All of these figures are pertinent just now when the friends of the Duke university library, an association of 550 members, is planning its annual dinner and review of the library's growth, achievements, and needs. This dinner, which was held recently, was featured by the address of Carl Van Doren, noted editor, author, and lecturer, on "American Imagination." For the past two years the dinner has been one of the highlights of the entire university year.

The organization of library friends has rendered the university a distinctive service in making its aim assistance to the library in every way possible. Membership entails a minimum contribution of one book yearly to the library, but the members' aggregate contribution far exceeds this average.

In his recent report to the university president, Dr. B. Harvie Branscomb, director of Duke libraries, interestingly presented the varied activities that are entailed in the operation of the big five-unit "heart" of the university which requires a personnel of 63 full-time employes to keep everything in order.

Each of the five divisions of the library—the general library, the hospital library, the law library, and the Woman's college library—acquired particularly interesting and prized works during the year, some of them of unusual historical and associational as well as of practical value.

---

## THE DREAMER

They said: "He's only a dreamer of dreams,"
  And passed him by with a smile;
But, out of his dreams he fashioned a song
  That made life more worth while.

And who shall say he was less a part
  Of the universal plan,
If, instead of building a mighty bridge,
  He molded the life of a man?

—Anna M. Priestly.

# HISTORIC CHURCH, LONG NEGLECTED, FACES BETTER YEARS

**(Suffolk News-Herald)**

Historic St. Luke's, the "Old Brick Church" which served the gentry of the infant colony in Virginia and then lapsed into more than a century of neglect before restoration, again is destined for better years.

The old churchyard, which is the final resting place for many of the oldest families of Isle of Wight and nearby Nansemond communities, has been beautified, while the adjoining park, just north of the church building, has become St. Luke's Memorial Park, a burial park in keeping with the finest traditions and in conformity with the modern conception that a memorial park should be a place of beauty and quiet dignity.

By means of an easement agreement with the former holders of the property, the park adjoining "the Old Brick Church" on the Suffolk-Smithfield highway, has been acquired by the Seaboard Cemetery Corporation, with offices in the Pinner building here in Suffolk. R. L. Lester secretary-treasurer of the new corporation is in charge of the local office.

The park is enclosed by a brick wall four-feet high with entrances guarded by old iron gates hung between brick columns and in brick archways. It is criss-crossed with hard-surfaced driveways along which stately poplar and cedar trees have been planted in profusion. Two beautiful lakes have been formed on the property, with a driveway skirting each.

Since acquiring the rights to the property the new corporation has planted 550 new shrubs 7,500 bulbs of various kinds in beds along the drives, and over 3000, pounds of grass seed have been sown on the 19 acres embraced in the grounds proper. Over 1,000 burial plots are now ready. Concrete markers already have been installed, as well as water lines which run over the whole property. A centrifugal pumping system will be installed soon, so that a source of water will be available at all times.

Among other improvements which the corporation plans is the installation in Old St. Luke's church tower of a set of musical chimes similar to those now in Westminster Abbey, London. An amplifier system will also be installed with the chimes making them audible for a distance of five miles under favorable conditions. Sacred concerts will be played on Sunday afternoons and special occasions during the summer months.

Bronze plaques or markers with family names, crests or religious symbols will be placed as a further part of the service rendered patrons by the corporation. It is stated that the use of bronze is beginning to replace stone memorials which have been in customary use for several centuries. Bronze besides being somewhat more democratic is practically indestructible and makes a handsome everlasting memorial.

Burial plots in the new cemetary are being offered the public at prices ranging from $50 to $400, depending on the size and location. They

are being sold on the installment payment plan with no interest or other charges on the principle. Clients may take up to three years to finish paying for their lots, it was stated. The purchase price also includes perpetual care of the lot by caretakers who will be retained by the corporation.

An administration building, the construction of which will begin soon, will be located on the property, and will be in charge Ben Yoeman, an old resident of the community, who has been appointed superintendent in charge of the property.

The development of the park cemetery does not mean that the old brick church which was built in 1632 with brick shipped over from England has changed hands. It will remain under the same ecclesiastical supervision as before with services being held as in former years.

H. F. Lambert, Lynchburg, is president of the Seaboard Cemetery Corporation. Other officers include: J. E. Dawson, Buena Vista, vise-president; R. L. Lester, Kentucky, secretary-treasurer; H. H. Taylor, Harrellsville, N. C. and Capt. J. W. Barnes, Portsmouth, Va. directors.

---

## A PHOPHET'S RECEPTION IN HIS HOME TOWN

When the Very Reverend Israel H. Noe returned to his home town recently to visit his mother, many citizens were bewildered. Some of these citizens who were playmates of Dean Noe could not understand why he got himself involved in an absolute fast which made him front page news through out the world. Perhaps they still do not understand, because the real story has never been realeased.

For the first few days of his visit many persons viewed Dean Noe with curiosity. But from the beginning he was given a very cordial reception, by all who knew him. Then on a Sabbath he occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Church here to deliver what many parishoners and others who heard him declared was the best sermon ever delivered in Beaufort by any pastor. From that time on Dean Noe's reception became even more cordial. He has been praised by all as an outstanding theologian, and a prophet whose sermons are not only eloquently delivered, but easy to understand. Since Dean Noe arrived in Beaufort many persons have gotten an entirely different conception of religion—and Beaufort feels honored to have such a famous son as a visitor.—The Beaufort News.

# MARIE CURIE LIVED AND LABORED IN SPITE OF TUBERCULOSIS

**By W. M. Harmon**

While she lived the world knew little of the woman who was also the greatest physicist of her time, Marie Curie. Today, we are privileged to know Marie Curie, the woman, through the genius of her daughter, Eve, whose poetic ability has enriched literature and knowledge with a biography of her mother. It is an enthralling story. Americans are particularly fortunate in having Vincent Sheean's translation of this book for he has preserved the music of Miss Curie's prose.

Had Madame Curie never made the phenomenal discoveries which brought her fame and honor, her extraordinary achievement in successfully blending love and life, housewifely duties, motherhood and an ideal relationship with the few she loved, with the work that was her passion, would have deserved the admiration of every woman who reads it. But to have conquered during this strenuous life, one of the most insidious diseases known to medicine was further proof of her amazing vitality and will to live.

There is little need here to recapitulate the story of her early life as the daughter of a professor of physics and mathmatics in the lycees of Warsaw; of a home made happy by the love and devotion of a tubercular mother and a happy association of brother, sisters and friends. Or to tell of her years as governess and student at the Sorbonne, struggling to live on a meager income and acquire the knowledge so dear to her. These facts of her life are known to all. Curie, already a physicist of note, and the love, sympathy and mutual interest that made of this a perfect union has also been told.

The woman reader of "Marie Curie, My Mother," will smile in sympathy at the young scientist-wife who found it necessary to conquer the mysteries of the cuisine after her marriage and during a period in which part of her day was spent in the strenuous work of the laboratory. And only a woman can fully appreciate the labor and sacrifice required to bring to a conclusion her first research work, and into the world her first child within a three months' interval.

Following the strenuous work appeared the first symptoms of the disease that had cost her mother her life. Her family physician found a lesion in her left lung and advised a period of rest in a sanatorium. She refused flatly to obey his orders and continued her laboratory work, her housekeeping and the care of the child. The romance of her marriage to Pierre It was shortly after this (1897), that she began the research work that was to bring her imperishable fame. Looking for a subject upon which to base her thesis for her doctor's degree, on her husband's advice she began her work determining whether "florescent" bodies might not emit rays similar to the X-ray. The only studio available for her work was damp and draughty, unsanitary and almost wholly inadequate. But from this inadequate laboratory came the proof of radioactivity and the isolation of polonium and of radium. The physical labor,

mental concentration, exposure and hardships involved in the years of work which enabled the Curies to announce the isolation of radium from pitchblend in 1904 could hardly be recommended as a proper regimen for the average tuberculous individual. That Madam Curie survived is almost as miraculous as the discoveries resulting from her work. And yet she found time for the long delightful vacations which she spent with the beloved Pierre touring the countryside on their bicycles and for visits to her sister and father in Poland.

To the grinding labor of procuring pitchblend (it required the working of a ton or more to provide an infinitesimal amount) was added the anxiety of a descreasing income which necessitated both Curies accepting positions as teachers. This work took precious hours from their research and added a heavy burden of drudgery to that which was normally theirs. During the four years intensive work on isloating radium, Marie lost fifteen pounds. There were other physical tolls taken but, undaunted, the great scientist continued her work.

In 1903 the first recognition of their work came to the Curies when they were awarded the Davey medal of the Royal Society in recognition of their discovery of radioactivity and polonium, and in the same year they shared the Nobel Prize for physics with Henry Becquerel. Professor Curie was elected to the Academy of Sciences (1905) but was run over by a dray and killed instantly April 19, 1906.

The daughter recalls a conversation between the husband and wife who so loved each other in which the husband said, "Whatever happens, even if one has to go on like a body without a soul, we must work just the same."

The tragedy which made Marie Curie a widow, also left her with this admonition that directed the years of labor following his death. She succeeded him as professor of physics and director of the physical laboratory at the Sorbonne, where she continued her researches. In 1910 she was awarded the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts from England, and in 1911 she received the Nobel Prize for chemistry.

During the World War she gave all her time and ability to aiding her country. Lives of thousands of soldiers were saved by the installation, on her recommendation, of radiography apparatus in all ambulances.

She was elected to the French Academy of Medicine in 1922 and in the following year on the 22d anniversary of the discovery of radium, the French government voted her an annual pension of 40,000 francs a year. On her visit to America in 1921 she received from President Harding a gram of radium worth $100,000 as a gift from the women of this country. In 1929 she returned to America to receive from President Hoover a gift of $50,000 worth of radium also raised by American admirers. Those who saw her during these visits were impressed by the work-worn appearance and fragility of the great scientist, for the years of strenuous labor had taken their toll. The honors which were heaped upon her must have seemed empty, indeed, without the beloved help-mate.

Madame Curie died at St. Cellemoz near Sallanches, July 4, 1934. Aside from her own contribution to science, she left a daughter, Irene, trained to

carry on her work.

If the tuberculous are to find any inspiration in Madam Curie's story, it is that absorbing labor and the will to live will sometimes prove more adequate than prescribed care. Work, is, after all, the great panacea.

For those who have not read "Marie Curie, My Mother," there is a delightful experience awaiting.

---

## HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding your friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
It's dreaming little and doing much,
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in words and deed;
It's being thorough yet making speed,
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making of life a brave romance.
It's going onward despite defeat,
It's fighting staunchly but keeping sweet,
It's being clean and playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at dame despair;
It's looking up to the stars above
And drinking deeply of life and love.
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin.
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth.
It's serving, striving, through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest, that's success.

—Selected.

# THE LAST STRAW

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

The vestry meeting was over, and the men were wrapping up carefully before going out to face the strong wind blowing from Delaware Bay. From without the latch was lifted, and two Indians entered. Commissary Hendrick von Elswick went to meet them, but could not conceal a look of surprise at the late visit.

"Fishing in river," said one of them. "Bad storm."

"You are welcome to take shelter here for the night, Chief Mattahorn," the commissary assured him, "and we shall be glad to buy some of your fish."

"Big ship in river."

Now the men became interested. They crowded about the Indians with eager questions.

"What kind of a ship?"

"Was it a Swedish ship, or Dutch?"

"No see. Too far."

"It's about time for a ship to come from Sweden," said one young man. "I hope they bring some women."

"To relieve you of brewing and baking," laughed another.

"Oh, it's easy for you to laugh, Ingvar Elaisson, with two women neighbors to take the housekeeping off your hands. But perhaps there will be some good-looking lad among the emigrants to take pretty Gustava away."

They were just going out into the dark, and no one saw the smile fade from Ingvar's face. In the struggle against the wind no word was spoken but a brief "good-night" when some one reached home or the path that led to it. Ingvar was among the first to leave the party, but before going into his own house he went to the one near by.

"I know it is late," he said, as he entered, "but I saw a light in your window, and I thought you would like to hear the news."

Mother Blenda and her daughter, Gustava, both assured him of their appreciation of his thoughtfulness. After a brief summary of what had taken place at the meeting, Ingvar said, "I have saved the best until last. There is a ship coming up river, and we think it is from Sweden, but we can not be sure, of course."

"You are right. That was the best news you could bring," said Mother Blenda.

Gustava said nothing, but she looked radiantly happy.

"Peter Arvisson wrote that he would come with the next ship," continued her mother, but Ingvar had turned to lay the wood and splints for the morning fire, and did not reply.

Next morning the ship sailed up Kristina Kill and was greeted by the throng waiting at the wharf with enthusiastic cheers, redoubled when several women and children appeared among the passengers. Mother Blenda stepped forward to meet a stately young man with dark hair and eyes.

"Welcome to Delaware, Peter," she said.

He shook her hand heartily, and then turned to Gustava, but hesitated for a perceptible moment before taking her hand. As he was about to speak the voice of the commissary rose;

"Listen, good people! I must ask

you to postpone your manifestations of joy and welcome, and every man help to unload the cargo. Our Indian neighbors will be here early tomorrow morning to trade, and we must be as well prepared as possible."

After a hasty conference as to how many guests each one could accommodate, the women of the colony departed, taking the newcomers with them. Two mothers with their children were invited by Mother Blenda, and while they related the incidents of the voyage, she and Gustava began to prepare dinner for them and for the men who were to be quartered with Ingvar.

"Weren't you awfully frightened when it stormed so hard?" Gustava asked the children.

"I wasn't," said one little girl stoutly, "for I thought that must be when we went down in the hole, and then it would have to be rough."

"The hole—what hole?"

"Don't you know about that? When people go to America they sail until they come to a place where the water goes round and round and round. The ship goes down in the middle of that, and when it comes out it is in America."

"You know father and mother told us that is only a story, and we mustn't believe it," said her older sister.

"I think they just said that so we wouldn't be afraid. I wouldn't have been afraid, and I wanted to see it so, but they wouldn't let us stay up on deck."

"That was too bad. But perhaps you will go back to Sweden some time when you are big enough to do as you please, and then you can stay up and see it," said Gustava, smiling.

"But you know when you go to America you can never come back."

"Of course you can. There are some people here that have been back and come here again. Some of the ships have gone back and forth several times."

Peter Arvission did not return to the fort after dinner. Mother Blenda showed the children a place to play in the garden, and then took their mothers with her to Ingvar's house to make preparations for his guests. At last the lovers were alone. They talked of the voyage, of their joy at being together once more, of the bright future in store for them, with happy intervals of silence. Finally Peter rose, drawing Gustava with him, and looked toward the window. It did not admit a very bright light, and he went to the door and opened it wide. Then he took Gustava's hands in his own and looked into her face. She blushed beneath his searching glance and the admiration it expressed.

"No wonder I didn't recognize you for a moment," he said. "Strange to say, it has never occured to me that you must have changed in all this time. You have grown slender, a little taller, and ten times prettier. But your eyes are just as blue, and your hair waves about your face the same way. I used to call it a frame of gold. Do you remember?"

"Oh, Peter, do you think I have forgotten anything you used to say? But now let us go out and look about."

After seeing the garden, the barn and the granary, the fields, they walked beside the river until they saw the men coming from the fort. Then, a little embarrassed at her forgetfulness, Gustava hurried in to help with the supper, but her mother assurred her she had all the help she needed

from their guests. It was such a long time since the young people had met, she did not wish to deprive them of one moment together.

But by this time a feeling of constraint had come over them. It was as if they were going about in the dark, continually turning against familiar objects, but unable to find each other, hearing each other's voices, but not understanding what was being said.

Plans were made to assign land to the newcomers, but as Peter was pretty comfortably situated he was to be among the last. When he was not with Gustava he divided his time between helping Ingvar and making acquaintance with the neighbors. But most of all he was interested in the trade with the natives. and when he saw a few Indians coming with packs of skins on their backs he always hurried to the fort.

Ingvar was cutting firewood in a grove some distance from the river. Peter was to join him after finishing a few tasks at home, and bring their lunch.

Ingvar swung his axe with regular strokes. Occasionally he straightened and wiped the perspiration from his face. He drew in the odors of the wild wood in deep breaths, and looked with pleasure at the light patches gleaming among the rich foliage wherever a tree had been felled or branches lopped off.

"Peter is a long time coming." he thought, looking at the sun.

Then he saw a patch of blue moving between the trees. Peter did not wear blue. Ingvar went to the trail which ran through the grove. Gustava was coming. She had let her blue scarf slip from her head down about her neck. Her cheeks were rosy and her hair damp from the heat.

"Captain Lord, the merchant, has come from New Haven," she said, "and Peter wanted to stay and see what was going on. You know he enjoys nothing so much as trading. I am going to gather grapes, and I have brought your lunch."

She took a bag from one of the two baskets she was carrying, and Ingvar hung it on a branch.

"Don't go right away," he begged. "Sit down here a little while."

"No, I want to fill my baskets before it gets any warmer."

"Just a few minutes."

He took her hand. With a teasing laugh Gustava drew it away and began to run. Ingvar followed and caught her.

"I won't let you go until you promise to stop on the way back," he said.

Gustava had not gone far when she discovered a place where the vines were thickly covered with clusters of grapes, and she filled her baskets in far shorter time than she had expected.

"That's good," said Ingvar, when she explained this on returning, "then you can stay here so much longer."

"Not too long. There is a great deal to be done at home."

Ingvar set the overflowing baskets in the shade and guided her to a fallen log. For a while they sat watching the birds that were finishing the crumbs left from Ingvar's lunch. Then they began to talk—of the birds, the woods, the work at home, the happenings among the settlers, but neither mentioned the subject that was uppermost in both their minds— Gustava's impending marriage. After a while they fell silent, and soon Gustava said:

"Isn't it time for you to begin working?"

"You would make a good overseer," laughed Ingvar as he obediently took his axe.

Gustava stayed to watch him. She enjoyed seeing the sawing and cutting of wood. As a child she had always begged to be taken along when the men went to work in the woods. When she rose to go Ingvar accompanied her through the little clearing, then stood looking after her until she came to the place where the trail disappeared behind some tall bushes. When Gustava turned he took off his cap and waved it, but she could only nod and smile, for her hands were occupied with the baskets.

When she came home her mother remarked, "You have been gone a long while."

"I sayed to watch Ingvar cut wood."

"So I supposed. Do you think you had better be with Ingvar so much now? I don't think Peter likes it."

"But Ingvar and I have always been friends. I don't see why we should stop because I am—because Peter is here."

She took the basket of quills her mother had wound and went up in the attic to the loom. Mother Blenda looked after her thoughtfully.

"God grant it may all turn out for the best," she said.

A few days later Ingvar entered the room where Mother Blenda sat cutting the thrums from the finished web Gustava had taken from the loom.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "Engineer Lindestrom is going on a journey up the river to explore the streams flowing into it, to see how far they are navigable, and locate places for new settlements, and I am going with him as hi sassistant and a sort of guide. Then he will employ me on one of the forts he is rebuilding."

"But, Ingvar, what does this mean? Are you tired of farming?"

"No, indeed. I'll come back to my farm again. But it is just as well to know something besides farming. Jonas, my nearest neighbor on the other side, has promised to look after my place, and with Peter here you don't need me any more."

"I don't know about that, Ingvar. Peter will hardly be able to fill your place. He does not seem to take very kindly to pioneer work. But of course you know best what you ought to do."

The next day Ingvar was gone. The standing reply of Mother Blenda and Gustava, when asked if they did not miss him, was that they were so busy with preparations for the coming event that they had very little time to think of this. One day Peter came in looking elated.

"Gustava," he said, "you know Captain Lord is here from New Haven. He has offered to employ me in his business."

"Would you have to leave Delaware?"

"Of course, but not right away. Some people from here always go to the fair that is held in New Haven every autumn. By that time we'll be married, and we can go with them."

"Don't you like it here, Peter?"

"Yes, but don't you understand? New Haven is a fine town. We can live better there, and become more prosperous. By and by I might have a business of my own. There is no chance for that here, with the government controlling the trade."

"It sounds very fine, but I must

have time to think it over, Peter."

It was undeniably a good opportunity, too good to refuse, was the general, if unwilling, verdict of Mother Blenda and the friends consulted.

Gustava was going out to give the dog and the chickens their evening meal. The fowls flocked about her, some trying to stand on her feet and on each others' backs in their eagerness. A robin separated himself from the flock and flew to her shoulder. He was Gustava's special pet. She had found him one day by the river with a broken leg, and set it and kept the bird in a basket in the chimney corner until he recovered. Then, as an experiment, she took him to the poultry yard, where the rooster immediately established himself his friend and protector. Since then the bird divided his time between the house and the poultry yard, feeling equally at home in both places.

Ingvar had named him Olle, after an old man he once knew who had broken his leg. He declared that their gait, when they began to walk, was exactly the same.

Gustava threw the last handful of corn as far as she could, and while the hens raced for it she went to the barnyard. The dog jumped about her and barked his joy.

"Soon you will have to be satisfied to let some one else feed you, Ponto," she said, as she set down his pan of food.

The cow came and stood before her, expecting to be petted.

"You won't remember me when I come home to visit," said Gustava, "neither will the hens, but Ponto will. A dog never forgets a friend."

Mother Blenda came out with the milk stool and pail. She milked in the evening, Gustava in the morning. This was not a division of labor, but sharing a privilege.

Gustava went into the garden, Olle still perched on her shoulder.

"I wonder if you will be here when I come back," she said, "or if you will fly away with the other birds."

She looked at the fruit trees and wondered how much they would grow before she saw them again. Every evening, as she made her round, she remembered that the final one was a little nearer. In a month from now she and Peter would leave. Her look, when she thought of this, was not that of a happy bride thinking of her future home. She and Peter had grown apart during the years of separation, and the estrangement felt by both that first day had not worn away, as she had hoped it would. Perhaps Peter, absorbed in plans for the future, did not feel it as keenly as she did, but he was growing quiet and thoughtful. Her mother looked worried, and Gustava had begun to suspect it was not altogether because of the coming separation. Had Ingvar noticed anything? His manner, when visiting them, was constrained, and several times he had refused an invitation, giving some excuse that she thought did not sound genuine.

Gustava had left the garden and seated herself on the sod bench before the house. Olle had put his head under his wing. The air was getting cool, and she took him from her shoulder and folded her apron over him.

The days were growing shorter. After she had gone the long, dark evenings would begin. Then Ingvar would be back home, and he and her mother would be working together as before. First there would be the autumn work, then preparing for Christmas. . . .

She started so that Olle raised his head and chirped a surprised protest. She had never thought of that—New England did not celebrate Christmas. Not only that, but the Puritans seriously disapproved of it, as the continuation of a heathen festival. A winter without Christmas—

With elbows on knees and head in hands she sat thinking. But her thoughts no longer moved in the circle they had been traveling day after day. She planned several preparatory speeches, several ways of leading up to what she wished to say. Then, as she sat trying to decide between them, she saw Peter coming. With a frantic mental scramble she tried to hold fast one of her speeches, any one, but they all slipped and left her mind a blank. Peter sat down and put his arm around her.

"What have you in your lap?" he asked, lifting a corner of her apron.

"Oh, it's Olle. Are you going to take him to New Haven?" he asked, laughing.

"I am not going with you to New Haven, Peter," said Gustava.

---

## THE BEST MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, what'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living.
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find through age and youth,
True joy, and hearts to love you.

—Selected.

# THINKS CANCER TOLL CAN BE CUT IN HALF

**By Howard W. Blakeslee**

Fifty per cent of the loss of life from cancer, second largest cause of American deaths, can be stopped with present medical treatments, the American Society for the Control of Cancer was told.

The cut in half was predicted by Ellis Fischel, M. D., chairman of the Missouri Cancer commission. Furthermore, he said Missouri is now going to show the world that this can be done. The annual deaths are 150,000 in the United States.

Backing for Dr. Fischel's record-breaking forecast came from U. S. Surgeon General Thomas Parran, M. D.

The best treatment now available, if used, he said, could save 25,000 lives annually. The potential number that could be saved, he added, would be greatly increased if diagnosis could be made earlier than at present.

The meeting was the 25th anniversary of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. It laid the blame for much of the loss of life in cancer to fear, ignorance, and public apathy. Cancer as a death cause is second only to heart disease, which takes more than 350,000 lives a year.

Dr. Fischel said that all over the United States cancer kills twice as many as tuberculosis. Nevertheless, only seven states "have taken on themselves any real responsibility." Other states care for feeble minded, blind, and tuberculosis, he explained, but not cancer.

Missouri, one of the seven, he said has sponsored lay cancer education, medical training to recognize cancer, and facilities for diagnosis and treatment.

If, he declared, the agencies fighting cancer fully understand these measures, work harmoniously and "use the knowledge we now possess we can confidently expect a 50 per cent decrease in the annual death rate from cancer."

"Missouri is now in position to demonstrate how these objectives are attainable."

This position, he explained, is due to legislative appropriation for cancer facilities since Gov. Lloyd C. Stark made cancer aid one of the projects of his administration.

James Ewing, M. D., one of the half dozen foremost cancer authorities, proposed seven steps to fight cancer.

1—Perodical examination. 2—End of the misconception that cancer is a single disease. 3—Quiet, scientific rather than emotional study of cancer. 4—Emphasis that speed of cure differs in various stages. 5—New ways of approaching the non-reading masses. 6—More emphasis on prevention. 7—A readable cancer book for laymen.

A new move to combat cancer, known as the Cured Cancer club was recognized at the celebration. Its president, Dr. Anna C. Palmer, who was cured of cancer 18 years ago, said the club members are persons who have been cured for five

or more years.

Their object is to convince the public that fear of cancer is exaggerated, but that vigilance is essential.

Waldemar Kaempffert, since editor of The New York Times, and president of the National Association of Science Writers, spoke as the representative of the press.

---

## THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

Arctic exploration and polar investigations have long been prominent activities of Scandinavian scientists. Contributions to our geographic knowledge as a result of these scientific researches loom large in a comprehensive perspective of the history of civilization. A recital merely of the names of those Scandinavians who have helped to push back the frontiers of our ignorance in Arctic and Antarctic regions would be a very long list. A few of them are found on modern maps.

The Vikings of the North have been sea adventurers for hundred of years. One might appropriately call them Crusaders of Boreas, for while men of other lands sought thrills in hazardous trips to the Holy Land, the brave men of Scandinavia sought and found adventure in crusades through the frozen North, among icebergs, and across immense wastes of snow. Nearly a thousand years ago Leif Ericson and a hardy crew of explorers crossed the North Atlantic Ocean in a small but staunch Viking ship. They visited a land which they named Vinland, because of the vines they found growing there. Geographers now believe that Vinland was North America, and that the place visited by Leif Ericson was some unknown spot on the shore of either Labrador or Newfoundland. To Scandinavia, therefore, belongs the honor of discovering North America.

Viking ships of the kind employed in these perilous adventures of a thousand years ago are still occasionally unearthed in Scandinavia, where it was long the custom to bury them in the ground with their commanders. At the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893, a Viking ship was one of the leading attractions.

Continuing undiminished throughout the centuries, Scandinavia's interest in maritime adventure and in polar exploration and discovery persists to the present day. Her ships and her sailors visit every port in the world.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his group of carpenter shop boys are painting the two large silos and the exterior of our milk house.

---

Mr. Reece Ira Long, Cabarrus County Surveyor, recently spent the day at the School, surveying roads and locating certain boundaries on the School property.

---

W. J. Wilson, of Cottage No. 2, who came here with a badly deformed arm, was recently taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment.

---

William Hill, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who has been away from the School a little more than two years, called on us last Sunday. He is now working in a cotton mill at Rutherfordton, and reports that he is getting along very well.

---

The harvesting of our oats crop has been delayed by intermittent rains during the past week. About 125 acres have already been cut and 60 acres are yet to be harvested. Under favorable weather conditions this task would have been completed several days ago.

---

The Jackson Training School lost a very consistent and helpful friend in the passing of Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, of Charlotte, last week. His deeds of kindness toward the institution were always timely, and were done without the blare of trumpets. His eagerness to do what he could made him a valued friend, one on whom we could always depend to render a needed service. We shall miss him.

---

Mr. J. W. Parker, senior foreman, CCC camp, Salisbury, visited the School last Wednesday. He and his helpers made this visit for the purpose of mapping boundaries and locating fields, streams, woods and roads on the Training School property. The School will be furnished with a complete map, together with a schedule for crop rotations. We hope to have from this source, labor for outlet work on our terraces, and other projects, which will be of great value to the institution.

---

The Erwin-West Construction Company, of Statesville, who was awarded the contracts for the erection of an infirmary and gymnasium at the School, has begun work in earnest. The foundations for both buildings have been dug and concrete footings for the walls have been poured. Quite a large quantity of material has been placed on the grounds, and everything points toward completion of these buildings in record time. In observing activities on these projects we were impressed with the manner in which

Mr. Wilson, the foreman in charge, carries on, directing his help with ease and dispatch.

---

At the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, we had the pleasure of meeting a newcomer among the ministers of Cabarrus County. After the singing of the opening hymn, Superintendent Boger presented Rev. F. R. Barber, pastor of Rocky Ridge M. E. Church, who delivered the invocation and read the Scripture Lesson, using part of the second chapter of Luke's Gospel.

Mr. Boger then introduced as the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. W. M. McLaurine, of Charlotte, prominent textile official and church worker, who has talked to the Training School boys on previous occasions.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker called attention to what a wonderful thing it is to be a boy today. Most boys' minds dwell on the thought of reaching manhood, thinking how fine it would be to be able to do as they please, which is all a mistake. We are going through many changes at present, and men are wishing they were boys again, so that they may live to know the answers to the great problems of the world today.

Mr. McLaurine then called attention to the boy in one of Dickens' famous stories. The lad was taken to a great academy. His father and the teachers talked of various phases of school work that had the little fellow bewildered. As the boy was left alone with a number of books dealing with things so very strange to him, he was in a daze. Upon being asked what he would like to be, he replied, "I'd rather be a boy."

The speaker stated that the greatest thing for a boy to be thinking about today, was to prepare for life. He urged the boys to decide just what kind of men they wanted to be, saying that if a boy had the desire to be nothing but just an ordinary sort of man, it wouldn't make any difference what he did—he would be just that. If, on the other hand, he kept his mind on becoming a man of the highest type, he will find there is always room at the top, and will be able to attain his greatest ambition if he keeps constantly putting forth his best efforts.

Mr. McLaurine told the boys there were five things which he wanted them to think about, as they were necessary assets on the road to success. They were: (1) To think about health. Work seems hard but that is just what a boy needs to develop muscle. If the body is in good condition, a man is ready for almost anything. (2) To educate one's self. A boy whose mind is not properly trained, is not ready for success. Hard study is just as necessary in mind-training as is hard work in muscle-building. (3) The next thing is to train one's self in the way of doing right. Every boy knows the difference between right and wrong said the speaker, and he quoted the following: "A boy who hasn't sense enough to do right, hasn't sense enough to keep his wrong-doing covered up." By learning to say "no" to temptations, we soon get the habit of making right decisions and standing by them. (4) The next thing is to train the soul. This can only be done by keeping in tune with God and living according to His

wishes. (5) We must prepare our hearts, and learn how to work with our fellow men. If you can't get along with folks, it is impossible to get anywhere on this journey through life. People are of value only in proportion as they can get along with other people. We must learn to cooperate.

In conclusion Mr. McLaurine told the boys that wherever they go, people will be looking at them, and they will be judged according to their actions. He stated that in passing the Training School many times, he had never seen a discourteous boy, which immediately gave him the impression that courtesy was one of the things they learned here. So it will be as they again take their places on the outside. People will be watching them, therefore it is up to them to conduct themselves so that they may create a good impression. But it is also necessary that they stay on their best behavior when people are not watching, for that is what determines their true worth. A boy doesn't deserve any credit for being good when someone is looking. The fellow who does the right thing because he wishes to do so, regardless of whether or he is in full view of others or by himself, is the one who will be a success.

We were very glad to have Rev. Mr. Barber with us on this occasion, and, since he is located so close to the School, we hope he will be able to look in on us frequently.

It was a real pleasure to have Mr. McLaurine talk to our boys again. His messages are always helpful and inspiring, and we trust he will find it convenient to make a return trip to the School in the near future.

---

## A GARDEN KNOWS

Many things a garden knows
Besides the blooming of a rose.

Birds will eat its spring sown seeds,
Its fragile plants are choked by weeds,

And, long before its year is out,
It feels the sun, the rain, the drought,

The cutworm's tooth, the gray mole's path,
The insect's blight, the pruner's wrath.

A garden fathoms death's decay,
When winter holds its icy sway.

All of this a garden knows,
And yet puts forth a radiant rose.

—Frances M. Stephenson.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

**Week Ending May 29, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Marvin Bridgeman 25
(21) Ivey Eller 28
(2) Gilbert Hogan 2
(18) Leon Hollifield 28
(29) Edward Johnson 29
(2) Vernon Lamb 2
(29) Edward Lucas 29
(6) Mack Setzer 23

### COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Virgil Baugess 5
Howard Cox 8
William Haire 15
(2) William Howard 12
Blanchard Moore 9
H. C. Pope 6
(3) Howard Roberts 17
Albert Silas 17
Robert Watts 8
R. L. Young 19

### COTTAGE No. 2

William Downes 3
Samuel Ennis 8
Kenneth Gibbs 6
Nick Rochester 14
Fred Seibert 11

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 11
(2) Jewell Barker 5
(2) Carlton Brookshrie 9
(5) Coolidge Green 16
William McRary 12
(11) James Mast 20
(3) Grady Pennington 8
(2) George Shaver 8
(26) Allen Wilson 28
Earl Weeks

### COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Garrett Bishop 19
(4) Hurley Davis 16
(4) James Hancock 24
James Land 9
(3) Van Martin 12
Hubert McCoy 14
(3) J. W. McRorrie 5
Lloyd Pettus 16
(4) Melvin Walters 20
Leo Ward 14
(6) Rollins Wells 9
James Wilhite 15

### COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 14
Ernest Beach 22
(5) Grover Gibby 10
Burman Holland 2
(7) Jack McRary 14
(3) Ralph Webb 12

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 15
Martin Crump 9
Robert Dunning 15
(2) Leo Hamilton 18
(2) Randall D, Peeler 8
Jack Reese 2
Jack Sutherland 3

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 10
(2) William Beach 10
Archie Castlebury 14
(3) James Davis 11
(2) William Estes 15
(3) Blaine Griffin 12
Lacy Green 9
(7) George Green 7
(3) Caleb Hill 20
(3) Hugh Johnson 18
N. B. Johnson 10
Ernest Mobley 2
Marshall Pace 10
(3) Dewey Sisk 8
(3) William Tester 11
(2) William Young 10

### COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(2) Wilson Bowman 24
(2) J. T. Branch 20
James Bunnell 3
Thomas Braddock 22
William Brackett 15
James Coleman 18
Craig Chappell 4
(2) Heller Davis 22
Woodfin Fowler 17
Odie Hicks 12
Elbert Kersey 14
Eugene Presnell 11
(2) Earl Stamey 16
(2) Thomas Wilson 16
(2) Samuel J. Watkins 14

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(5) Clyde Adams 16
(2) Ralph Carver 3
(4) Floyd Combs 12
(3) Elbert Head 7
Jack Harward 10
James Howard 10
(5) Felix Littlejohn 7
(5) Jack Norris 6
(4) Jack Springer 14
Oscar Smith 12
William R. Williams 12

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Albert Goodman 17
Franklin Lyles 3
John Uptegrove 17

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(5) Allard Brantley 12
(8) Frank Dickens 21
(2) James Elders 15
(4) Joseph Hall 7
(2) Elbert Hackler 4
(7) Charlton Henry 20
(2) Richard Honeycutt 5
(2) Hubert Holloway 18
(2) Lester Jordan 10
(2) Thomas Knight 13
(2) Tillman Lyles 13
(8) Ewin Odom 24
(9) William Powell 14
(2) Harvey J. Smith 14
(2) Carl Singletary 14
(5) William Trantham 17
(7) Leonard Wood 10

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Norman Brogden 17
Vincent Hawes 6
Irvin Medlin 17
(3) Garland McPhail 8
Jordan McIver 11
Thomas R. Pitman 2
(2) Marshall White 2

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(4) Raymond Andrews 4
(3) Clyde Barnwell 8
(3) Monte Beck 11
Fred Clark 9
Delphus Dennis 8
Audie Farthing 3
(3) James Kirk 24
Feldman Lane 8
Troy Powell 14
(3) Richard Patton 8
(3) John Robbins 14
Paul Shipes 13
Jones Watson 3

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(8) Leonard Buntin 17
Clarence Gates 4
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 16
(3) Albert Hayes 7
(7) Caleb Jolly 25
(7) Robert Kinley 9
(4) Clarence Lingerfelt 18
(2) Benjamin McCracken 6
Edward Patrum 8
Paul Ruff 14
Ira Settle 9
(7) James Watson 18

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

---

I never want to forget that it is more important that I deserve to win than that I win. If I can have the assurance that I deserve to win, I have the feeling that I am right, and that is worth more than victory.—W. A. Huxman.

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 11, 1938 No. 23

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THE FLAG—WHAT TO DO

When the Flag of Our Country is passing in a parade, or in review, all persons present should face the Flag, stand at attention and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand in salute. When not in uniform men should remove the hat with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder. In inclement weather the hat may be raised and held above the head. Men without hats merely stand at attention without saluting. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart.

The red in the flag proclaims courage, the white stands for liberty, and the blue for loyalty.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| OLD GLORY | (Selected) | 10 |
| PROPER METHOD OF DISPLAYING THE FLAG | (Selected) | 12 |
| RENEW YOUR IDEALS | (Selected) | 15 |
| THE AMERICAN PERIL | (Home Missions) | 17 |
| MARVELOUS JOURNEYS ON WINGS | By Alvin M. Peterson | 18 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 22 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MAY | | 28 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 30 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MY BOY AND THE FLAG

I want my boy to love his home,
His mother, yes, and me;
I want him, wheresoe'er he'll roam
With us in thought to be.
I want him to love what is fine,
Nor let his standards drag,
But, Oh! I want that boy of mine
To love his country's flag.

I want him when he older grows
To love all things of earth;
And, Oh! I want him when he knows,
To choose the things of worth.
I want him to the heights to climb
Nor let ambition lag;
But, Oh! I want him all the time
To love his country's flag.

I want my boy to know the best,
I want him to be great;
I want him in life's distant West,
Prepared for any fate.
I want him to be simple, too,
Though clever, ne'er to brag,
But, Oh! I want him through and through
To love his country's flag.

I want my boy to be a man
And yet, in distant years,
I pray that he'll have eyes than can
Not quite keep back the tears
When, coming from some foreign shore
And alien scenes that fag,
Borne on its native breeze, once more
He sees his country's flag.

—Edgar A. Guest.

## OUR FLAG

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes once fastened upon its radiant trophies can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation.

It has been called a "floating piece of poetry"; and yet I know not if it have any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union, past and present. They very colors have a language which was recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together,—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky,—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.—Charles Sumner.

* * * * * * *

## A SPIRIT OF LOVE

There is not a doubt that "Bill' Propst thoroughly understands the boy's problems. In fact it has not been so many years since this promising young man was an urchin with a desire to participate in all thrills of a boy's life.

However, we will not ramble but will give briefly the human interest story in mind. Some few weeks ago "Bill" Propst was at the Jackson Training School. This visit was not an unusual occurence, because he enjoys seeing the activities of the school. He loves boys and has a wonderful sympathy for those who have never had a chance.

In the course of conversation with one of the officers in some way it treked out that our boys seldom have ice cream. This was too much for "Bill" for he knows a youngster's appetite for ice cream.

Besides, he visualized himself as a boy wanting a cream cone and then, too, he pictured his own young sons with the same longing. This was the test and at once he hit upon a plan for the 500 Jackson Training School boys to have cream once a week.

Every body familiar with the institution knows that the School has one of the finest dairies in the state. So in a short time Superintendent Boger and Mr. Propst came to an understanding. The School furnishes the milk and sugar and Bill gives the other ingredients and bears all expense of the freezing. We hear from the readers of the Uplift the silent echo, "Fine." And it is fine, yes superfine. The boys now enjoy ice cream every Sunday for their evening meal.

As an evidence of appreciation one boy was heard to say," I do not care how long I remain here now since we have ice cream, a library with good books, good movies, and a music teacher". This boy doubtless voiced the sentiment of all others, and it shows they like the cultural advantages of life as well as things that contribute to physical development.

The boys of the Jackson Training School are smart; they differentiate between the good and the bad, the generous and the selfish spirits, and appreciate the interest of frinds. You may bet your bottom dollar if our boys could vote for the most popular man in Cabarrus county "Bill" Propst would stand in their estimate one hundred per cent.

* * * * * * *

## NATIONAL COTTON WEEK

The National Cotton Week, from May 30—June 4, was specifically to call attention of the people to cotton industry, and what it means to approximately 12,000,000 people dependent upon cotton for a livelihood. Knowing this should be an added urge to buy cotton goods so as to speed the recovery of the industry.

This past week, National Cotton Week, has become to be regarded as a national institution and not just one more week as a publicity week for the benefit of any one but the entire nation. Henry Grady said, "Cotton is gold from the moment it puts forth its tiny shoots; its fiber is current in every bank; that the shower that falls upon it is heard around the world; the sun that shines upon it is tempered

by the prayers of the people. It is a heritage that God gave to his people forever." The 130,000,000 people of the nation are dependent upon it in a surprising manner for the countless number of every day comforts and necessities. The world undoubtedly is dependent upon "King Cotton" and she must have it. Of all the products in the kingdom of agriculture it is the most serviceable. No other product contains the three esentials for life—food for man and beast, clothes for the rich and poor, and is a fertilizer to the soil, also other uses could be enumerated.

* * * * * * *

## FIGHT ON MARIJUANA WEED

Alarmed at the increasing threat to public health in the spread of the marijuana habit the federal authorities, directed by the commissioner of the bureau of narcotics, H. J. Anslinger, are marshalling forces to curb this nefarious business a menace to the young and non-informed. The crusade is directed against the peddler who sells his products to the youth of the country who revel in a "kick or thrill." The weed is mixed with tobacco and made up in cigarettes or "reefers." It is a good camouflage and easily sold because it is cheap and sells readily to the addicts of the habit who are unable to buy either morphine or cocaine. The results are treacherous, dethroning reason and exciting the mind and desires to most damaging deeds.

It was only when the increasing number of insanity cases due to the drug were discovered, and an analysis of much crime was traced to the addicts, that steps were taken to eliminate its use.

The weed, easily grown, was first brought to the United States from Mexico during the World War. New Mexico authorities recently blamed marijuana for more than half of the crime committed there.

The tocsin is sounded, telling of the danger of this weed, so it is the duty of officials in every community to watch and see that there are no peddlers of this dangerous dope in their respective communities.

It is just too bad more time has to be spent in chasing the offenders of the law, and deceny, than is given over to teaching the cause of righteous living, conducive to good health and happiness.

We have truly departed from the roads of correct living charted by our early forebears who organized and planned for safety and happiness.

* * * * * * *

## A QUIET CITY

It is very noticeable that horn honking has been cut out in Concord. People have observed and commented as to the elimination of unnecessary noises. There is evidently a power behind the throne that has brought about this delightful change. One conjectures that Mayor Wilkinson and his supporters, or co-workers, put there heads together and declared for a "quiet city". This act upon the part of the city fathers is no surprise for they have had at all times the interest of the people they represent at heart, and have worked for their interest in every way.

Pardon the suggestion, but we cannot refrain from writing the thought in mind. Concord needs to remove from the streets the ugly spots such as curb markets. And the only way to do it is to have a central market where people who have to sell their produce will have an attractive, sanitary place to carry on their business. Having lived in a city where there was a central market we know the value of the same. A nice place of business not only draws the best customers, but a nice environment gives one higher ideals.

Besides these ugly spots make a lasting impression upon tourists, therefore, is bad publicity for any community. This bustling city, with a splendid back country, is sufficiently large to have a central market to our way of judging. We have now a quiet city, so let us look forward to a more beautiful city.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### WORTH OF A SMILE

"Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile.
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of earth
But no one can tell us just
How much a smile is worth."

---

An income is the outgo of your salary or business.

---

The milk of human kindness is all right—if it did not curdle so quickly.

---

The automobile people will never construct a car that will go as fast as money.

---

It is said that man is made of dust. But some of them never seem to dry up, and never tire of "blowing" away.

---

The city of Freeport, Ill., is offering for sale a curfew bell. Tired of ringing 'em home, and becoming a free port, in fact, eh?

---

I read occasionally where a husband takes a club to his wife, but more frequently where a wife takes her husband to a club.

---

There are more automobiles in America than bath tubs, statistics tell us. This is to be deplored. No one ever runs over anybody in a bath tub.

---

A psychiatrist declares that "there are 750,000 insane persons at large in this country." And not all of them are congregating at Washington either.

---

It's an infallible rule—when a fellow gets too big for his job, then he is no longer capable and efficient and it usually turns out that the job is too big for him.

---

The largest star yet found is said to be 3,000 times the diameter of the sun. There are some movie stars who think they are bigger than that, and outshine the sun.

---

There are two things that always puts me in a puzzled mood: Try to entertain a fellow who won't say anything, or listen to one who does all the talking. Don't know which is the worst.

---

Mrs. John Lawler, of Detroit, Mich., recently gave birth to a son weighing 19 pounds. According to American Medical Association records this is the largest child ever born alive and in normal health in this country. The Journal of the American Medical Association says the smallest baby on record weighed 1 1-3 pounds at birth. Here you have the heavy and light weights of babyhood.

---

This is June, the fairest daughter of the year's galaxy of months. She came smiling a cheery howdy-do, with roses in her hair, and daffodils and harebells blooming at her feet, and she helps heaven to try the earth if it be in tune. It's thrilling to hear the sweet heart calling of the thrush

to his mate, and the other woodland choiresters in their matin songs. Blithe and gay the humming-birds go a-hunting with the bees from flower to flower. It's glorious to live in June —and any other month—and praise the hand divine that fashioned all of its beauty and loveliness. "Praise the Lord, O, my soul, and bless His Holy name!" I sing with the Psalmist.

---

Move about, and everywhere you go people are criticising. The street corner politician tells everybody what is wrong with any and all policies of the government. The working man talks of the evils of big business. The employer tells of the shortcomings of the working man. The farmer tells why he receives such low prices for his products. Every consumer tells why or wonders why he pays such high prices for the commodities he buys. Anybody can point out the faults of his fellow citizens. Why not these persons present some tangible plan for bettering the existing conditions? Why not talk from a more cheerful viewpoint? Encourage each other in all ways possible. Hope for the best, and express that hope. Talk up conditions instead of talking them down. This world needs less criticism and more action and encouragement before it can get anywhere for the betterment of nations.

---

## INSPIRATION

There was little taste for good music in the first half of the eighteenth century, and the result was that Handel found himself at the age of fifty-three broken in health and fortune, and apparently at the end of his career. His great work was still ahead of him, however. He found himself in the midst of a rising tide of religion, and he adapted himself to it by inventing the oratorio. He produced a tremendous impression upon the public mind, and the evangelical revival of the eighteenth century was largely due to his influence. Wesley's Journal says of a rendering of "The Messiah" at Bristol Cathedral: "I doubt if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon as they were during the performance." No wonder, for Handel had two forces to aid him—his ability to interpret religious emotions and the power to throw himself into his work. He was found in tears while composing "He was Despised." When writing the "Hallelujah Chorus" he thought he saw heaven opened. "Noble entertainment," said a friend after a concert. "Is that all?" said Handel. "I wished to make them better." His greatness lies in this, that he was Christ's interpreter in music. "Never till Handel wrote," says a recent writer, "did music clothe with her conquering magic the figure of the Divine Comforter whose message is to them that labor and are heavy laden."—Selected.

# OLD GLORY

**(Selected)**

Proudly waving over our nation for 161 years, Old Glory will celebrate another birthday on June 14. Our forefathers glorified in this beloved symbol, which has been handed down from generation to generation as the priceless heritage of a liberty-loving people.

Born amid the first flames of America's fight for freedom, it has continued to wave through troubles or tranquil times, and to lead the way to our nation as year by year it has marched with a renewed hope and a high resolve along the Road of Destiny.

Much of our flag's early history is shrouded in mystery. We know that a flag of thirteen stars and stripes was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777, but we do not know positively by whom it was designed or where it was first flown. A popular legend attributes the making of the first stars and stripes to Betsy Ross, a flagmaker of Philadelphia.

Flagmaking materials were scarce in those days and this was often a severe handicap to those who wished to display the new banner. When John Paul Jones was at Portsmouth, N. H., preparing to sail abroad on the Ranger, the young ladies of that seaport fashioned out of their own and their mothers' gowns a beautiful Star-Spangled Banner which was flown to the breeze in Portsmouth harbor on July 4, 1777.

Another flag was fabricated a few weeks later by the defenders of Fort Stanwix, N. Y., when an officer donated his coat for the blue field, soldiers gave their shirts for the white stripes, while the red stripes were fashioned from the petticoat of a soldier's wife. This flag was flown from a flagstaff, raised on a bastion nearest the enemy on August 3.

These are well- authenticated accounts of the early, yet probably not the earliest, displays of our national flag afloat and ashore. We may smile a little at these primitive efforts at flagmaking, yet we cannot forget the pride and patriotism which inspired the makers.

Old Glory first floated over a fortress of the Old World when Lieutenant Presley N. O'Bannon, of the Marine Corps, and Midshipman Mann, of the Navy, raised our flag over the captured fortress at Derne, Tripoli, where it was flung to the breeze on April 27, 1805.

Nearly every schoolboy knows that "by the dawn's early light" on September 14, 1814, Francis Scott Key saw the Star-Spangled Banneer still waving over Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, and composed the spirited song which is now the national anthem.

From time to time slight changes in the flag have been authorized by Congress. The flags displayed at Tripoli and at Fort McHenry had fifteen stars and stripes, a departure from the original thirteen stars and stripes design. Two new stars and stripes had been added when Vermont and Kentucky came into

the Union, and our flag was of that pattern from 1795 until 1818.

Realiziing that too many stripes would mar the beauty of the design, Congress then authorized a return of the flag to its original form of thirteen stripes, one star being added thereafter for each State entering the Union.

Gone are the earlier flags of colonial days! the rattlesnake spreading its coils over thirteen stripes with its slogan of defiance, "Don't tread on me"; the Grand Union Flag, bearing the British crosses of St. George and St. Andrew where the white stripes in a blue field now appear. Anchors, pine trees, beavers and other colonial flag symbols in infinite variety have vanished, save as they remain as a part of the insignia in State flags.

Forty-eight gleaming stars, representing a united nation, shine among the fluttering folds of Old Glory as it passes another milestone on its march through the years.

---

## AN IDEAL PRAYER

Not more of life I ask, O God,
  But eyes to see what is.
Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear
  The present melodies.

Not more of strength, but how to use
  The power that I possess.
Not more to love, but skill to turn
  A frown to a caress.

Not more of joy, but how to feel
  Its kindling presence near.
To give to others all I have
  Of courage and of cheer.

No other gifts. dear God, I ask,
  But only sense to see
How best these precious gifts to use
  Thou hast bestowed on me.

Give me all fears to dominate,
  All holy joys to know,
To be the friend I wish to be,
  To speak the truth I know.

To love the pure, to seek the good,
  To lift with all my might,
All souls to dwell in harmony
  In freedom's perfect light.

—Selected.

# PROPER METHOD OF DISPLAYING THE FLAG

**(Selected)**

There are certain fundamental rules of heraldry which, if understood generally, would indicate the proper method of displaying the flag of the United States of America. The matter becomes a very simple one if it is kept in mind that the flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. The union of the flag is the honor point; the right arm is the sword arm and therefore, the point of danger, and hence the place of honor.

1. The flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authorities. It should be hoisted briskly, but should be lowered slowly, and ceremoniously. The flag should be displayed on all national and state holidays and on historic and special occasions ( However, being the emblem of our country, it ought to fly from every flagpole every day throughout the year, weather permitting.)

2. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the flag of the United States of America, should be either on the marching right. i. e., the flag's own right, or when there is a line of other flags, the flag of the United States of America may be in front of the center of that line.

3. When displayed with another flag against a wall from crossed staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be on the right, the flag's own right, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

4. When a number of flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.

5. When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be hoisted first and lowered last. No such flag or pennant flown in the former position should be placed above, or in the latter position to the right, of the flag of the United States of America, i. e., to the observer's left.

6. When flags of two or more nations are displayed they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.

7. When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window-sill, balcony, or front of building, the union of the flag should go clear to the peak of the staff, unless the flag is at halfstaff. (When the flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a rope, extending from a house to a pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the flag should be hoisted out from the building toward the pole, union first.)

8. When the flag is display in a manner other than by being from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either

horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, i. e., to the observer's left. When displayed in a window, it should be displayed the same way; that is, with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street. When festoons, rosettes, or drapings are desired, bunting of blue, white and red should be used, but never the flag.

9. When displayed over the middle of the street, the flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street or to the east in a north and south street.

10. When used on a speaker's platform, the flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. If flown from a staff, it should be in the position of honor, at the speaker's right. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk or to drape over the front of the platform.

11. When used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument, the flag should form a distinctive feature during the ceremony, but the flag itself should never be used as the covering for the statue.

12. When flown at halfstaff, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the halfstaff position; but before lowering the flag for the day it should be raised again to the peak. By halfstaff is meant hauling down the flag to one-half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. If local conditions require, divergence from this position is permissible. On Memorial Day, May, 30, the flag is displayed at halfstaff from sunrise until noon and at fullstaff until sunset; for the nation lives and the flag is the symbol of the living nation.

13. Flags flown from fixed staffs are placed at halfstaff to indicate mourning. When the flag is displayed on a small staff, as when carried in a parade, mourning is indicated by attaching two streamers of black crepe to the spearhead, allowing the streamers to fall naturally. Crepe is used on the flagstaffs only by order of the President.

14. When used to cover a casket, the flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried foot first.

15. When the flag is displayed in the body of the church, it should be from a staff placed in the position of honor at the congregation's right as they face the clergyman. The service flag, the state flag, or other flags should be at the left of the congregation. If in the chancel or on the platform, the flag of the United States of America should be placed on the clergyman's right as he faces the congregation and the other flags at his left.

16. When the flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside or used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole privately, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

### Cautions

1. Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the flag of the United States of America.

2. Do not dip the flag of the United States of America to any person or any thing. The regimental color, state flag, organization, or institutional flag will render this honor.

3. Do not display the flag with the union down except as a signal of distress.

4. Do not place any other flag or pennant above or, if on the same level, to the right of the flag of the United States of America.

5. Do not let the flag touch the ground or the floor or trail in the water.

6. Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the flag of the United States of America.

7. Wo not use the flag as drapery in any form whatsoever. Use bunting of blue, white and red.

8. Do not fasten the flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.

9. Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle or of a railroad train or boat. When the flag is displayed on a motor car, the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the radiator cap.

10. Do not display the flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.

11. Do not use the flag as a covering for a ceiling.

12. Do not carry the flag flat or horizontally, but always aloft and free.

13. Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.

14. Do not put lettering of any kind upon the flag.

15. Do not display, use, or store the flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.

---

## OUR FLAG

God bless our glorious Flag;
Long may it proudly wave
  O'er our blest land
Give us its brilliant light
Like Israel's pillars bright—
To guide by day or night,
  God bless our Flag!

—Selected.

# RENEW YOUR IDEALS

**(Selected)**

It is a joy to see and sympathize with the earth renewing itself in these spring days. Gardens are blooming afresh, forests are clothing themselves with garments of exquisite green, a chorus of bird songs welcomes each new day, the atmosphere quivers with fresh life and the skies smile down with hope on the awakening world.

The scene and the season are a parable of human life. Its choice treasures require periodic renewals. The gift of God, which is eternal life, is not something bestowed once for all. It is a constant giving. And that means a constant willingness to receive.

Your life is a continual process of renewal. If your body is healthy. your appetite calls for food and drink to restore its strength, and there is pleasure in satisfying its calls. Your mind also must grow or it will shrivel. It craves food for thought and finds satisfaction in appropriating it. Every healthy person enjoys thinking. Your spirit, too, craves its own food. It must have visions, and these come only to those who seek and welcome them. You must renew them or your spirit will famish.

To maintain your life, physical, mental and spiritual, your renewals must be periodic and regular. If you take food only when what you like happens to be within your reach, your appetite will become abnormal; you will invite disease. If your mind lays hold unguided and uncontrolled only in what may lie before it, it will become undisciplined and weak. If you do not seek spiritual visions in appointed ways, you will have no glorious surprises, the visions you have will fade and you will come to doubt their reality even in your memory. This is the history of many a professing Christian who has starved his soul.

You take food for your physical needs at regular intervals. So you keep your body in health. Cultivate your spiritual life as faithfully. Renew your ideals at stated times. Set apart some moments for satisfying your aspirations after the highest.

You must enjoy satisfying your appetite for food and drink in company with congenial friends. Your table is most welcome when loved faces are around it. It is healthier to eat in company than alone. Your spirit is best renewed in association with kindred spirits. Worship God with others and regularly. Go to church, not because you expect to gain new knowledge from preaching, but because you would renew your spiritual visions. Many who have sought thus to quicken their ideas of Christ have found their minds enlarging also and old truths appearing new.

If it is becoming less and less the fashion among your friends to go to church regularly, then it is the more important for your spiritual life, not to mention theirs, that you take care to keep up your public worship. The greater also is your opportunity to make your life count for

good among your fellows. "Be not fashioned according to this age," wrote the apostle Paul to his brethren; "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Freshened spiritual visions renew the mind and transform the character.

A secret of preserving one's youth is to be found in going to church with the steadfast purpose of worshiping God with others. The danger of the fading of your visions increases as you grow older. As physical forces weaken the need increases of spiritual sustenance through association with spiritual men and women and clarified views of things eternal. Cultivate the associations and seek the visions. The greatest of the Hebrew prophets urged that necessity on those whom age was overtaking. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary," he said. "But they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength." The greatest of Christian evengelists felt it even more as a personal experience. Though our outward man is decaying," he said, "yet our inward man is renewed day by day...while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen."

While you use the church as a means for our own personal enrichment, you will gain added strength, self-respect and satisfaction by the knowledge that your example and your association with those like-minded with yourself are enriching the community. This service is appreciated at its true value by those who feel the greatest responsibility for the welfare of the nation. A governor once declared that "no one thing is so important for good in citizenship as to have all the people constant attendants on and interested in the work of some church." He believed that public worship "appeals to the highest attributes of one's nature and does more to make good citizens than any single work a man can perform." These statements are the convictions of most men in public office who have a high sense of their responsibility.

Do you realize the value to you of the Lord's Day in the Lord's House, increasing as you grow older and calling more earnestly on your faithfulness to keep it, for your own sake and for the higher life of the community? Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts the other day thus interpreted it: "It should be the Christian's weekly Easter, for it is the day on which the Lord rose from the dead; it represents the foundation of the Chrisitan faith, and for us it should be a day for reverence, for the spirit of contemplation; it should be the day that fosters that buoyancy, hope, and courage that will carry us through the other six days of the week. The positive note is that the day is the first one for Christian worship."

Do not undervalue, either, the work of the minister in the Lord's House. His highest service is to call up visions and vivify them. If he does that for you, he is truly a prophet. The preacher who renews the ideals of the worshipers listening to him from week to week takes high rank among the benefactors of mankind. It is natural that men of spiritual vision should seek the churches where prophets speak. No nobler task is calling the churches, nor any of so great importanceas to cherish the conviction that they must have prophets for their ministers, and to raise up prophets who will freshen the

visions and renew the ideals of the seeker after God so that he is "re newed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him."

---

Try loving people; you can hate them without trying.

---

# THE AMERICAN PERIL

## (Home Missions)

Pizarro sought the gold of the Indians, Elder Brewster sought the God of the ages. That marks the difference in the past history of South and North America. But does it mark the difference between these two civilizations in the present, and will it mark the difference in the future?

From 1860 on in the United States the Christian content filled up American life. Christianity was real. It was a requirement, not an elective.

To day the slogan is not God, but gold. Property, social security, higher wages, automobiles, radios, are the watchwords.

The trouble with America is not soil erosion, but soul erosion. All America is on wheels with twenty-eight million cars. The American home will soon be in the trailer; the American breakfast the American relay with no time for prayer, reflection or meditation. The family altar is broken down. The mid-week prayer service is disappearing, the Sunday evening preaching service declining. Gambling is on the increase. The crime bill of the nation is fifteen billion dollars annually. The average age of the criminal is nineteen years. The divorce ratio in the United States is one to every six and sixteenths marriages. Drinking is on the increase with women at the bar. The tendency is toward the movie mind with eighteen million persons attending the movies every week. Materialism with its materialistic philosophy has gripped the mind and soul of the nation. America is fast becoming pagan.

There is but one cure and but one salvation, and that is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. A genuine revival of character based on a new birth from heaven through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the only thing that will create the kind of citizen that will build the right type of national life. America has heart trouble and only the Great Physician can bring a cure. Christ is depending upon his people to give his gospel currency in America, and if given currency, it will cure America's ills.

# MARVELOUS JOURNEYS ON WINGS

**By Alvin M. Peterson**

The first aeroplane flight from New York City to Paris, made by Charles A. Lindbergh the third week in May, 1927, appealed to the imaginations of hosts of people and made the pilot a national, if not international, hero overnight. Lindbergh took off from a flying field in the former city and, with no one to accompany him, sailed out over the broad Atlantic and in about thirty-three and one-half hours traveled something like 3700 miles and landed safely in Paris, the exact goal selected in advance. Truly, that was a remarkable flight.

Newspapers the world over printed columns and pages about the marvelous flight, ministers and public officials used it for illustrating speeches and sermons, and dozens of other pilots at once began planning flights to other far places. The hero, naturally, was feted and honored and decorated, and eventually was brought back to his native land on a warship designated for the purpose by the President. All of which was fitting and proper, for Lindbergh's flight was a splendid piece of work and daring.

Nevertheless, other marvelous journeys are being made twice each year and have been made for centuries —without notices about them in newspapers, with but little fuss and worry, and practically unknown and unheard of by many people. The birds were making marvelous journeys, journeys more marvelous than Lindbergh's long before man invented the aeroplane and began making long journeys by means of it. Birds have been migrating twice a year, some of them making journeys each autumn and spring that aeroplane pilots would be proud to

Bird migration is a complicated phenomena, and a few general facts in regard to it are not out of place before we summarize a few of the more marvelous journeys made by birds twice each year, first in the spring and then again in autumn.

The first of our spring migrants, the bluebird, robin, grackle, killdeer, meadowlark, red-winged blackbird and rusty blackbird, begin moving northward with the retreating snow late in February or early in March. The first extensive period of mild weather starts them on their leisurely northward journey. Other spring migrants arrive in our northern states about the middle of March— the phoebe, cowbird, fox sparrow and woodcock—to be followed by the dove, kingfisher, flicker olive-sided fly-catcher, Carolina wren and sparrow hawk before the month is up, and by the tree swallow, hemit thrush, blue heron, grebes, chipping sparrow, bittern, brown thrasher, barn swallow, lark sparrow, kingbird, house wren and chewink in April. The spring migration reaches its greatest height in May, when hosts of brightly colored warblers are to be seen everywhere. Most of these tiny birds remain with us but for a few days, then leave for their nesting grounds farther to the north. The spring migration ends about the first of June, and by then the bobolink, wood pewee, indigo bunting and marsh wrens are back, and the last of the warblers have either arrived or passed on to the north. Many of our winter birds have also left for

the north by that time, birds like the tree sparrow and junco that winter with us but nest farther to the north.

Some birds begin moving southward again shortly after the nesting season is over, while others remain for some time in their summer haunts, some until forced to leave by cold weather and a shortage of food. Some of the latter spend the autumn in large flocks, notably the blackbirds. The autumn migration is at its greatest height in September, and by November few of our summer residents, the bluebird, red-winged blackbird, grackle, kingfisher, killdeer and a few others, are left. In autumn our winter residents arrive from the north, whence they departed last spring.

It should be remembered that the date on which a given bird is observed varies with the latitude. Migrating birds observed in the latitude of the city of Washington will be seen earlier in the spring and later in the fall than the same birds observed in the latitude of Boston, and birds that spend the winter about Washington, D. C., may not be found as far north as Albany, N. Y. In other words, birds that may be considered winter birds in middle latitudes may be migrants or summer residents in New England.

Birds that migrate early in spring are generally the last to travel southward in autumn. The bluebird, robin, killdeer, kingfisher, mourning dove, blackbirds and myrtle warbler are early spring but late fall migrants. Also, the males of many species are the first to migrate in the spring, arriving at their nesting grounds few days in advance of their mates.

The weather influences the migration of many birds, but especially of those that migrate early in spring and late in autumn. Periods of mild weather cause them to move northward in the spring, while cold, stormy weather holds them back. Extensive periods of warm weather in autumn cause them to delay their southward journey, while storms and cold weather force them to leave. On the other hand, many birds, late spring but early autumn migrants, are but little influenced by the weather, since it usually is mild and settled when they travel. These birds usually reach and leave their breeding grounds about the same time each year.

The matter of a food supply has considerable influence upon the migration of birds, since many species do not travel northward in spring until they are sure of finding an abundance of food in their summer haunts. And in autumn many go south just far enough to assure themselves of plenty of food throughout the winter. The myrtle warbler sometimes winter as far north as New York city, if bay, or wax myrtle, berries are plentiful, and the robin remains as far north as Wisconsin, if hackberries are abundant. Seed-eating birds like the finches and sparrows are to be found almost everywhere in winter, since weed seeds are always plentiful. Hardy species like the cardinal, goldfinch junco, tree sparrow and some others remain in our northern tier of states, while less hardy ones go a little farther south. And birds that live on insects throughout the year, travel to the tropics or farther, where they are sure of a supply.

Some birds migrate by night, some by day, and others both by day and night. William Brewster, a close observer of bird migration, points out that weak-winged, timid and sedentary

birds like the thrushes, wrens, vireos and warblers migrate by night. "Bold, restless and strong-winged birds migrate chiefly, or very freely, by day,"—the robin, blackbirds and horned lark. "Birds of easy, tireless wing, which habitually feed in the air or over extensive areas, migrate exclusively by day,"—swallows, swifts and hawks. Nighthawks, whip-poor-wills, owls, bitterns, woodcocks, Wilson snipes and spotted sandpipers migrate by night.

Most birds have well-defined routes they follow when migrating—coastlines, rivers and continuous mountain chains. The day fliers are guided by the sense of sight, but the night fliers are also aided by the sense of hearing. And mature birds, who have been over the route before, lead the way, while those behind keep in touch with the leaders by calling.

Brewster also states that the first birds of a given species to migrate in autumn are old birds. The later flocks contain less and less adult birds and more youngsters, until the last ones may be composed entirely of young birds. The latter sometimes duplicate.
lose their way and winter too far north, many perishing from exposure and starvation before the return of spring.

Migrating birds are exposed to many dangers. Hawks and other birds of prey kill them. Those that travel at night sometimes encounter storms and become lost and confused. They no doubt try to select fair nights for their journeys, but as they cannot forecast the weather they do occasionally run into storms. As a rule they travel at high altitude, but when caught in storms fly nearer the earth. Then many of them fly into wires, buildings and lighthouses and are killed. Others are caught in storms while flying over large bodies of water, become exhausted, fall into the sea and are drowned.

The bobolink, golden plover and Arctic tern are three of our most famous bird travelers. Hosts of bobolinks spend the summer about the Great Lakes. After their nesting cares are over, the birds shed their old feathers and grow new ones, the process being known as molting. Then for a time they live about swamps and marshes and are known as reedbirds. Later they travel to our southeastern states, where they live largely upon the rice which is then in the milk stage, and where they are known as ricebirds. Rice growers kill many of them yearly to save their crops. Eventually the birds leave the United States by way of Florida and other Gulf States and journey to South America. Some of the birds travel directly to the mainland of South America from Florida, but others cross the sea of Yucatan, from whence they go to Central and eventually South America. However, the birds do not winter in northern South America, but continue on to the south until they reach the great marshes along the LaPlata River. Bobolinks thus travel thousands of miles each year when going to and returning from their nesting grounds. And they make the great journey twice each year without guide-posts of any kind. Strange enough, they migrate late in the spring and usually arrive at their nesting grounds about the same date year after year. Imagine an aeroplane pilot leaving southern Canada in the fall and traveling to our Gulf States, thence on to South

America and Argentine, and then returning in the spring on a certain date and you will understand that he might be proud of the achievement.

Aviators no doubt could duplicate the bobolink's feat, but would find it harder to do what the golden plover does. This bird nests in Arctic North America, but winters in Argentina, traveling eight thousand miles twice yearly when going to and returning from its nesting grounds.

Still harder would they find it to duplicate the journeys of the Arctic tern, for it nests in Arctic regions but winters in the Antarctic, traveling eleven thousand miles two times each year for a total of twenty-two thousand miles. This bird travels each year a distance nearly equal to the circumference of the earth in order to nest where Arctic terns for generations have nested, truly a remarkable performance, one our most famous aviators would find it almost impossible to duplicate. To duplicate it they would be obliged to spend considerable money, make careful plans in advance, provide special air-fields, pick up stores of fuel and food on the way, and need a small army of helpers. The tern however fly off with little or no preparation, steer a true course, and usually with little trouble reach the end of the journey safely, with, of course, stops on the way for food. Little wonder the Arctic tern has been called 'the world's migration champion."

---

## OUR FLAG

The national flag was officially adopted by congress June 14, 1777, when the Continental Congress passed a resolution: "That the flag of thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

On January 13, 1794, Vermont having been admitted to the Union in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792, congress enacted: "That from and after the first day of May 1795, the national flag be fifteen stripes alternate red and white"; the intention apparently being to add both a stripe and a star for each new State admitted. In 1818 however, the number of States having increased to twenty, congress enacted that the number of stripes be reduced to thirteen to typify the original thirteen States; that the number of stars be twenty; and that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission. June 14 is now generally observed as Flag Day.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Collie Clark, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School in 1931, was a visitor here last Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife and baby. Collie is now twenty-three years old and lives in Canton, where he is working in the dry cleaning department of the Canton Laundry. He has been employed by this firm for the past six years. In speaking to some of the officials of the School concerning his stay here, Collie said he thought the institution had been a great help to him.

---

We recently received a letter from Lee McBride, who was paroled in 1926. While here he was a member of our printing class. For the past four and one-half years "Mac" has been employed as linotype operator-machinist on the "Gazette," Alexandria, Va. He is married and lives just outside the city. "Mac" writes that he received a five per cent raise in salary last January, and is being kept pretty busy. He also tells us that he and his wife expect to visit the School some time next month.

---

Herbert Yarborough, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1923, dropped in to see us the other day. While a boy here, Herbert was a member of the group at Cottage No. 1. Upon being paroled he returned to his home in Durham, remaining there until the death of his parents several years later. He now lives at Myrtle Beach, S. C., where he is engaged in the painting business. Herbert is now thirty-one years old; has been married four years, and has two children. He reports having steady employment and that he is getting along very nicely.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wallace, the former a member of our printing class about thirteen years ago, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Watts, Miss Eva Butler and Miss Vila Autry, all of Fayetteville, were visitors at the Training School last Sunday. They attened the session of our Sunday School in the morning, after which they went to Concord for lunch, returning to the School in the afternoon, where they spent a couple of hours visiting the various departments and taking pictures on the campus. Theodore seemed delighted to renew acquaintances among the members of the staff who were employed here at the time he was a boy at the institution. For the past nine years Theodore has been employed in a rayon plant in Fayetteville, where his work has merited several promotions, the last one being from the position of shipping clerk to that of grader. In speaking to Superintendent Boger at the close of Sunday School, Theodore stated that he certainly felt very much at home there, and often recalled various parts of Scripture the boys were required to memorize when he was here. He also stated that he considerd his stay here most beneficial, and that whatever degree of success

he might attain in the world, he would always give Jackson Training credit for getting him stated on the right track. Reports coming from various sources, concerning Theodore's record since leaving us, have been quite satisfactory, and his many friends here are glad to learn that he is getting along so well.

---

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 4th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and in his talk to the boys, he called special attention to the temptations experienced by Christ, and how he overcame them.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then told of the manner in which the American Indians of old trained their boys before letting them become members of the fighting bands. Before an Indian lad could be initiated into the class known as braves or warriors, he had to show himself capable of meeting temptations and ability to master the various troublesome situations which confronted him. The boy would be taken from his home, placed in a wilderness, and allowed to remain there for two weeks or more. In this manner he was placed on his own initiative, having to overcome the difficulties that arose without aid. If the boy was able to cope with these situations, he was brought into camp and made a full-fledged warrior.

The speaker then told the boys there was great similarity between the manner in which the Indians taught their young warriors and Christ's experience with temptations, many years ago, as the Master always repaired to a secluded place when he wished to talk with God, and gain strength to keep from yielding to temptation. He also stated that Christ always knew when he was being true to himself and his great purpose in life, and that God will help us to be true to ourselves, to God and to man.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then urged the boys never to be above the thought of having Jesus go with them on the journey along the pathway of life, and in conclusion he told them a story of a little boy, who, under trying circumstances in his young life, wanted to feel the hand of his father guiding him. With the touch of his father's hand all difficulties disappeared, enabling him to conquer his childish fear. So it is with us. If we wil be guided by the loving hand of our Heavenly Father, the many dangers along life's highway will be avoided, and we shall find eternal happiness in God's kingdom.

---

It was our happy privilege to enjoy a rare musical musical treat last Sunday afternoon—a concert by the Kannapolis Band—and the program of stirring marches, overtures, sacred selections and popular numbers, was a source of great delight to our "family" of nearly six hundred.

The Knanapolis Concert Band is undoubtedly one of the best in the entire South, and whenever the announcement is made that it will appear at the School at a certain time, the boys' faces immediately become wreathed in smiles and the older folks nod their approval, for they just know

a delightful program is in store for them.

This splendid musical organization has been successful for many years because of two outstanding facts: (1) Its personnel consists of men who, in addition to being fine musicians, are also of the highest type in other respects; (2) It is most fortunate in having as its director, Mr. R. C. McGuirt, a veteran bandmaster who really knows music and has the ability to train others. When these two qualities are combined, there is but one answer —a very good band.

"Bob" McGuirt and his boys from the "Towel City" have appeared at the School on many previous occasions, and each succeeding visit increases their popularity with both boys and officials of the institution. We feel deeply indebted to them for entertaining us so delightfully last Sunday, and wish to take this opportunity to asure them a most hearty welcome whenever they find it convenient to visit us again.

The program last Sunday was as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| March | "Colorado" | Holmes |
| Fox-Trot | "Whistle While You Work" | Churchill |
| Sacred Number | "The Church in the Wildwood" | Pitts |
| March | "Stars and Stripes Forever" | Sousa |
| Sacred Overture | "Providence" | Tovani |
| March | "Bullets and Bayonets" | Sousa |
| Fox- Trot | "Heigh-Ho" | Churchill |
| | "Star-Spangled Banner" | |

---

The following summary of the Cottage Honor Roll indicates the number of times boys have been on same during the past twnety-nine weeks, from week ending November 14, 1937 to week ending May 29, 1938.

29—Edward Johnson, Edward Lucas.

28—Ivey Eller, Leon Hollifield, Allen Wilson.

25—Marvin Bridgeman, Donald Newman, Caleb Jolly.

24—James Hancock, Wilson Bowman, Ewin Odom, James Kirk.

23—Mack Setzer, Hobart Gross.

22—Ernest Beach, Thomas Braddock, Heller Davis, Milford Hodgins, Filmore Oliver.

21—Winford Rollins, Frank Dickens, Raymond Mabe.

20—James Mast, Melvin Walters, George Wilhite, Caleb Hill, J. T. Branch, Charlton Henry, Warren Bright, James McGinnis.

19—R. L. Young, Garrett Bishop, Frank Raby, Homer Smith, Mack Joines, Berchell Young, John Brown.

18—Odell Bray, Fletcher Castlebury, Leo Hamilton, Hugh Johnson, James Coleman, Harold Bryson, Max Eaker, Hubert Holloway, Alexander King, Howard Sanders, Joseph Hyde, Clarence Lingerfelt, James Watson Joseph Cox.

17—Warner Sands, J. C. Cox, Howard Roberts, Albert Silas, Columbus Hamilton, Woodfin Fowler, Frank Glover, Albert Goodman, John Uptegrove, William Trantham, Ross Young, Norman Brodgen, Irvin Medlin, Leonard Buntin.

16—Coolidge Green, Frank Pickett, Hurley Davis, Lloyd Pettus, Thomas Hamilton, Edgar Burnette, Hubert Carter, Earl Stamey, Thomas Wilson, Clyde Adams, L. M. Hardison, Hoyt Hollifield.

15—William Haire, Preston Yarborough, Neely Dixon, James Wilhite,

Robert Byson, Robert Dunning, Ray Pitman, William Estes, William Brackett, Luther Wilson, William Peedin, James Penland, Alphus Bowman, James Elders, Hubert Short.

14—Hubert McCoy, Leo Ward, William Brothers, Jack McRary, Spencer Lane, Charles McCoyle, Archie Castlebury, Elmer Maples Lloyd Banks, Charles Taylor, Elbert Kersey, Thomas Sands, Samuel J. Watkins, Jack Springer, Lawrence Guffey, Edward Murray, Fred Williamson, Ben Cooper, William Powell, James Reavis, Carl Singletary, Harvey J. Smith, Troy Powell, John Robbins, Wilson Rich, Paul Ruff, Harold Walsh.

13—Fred Vereen, Robert Orrell, Harold Almond, Woodrow Wilson, Edward J. Lucas, Julius Stevens, Thomas Knight, Tillman Lyles, Clarence Mayton, Clarence Douglas, Jack Foster, Harvey Walters.

12—William Howard, Fonnie Oliver, John Capps, Frank King, William McRary, Van Martin, Thomas Sullivan, Ralph Webb, Robert Deyton, Blaine Griffin, Edmund Moore, J. D. Powell, Kenneth Spillman, Edward Chapman, Floyd Combs, William Knight, Oscar Smith, William R. Williams, William Kirk, Allard Brantley, S. E. Jones, Fred McGlammery, Richard Thomas, Reefer Cummings.

11—Julius Green, Fred Seibert, Lewis Andrews, Henry Floyd, William New, John C. Robertson, William Smith, Lewis Donaldson, J. C. Ennis, Noah Ennis, James Davis, Milton Pickett, William Tester, Donald Britt, George Duncan, Eugene Presnell, Howard Clark, Baxter Foster, Jordan McIver, Monte Beck, Alvin Powell.

10—F. E. Mickle, James McCune, Shelton Anderson, Henry Harris, Charles Mizzell, Thomas Stephens, Grover Gibby, William Wilson, Paul Angel, William Beach, Marshall Pace, William Young, Jack Harward, James Howard, Joseph D. Corn, Burl Allen, Charles Batten, Lester Jordan, Asbury Marsh, Leonard Wood, Harold Thomas, William Hawkins, Beamon Heath, Cleo King, James H. Riley, George Worley, James Chavis.

9—Edgar Harrellson, Blanchard Moore, Clifton Mabry, Carlton Brookshire, Norwood Glasgow, James Land, Thomas Maness, Rollins Wells, Martin Crump, Joseph Sanford, Lacy Green, John Tolbert, James Butler, Gladston Carter, John Crawford, James Nicholson, Charles Bryant, Leonard Watson, Charles Williams, James V. Harvel, Isaac Hendren, Bruce Kersey, Fred Clark, Robert Kinley, John Mathis, Ira Settle.

8—Henry Cowan, Howard Cox, Frank Walker, Robert Watts, Samuel Ennis, Melvin Jarrell, Frank Crawford, Grady Pennington, Kenneth Raby, George Shaver, Robert Dellinger, Clinton Keen, Randall D. Peeler, Wallace Smith, Dewey Sisk, James C. Hoyle, Edward E. Murray, Paul Mullis, Theodore Rector, Fred Carter, James Lane, Garland McPhail, Claudius Pickett, Clyde Barnwell, Delphus Dennis, Feldman Lane, Richard Patton, Sidney Delbridge, Connie Michael, Edward Patrum, Rowland Rufty.

7—Vermon Johnson, James West, Robert Atwell, Harold Dodd, James Eury, John Hampton, Wesley Beaver, Paul Briggs, William Surratt, Jack Turner, Hubert Smith, George Green, Houston Howard, Kenneth Messick, J. C. Mobley, Jack Pyatt, Loy Stines, Joseph Wheeler, Felix Adams, Fred May, Mark Jones, Cleveland Suggs,

Jeff Gouge, Elbert Head, Felix Littlejohn, James Martin, Clerge Robinette, Earl Duncan, Joseph Hall, Jerome Medlin, Arthur Ashley, Robert Hailey, Eugene Patton Garfield Walker, Albert Hayes, Wallace Summers.

6—H. C. Pope, Norton Barnes, Kenneth Gibbs, Wilson Myrick, Oscar Roland, Earl Barnes, Hugh Kennedy, John King, George Ramsey, James Jordan, Holly Atwood, Jack Norris, Torrence Ware, Joseph Christine, William C. Davis, Harry Flowe, Vincent Hawes, Robert Coffer, Julian Andrews, Dallas Holder, Benjamin McCracken, Harold Oldham.

5—Virgil Baugess, Frank Cobb, Jewell Barker, Kenneth Conklin, Grover Lett, J. W. McRorrie, Cecil Wilson, William Barden, Monroe Keith, Ned Waldrop, Carl Breece, Cleasper Beasley, Donald Earnhardt, Robert Lawrence, Wayland Morgan, Howard Baheeler, Duke Davis, Norman Parker, Ballard Martin, Richard Honeycutt, George Tolson, Ney McNeely, Harry Connell, Doyle Holder, Granville Cheek, N. A. Efrid, Roy Helms, Curley Smith.

4—Jerry Smith, Warren Godfrey, Carl Kepley, Floyd Lane, Thomas McRary, James Burns, Harley Matthews, J. C. Branton, Richard Palmer, Burl Rash, Dewey Ware, Lacy Burleson, Leonard Jacobs, Joseph Tucker, Edward McCain, Warner Peach, John Penninger, Craig Chappell, Horace Williams, Thomas King, William Martin, N. C. Webb, Elbert Hakler, Franklin Hensley, Paul McGlammery, John McIntyre, Raymond Andrews, John Ham, John Kirkman, William Thore, Clarence Gates.

3—Robert Coleman, Carroll Dodd, William Pitts, James Blocker, William Downes, John T. Godwin, Lindsay Jones, James E. Jordan, Max Lindsay, Brooks Young, Earl Bass, Wayne Collins, James Page, Marvin Wilkins, Eugene Ballew, William Jones, Melvin Stines, Jack Sutherland, Letcher Castlebury, Harvey Ledford, Rayvon Michael, James Bunnell, Emerson Barnhill, Ralph Carver, Franklin Lyles, Burris Bozeman, William Lowe, Clyde Murphy, John Church, Audie Farthing, Henry McGraw, James Stepp, William Warf, Jones Watson.

2—Gilbert Hogan, Vernon Lamb, Horace Journigan, William Burnette, Ansel Byrd, Postell Clark, Raymond Sprinkle, Douglas Matthews, William Wiggins, Ernest Davis, Burman Holland, Jack Reeves, Donald Washam, Jack West, Raymond Hughes, Lloyd Hite, Ernest Mobley, Winfred Land, George May, Allen Bledsoe, Walter Cooper, Matthew Duffy, James M. Hare, William Tobar, Wilson Bailiff, Harry Leagon, Thomas R. Pitman, Marshall White, Thomas Trantham.

1—Clyde Gray, Lonnie Roberts, William Anders, Julian Myrick, Reece Reynolds, Eugene Stallings, Arthur Craft, Leo Forester, J. W. Jones, Robert Keith, Henry Phillips, Warren Tarkington, W. J. Wilson, Richard Wrenn, James Boone, Hermon Cherry, Earl Weeks, Odell Wilson, Donald Holland, Joseph Mobley, Richard Singletary, Hildren Sweeney, Robert Hampton, Floyd Crabtree, Richard Freeman, Junius Holleman, William Jerrell, Joseph Linville, Charles Presnell, Ray Reynolds, Junius Brewer, Weaver Penland, J. C. Allen, Matthew, Ballard, Allen Honeycutt, Andrew Lambeth, Thelbert Poole, Roy Pope, Thomas Shaw, William Tyson, Merritt Gibson, Conley Lunsford, Douglas Mabry, Jack Mathis, Jesse Ownes, Claude Ashe, Marvin King,

Howard Todd, Desmond Truitt, Junior Woody, Robert Wilson, Robert Gaines, Luther Landrum, Grover Revels, Edward Whitaker.

---

## IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master
  If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Trimuph and Disaster
  And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve their turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on"!

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you
  If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it.
  And which is more—you'll a man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on **Honor** Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell 4
Virgil Baugess
Howard Baheeler 4
Burris Bozeman 4
Hobart Gross 2
Horace Journigan 3
James McCune 3
Richard Patton
Berchell Young 2

—B—

Paul Briggs 4
Howard Cox
Richard Freeman 2
Clarence Gates 3
Benjamin McCracken
Oscar Smith 2

SECOND GRADE

—A—

J. T. Branch 3
James Blocker 2
Floyd Crabtree 3
Frank Dickens 2
**Lewis Donaldson 5**
Samuel Ennis 4
William Estes 5
Merritt Gibson 2
William Goins 2
Blaine Griffin 5
Lawrence Guffey 4
Vincent Hawes
Odie Hicks 2
William Jerrell 4
James Jordan 4
Alexander King
William Kirksey 2
Wilfred Land 3
Felix Littlejohn 4
James McGinnis 2
Fonnie Oliver 5
Hubert Short 2
William T. Smith 3
William Surratt 5
Thomas Sullivan 5
Hildren Sweeney 5
Charles Taylor 3
Samuel J. Wakins 4
Dewey Ware 5
Ross Young 3

—B—

James Bartlett 4
Carl Breece 3
Robert Bryson 3
Delphus Dennis 4
Noah Ennis 2
Mark Jones 3
Van Martin 4
William Pitts 3
Canipe Shoe 3
Donald Washam 2
Jones Watson 3
Horace Williams
W. J. Wilson 4
Woodrow Wilson
Alexander Woody
George Worley 3
Earl Weeks

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Junius Brewer 4
Frank Crawford 4
Elbert Kersey 3
Clarence Mayton 2
William Wilson 2

—B—

Clinton Adams 2
Archie Castlebury 2
Herman Cherry
Ballard Martin 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Harold Almond 2
James Coleman 5
Beamon Heath 3
Thomas R. Pitman 4
Rowland Rufty 3

—B—

Lewis Andrews 4
Theodore Bowles 5
Harold Bryson 4

Leonard Buntin 3
Leon Hollifield 2
William Knight 2
John Robbins 3
Paul Ruff 4
Mack Setzer 2
Earthy Strickland 2
Eugene Smith 3
Raymond Sprinkle 3
Joseph Tucker
James Wilhite
Thomas Wilson 3
William Young

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Bruce Link
Paul Mullis 2
Richard Thomas 2

—B—

Edward Chapman 3
Clyde Hoppes 2
Robert Kinley

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Irvin Medlin
Hoyt Hollifield 3
Harold Walsh 3

—B—

Charles Davis 3
Frank King

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Harvey Walters 3
Marvin Wilkins 3

—B—

Caleb Hill 2
Edward Lucas 4
George May
Albert Silas 4
Jack Springer 3

---

## HISTORY OF THE FLAG

The American Flag is the third oldest of National Standards, being older than the present British Jack, the French Tri-color, or the flags of Italy or Spain. The story of the The Stars and Stripes is the story of the nation itself.

The original thirteen stars symbolized the thirteen united Colonies. During the war of 1812, the number of Stars was 15; during the Mexican War, 29; the Civil War, 33-35; the Spanish War, 45; and the World War, 48.

January 3, 1794, Congress enacted that the Flag of the United States be 15 stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be 15 stars, white in a blue field. This was the "Star-Spangled Banner" and under this flag our country fought and won three wars to maintain her existence, the so-called naval war with France in 1798; with the Barbary States in 1801-05; and that with England in 1812-15.

On April 4, 1818, several new states having been admitted, Congress enacted that the Flag again be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have 20 stars, white in a blue field, and that, at the admission of every new state one star be added to the union in the flag.—Pancoast.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending June 5, 1938

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

Marvin Bridgeman
Ivey Eller
Clyde Gray
Gilbert Hogan
Leon Hollifield
Edward Johnson
Vermon Lamb
Edward Lucas
Mack Setzer

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Virgil Baugess
Henry Cowan
William Haire
Horace Journigan
Howard Roberts
Albert Silas
Frank Walker
Robert Watts
James West
Preston Yarborough

**COTTAGE No. 2**

James Blocker
John Capps
Postell Clark
J. W. Crawford
Arthur Craft
Samuel Ennis
Kenneth Gibbs
Julius Green
Thomas McRary
Nick Rochester
Oscar Roland
Fred Seibert

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Carlton Brookshire
Kenneth Conklin
Frank Crawford
Neely Dixon
A. C. Lamar
James Mast
James McCune
William McRary
F. E. Mickle
William T. Smith
Claude Terrell
Allen Wilson

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Wesley Beaver
Garrett Bishop
Paul Briggs
Hurley Davis
James Hancock
James Land
Van Martin
Hubert McCoy
Lloyd Pettus
Leo Ward
Rollins Wells
James Wilhite
Cecil Wilson

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Jack McRary
Richard Palmer
Thomas Sullivan
Dewey Ware

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Fletcher Castlebury
Martin Crump
Robert Dunning
Spencer Lane
Charles McCoyle
Joseph Sanford
Joseph Tucker
George Wilhite

**COTTAGE No. 7**

Paul Angel
William Beach
Cleasper Beasley
Carl Breece
James Davis
William Estes
George Green
Blaine Griffn
Caleb Hill
Hugh Johnson
N. B. Johnson

Elmer Maples
Edmund Moore
J. D. Powell
Jack Pyatt
Dewey Sisk
William Young

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Wilson Bowman
J. T. Branch
Thomas Braddock
William Brackett
James Butler
James Coleman
Heller Davis
Woodfin Fowler
Mark Jones
Earl Stamey
Thomas Sands
Thomas Wilson

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen
Joseph D. Corn
Baxter Foster
Lawrence Guffey
Albert Goodman
Franklin Lyles
Julius Stevens
John Uptegrove

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Max Eaker
Hubert Holloway
Thomas Knight
Ewin Odom
William Trantham
George Tolson
Leonard Wood

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Raymond Andrews
Clyde Barnwell
Monte Beck
Delphus Dennis
Audie Farthing
James Kirk
John Kirkman
Fred McGlammery
Troy Powell
John Robbins
Paul Shipes
Harold Thomas
William Warf
Harvey Walters
Junior Woody

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin
Sidney Delbridge
Aldine Duggins
Hobart Gross
Clarence Gates
Hoyt Hollifield
Roy Helms
L. M. Hardison
William Hawkins
Beamon Heath
Caleb Jolly
Robert Kinley
James McGinnis
Harold Oldham
Paul Ruff
Richard Thomas
James Watson
Harold Walsh

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Reefer Cummings
James Chavis
Filmore Oliver
Hubert Short
Curley Smith

---

There is a capacity for heroism in all of us. We never really know the joy of life until we have loved enough to suffer. The most unhappy person is the one who has run away from duty.

—Dr. Walter R. Cremeans.

JUN 18 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 18, 1938 No. 24

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## WHEN JUNE COMES

When all the fields and woods are green
And all the brooks are brown,
It's time to wipe the blackboards clean
And lay the pencils down;
It's time to put the books away
When crikets get in tune.
And robins start their roundelay—
In June, June, June!

The wind plays tag from tree to tree,
The butterflies are merry;
A flower there is for every bee,
For every bird a cherry;
And barefoot children laugh and cheer,
Oh, not a day too soon,
In all the swiftly-moving year,
Comes June, June, June!

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | By Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| A PIECE OF QUARTZ AND A MESSAGE | By C. B. Morton | 10 |
| CLEOPATRA WAS THE GOLD DIGGER OF ALL HISTORY | By Dale Carnegie | 15 |
| THE RIVER OF ENCHANTED ISLANDS | By Finette Barber | 17 |
| IT'S ALWAYS HARVEST TIME | By James Montagnes | 20 |
| KEEPING LADS OUT OF DELINQUENT WAYS | By Raube Walters | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## MADE IN THE U. S. A.

My friend was a lover of classic art,
Who focnd rich gems in the foreign mart.
Her pictures, books, and vases of clay,
Were gleaned with care, from day to day,
In Paris, Venice, Athens, Rome,
Such were the treasures that filled her home.

Far off beneath Italian skies,
She found a rare and matchless prize,
A fragile vase of finest clay,
Complete and perfect in every way,
As rare a gem of the potter's art
As e'er she'd seen in a foreign mart.

In a curio shop, near the Tiber's flow,
Where feet of the restless tourists go,
She saw this work of the artist's hand,
And said there's none within my land
That can create such a classic line,
Or match the skill of its design.

'Twas purchased then and carried home,
Across the seas from far off Rome,
To hold a high and honored place,
The fitting lot of such a vase,
And 'mongst the gems collected there
No other one was half so fair.

A neighbor said to her one day,
"What stamp is that upon the clay?"
"Dear me, I never thought to look,
The sign was, "Rockwood, U. S. A."
Although 'tis plain as any book."
Imagine then my friend's dismay,

—Harry Brokaw.

## SCHOOL NEWS

An institution, like a community, is not finished without an infirmary, and there is something sadly lacking if there is not a gymnasium, especially so if the development of youth is involved. They are companion pieces so to speak. One is to keep well and the other, a hospital, is a place to convalesce and with proper treatment regain health.

Those familiar with history of the Jackson Training School know that the activities of the instiution have been handicapped due to the lack of these two health giving agencies.

It gives the writer great pleasure to announce that within a short time the "Infirmary" and "Gymnasium" will no longer remain a hope, but judging from the way the work is progressing these two buildings will be finished. The work is being rushed.

The infirmary, said Miss Thomas, the trained nurse, will be a joy, because to her professional way of thinking "it is the greatest need of the school if the boys receive proper care."

The officers declare that a gymnasium is a blessing, because on cold, rainy days the boys will have a clean, bright room in which to assemble, and there enjoy clean sports. Previously on disagreeable days the boys were forced to huddle in the basement of respective cottages when not in their living room. Both the infirmary and gymnasium play an important role in giving to the boys the care and training that develops into splendid manhood.

The infirmary will be complete in every appointment for medical treatment and care. The building will have a nurse's room, a room for an attendant, a room for treatment, a reception room, dining room for boys convalescing, a diet kitchen under supervision of nurse, necessary closets, a sun-room and twenty-five hospital beds. It will be a happy day, in fact it will be termed a 'red-letter-day, in the history of the institution when the infirmary is opened for the reception of sick boys. It has been one of the greatest needs, to quote the nurse in charge, but the state was slow in consummating plans, but wise when the appropriation was made for hospitalization of the boys.

The gymnasium, too, with necessary equipment will prove to be a most valuable asset to the school. The boys may there assemble, enjoy clean sports under the supervision and guidance of an officer. Our boys, like all normal youngsters are good sports.

## OLD BOYS

Superintendent Boger frequently gets fine reports of his old boys. These messages of splendid progress please the superintendent because they reflect the influence of the School, an endorsement of the value of the Jackson Training School in reclaiming the delinquents. Few would hardly realize that the Jackson Training School has old boys all over the United States. Reports indicate that the majority of paroled boys are honest citizens, and that means they are not in the clutches of the law. A thought that emphasizes that the endeavors of the institution are not in vain but worth money and time spent.

The Superintendent recently received an invitaton from one, J. Wilson McLean, an ex-student who this year graduates in the Lenior High School. Young McLean came to the Jackson Training School in 1933, and was released in 1935. He finished High School three and one half years after leaving, reflecting the advantage of the school department at the Jackson Training School.

The Jackson Training School has wiped out every thought of it being an experiment, but an essential because to reform a youngster has a twofold significance—a life is saved from taint of a prison life and money is saved, because it is cheaper to train for better citizenship than it is to punish for crime. This school is doing a most marvelous work, and yet, not the half has been realized. The future will tell the story written daily, of the splendid work of the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * *

## GETTING THINGS DONE

Henry Ward Beecher once was asked how he managed to get through so much work in a day. He replied: "By never doing anything twice. I never anticipate my work and never worry about it. When the time comes to do a thing I do it, and that's the end of it."

Giving good advice as to how to keep from worrying, a little trade magazine that comes to this desk comments:

"Thy fussy, hurried, worried man is the chap who tries to do everything at once. He dabbles in this and dabbles in that—finishing nothing. He picks up a letter to answer it and lays it down to pick up another letter and fuss with that. He puts the hard work

at the bottom of the pile. He leaves a hard job on his desk day after day until it absolutely has to be done and then he rushes it out in such a hurry that it seldom is done right. This man goes home in the evening with frayed nerves. In imagination he drags his desk and papers home with him and worries about them there.

"The big things of life are never done by a fussy man. When one is worrying about half a dozen tasks that must be done in the future, he fails to do the present task as it should be done. One task at a time, finished and started on its way before tackling the next task, is a rule that makes for poise and power."—Selected.

* * * * * * *

## LIFE'S HIGHWAY

We think of the highway only as the road travelled by automobiles and other motor vehicles, a privilege that should not be abused. But life's highway, most important, in home, community, state and nation should be carefully guarded so that we may not become a stumbling block to any one. The goal of every life should be to reflect the good by observing the "Golden Rule." These are rules if kept close at hand will inspire the feeling of brotherly love:

1. Drive on the Right side of the Road; it's infinitely safer and more enjoyable than the wrong side.

2. Slow down and use caution when approaching a Cross Road. It represents one of Life's decision places.

3. Look out for children. They are the world's coming citizens. You are always in the wrong if you harm one of them—physically, mentally or spiritually. Do something for their betterment.

4. Try helping instead of hindering the Traffic Officer—be he pastor, church officer, Sunday school teacher, or leader for any good cause in your community.

5. Be sure that your Light is not defective; it's no joke to be the one to mislead other lives because one's own light does not shine true and sincere.

6. Read and obey the warning Signs. The churches are built for your good. You miss Guidance when you miss the services.

7. If you've got to speed—do it where it won't kill anybody; speed on the Road of Righteousness.

8. When making minor repairs to your spiritual motor, don't be

afraid to get on your knees out of the way of the main traffic. Otherwise you may make a longer spiritual stop than you anticipated.

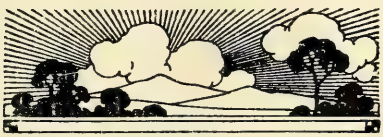
* * * * * * *

## HAPPINESS

Dr. Ormond C. Perkins told his colleagues of the Medical Society of the State of New York that anybody who is unhappy is mentally ill, and that it is as much the duty of a doctor to treat that type of illness as it is to overcome any of the more obvious sorts of human ailments. Much of the unhappiness is due to failure. A successful person is usually happy that is if success is gained in an honest way.

Dr. Perkins states an organic trouble can materially disturb the mind, but a clear conscience will radiate a life in spite of physical ailments, if the straight and narrow way is followed. He also emphasizes the danger of working in grooves. Such a monotony brings about fatigue of the body, a weary mind and finally a physically fagged body will lead to morbidness.

Dr. Perkins is a noted neurologist who believes a varied program makes contentment and that there should be a goal to stimulate interest in every kind of work. Moreover, he feels a common aim and a comman understanding between capital and labor, let the activities of any and all kinds of institutions be large or small, will bring about most satisfactory results. Secretiveness creates distrust, and distrust brings about "confusion in the camp."



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

MY PRAYER FOR TODAY

"To be thankful, no matter what comes or goes;
To be thoughful and kind to both friends and foes;
To be calm and serene, whether sunshine or rain;
To be rid of pretense, pretty sham, and disdain;
To be fair, just, and honest in work or in play;
To be steadfast in faith—this, my prayer for today."

---

The man who does not keep up his credit is no credit to himself.

---

When a man's word is as good as his note, that is one hundred per cent working capital.

---

Many a person, in the late primary, scraped up an acquaintance by scratching the candidate's name.

---

The maiden who flew into the arms of her lover was like a bankrupt concern. She was in the hands of a receive-her.

---

The only mental exercise a lot of folks take is jumping at conclusions. And then some of them wish they could jump out again.

---

We are now told that the automobile "is within the reach of every one." I know it, from the large number of casualties recorded every day.

---

All over this land there are young men who could be useful by letting telegraph poles and hotel portica columns support themselves.

The success of today seems to be grounded on the idea of making more money than the family can spend, and then spending more money than the family possesses.

---

An explorer tells us that in Africa a lot of men never know their wives until after they have married them. In this country a lot of men don't know their wives even after they have married them.

---

There is hardly anybody living who does not believe something that isn't so. And they can not understand why it isn't so. Its hard to convince them that it isn't so. The world is full of perverse people.

---

It has been said that "the aim of Democracy is to place every one on an equality." Well, they are getting at it. More people are down, broke, out of work than I have ever heard of before. The aim seems to be unerring, and upsetting.

---

Latest advices from Detroit are that 1939 automobile models to be shown in November, may not be so radically changed as heretofore expected. Reason is that curtailment of auto buying this year has created a potential demand for new cars which could make itself felt at the first sign of business recovery without recourse to the added sales stimulant that unusual new designs might give. Business men watch auto production figures closely. For the automobile industry is the biggest customer of many other in-

dustries. Last year, when 5,000,000 cars and trucks were produced, 3,725,000 carloads of freight were provided American railroads. The motor industry buys 18 per cent of America's steel output; 73 per cent of plate glass; 11 per cent of copper; 36 per cent of lead; 12 per cent of aluminum; 28 per cent of nickel; 46 per cent of upholstery leather and 9 per cent of the U. S. cotton output. So you see the motor car industry is a big motive in business affairs.

---

The other day a prominent industrial leader, speaking on business conditions, said: "We have tried all kinds of experiments. Why not trade experiments for experience." That, to my mind, sounds like pretty good common sense. In other phases of our life we call on those men who should know the most about the subject at hand. If we are ill, we call the doctor who has studied medicine and knows how to diagnose the symptoms. If we want legal advice, we go to the lawyer, and so on. It seems to me that in this matter of present depression the man in the best position to know what is the trouble and to prescribe remedies for our national illness is the man who has spent his life in business and who knows what is needed for good business. We are now in the tenth month of a discouraging depression that followed all too closely on the heels of its predecessor. Isn't it time to stop looking for a magic cure-all for our economic ills and consult those men who by experience are best fitted to lead us to recovery? Seems so to me.

---

## RED AFRICAN GORGONIA

The coral family build monuments which are of great size and lasting endurance. Most animals at death quickly disintegrate leaving no trace behind. The coral at death leaves the calcified bodies, which, in time, gradually build up, first forming a reef, then islands of large size, rising from the surface of the sea. The currents of the ocean wash material on these reefs which settles and forms a soil. Later it receives tiny seeds, brought on the feet of birds, which in time produces vegetation on these reefs formed by the myriads of tiny coral.

Coral flourish only in pure water—never when it is sandy or contaminated—therefore we never find coral at the mouths of rivers nor in excessively salty water. Some specimens of coral grow about three inches during a year. The coral reefs are of immense size, the Australian barrier reef being over a thousand miles in length.

The Red African Gorgonia Coral is a beautiful variety, which is found in the African seas. It adheres to the rocks and attains a height of three feet. —Selected.

# A PIECE OF QUARTZ AND A MESSAGE

**By C. B. Morton**

Pages of America's history heretofore blank now are being filled with what appears to be the first authentic information yet available concerning the fate of the "Lost Colony" that settled at Roanoke Island, N. C., and of little Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the English speaking portion of the continent.

The rough pieces of vein quartz weighing 21 pounds that was found by accident by a motorist while walking along the banks of the Chowan river, N. C., last year, may take its place, if accepted, with the rosetta stone and other documents carved in enduring material that in the past unlocked secrets to mysteries of racial experiences.

While such savants as Dr. Haywood J. Pearce, Jr., of Emory University, are slow to give their official acceptance to anything not fully authenticated and attested by corroborative facts and physical evidence, nevertheless indications are that the piece of stone bearing a message in 17th century English actually was prepared by Elenor White Dare in the hopes that it would fall into the hands of her father, Governor John White, head of the ill-fated colony, and that it contains the true account of what happened to its members, 90 men, 17 women and nine children, besides two babies born on the island.

Historically the brief message, filled with the tragedy of a small band of English men and women amid barbarous savages of very uncertain and very cruel disposition, in a strange land and apparently deserted by those at home across many league of sea, conforms exactly with what little other evidence about the colony was gathered by those who came to these shores later and were more successful in establishing themselves.

Dr. Pearce has deciphered the following message from the inscription on the piece of quartz, which was found 50 miles from Roanoke Island:

"Father—soone after you goe from Englande wee cam hither. Onlie misarie & warre tow yerre. Above halfe deade ere tow yeere more from sickness. Beinge foure & twentie. Salvage with message of shipp unto us. Small space of time they affrite of revenge, rann al awaye. We believe yt not you. Soon after ye salvages faine spirits angrue. Suddione murther al save seaven. Nine childe & Ananias to slaine wth much miseries. Burie all neere foure mvles easte this river upon smal hill. Names writ al ther on rocke. Putt this ther alsoe. Salvage show this unto you an hither. Wee promise you to give greate plentie presents. E. W. D."

For the benefit of those not familiar with 17th century English, the message has been translated into modern English as follows:

"Father—Soon after you left for England we came to this place. There has been only misery and warfare for two years, and more than half of us were dead before two more years because of sickness, leaving only twenty-four of us now.

"A savage came with word that a ship was sighted, and shortly they became frightened for fear of your re-

venge for what they had done to us, and all ran away. We believe, though, that it was not your ship.

"Not long after this the savages for some reason or another that fitted in with their superstitious beliefs, feigned that they thought the spirits were angry and must be appeased. Suddenly they set upon and murdered all except seven of us. My baby, and Ananias too, were slain with much suffering (probably being tortured).

"We buried all of them about four miles east along this river upon a small hill and wrote their names there upon a rock. We also put this stone with its message there.

"So that the savages will show this message to you and conduct you to us. we have promised that you will give whoever performs the service a great many presents."

There are great depths of pathos in the brief message from this forlorn daughter to her father, and the picture of the cruelty and the bloodthirstiness of the savages is one to chill the blood even today with the Red Man now a ward instead of a dreaded foe.

The picture is the same as that recorded by later generations of frontier folk, slaughtered, men cruelly put to death by slow torture and the women either hacked to death on the spot or carried away to be slaves in the huts of the Indians. This fact is construed as corroborative of the authenticity of the pitiful note, telling of the slaughter of husband and child along with sixteen others of the small party, to satisfy what in the final analysis was nothing more or less than the craving of the savages to spill blood and take human lives.

Recorded facts about the "Lost Colony" are brief and were altogether unsatisfying until this latest document came to light.

The record begins with the departure of the colonists in three small boats, the Admiral, of 120 tons burden; the Pinnace, a small, shallow draft boat for sailing up the river and the sounds, and a fly-boat, which also was a shallow draft, Dutch-designed vessel for coastwise sailing.

They left Portsmouth, England, on April 26, 1587, but had to lie at Cowes, Isle of Wight, for eight days because of the weather before moving down to Plymouth, where they arrived May 5 and remained until May 8, before finally weighing anchor for the long, dangerous trip across the broad Atlantic.

The shadow of disaster overhung the expedition from the very start and the treachery of Simon Ferdinanda the Spanish pilot, plus refusal of the sailors to carry out the terms of their agreement, frustrated the original plan for the colony to reach Chesapeake Bay and plant there, instead of trying to make a permanent home where there was no good harbor and the land was not the best for agricultural purposes.

This Spanish pilot, who had had some experience in New World waters, deserted the Fly-Boat and is accused of having designed her capture by a French or Spanish man-of-war.

He nearly succeeded in wrecking the Admiral and the Pinnace off Cape Fear, and but for the watchfulness of Captain Stafford, who saw the danger when the boats were within two cable lengths of the shore, possibly all lives would have been lost.

On recommendation of Capt. Ralph Lane, the first Governor of Virginia,

which then took in all of North America, Sir Walter Raleigh had specifically directed the colonists to settle somewhere in the vicinity of the safe harbor of Hampton Roads. Captain Lane had come overland from the end of navigation in the North Carolina Sound to Cape Henry and, it is believed, to the side of the Indian village that was situated where Norfolk is now, and he realized that this was the safer and better place for the settlement.

However, when the two ships anchored on July 22, 1587, off Cape Hatteras and were pointed three days later by the Fly-Boat, it was decided by the shipmaster that they would not sail further, but would disembark the colonists at Roanoke Island.

On July 23 Governor White went to Roanoke Island to see if he could learn anything about the 15 men who had been left there by Sir Richard Grenville the previous year to hold the land for the English, when he found that Lane and all his party had returned to England with Sir Francis Drake after spending a year on the island.

White and his party found the bones of one man at the south end of the island and at the north end, where the original Fort Raleigh was situated, even as is the replica built for the 350th anniversary celebration, they discovered the fort erected by Lane razed, but the houses standing intact except that melons grew out of the dirt floors and deer were feeding in the outer rooms.

Finding that they could not carry out their intention to settle in the Chesapeake Bay area, Governor White put all the men to work repairing the houses at the fort and making them ready for occupancy.

An incident of ill omen occurred on July 28 when one of the assistant governors, whose name is spelled variously as George Howe, Howie and How, was murdered by the Indians as he was soft-crabbing on the shore, armed only with a small cleft stick to pin crabs in the mud while he captured them. He had strayed two miles from his companions and a group of Indians fired a volley of arrows at him, wounding the Englishman a total of 16 times, after which they completed the murder with their wooden swords. They retreated hastily in their canoes to the mainland, leaving behind the bloody and mutilated body of George Howe, evidence of hatred of most of the Indians for the English, and of the natives' innate brutality.

Not satisfied with Roanoke Island as a permanent settlement, the colonists, defeated by the shipmastrs and sailors in their aim for what is now Virginia, decided to remove 50 miles into the mainland and this was one of the main reasons why Governor White objected when the rest of the colonists insisted that he return to England to bring some supplies and more people. He also objected that it would be to his discredit to leave the colony before it was on a substantial basis, but finally gave in to the rest.

Consequently he embarked the latter part of August after the boats had taken on water and wood and had unloaded all the tools and equipment belonging to the colonists. He arranged for a sign to be left at Roanoke Island telling him where the colonists had settled so that upon his return he could join them.

Because of England's wars and the lack of ships, White could not return until almost exactly three years from

the day he left, arriving off Cape Hatteras on August 15, 1590.

At Roanoke Island he found nothing but the word "Croatoan" carved on a post at the entrance of the fort to tell the fate of the colonists.

As there were no crosses or other agreed signs of distress, White assumed that the colony had moved of its own will and not because of danger from unfriendly natives.

The Governor found a trench in which were three of his chests and two belonging to others, which the Indians had dug up and forced open, leaving the contents to spoil in the weather.

He was forced to leave without going to Croatoan, because of ill weather for such an exposed position as Cape Hatteras, and also because the shipmaster wanted to get back to the profitable business of plundering the Spanish main.

The chronology of Governor White's movements is in perfect agreement with the incidents and the date of the message chiseld in quartz presumably by his daughter. This stone bears the date 1591 and the message covers a period of four years, including the time that elapsed, three years, between the departure and return of White.

The savage's news that a ship had been sighted fits perfectly into the picture, as also does the daughter's belief that it was not her father's vessel, because he did not stay and come to the rescue of the sorely tried little remnant of the "Lost Colony."

That the quartz was found 50 miles from the island is another point of agreement, because the colonists had decided to remove that distance to found their permanent settlement.

Between 1590 and 1602 Raleigh sent out four other expeditions, but none found any trace of the colonists.

One reason for this is believed to have been the natural cunning of the Indians, who having slaughtered the Englishmen until barely a handful remained, were fearful of the revenge that would be wreaked upon them. They therefore, refused to help the English find the few survivors or to get definite information as to their fate.

Twenty years was a generation with the Indians because of the high mortality, and as they had no written language, only a spoken tongue that differed between villages of the same tribe, there was not many of the natives personally familiar with the fate of the "Lost Colony" alive when the first permanent settlement was made at Jamestown Island.

Smith, after he became governor, obtained guides from the Warraskoyack tribe to lead one of his party of Chawwonock to see if anything could be learned of the colonists by then out of the ken of civilization for 21 long years.

A Mr. Sicklemore, who was termed by Smith "a very valient, honest and paineful soldier," was dispatched on this mission with two Indian guides. He also was directed to look for silk grass.

Chawwonock is 100 miles from Roanoke Island and Master Sicklemore returned safely but he "found little hope and lesse certaintie of them were left by Sir Walter Raligh. The river he saw was not great, the people few, the country most overgrowne with pynes, where there did grow here and there straggling pemminaw, we call silke grasse. But by the river the grownd was good and exceedingly furtill."

Sir Francis Wyatt, the first royal

governor of Virginia, made a similar expedition in 1622, going to Chowan and reaching the south river, but he had no success with respect to learning anything of the colony.

Anas Todkill and Nathaniel Powell, of Smith's company, visited the Manoags, a North Carolina tribe mentioned by Ralph Lane, but all they could learn was that all the colonists were dead. They had guides from the Quiyoughquohanocks.

If the quartz slab is found to be authentic and not perhaps a joke or an advertising stunt, which there is no reason at this time to believe, it will destroy a very beautiful legend built up around the belief that little Virginia Dare grew into womanhood. The legend has been immortalized in poetry by Sallie Southall Cotten's "The White Doe." The legend deals with witchcraft and the changing of Virginia Dare into an albino deer.

Hakluyt, contemporary historian, stated that two babies were born on Roanoke Island before White returned to England. One was the famous grand-daughter of the governor.

The other is very briefly mentioned as "Harvie," and is presumed to have been the child of Dyonis and Margery Harvie, members of the ill-fated colony, who probably did not give it an name immediately.

The names of those who were left on Roanoke Island by White follow:

Ananias Dare, Thomas Stevens, Dyonis Harvie, George Howe, Nicholas Johnson, Anthony Cage, William Willes, Cuthbert White, Clement Taylor, John Cotsmur, Thomas Coleman, Marke Bennet, John Stilman, John Tydway, Edmond English, Henry Berry, John Spendlove, Thomas Butler, John Burden, Thomas Ellis, Michael Myllet, Roger Bailey, Christopher Cooper, John Sampson, Roger Prat, Simon Frenandon, Thomas Warner, John Jones, John Brooke, John Bright, William Sole, Humfrey Newton, Thomas Gramme, John Gibbs, Robert Wilkinson, Ambrose Viccars, Thomas Topan, Richard Berry, John Hemmington, Edward Powell, James Hynde, William Browne, Thomas Smith, Richard Kemme, Richard Taverner, Henry Johnson, Richard Darige, Arnold Archard, William Dutton, William Waters, John Chapman, Robert Little, Richard Wildye, Michael Bishop, Henry Rufoote, Henry Dorrell, Henry Mylton, Thomas Harris, Thomas Phevens, Thomas Scot, John Wyles, George Martyn, Martin Sutten, John Bridger, Richard Shavedge, John Cheven, William Berde, Thomas Harris, John Earnest, John Starte, William Lucas, John Wright, Mauris Allen, Richard Arthur, William Clement, Hugh Taylor, Lewes Wotten, Henry Browne, Richard Tomkins, Charles Florrie, Henry Paine, William Nichols, John Borden, Peter Little, Brian Wyles, Hugh Pattenson, John Farre, Griffen Jones, James Lasie and Thomas Hewet.

Elyoner (Elenor) Dare, Virgina Dare, Anges Wood, Joyce Archard, Elizabeth Glane, Audry Tappan, Emme Merrimoth, Mararet Lawrence, Jane Mannering, Elizabeth Viccars, Margery Harvie, Wenefrid Powell, Jane Jones, Jane Pierce, Alis Chapman, Colman, Joan Warren and Rose Payne.

Children included John Sampson, Ambrose Viccars, Thomas Humfrey, George Howe, William Wythers, Robert Ellis, Thomas Archard, Thomas Smart and John Prat.

# CLEOPATRA WAS THE GOLD DIGGER OF ALL HISTORY

**By Dale Carnegie**

This is a bit of the story of the most seductive sweetheart that ever raised a man's blood pressure. Her name was Cleopatra, the queen goddess of Egypt—the enchantress of the Nile.

She has been dead for two thousand years, but her fame still glows brightly across the dead centuries. She committed suicide when she was thirty-nine; yet in her short riot of life, she won and held the ardent love of two of the most famous men who ever walked the earth—Mark Antony and Julius Caesar.

Caesar was fifty-four and baldheaded, and Cleopatra was exuberant with the vitality of a youth of twenty-one; and as Caesar looked upon her, he was lifted, as if by a tidal wave, to the foamy crests of love and ecstasy. By the ardor of her passion, and the brilliance of her mentality, she made Caesar her willing slave for life.

Months went by, and Cleopatra presented Caesar with a son—the only son he ever had. Shortly after that Caesar was assassinated, and roaring old Mark Antony, always drunk, always in debt, became the mightiest Roman of them all. Intoxicated with the wine of victory, Mark Antony led his armies into the East, bent on loot and plunder and a life of dissipation.

Cleopatra trembled. How could she stop Antony? With ships and swords? Never. With love and caresses? Yes, maybe. So with a flair for the dramatic, with a genius for showmanship, she set out to meet Antony in a gilded ship and purple sails. Surrounding herself with all the pomp and pageantry of the Arabian Nights, she had little boys, painted as Cupids, fanning her with peacock feathers while voluptuous maidens, swarthed in silk, danced to the wild strains of desert music. The fragrance of burning incense intoxicated the senses; and, in the midst of all this oriental glamour, Cleopatra lay on a silken couch, enchanting, irresistible, posing as Venus, the Goddess of Love.

Antony became so infatuated with her that he lost all semblance of sense. He gave her the whole sea coast of Phoenicia as a present. Then he made her a gift of the province of Jericho, the island of Cyprus, the island of Crete. Finally, as a grand climax to all his lavishness, he handed over to her the whole province of Asia.

The news of these gifts set Rome seething with hate and boiling with fury. What? Was all this territory, bought with a hundred battles and paid for in Roman blood, to be tossed away like a bauble to satisfy the whims of an Egyptian mistress? The answer was WAR. Cleopatra's hour had struck. She had overplayed her hand. The day of awful reckoning had come, and Rome rose in its mighty wrath, destroyed the ships of Antony and Cleopatra and routed their armies.

This was the end, and they knew it. Antony realized that he would be captured and beheaded, so he stabbed himself and died writhing in agony in the arms of Cleopatra, clinging to

her in death as he had clung to her in life.

She vowed over and over again that she would never be taken captive and led through the streets of Rome in chains for the populace to hoot and jeer at. So she committed suicide by poisoning. How she did it, no one will ever know.

She lies buried today beside Mark Antony somewhere out in Egypt. Precisely where is still a mystery. If you go out to Alexandria and find her tomb, you will make a fortune and you will get your name flung in headlines across the front page of every important newspaper on earth.

---

## CHARITY

Most people, when they speak of charity, have in mind almsgiving. Charity has a broader meaning than simply contributing to worthy objects—and some times objects unworthy of free gifts. Charity is one of those amiable qualities of the human breast that imparts pleasure to its possessor, and those who receive it.

Charity, like the dew from heaven, falls gently on the drooping flower in the stillness of the night. Its refreshing and reviving effects are felt, seen and admired. It flows from a good heart, and looks beyond the skies for approval and reward.

Charity means being charitable in your thoughts, in your speech, in your actions. Think charitably of your friends, relatives, neighbors, and even your enemies. Be charitable in your judgment, your attitudes, your prayers. Remember that kindliness is very near to Godliness. Saint Paul said if he "had not charity he became a tinkling cymbal." There are many tinkling cymbals in this world today.

Charity is the golden chain that reaches from heaven to earth. It is another name for disinterested, lofty, unadulterated love. It spurns the scrofula of jealousy; the canker of formenting envy; the tortures of burning malice; the typhoid of foaming revenge.

If charity was the mainspring of human action, the ills that flesh is heir to, would be softened in its melting sunbeams, a new and blissful era would dawn auspiciously upon our race; wars and rumors of wars would cease; envy, jealously and revenge would hide their heads; and Satan would become bankrupt for want of business.—Durham Herald.

# THE RIVER OF ENCHANTED ISLANDS

**By Finette Barber**

When the Indians named the St. Lawrence the "River of a Thousand Isles," they were speaking poetically. They had not actually counted the islands, for if they had done so, they would have found the figure short. There are over sixteen hundred of them!

Now any one river large enough to hold that number of islands is sure to be a place where interesting things have taken place and are still happening.

Glance at any map of North America, and you will find your eyes drawn to the string of Great Lakes in the center, and then on toward the right along the course of the St. Lawrence to the sea. And right there you have almost the whole history of the river. In the early days, the question was whether the explorers could get to the heart of America by this route, and today the question is whether huge ocean liners can take on a load in the heart of America and get out in the open sea the same way.

The story of Hiawatha really belongs to the St. Lawrence region, although Longfelow chose to place his poem somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Superior. Hiawatha was evidently quite a modern surveyor in spirit, for the legend says he was sent out "to visit streams and clear the channels from all obstructions, to seek out the good things of the country, that they might be more generally disseminated among all the good people of the earth." This sounds very much like the instructions that might be given our surveyors and engineers who are sent out from Washington today. Such a mighty stream is bound to fire the imaginations of all men interested in doing big things.

Cartier was the first to discover the St. Lawrence in 1534, but after the stormy crossing in frail ships, the Europeans were glad to hug the seacoast. He did not penetrate far inland, although he held a claim from the King of France to "all Canada and cities of the New World." This was a very large order. There were no cities here, only trading posts, and the New World was considerably larger than anyone had then dreamed.

It was more than fifty years later when Champlain went, by canoe with Indian guides, as far as Lake Ontario, passing through the wide part of the river now called the Thousand Islands. Other Frenchmen followed, but settlement was slow.

The chief reason for this was that two great Indian tribes, the Algonquins and Iroquois, were at war between themselves. It was impossible to be friendly with both sides, so, as the English also began to make settlements, one tribe naturally allied itself with them, and the other with the French. France and England had long been enemies in Europe, and, with the Indians to fan the flames here, the French and English War broke out in 1755 and lasted for five years, until the French were driven out. There are ruins of old French forts today on Chimney Island.

One amusing story comes to us from this period. Frontenac believed the Indians to be very childish, so thought he could impress them by making a show. He sailed up the St. Lawrence

to Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) with a long line of boats and war canoes, with bands playing, flags flying, and even a small cannon booming into the wilderness. The Indians came to the shore and looked calmly on, but were not "blued" in the least, for shortly afterward they raided the fort and sent the French scurrying to their boats for safety.

In 1783 the St. Lawrence was made the boundary between the United States and Canada. The Royal Military Academy, which is Canada's West Point, now stands at Kingston. Imagine what alarm it would cause in Europe to station a military academy on a nation's very border! But the United States and Canada have always co-operated in using and developing the great river, and no two powers have ever taken more pride in maintaining friendly relations.

The St. Lawrence has always been used for navigation, from the time the Indian canoes skimmed its surface carrying furs down to the trading posts.

When the lumber industry grew up, the logs were made into huge rafts and floated down the river with the current or with sails. Special pilots were needed for the rapids, and at this time the famous singing boatmen, or French "voyageurs," became prominent. They were strong, sunburned, roughly dressed, but they were trusted guides, good cooks, expert fishermen and sailors. And always singing! All the early travelers mention their famous songs, and Thomas Moore, who visited the river in 1830-4, wrote his "Canadian Boat Song" to one of their tunes. The chorus goes:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream
runs fast,
The rapids are near and the day-
light is past."

Steam came in 1817, and again the picture changed. Cargoes were now coal, iron ore, timber, corn, wheat and flour. Clayton, near the Thousand Islands, became noted as a ship building center for lake steamers.

From the Great Lakes the St. Lawrence flows into another lake-like expanse, sometimes ten miles wide, littered with bays and the "Thousand Islands." Some of these are mere rocks, others are very large. This section is a vacation wonderland, with its camping and swimming and canoeing and fishing. Thousands of boys and girls now spend joyous summers there in the crisp air, and return to school in the fall sunburned and happy and strong.

But the idea of using this great river for something more than play has never been forgotten. Canada already has made a deep channel from Montreal out to the sea for ocean-going ships, and the channel all the way to the Great Lakes is laid out with buoys and lighthouses. The Welland Ship Canal has been built to connect two of the Great Lakes, and it only remains to finish the route.

The giant project now being considered aims to enlarge the canals, connect all the Great Lakes adequately, and dredge a channel through the whole river to accomodate large liners, so that ocean travel and freight shipmen to Europe may begin as far inland as Minnesota. It would also create immense power plants to furnish electricity for the states bordering the river.

President Roosevelt is interested in this project, and the greatest engineers in the country are giving

their attention to how it may be accomplished. But there are other sides to the question, too—the slowness of water travel, the long winters that close the channel for months, the doubt as to whether there is need at this time for the electric power to be created, the hundreds of millions of dollars it would require, etc.

No doubt at some future time the vast possibilities of this mighty river will be fully used, but let us hope it will be a long time before dirty streamers make its clear waters oily, or smoky cities grow up to obscure its marvelous sunsets. Yet this great river, draining a thousand miles and carrying more water than the Mississippi, might even be able to take care of all of this and still have plenty of shore line and islands left over for summer sports.

---

## A CHANCE AT SCHOOL

"The true university of these days is a collection of good books." This was written by Thomas Carlyle in a former generation. He was a careful observer, and must have meant what he wrote. His statement hardly squares with our definition of a university of any kind, true or not. We think of great buildings, large bodies of students, world-famed professors, and teaching and learning processes at their best. Can we put over against this a few shelves of good books and say we have a true university.

Probably for the many who have the privilege of going to college and university, and who use the privilege wisely, nothing can be said in favor of "a collection of good books" as a substitute. But there is a chance at school for those who cannot enroll in a university, a chance available in good books. Besides the few years at a university does not make a mature scholar. Education does not end with graduation from a university. The good books must be used by those who are "through college" or they will not progress far educationally.

The reading and study of good books have helped many persons who had but few educational advantages into a state of education of which they need not be ashamed. What we need is access to good books, either by owning them or going to them in libraries. A young person need not give up the desire for education because conditions prevent his going to an institution of higher learning. He can use good books, and discover that Carlyle was not writing out of turn when he called a collection of good books a true university. Wrote George MacDonald: "As you grow ready for it, somewhere you will find what is needful for you in a book."—Selected.

# IT'S ALWAYS HARVEST TIME

**By James Montagnes**

Harvesters are busy bringing in the grain, vegetables, fruit and other crops throughout Canada and the United States. In their busy season Canada's largest industry, agriculture, works overtime. Machines, horses, men and women are engaged under the sweltering sun in bringing in the crops which they have sown. And because August and September are the harvest months in Canada and the northern United States, it is not often realized that this is not harvest time the world over.

Most of the northern hemisphere harvests its crops in August and September. Just as the Canadian farmers are busy, so are the farmers in England, Scotland and Wales, in Ireland, Russia, Germany, Belgium, Holland Scandinavia, and the states of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington. In October crops come in from the fields in Sweden, Finland, northern Russia and northern Canada, Alaska and Norway.

When the first snows fall in Canada and the United States and farmers start on their winter chores, other agriculturists in Peru and South Africa are busy with their crops. When Santa Claus is being anxiously awaited and Christmas shopping fills the air, in far-off Burma and Argentine, farmers have, in addition to harvesting their crop, to haul it to market. In January the harvest continues in the Argentine, while Uruguyan, Chilean and Australian farmers get busy. February sees the crops of upper Egypt and southern India coming from the fields, and the start of the harvest in the northern part of the world.

March with its blustery weather in Canada is sunny and hot in Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco and India, and the crops ripen there that month. April comes here with showers and the first signs of spring, but in Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Asia Minor, Syria, Cyprus and Mexico, April means harvest time for the greater part of the population. In May the harvest swings farther north, embracing Algeria, Tunis, central and southern Asia, and the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana.

June and July see the harvest for the greater part of the United States, seventeen states harvesting those months, while in other parts of the world farmers are busy in most of Europe, Asiatic Russia, and southern England. And then comes Canada's turn. So there is always a harvest in some part of the world.

---

## FRIENDSHIP

"Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble in another."—Thomas Hughes.

# KEEPING LADS OUT OF DELINQUENT WAYS

**By Raube Walters, in Charlotte Observer**

"Young man, you tell the world I'm behind the Salvation Army's Red Shield Boys' clubs in Charlotte all the way. And I think mighty highly of the way our Civitan club has supported the Salvation Army in this work which has made a big, big difference in our delinquency problem here. You can't say anything in praise of the Red Shield Boys' clubs that I won't back 100 per cent. Yes sir!"

That was F. M. Redd, judge of the domestic relations and juvenile court of Charlotte, "The Friendly City," voicing his opinion on the boys' work conducted under the joint auspices of the Salvation Army and Charlotte's Civitan club. His benign face radiated sincerity, enthusiasm and unswearing conviction as he went on:

"It's been a mighty long time since a boy active in the program of the Red Shield Boys' clubs has been in my court, a mighty long time. In fact it's been so long I can't remember exactly when. We make a particular point of checking on a boy's recreational life when he comes into our juvenile court and we've learned the boy with opportunity for happy recreation along well directed lines doesn't end up with us. He's no problem child."

The judge leaned back reminiscently. "Just to show you how well the Red Shield Boys' clubs stand with me I want to point out that the only time in my three years on this bench that I've reversed myself and secured the release of a boy from training school was on behalf of a Red Shield lad and at the earnest request of Captain Prout in charge of the North Charlotte Red Shield Boys' club. There's a man, by the way, about whom you can't say too much. He's a mighty valuable citizen."

Judge Redd, if anybody, should know the value of the Red Shield Boys' clubs in combating juvenile delinquency in Charlotte. When he came to the bench this was admittedly a widespread social problem agitating all classes of citizens.

"By the way," he smiled in parting, "the Red Shield Boys' clubs and I grew up in this work together. I've been on the bench three years and threy're three years old or so. I suspect the record of my court owes a lot to their contribution."

But it isn't only Judge Redd who praises the Salvation Army's work with Charlotte boys. Mayor Ben E. Douglas has said of it:

"Chief Littlejohn, of our police department, tells me that white juvenile delinquency has been remarkably decreased since the formation of the Red Shield Boys' clubs. I think this is a remarkable record and speaks exceedingly well for the organizations behind this great movement."

Scores of leading citizens of Charlotte have endorsed heartily these good opinions of the Red Shield Boys clubs held by Judge Redd and Mayor Douglas.

And best of all is the quiet satisfaction of the civic-minded business man who composes the membership of the Charlotte Civitan club. Perhaps the finest expression of the

value of this work was expressed by a Civitan club member, who said:

"We've had big dividends on a relatively small investment. And the dividends aren't exclusive to us and our satisfaction with ourselves for backing this boys' work since the beginning. Here's a concrete evidence of the community of Charlotte of the worthwhileness of our civic club program, an answer to critics of the civic club function. We feel we've blazed a trail which can never return to the tangled jungle condition in which we found it. We've proved to Charlotte that 'bad' boys are merely underprivileged boys anxious for the opportunity to be good boys and fine future citizens."

I told him I thought he'd defined it well and suggested I quote him. He laughed, "Go ahead and quote but don't mention my name. I've only put into words what the Civitan club has defined to and for me." So—that's that!

How did all this come about and how is it achieved? Let's go to North Charlotte for the first part of our answer. North Charlotte is within the city limits but is almost a self-contained, separate community.

Economically the area is dependent upon five textile mills; families are large. Today's children have an educational opportunity but rarely go beyond the grammar grades because of the need of their earning capacity within the family.

You learn all this and more from Captain Prout, an exceptionally alert Salvation Army officer, who has spent three years directing the North Charlotte Red Shield Boys' club. A native of Morgantown, W. Va., and a high school graduate there, he has had the value of a special leadership training course in boys' work at New York university. This special training was arranged through Major Wesley W. Bouterse, now divisional commander of Kentucky. Tennessee and Arkansas, and formerly in command of the Charlotte area. Major Bouterse, who founded the Red Shield Boys' club work in Charlotte, was formerly president of the Civitan club in Charlotte. The success of the Red Shield Boys' club program is the direct result of the forethought he gave it and the impetus. Under Major John Bivans, his successor, these policies have been judiciously expanded to meet increasing needs.

Riding along, Captain Prout explains: "The type of boy bred here is not basically a criminal nor need he be one if society will invest thoughtfully in his development. Give him something constructive to do, something to fill time intelligently, and you'll get eager co-operation. That's the secret of success out here. Our program is a regular boys' program, developed through years of experience and the advice and guidance of the experts of the Boys' Clubs of America of which both this club and the one downtown are chartered members.

"Out here we have 18 acres of playground plus a regulation baseball diamond which is loaned to us by Highland Park cotton mills. We have a picnic grounds with tables and benches and cooking equipment. Two tennis courts are kept in first class condition during the season. A 150 foot swimming pool permits of tournament use and is very popular during the summer months. Our game rooms are well-equipped and in constant use.

"We have made space for the es-

tablishment of a WPA nursery school; our only contribution to this work is the cost of lighting, heating and space.

"I should have mentioned that much of the equipment is Army equipment, particularly bedding.

"During the winter months our gymnasium is large enough that even with a basketball game under way it is still possible for other groups to engage in regular gym practice or boxing and wrestling. This is a decided asset when your aim is to interest and keep busy as many of the boys all of the time as possible.

'Perhaps I've told you the secret of prevention of juvenile delinquency unintentionally in that sentence. You decrease your delinquency in proportion as you successfully keep most of the boys busy and interested all of the time.

"With an enrollment of 425 boys out here, that's a 24-hour job. In summer we handle an average of 300 boys daily. Of course, you run into disciplinary problems and that calls for an investment of more time and faith in the individual boy."

The attitude of the boys and the surrounding community toward Captain Prout indicates that he gives far more than lip service to his ideals of successful social work with boys. You feel his reflected influence in the enthusiasm with which he is greeted both on the Army playgrounds and the neighboring streets. Even in spending a short afternoon with him you understand Judge Redd's enthusiasm for Captain Prout.

Downtown is the showplace of the boys' work. It is a regular bee hive of activity. Here in the basement of a recently acquired building, formerly the Elk's home, Captain R. C. Satterfield's is in charge. Captain Satterfield is relatively new to the work but had the advantage of having served as a coach while teaching at the Lakeland high school, Lakeland, Fla. The club has everything in the way of equipment except gymnasium equipment, and immediately inside the entrance is a well-equipped health clinic, gift of the Charlotte Civitan club. Next to it is a comfortable library with an excellent radio. This library room was the gift of the Charlotte Exchange club. Just back of this is the handicraft room. The fine power tools, representing an investment of several hundred dollars, were the gift of the Charlotte Engineers club, while the well stocked case of hand tools was another Civitan club benefaction. The health clinic, library and handicraft rooms are features of this club not found at the North Charlotte center. Before the advent of Captain Satterfield both clubs had been under the direction of Captain Prout and memberships were more or less interchangeable. Now membership is exclusive to the club of affiliation. This club has an enrollment of 485 boys. J. A. Glenndenning assists in the gymnasium instruction and lends equipment now lacking.

A strict physical examination is required before membership in either club. This includes a thorough G. U. examination and in necessary cases a Wassermann test. Boys with weak hearts are forbidden use of pool and gymnasium, but may be admitted to the game room. Both clubs have WPA appointees, of ten. At the North Charlotte there is a staff totalling four. The downtown club handles the street boy and the occasional transient boy problem. It is this

branch of the organization now responsible for the daily re-creational period at the Juvenile Detention Home.

The current budget for all this activity is $9,181 of which the Charlotte, Civitan club contributes and average of $2,400 annually. This money is secured by operating a concession for the sale of refreshments at the Armory Auditorium. Of the balance $5,200 is made available through the Charlotte Community Chest fund and the remaining $3,900 by contribution from various civic bodies.

The policies of the Red Shield Boys' clubs are determined by a board composed of representatives of various civic organizations. Besides Ray Galloway, who represents the American Legion and serves as chairman, they are: Murray Atkins, the Exchange club; John Vickers, the Lions club; A. W. Lawing, the Civitan club; Major Willard Evans, the Salvation Army; Edward W. Clark, the Rotary club; Zeb Strawn, the Civitan club; Ernest A. Kiser, North Charlotte Community Center; the Rev. Wade Kiker, the North Charlotte Community Center; John Huffaker, the Kiwanis club; M. N. LeNeeve, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and T. W. Church, Jr., the Highland Park Mills.

So the work established co-operatively by the Charlotte Civitan club and the Salvation Army for the betterment of the conditions of boyhood in Charlotte carries on, and today merits and has the respect of the best citizens and their manifest gratitude through the co-operation of the various civic organizations.

---

## THE AGED HYMN-WRITING

It is old as religion.

There were hymn writers in ancient days.

The old hymns are still sung with enthusiasm.

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain," was written by John of Damascus. That was about 800 years ago, and he was not the first hymn writer.

Clement of Alexandria wrote a stirring prayer-song 1,000 years ago, which is in some hymn books today.

Among those ancient hymnists was St. Andrew of Crete, who wrote a cheering, helpful hymn which is still in use after 900 years.

And did you know this surprising fact? There is still in vogue a very beautiful hymn written 800 years ago by a French king.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Mary Frances Campbell, of Charlotte, was a visitor at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. She has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Webb, of Jackson Park.

---

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned from Suffolk Va., where she had been visiting her brother, Mr. Nat Norfleet, who has been ill for some time. She reports his condition as being greatly improved.

---

The group of ten boys taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, yesterday, brings the total number of boys undergoing tonsil operation during the past several weeks to fifty-two. All have gotten along well and are recuperating nicely.

---

Mrs. A. L. Carriker, matron in charge of Cottage No. 5, was taken to a hospital in Charlotte last Wednesday, where she underwent an operation. A recent message from the hospital stated that she stood the operation well and was resting comfortably.

---

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, has returned from Raleigh, where he attended the school of state accountants and budget officers. He reports that he acquired some very valuable information by his attendance at these sessions. The school was held under the auspices of the State Auditor's office.

---

Our gardens have begun yielding an ample supply of tomatoes and string beans. The recent sale of a surplus quantity of beans amounted to $36.00. Had the tomatoes been placed on sale at the same time these figures probably would have exceeded $100.00, as our crop seems to be rather early for this section. Several servings of tomatoes, amounting to one and one-half bushels to each of our seventeen cottages, have already been issued.

---

This is being written on Thursday, the 16th day of June, and the purpose of the following is to tell of the frustration of plans to save our grain crop from further deterioration because of rainy weather. At noon today, one tractor, attached to the thresher, another to the straw-bailer, manned by a full complement of boys and officers, were taken to the 100-acre oats field, together with trucks, wagons and other implements to care fore the output of the threshing activities. Only about an hour's work was done when great clouds appeared in the southwest and in a few minutes a downpour of rain drove all workers to shelter, thus dissipating the hope

of great accomplishments toward housing our splendid crop of grain.

---

Last Monday afternoon the Training School team defeated the Franklin Mill boys in a six-inning game, by the score of 13 to 2. Liske did the pitching for the local lads, holding the visitors to two hits, and would have registered a shut-out had it not been for errors.

The School boys scored two runs in the first inning; three in the third; three in the fifth; and five in the sixth. They banged out thirteen hits. Liske, with a triple and a pair of singles and Liner with three singles led the local batters. The score:

| | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Franklin | 0 1 1 0 0 0 — | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| J. T. S. | 2 0 3 0 3 5 — | 13 | 13 | 3 |

Two-base hit: Mauney. Three-base hit: Liske. Stolen base: Liner. Struck out: By Liske 6; Lefler 2. Base on balls: Off Liske 1; off Lefler 4. Double play: M. Mauney and Lefler; Liner, Boger and W. Johnson.

---

A little more than three and one-half years ago the School was visited by a severe storm which did considerable damage to all our buildings, blowing down and completely wrecking the huge electric sign which had been placed atop the bridge spanning the highway, at the northern end of the campus. This beautiful sign was the gift of Mr. Thomas H. Webb, prominent textile executive, of Concord.

So complete was the wreck, no one hoped to see this sign re-vamped and placed in position again, as the cost of re-building it at that time seemed entirely prohibitive.

The equipment recently purchased for our sheet metal shop in the Swink-Benson Trades Building enabled our tinsmith, Mr. Joseph M. Scarboro, to straighten out and re-build twisted and broken parts, and now the sign once more rests in its former place, with very little cost to the School.

This is not the first great saving out tin shop has been able to make in the work of the School. Since opening up this department, several of our large kitchen ranges, used in the cottages, have been rebuilt, even made better than when first installed, due to the fact tha heavier material has been used. In addition to being of great economical value to the School, this kind of work is splendid training for the boys.

---

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, taking the place of Rev. E. S. Summers, who was unable to be present. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus, while just a boy, speaking with the learned men in the temple at Jersualem, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "The Unfolding of Personality."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated this incident in the childhood of Christ, that of being about the business of his Heavenly Father, should be a great inducement to the boys of today, stir-

ring them to ever try to imitate the example given them by the Master. He said one of the most beautiful things in life was to see a boy or girl come under the influence of christianity, and see that life unfold, as the child develops into a upright man or woman.

The speaker then pictured Jesus as a pioneer blazing the way through a wilderness of wickednsss, radiating power, that the christians of today might follow this trail to the eternal joys of the kingdom of God.

We see the personality of Jesus unfolding in three ways: He had wisdom which came only from constant study and thought. As a boy Christ had three books to study. The first was that part of the Bible known as the Old Testament, the writings of the great teachers of that time. In Jesus' day the Hebrew people went to the synagogue, which they called "The House of the Book." In the morning they would listen to preaching. After the noonday meal in their homes, they would return to the house of worship, when they would study the Scriptures. This part of their program was called "The House of Searching." Young people in those days were compelled to memorize large portions of the Holy Writings. From this we can easily understand why Jesus, when he grew to young manhood, knew the Hebrew Bible from cover to cover, and was well versed in the history of his people.

Another book studied by Jesus we shall call the Book of Nature, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood. He loved the great out-of-doors; he was partial to the mountains, as may be seen from the many times we read of his going up into the mountains to commune with God. In talking to his disciples we see that he was familiar with the water; the flights of birds; sowing and reaping. In fact he used various forms of nature in teaching people by parables.

The speaker then pointed out that Jesus made a careful study of another book, which he called the Study of Mankind, saying that it was a most fascinating study. Christ learned much from people. He certainly must have been taught much by the woman whom God selected to be the mother of the Christ-child; his father, Joseph, was a man approved of God; and we know that he thought highly of him, for in that great prayer which he taught his followers, known as the Lord's Prayer, the first thing we hear is "Our Father." Then Jesus had a cousin, John the Baptist, a godly man, from whom he learned much. Jesus knew many people. Nazareth was situated on the highway. There was a well nearby where both man and beast stopped for water to quench the thirst, caused from traveling in that hot country. Here Jesus saw all manner of men, and he must have learned much as a lad from contact with these people.

The speaker then called attention to the two ways in which the personality of Jesus unfolded, as mentioned in the Scripture Lesson. First, he increased in stature. He was not a weakling, but a man of great physical power of endurance. No man could have gone up and down that land, walking hundreds of miles, without being in excellent physical condition.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood next pointed out how Jesus grew in favor with God and man. How can we gain the favor of men? The best way to make friends

is not to try to make friends, but really to be a friend to those with whom we come in contact. It is important that each of us ask ourselves this question, "Am I a friend to all those about me?" Jesus laid down his life for others, therefore we should try to follow his example by always striving to help others. The next question is "How can I find favor with God?" which is answered this way—by always trying to do those things he would have us do, and by following the lead of the Master. If this is our goal, we shall find that it will lead us to a glorious life after our earthly journey is completed.

---

## THE RESOURCEFUL ANT

There are certain ants (Oecophylla) found in Asia, Africa and Australia that build their nests in trees by binding the leaves together with the aid of silk threads that the lavae spin. If the nest is torn in any way, so that the leaves are separated from one another, the ants immdiatly hurry out. While some defend the nest against the enemy, others hasten to repair the damage done. From one edge of the break the workers try to reach with their mandibles the edge of the neighboring leaf, in order to draw the two edges together, but if the distance is too great they form a living chain. With its mandibles one ant seizes a comrade by the body, so that the second one may be able to reach the edge of the neighboring leaf. If the distance is still too great, a third and fourth join the others, until sometimes the chain is made up of five or six ants.

The work is very fatiguing, for it sometimes takes several hours to fit the two leaves together. The ants then clean up and polish the edges of the leaves, and fasten them by a method so astonishing that the reports of the first observers in Singapore, in 1890, were doubted by other naturalists. When the edges of the leaves are perfectly clean, several workers emerge from the nest, each holding the larva by the body with the head upward. The fullgrown ant exerts a mild pressure with its mandibles until it causes the larva to excrete from the mouth a liquid that, in solidifying, forms a silk thread. By carrying the head of the larva from the edge of one leaf to the edge of the other, the ant obtains a web that holds the two leaves together. The interior walls of the nest are formed in the same way. Thus the larvae serve both as spinning wheel and bobbin.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending June 12, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(2) Marvin Bridgeman 2
(2) Ivey Eller 2
(2) Clyde Gray 2
(2) Gilbert Hogan 2
(2) Leon Hollifield 2
(2) Edward Johnson 2
(2) Vernon Lamb 2
(2) Edward Lucas 2
(2) Mack Setzer 2

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(2) Henry Cowan 2
(2) William Haire 2
Edgar Harrellson
Julian Myrick
Reece Reynolds
(2) Howard Roberts 2
Jerry Smith
(2) Frank Walker 2

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(2) John Capps 2
(2) Kenneth Gibbs 2
(2) Thomas McRary 2
(2) Nick Rochester 2
(2) Fred Seibert 2

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Earl Barnes
(2) William McRary 2
Douglas Matthews
Grady Pennington
(2) Claude Terrell 2
(2) Allen Wilson 2

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 5**

William Brothers
Ernest Beach
J. C. Ennis
(2) Jack McRary 2
George Ramsey
(2) Thomas Sullivan 2
Jack Turner
(2) Dewey Ware 2
Ralph Webb
Ned Waldrop

**COTTAGE No. 6**

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 2
Leonard Jacobs
(2) Spencer Lane 2
Ray Pitman
Canipe Shoe
(2) George Wilhite 2
William Wilson
Woodrow Wilson
James C. Wiggins

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(2) Paul Angel 2
(2) William Beach 2
(2) Cleasper Beasley 2
(2) Carl Breece 2
Archie Castlebury
(2) James Davis 2
(2) William Estes 2
(2) Blaine Griffin 2
(2) George Green 2
(2) Caleb Hill 2
Robert Hampton
Raymond Hughes
(2) Hugh Johnson 2
(2) Elmer Maples 2
Marshall Pace
(2) J. D. Powell 2
(2) Jack Pyatt 2
Earthy Strickland
(2) Dewey Sisk 2
William Tester
(2) William Young 2

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Felix Adams
Donald Britt
Howard Baheeler
Edward J. Lucas
Fred May
John Tolbert
Charles Taylor
Walker Warr

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood
(2) Wilson Bowman 2
(2) J. T. Branch 2
James Burnell
(2) Thomas Braddock 2
(2) William Bracket 2
Clifton Butler
(2) James Butler 2
(2) James Coleman 2
Craig Chappell
(2) Woodfin Fowler 2
Frank Glover
(2) Thomas Sands 2
Luther Wilson
(2) Thomas Wilson 2

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Edward Chapman
Elbert Head
William Peedin
Oscar Smith
Jack Springer

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Charles Bryant
Joseph Christine
(2) Albert Goodman 2
Paul Mullis
Edward Murray
(2) Julius Stevens 2
Thomas Shaw
(2) John Uptegrove 2

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen
Ben Cooper
Frank Dickens
Joseph Hall
Elbert Hackler
Charlton Henry
Richard Honeycutt
(2) Hubert Holloway 2
(2) Thomas Knight 2
Tillman Lyles
James Reavis
Howard Sanders
Carl Singletary
(2) William Trantham 2
(2) Leonard Wood 2

**COTTAGE No. 13**

James Brewer
Norman Brogden
Irvin Medlin
Jordan McIver
Jesse Owens

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Raymond Andrews 2
Claude Ashe
(2) Monte Beck 2
(2) Audie Farthing 2
(2) James Kirk 2
Feldman Lane
Henry McGraw
(2) Troy Powell 2
(2) John Robbins 2
(2) Harvey Walters 2
Howard Todd
(2) Harold Thomas 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Leonard Buntin 2
(2) Sidney Delbridge 2
(2) Aldine Duggins 2
(2) Hobart Gross 2
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(2) L. M. Hardison 2
(2) William Hawkins 2
(2) Caleb Jolly 2
(2) Paul Ruff 2
Rowland Rufty
Ira Settle
(2) Richard Thomas 2
(2) James Watson 2
(2) Harold Walsh 2

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Reefer Cummings 2
(2) James Chavis 2
(2) Hubert Short 2
(2) Curley Smith 2

---

Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty; and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?"—Selected.

# AIR-CONDITIONED
## COACHES
ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 25, 1938 No. 25

## JUNE

Joy comes: grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE GOOD WE ALL MIGHT DO | (North Carolina Christian Advocate) | 10 |
| WHERE DEATH LURKS | (Suffolk News-Herald) | 11 |
| THE COLLEGE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS | By Howard S. Bechtolt, A. M. | 12 |
| ORIGIN OF VEGETABLES | (Selected) | 15 |
| STRENGTH RENEWED THROUND KINDNESS OF HIS FAMILY | (The King's Business) | 16 |
| WHAT'S IN A NAME | By E. Mark Phillips | 17 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

The British Weekly, not in a thirty minutes sermon, but in one minute sermon has given instructions which, if followed, would make life a new experience for many. Listen to this:

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moments whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll try to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach "your" duty and be more concerned with mine.

—Selected.

## LIBRARIES, ARSENALS OF LIBERTY

The dedicatory exercises of the Alderman Library at the University of Virginia was a high light in the university's commencement program this year, with the graduation of four hundred men and women from twenty-eight states. This recognition of Dr. Alderman was an evidence of appreciation for his interest in education and literary developments in the South. He held high the ideals of this renowed university, founded by Thomas Jefferson as a temple of democracy.

The dedicatory address was delivered by Dr. Dumas Malone, of Harvard University. Greetings were read from the Library of

Congress and from the libraries of Harvard and Yale, by the guest speaker.

In addition to the lengthy tribute paid the deceased president, as a genius in the realm of high culture, Dr. Malone made statements about libraries that are worth recording. We hope they may register in the minds of all educators, especially with those who have the care and training of youths.

Libraries, he said, have become the supreme symbols of academic faith in these days when revolution, persecution and hysteria imperil the civilization of the world. In America libraries are cathedrals open to all faiths and dedicated to the God of truth. So long as great libraries are preserved we shall be rich, and so long as their shelves and doors are open we shall be free.

The distinguished speaker deplored the lack of library facilities in the South, a rich section in many ways, but according to statistics there are thirteen Southern states with two-thirds of the people without libraries of any sort. Dr. Malone, a man of vision, sees great possibilities for the South, and predicted that within the next ten years there will be greater interest shown and marvelous developments in establishing public libraries to meet the demands of the people.

Dr. Edwin Alderman, a North Carolinian by birth, lived at a time when to acquire an education the way was hard, therefore, he, with others of fine mental attainments, blazed the way for the new era of educational awakening that the youths of today are privileged to enjoy. We are unconsciously building today upon the foundations laid by distinguished educators like Dr. Alderman, who has been so signally recognized for his worth in educational life by his co-workers at the University of Virginia.

* * * * * * *

## THE PAROLE SYSTEM

The press gives the information that in Marion, North Carolina, about one dozen young boys were brought before the bar of justice for misdemeanors ranging from petty theft to a greater offence. It is interesting to note that Judge A. Hall Johnston took advantage of the parole system and placed these boys on probation from two to four years.

This is better, giving them another chance under the supervision of parents or foster parents. This decree of the court places the responsibility where it should be—at home. The spotlight is then thrown upon the home and one soon learns if the child or parent is responsibile for the offence.

It is amazing though to know that such a number of young people in one community were brought at the same time into the court. Such conditions are staggering, and unless possible to nip this tendency of criminality in the bud the crop of delinquents will be too large for the reform schools or prison camps of the entire nation.

Not yet has any one found a cure for this shiftlessness among the young people. We do know that an idle mind is the workshop of the bad man. Unless engaged in something worthwhile they will without a doubt hatch up a plan that will result in trouble.

There is too much roaming of the streets and back lots—a perfect rendezvous to work out schemes of deviltry. Somehow we feel that if some of the recreation grounds were converted into communty vocational schools many a boy could be transformed into a useful citizen. To much play can work an injury as well as all work and no play.

* * * * * * *

## FATHERS' DAY

Much has been written about Mothers' Day, the origin and its growth, but little is known of the genesis of Fathers' Day. June 19. The day for its observance, has passed, but a short resume of its origin is timely.

Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, Spokane, Washington, honorary president of the International Fathers' Day Association, was the first one to observe Fathers' Day as a tribute to her own father, William Smart, G. A. R. veteran. From that inspiration the idea grew until now father will find many clubs and organizations dedicated to him, the protector and provider of homes.

For a time the idea lost ground and it was not until 1928 that it was revived. Delaware was the first state to legalize the day and a charter was issued for its observance.

## KIDNAPING

There is a mania among the criminally inclined for kidnaping. This horrible and base passion, snatching an innocent babe from its crib when asleep, is beastly, and peculiar to America, an admission that makes the humanly kind and law abiding citizenship shrink with pity and shame.

It is a practice among a low element, with abnormal mentality, and with an overwhelming desire to get rich quick. This type of mentality never sees but one side, easy money that will provide for the thrills of an easy life. Their conscience is seared and their future obscured by the lure of easy money, the motivating power that creates greed, leaving mankind on a level with the beasts of the field, with no other desire than to satisfy an unsatiable appetite.

Recently the souls of decent men and women of this country have been shocked by two such crimes. The Levine killing, and just lately the theft and slaying of the Cash baby in a Florida village, were done for money. In the Levine case the contact was never made for the ransom money, but in the Cash case the money was paid, but recovered by the Federal authorities. These two cases are forceful examples of financial gain without working for the same.

How to stop this flare of kidnaping is the question. It will never be stopped until there is imbedded in the hearts and minds of mankind the spirit of clean living, the sacredness of human life, and a greater love for the spiritual things.

* * * * * * *

## FORESTRY

Beasley's Weekly gives an interesting item as to the value of forestry. Few realize that the early settlers came to this country for any othr purpose than to enjoy the freedom of worship most desired. But Beasley's Weekly gives this comment:

The company of English gentlemen adventurers who established the Jamestown Settlement in 1607, came to America seeking gold and precious stones. But instead the first cargo they shipped home from Virginia was lumber.

And in all the intervening years since that first settlement lumber has been one of the most valuable treasures of the new world.

The value of forest products and their manufactures in recent years is actually greater than the value of all the gold ever mined in the United States.

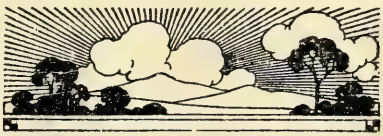
Such observations emphasizes the necessity of conserving our forest with its evergreens, flowering shrubs along with every kind of a tree. All were given for some specifiic use.

* * * * * * *

## A CURE FOR BACKACHE

Surgery has taken another forward step. The latest is that surgery can take shinbones and make a new backbone and when grafted will stop backaches. This new way of grafting bones has been reported to the American Medical Association in San Fransisco.

This report shows up something new in bone grafting developed at Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. It takes splints of a person's shinbones and uses them to lay a bridge six inches lengthwise on the aching part of the back. The bridge is two strips of shin, parellel, like pieces of an engineerng bridge. Then chips of bone are dropped upon the vertebrae. The only comment is "wonders will never cease" in the field of surgery.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

PEP

"Vigor, vitality, vim, and punch,
The courage to act on a sudden hunch,
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep!"

A second look is sometimes the best cure for love at first sight.

The man who is too lazy to turn over a new leaf is not going to make much progress in this life.

Drivers of cars would do well to "kill time"in their driving instead of killing human beings.

When a fellow needs a friend—when he is too young to get a pension and too old to get a job.

Women are now largely drivers of automobiles. And some of them are also good drivers of men.

It is said that a Colorado woman has been yawning for 51 days. Why don't she turn off the radio?

If people with idle thoughts would put them to work this would be a better world in which to live.

A doctor is quoted a saying that "all babies are natural-born liars." And some of them never get over it.

Some people are always complaining, and saying the world is going to the dogs. Well, the dogs can learn them a lesson in fidelity and kindness.

We are so often told that "all men are born free and equal." Then a good many of them spoil it all by running for political office.

What good is a holiday in giving you rest and recuperation, if you have to do two days' work when you return to the job?

They say there is plenty of money in the United States. But what good does it do if you can't use it? And cannot get enough of it to use?

Mrs. Grace D. Mason, of Cleveland, who collects frogs and toads, says, "I think everybody should have a hobby." May be a good idea, but not the kind of hobbies that would hop away so easily, as Mrs. Mason's is likely to do.

These national holiday fads have forestalled the government in working days, and if it continues there is likely not to be left many days in which to work. Did you know that in May we observed Child Health Day, National Baby Week, National Music Week, National Egg Week, National Restaurant Week, National Foot Health Week, National Golf Week, National Rasin Week, National Maritime Day, Peace Week, Ice Cream Week, Straw Hat Day, Outdoor Cleanliness Day, International Good Will Day, National Tennis Week, and the Dionne quints birthday. Not many days to work. No wonder everybody is tired out. Why not have a National Work Week and a National Rest Week?

Seeing America first should be the pride of every American. A headline in an advertisement reads: "European War Scare Should not Frighten Prospective Tourists." That should be a warning to those who desire to go abroad. They are digging graves over there. America is digging gardens. They bomb whole cities into ruins. We create new playgrounds for children. Their scenery is clutted with monuments to war dead. Ours peaceful mountains, lakes and rivers. If you like ruins of a decadent civilization clawing at its own throat, why go to Europe, China, Japan, Spain. But if you want to see happy people, prosperous homes, monuments to peace, just visit around in good old America—anywhere!

---

Last Sunday, the 19th, was Father's Day. By whom it was originated I do not know, but it seems to be commercialized in this day, and on all sents for father. But there are possisides there are invocation to buy prebilities in the central idea. To the average boy there is on one in the world like his father. There is nothing so important in the boy's training as the example set by his father. That the manhood of this nation is what it is today is largely the result of the training given us by our fathers. The manhood of America tomorrow is being determined today by the standards set by the fathers of the present generations. Fatherhood is one of the greatest responsibilities entrusted to man. This being the case, we have every reason to honor those who are discharging that obligation so wisely and so well.

---

## CHURCH MUSIC

Church Music should always be a means to an end, and that end should be distinctively religious. It should not be a mere display of vocalistic culture or gymnastics, a performance of the voice on a tight rope in midair. The end of church music, as all other parts of worship, is the glory of God in the salvation and up-building of men. It should be expressed in a language that people can understand. It should, according to the Lutheran conception particularly, be music not for artists and specialists, but that in which the people can take part. With us the sermon holds the chief place in worship, and the music should accordingly help and strengthen the sermon and add to its impression. It is not always so ordered. Any kind of music that deprives the people of intelligently engaging in the function of worship is not in harmony with the Lutheran conception of what should maintain in the services of the sanctuary.

—The Lutheran.

# THE GOOD WE ALL MIGHT DO

**(North Carolina Christian Advocate)**

Isaiah tells of the fine things that will come to pass in the good days of Christ's kingdom. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," says the prophet. If the blind eyes could be opened to the good we all might do as the days go by this would be a very different world from the one we know at present.

Too often men in easy circumstances, with a comfortable income from month to month, as well as the rich, hold fast to that which they have and let slip the opportunities to aid needy boys and girls to fit themselves for life, and they refuse to promote good causes that are languishing for want of financial help. Their eyes are closed and their ears stopped. Blind are they to the best use to make of their money. And worst of all, their eyes will not be opened until in the hearts of all such there is a passionate desire to make life count for most. Then they will strive to do good as the days are going by. Some of their surplus money will go into investments that can not be measured in stock dividends and coupons from guilt edge bonds to be invested in additional securities. Passionate souls that live a rich, full life eager to do good are not content to lay up their treasures by a steady accumulation of earthy goods—not if the life and teachings of Jesus are taken seriously.

Since money is the easiest investment to make, we know that the rich and well-to-do who let so many golden opportunities to help pass know little of the demands of that cross that stands for sacrifice to the death. We shudder to think of the well-to-do all about us who could use some of their money to help the worthy, but instead they hold with a miser's grip to the dollars that could make hearts to sing as they laid up their treasures above instead of on the earth.

Yes, we know how empty is the pretense of those who will not use what they have, whether little or much. They have not that within which can make many rich. It is the spirit of the full barns and the overflowing granaries, but in the end there is nothing. Material security rather than spiritual victory hold chief place with all such. How far removed are such from the man of old who declared, "I will not offer unto he Lord of that which cost me nothing."

---

## ACCORDING TO HIS THOUGHTS

It is said that a friend once asked the great composer, Haydn, why his church music was always so full of gladness. He answered, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon my God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."—Selected.

# WHERE DEATH LURKS

**(Suffolk News-Herald)**

From Orlando, Fla., came a news dispatch recently saying that six persons had died there within twenty-four hours from the effects of a durg recommended as a cancer "cure." Others were ill from the same cause and there will probably be more deaths. It appears that the deadly compound was sold over the counters of drug stores. It is unnecessary to say that those who dispensed the article were unware of its lethal nature. It's the same old story over again.

Immediately upon receipt of the distressing news Dr. Norris Fishbein, of Chicago, spokesman for the American Medical Association, sounded the alarm in the hope of heading off this new menace to human life. He said the symptoms of the poison were similar to lockjaw which coincides with the diagnosis at Orlando where the doctors referred to tetanus characteristics.

According to Dr. Fishbein, the drug, known as ensol, was manufactured in Toronto, Can., and was introduced in September, 1935. This leads him to believe that it had been contaminated. Immediately the Medical Association warned against its use as an un-standardized product. In the meantime an investigation was started by the Federal Food and Drug Administration and United States Public Health Service.

menting on it is to spread the warning to local druggists and to any reader who may have purchased a bottle of this serum. It is not necessary to say that if it is advertised as a cancer cure it is just another fake for the doctors tell us that no drug taken internally can possibly effect a cure. This latest one appears to be a serum to be injected into the blood. It only alleviates pain.

Sad experience should have taught everybody that in case of cancer or any of the deadly diseases no remedy should be taken without the advice of a reputable physician. The market is full of quack remedies advertised as cure-alls. There are in many cases harmless in themselves but they only serve to ally fear of the ailing person until it is too late for a doctor to effect a cure.

These latest tragedies should be a warning. May we in all earnestness urge upon our readers to see their doctor first when any malady does not respond to simple known remedies? But under no circumstances, if afflicted with what is believed to be cancer, depend upon any internal or external drug. See your doctor on the first sign of danger, not the druggist or corner store dispenser of nostrums.

---

Most people who fail only work half-time, take too many holidays, and are quitters.—Exchange.

# THE COLLEGE AN D THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

**By Howard S. Bechtolt, A. M.**

A well-known New York social philosopher said in an address in Washington this winter: "There is little enthusiasm attached to the movement for federal aid to education because there is so little enthusiasm for education as such. Many people have come to believe that education is a sort of fraud, that it does not contribute to social justice. Many other people, including educators, seem to be exceedingly vague concerning the purposes of education. One cannot be enthusiastic about something if one is uncertain about its direction or goal. Education, in our age, is not a live social issue because it is not dynmically associated with social aims."

Governor Benson of Minnesota recently called attention to the fact that just a century ago "Horace Mann argued that if we could make enough individuals into good people, soon the world would be dominated by good people, and then human exploitation would cease. The schools, he predicted, could do this by rearing a generation in whose hearts had been implanted benevolence, in whom any disposition toward avarice or greed had been curbed, and who had all been trained in how to earn a living. The generation of 'sober, wise, good men' that would result from such training, would 'remove the old and substitute a new social edifice.' But plainly, after a hundred years we are obliged to confess that Horace Mann's method of achieving social change has not worked. Which justifies us in concluding that we can no longer honestly preach the doctrine that only by improving the personal character of individuals do you bring about social justice. Today's educators have the obligation to go beyond the point reached by Horace Mann and devolop in their students a more vigorous awareness of the realities of present social struggles, as well as a wish to participate in them for the purpose of bringing about economic democracy."

Just a year ago the president of one of our small Eastern colleges well said: "Education must be social in its goal. Increasingly are we conceding this in the necessity for altruism in all our complex community, national and international life. Self-development must be for social ends. We have trained men to be experts in control of knowledge but not in control of social forces, and thus in a great social crisis we find ourselves in a community of finely-trained civil, mechanical and electrical engineers, but woefully lacking the social engineers who ought to be able to pilot us through the fog of uncertainty which envelops us, or at least to vision with some assurance the results of interplay of social forces without waiting to realize them in the test tube of costly and irreparable social experiment."

A recent editorial in one of our national weeklies comments as follows: "Pointing to the alarming extent of unemployment in the learned professions, President Conant of Harvard has

called for curtailment in university enrollment—a proposal rendered no less ominous by his appeal for wider scholarship funds to cushion the impact of such action. It is easy, of course, to share Dr. Conant's pessimism, founded upon the growing frustration which university graduates experience here. But there are sinister notes in his judgment that American higher learning has reached its zenith and that the time has come for contraction. No one denies that it is wasteful and degrading to train scholars and professions for posts which they will not be able to find. And it is equally plain that just such a desolate prospect drove thousands of hopeless students into the Fascist movements of Europe. But this scarcely justifies American educators in advocating the solution of the Fascist nations—curtailment of educational factilities. The fate of American university graduates must be integrated with a program of expansion throughout American society; our "surplus" of graduates is a measure of the chaos in our economy rather than a sign that their services are not needed. Dr. Conant's recognition of the problem is courageous; his solution is as dangerous as it is evasive."

All of the foregoing seems to point to the need of more rather than less educational opportunity, but this education must be properly motivated. It should spring from approved sources and rest upon no uncertain foundations. Let our previously mentioned college president continue: "It would seem to go without saying that the education for this day, as for every day, should be builded upon a moral foundation. The renewed emphasis upon character education in the schools expresses the deep concern of school administrators at this point. But I fail to see how we can hope to build a structure of Christian morality upon a pagan foundation. I am coming to believe that there has been something radically wrong with the educational philosophy which has dominated our thinking in recent years. We have been concerned that our teachings should be scientific, we have set our goals in the realm of the social, we have desirved that our prsonnel and our instruction should contribute to results that are moral, but we have not tooked well to our foundations, and our social structure is in danger. To conserve the permanent values we need more than scientific procedures and more than social goals; we need teachers whose faces are toward the light and whose feet are moving toward the goals of God."

Hear the brave words of Oscar F. Blackwelder spoken to this point in an educational conference last summer: "The church has historically a primal obligation to challenge educational policy and practice on an adult level. If certain trends in high school, college and university are held undesirable, the place to begin the attack upon these trends is with the creative minds who do the first line educational thinking and planning. The church's fundamental task now is not to save youth through question-fellowship periods around tea cups. It is in aggressive conflict with the relative presuppositions and viewpoints of Christian and non-Christian conceptions of life, society and education. The schoolman writes his books, the churchman writes his, and seldom the twain meet. They misunderstand or hold in contempt each other's vocabularies and

thought patterns. Forces are militantly at work to belittle religion and sneer at the church; to put the church out of education or to destroy the church's educational system; to place the states and the federal government in complete control of all education. The point of this agument is that the rebuttal to such forces cannot be given on the student level alone but on the adult level where the sources of the belittlement and sneering lie. It is not simply a question of defense but rather of creative scholarship at desk and in classroom, dedicated in the spirit of St. Paul for our day. This must either come from the faculties of our church colleges and theological seminaries or men must be released for this tremendous and vital service. Why should the church ever be on the defense and take the negative? She is the establishing agent in higher education."

---

## FOR INFIRMITY

I wonder if anyone can tell us how many infirm, crippled, blind, sick people there are in our country. The number must be very great. Even among our acquaintances there are many. We do know that our hospitals and other institutions for the unfortunate are crowded, and new ones are being constructed and old ones enlarged and improved. Still there are mulitudes who ought to be admitted and given the fine attention that is therein provided.

Some years ago Helen Keller spoke, as I now recall, in the Academy of Music in our city. What handicaps she has overcome! One could scarcely think after seeing her and listening to her, that the time was when she could neither see nor hear nor speak. At the present time she seems to possess the equivalent of these three organs. It is amazing that she has been able to pursue a university course of study. But she has a keen mind.

On the occasion to which reference has been made, a brief period was given to the asking and answering of questions. It was natural that many of them should refer to her experience in overcoming her very serious handicaps, and to the steps whereby she was able to communicate with the outside world. In none of her answers was there the trace of a complaining spirit. On the contrary she frequently voiced the feeling of gratitude for all that had been done for her. This gratitude she summed up a little later in a very striking sentence: "I testify to what the good and strong have done for deprivation and infirmity."—Selected.

# ORIGIN OF VEGETABLES

**(Selected)**

The potato, which was already cultivated in America when the continent was discovered, is spontaneous in Chile. It was introduced to Europe in 1580 and 1585 by the Spaniards, and almost at the same time by the English, who brought it from Virginia, where it had appeared about 1550.

The sweet potato and the Jerusalem artichoke are also supposed to come from America, according to the Revue Scientifique.

Salsify is found in a wild state in Greece, Dalmatia, Italy and Algeria. According to Oliver de Serres. It has been cultivated in the south of Franec since the sixteenth century.

Turnips and radishes came originally from Central Europe. The beetroot and the beet, which have been greatly improved by cultivation, are considered as the same species by botanists. The beet, only the stalk of which is eaten, grows wild in the Mediterranean, Persia and Babylonia.

Garlic, onions, shalots and leeks have long been cultivated in almost all countries, and their origin is very uncertain. That of the scallion is better known. It grows spontaneously in Siberia. One finds chives in a wild state throughout the Northern Hemisphere.

The radish, greatly modified by cultivation probably had its origin in the temperate zone, but from what wild species it is derived is not exactly known.

The lettuce appeares to be derived from the endive, which is found wild in temperate and Southern Europe, and in the Canaries, Algeria, Abyssinia and temperate Western Asia.

Wild succory is spontaneous all over Europe, even in Sweden, in Asia Minor, Persia, the Caucasus, Afghanistan and Siberia. Cultivated succory is probably a form of endive which is thought to have had its origin in India.

Corn salad is found wild throughout Europe, Asia Minor and Japan.

Cabbage, like vegetables which have been cultivated from remote times, is believed to be of European origin.

The artichoke is the cultivated form of the wild cardoon, indigenous to Maderia, the Canaries, Morocco, the south of France, Spain, Italy and the Mediterranean islands.

Asparagus had its origin in Europe and temperate Western Asia.

The origin of the eggplant is India, that of the broadbean is unknown, as also that of the lentile, the pea, checkpea and haricot. The last named appears to have come originally from America.

The carrot grows spontaneously throughout Europe, Asia Minor, Siberia, Northern China, Abyssinia, Northern Africa, Maderia and the Canary Islands.

Cervil comes from temperate Western Asia, parsley from the south of Europe and Algeria, sorrel from Europe and Northern Asia, the mountains of India and North America. Spinach is supposed to come from Northern Asia.

For some twenty years past the crosnes has been used. This little tubercle with fine, savory flesh, which has long been cultivated in China and Japan, is probably indigenous to Eastern Asia.

The tomato comes from Peru, the cucumber from India and the pumpkin from Guinea.

---

"Those who can, do. Those who can't, criticize.

---

# STRENGTH RENEWED THROUGH KINDNESS OF HIS FAMILY

## (The King's Business)

A great sculptor in Italy, Vincenzo Gemito, was acknowledged to be one of the leading artists of his time. He was given a commission by King Humbert and Queen Marguerita to make some beautiful things for their palace. The queen desired a silver centerpiece for the dinner table. Gemito made a lovely design, and was ready to cast the group of silver. But a few State officials, in opposition to the king and queen, refused to make the necessary grant of maney. Gemito went as far as his means would permit but he needed more money in order that he might complete his work. He applied at the offce of the treasurer for the money, but it was said that they were not on friendly terms with the king and queen and his application was refused.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month he received no favorable repsonse. He became so impoverished that he was utterly discouraged.

For nearly twenty years he was unable to go on with any of his work because of the mental unbalance. But his daughter married a young man who was also perparing to do the same kind of work that the great sculptor, her father had been doing. Knowing how great an artist his father-in-law was, the young man asked him to teach him.

So the aged sculptor began to teach his son-in-law. They surrounded the aged man with love and gentleness. Little by little his old-time skill came back. Finally, he was able to do as high a quality of work as he did before the great catastrophe twenty years previous. In Italy today it is said he is considered the leading scultpor of the nation. His strength had been renewed, through the kindness and love of members of his own family who recognized the power that was in him long in abeyance.

If, then, a daughter and a son-in-law being imperfect, knew how to encourage one who had lost hope so that his old-time skill came back, how much more shall our heavenly Father renew the strength of those who wait upon Him according to His Word!

# WHAT'S IN A NAME

**By E. Mark Phillips**

"Say, how did you make it in that history quiz?" Spuds Miller stopped to ask at the booth where Douglas Townley sat alone with a pot of tea and a plate of muffins. "What a bust!"

"Oh, I dare say I made out quite all right," Townley answered.

"Oh, yeah?" The friendliness left Spud's face. "Well, just aren't you the bright lad?" and hurried on to where his friends had crowded into another booth of the Pewter Pup teashop.

Townley's face flushed. He hadn't meant to sound so beastly cocky. The flush deepened when, above the clatter and noise of the crowded room, he heard Spuds exploding volubly.

"That fish! 'I dare say I made out quite all right,'" he mimicked. "And drinking tea. The sissy!"

The others laughed. Douglas, leaving his food almost untouched, paid his check and hurried out, tears of mortification stinging his eyelids.

Those were the boys with whom, from the first, he had wanted to be friends; the ones he most admired; wanted to be like.

Why didn't he just quit? he asked himself bitterly, as he made his way back to his lonely room. Quit and go back to England where his uncle, who had raised him, lived and wanted him to stay. He might have known he couldn't make the grade at Masden, or any other American college. Gay college life over here was only a pipe dream as far as he was concerned.

He might have been comforted had he heard what followed that laugh.

"I'll bet he's right at that," Joe Carthright chuckled. "I've noticed in science class he knows all the answers."

"Well, he needn't be so smug about it," Spuds grumbled.

"You know, fellows." It was Darby Hamilton, star athlete, football captain, the most popular man on the campus, speaking. "I'm not sure the boy has had a square deal. That way of talking is only a mannerism. He got that, along with the tea drinking that gripes Spuds so, in England where he spent most of his life. His uncle, who is his guardian is in the business over there."

"Well, I can say this," Mig O'Doone admitted grinning, "he gave me some life-saving help on a biology experiment last week, when Prof Winters was right on my coattails."

A boy wearing a freshman skull cap hung over the back of the booth. "Say, Darb, how about lending me five bucks?"

A shadow came into Darby's blue eyes. "Say, Jimmy, you haven't used up your allowance already?" he asked in a big-brother voice. Jimmy became resentful.

"Sure. What of it! Just because you have twice as much as . . ."

"Skip it, kid. Come on over to the house and I'll fix you up. See you later fellows."

The two brothers, Darby, tall, blond, serene, Jimmy, small dark and restless, left the sweet shop together.

Joe leaned his head toward his companions and spoke in a lowered voice. "Is there anything to the talk that Jimmy has been going into the back room of Littlejon's cafe?"

Spuds shrugged, "Fraid so."

"Why, the little idiot!" Mig said hotly. Doesn't he know those town babies that gamble back there will clean him. No wonder he is always touching old Darby for a loan."

"Yes, and the faculty will make short shrift of him if they get wind of it," Spuds added.

"Do you think we should say anything to him about it? Sort of warn him?" Mig asked. "I reckon we know him about as well as anyone, and Darby's our best friend."

Joe shook his head slowly. "No, it wouldn't work. But I'll talk to Darby about it. I don't believe he knows it yet. Maybe he can handle it. Jimmy has been spoiled at home. I know his mother and dad. It would break their hearts—and Darby's too—if Jimmy got himself into trouble."

"I guess," said Mig wisely, "having an all-star brother like Darby here in college with him hasn't been so hot for Jimmy. He'd think everything he got was won on Darby's name."

"Expect you're right," Joe agreed. "Next year, with Darby finished, he will be on his own. He will probably buckle down to it then."

"Say, won't Darby be missed, not only by our gang, but by everyone? Wonder if anyone will take his place?"

"Well," said Mig, with a sly grin, "Spuds' tea drinking friend looks like him."

"Townley? Yes, he does for a fact. Afraid the resemblance stops there though," Spuds said with a shrug. "Say! Aren't they going to take our order? I'm famished."

"So'm I," Mig groaned. "My stomach thinks my throat's cut. Hey, Chip," to a passing student waiter. "Double-decker on white and chocolate soda. Make it three."

A little later, Darby, standing in the open doorway of Bolton Hall, after Jimmy had taken his five dollars and refused his advice about staying within his allowance and gone off, saw Douglas Townley going by.

"Boy! He looks lonesome. He always does. I wonder what he really is like."

On an impulse he called out, "Hi, Townley. Wait a jiff. I'll go along. Going up to the library?" he asked as he caught up with the other boy.

"No, just out for a hike. Up to Peline's Hill."

"But that's a good five miles. Do you do that often?"

"Oh, two or three times a week."

"Say, you must be some walker. Did you go out for athletics in England?"

"Soccer and cricket, of course. Sprinting and an occasional bit of hockey."

"Really?" They had come now to the path that led to the library. "The coach is starting cricket next year. You will be just his man. And you do sprinting? Track practice begins Monday at three. Come out. Hey Spig," he spoke to a tall, dark young man passing and started up the path with his arm familiarly over his shoulder. "So long, Townley."

Townley stood looking after the two boys, a wistful look on his face. "Spig," he said softly, "and Darby and Mig and Spuds. How do they get those nick-names? Why doesn't someone give me one?"

Monday at three found him arrayed in shorts and track shoes along with a hundred or so others in like array out on the track field. Everyone, it seemed to him, was having a hilarious time of it. Turning handsprings and

cart-wheels, tussling with each other, or just being noisy for the sheer joy of living. And, as usual, Darby and his crowd were the center of it all.

Then Mr. Kane, the head coach, and two of his assistants came out and the boys got down to work, running, jumping, hurdling, while the coaches looked on, saying little.

Finally, Coach Kane blew his whistle. The boys gathered around him.

"Well," he said laconically, "most of you run and jump like beef steers. Maybe some of you will come out of it in a couple of months. Maybe you won't. Training table starts at Caleb Hall dining room. Eat, there and nowhere else, if you're interested in track. Be ready to run off the first preliminaries a week from today."

His sleepy looking eyes, that weren't in the least sleepy, rested on Townley. "Nice feet and legs you've got. Built for speed and spring. You seem in good condition, too. Can't imagine why. Thought all you men lived on gooey trash when you weren't in training."

He turned and walked off the field. The boys exchanged sheepish grins, then with wild whoops dashed for the showers.

Darby Hamilton looked over the heads of the others at Townley. "Looks like you're going to be in at the kill. Coach never throws compliments around promiscuously. Congratulations."

Douglas felt a sudden warming of his heart.

Almost overnight the campus seethed with excitement. Track season was the high spot of the year. It even overshadowed football season. Track history had been made time and again by Masden. Track records were the pride of the alumnae.

The big meet of the association was always held at Masden. How the men worked through the weeks that preceded it to attain the speed and skill that would give them the right to win other honors for Masden on those glorious two days days of the Intercollegiate Track Meet.

Old grads swarmed back for those two days. The campus teemed with relatives of the students; it blossomed with lovely girls, there for the big parties given on the last night.

Unconsciously Townley became infected with some of the gay spirit that had settled over the whole school. The men at the training table were friendly. And students who perhaps had sat in the same classroom with him all year without knowing him, now that he was a track man, began hailing him across the campus.

The days flew. Practice and preliminaries headed into semi-finals. Then came the great day when the lists were put up. The names of the men who were to carry Masden's fame were posted on every bulletin board on the campus.

Excitement ran high that morning. Students ran shouting the names of their favorites; stood in noisy groups around the bulletin boards.

"Who's this Townley?" Douglas heard someone from one of these groups ask, as he hurried through the corridor.

"He's that tall blond Englishman that looks like Darby Hamilton."

"Englishman your eye!" another hotly protested. "He's as much an American as you are. He just had a bad break and was brought up in England."

The flush that overspread Townley's fair skin was caused by embarrassment. He went quickly on his way.

As everyone had expected, Darby Hamilton's name appeared the most frequently on these lists of honor; but to the surprise of all who hadn't kept up with the workouts, Douglas Townley's ran it a close second.

Hamilton was the big hope for pole vaulting; Townley for the mile race; they were neck and neck for the quarter mile; Townley led in high hurdles; Hamilton in the long and running jumps.

Coach Kane's smile was broad these days when he looked at his two tall, blond athletes.

Onlys when Douglas contemplated the gay preparations for the social good times that went along with the Meet, good times in which he would have no part, did he feel anew that aching nostalgia for the real American college life that had somehow passed him by.

Standing on the station platform late in the afternoon before the Meet opened, he knew a staggering loneliness. Other students were greeting with noisy abandon friends and relatives who were piling off of the train.

"Lucky beggars," he thought, with a twisted smile.

He had come down to get an express package. The station was almost deserted before he finally got it and started to leave. At the far end a middle-aged couple, the woman small and dark haired, the man tall and blond, stood beside their two suitcases and looked anxiously up the street.

When Douglas came abrest of them the man called out in a friendly but somewhat irritated voice. "My boy, could you direct us to the Bolton Hall dormitory? We were under the impression we were to be met. While we labored under that delusion all the taxis were taken. If there were a train out of this town, I would go back to night. The young pups."

"Now, John," the woman interposed gently. "You know there must have been some misunderstanding. But, if this young man," she gave a motherly smile to Townley, who hadn't had many such smiles in his life, "will just direct us."

"Why don't you let me take you out to Bolton Hall?" he interrupted impulsively. "You wait here. I know where I can get a car."

In less than ten minutes he was back, helping them into the car he had hired from a garage, climbing into the front seat with the driver.

"I expect you know our boys," the woman said with that assurance mothers have that everyone must know their children. "John—although I guess they call him Darby—and James Hamilton."

"Why, surely. Darby quite well. That is," Douglas amended honestly, "we are both track men. And I know James by sight."

"How is Darby going to come out in the Meet?" There was pride in Mr. Hamilton's voice.

"Darby? Oh, top hole. He's in ripping form."

They had stopped in front of the domitory. Darby came hurtling down the steps.

"Mom! Dad!" he shouted. "Say, I'm sorry about this. I had to see one of my professors and Jimmy was to meet you. I just got back and found you hadn't come. Where is Jimmy?"

"Yes," his father answered somewhat testily, "where is Jim?"

"Well, don't worry," Darby tried to make his voice sound convincing. "I guess something held him up. He will be along. I say, Townley, this was sure decent of you. Come in."

"Thanks, no. I'll get along." He raised his hat to the elder Hamiltons and got back into the car.

"Well, I'll see you in ten minutes at the training table."

Darby picked up the two suitcases and started up the steps in the wake of his parents. But before the car had started he came back and put his head through the window.

"Townley," he said in a guarded voice. "Do me a favor. Go to Littlejon's and if Jimmy is there tell him mother and dad are here. I'm afraid he is in the back part. You understand."

"Righto! I'll take care of it."

Littlejon's was crowded when Townley entered. Lying halfway between the town and the college, and having a reputation for excellent meals, both towns people and students patronized it. It was what went on in the little room back of the main one that had given the place a somewhat shady reputation.

Townley glanced hurriedly around the front room. Jimmy wasn't there. He hesitated for a brief moment, then walked swiftly into the back one through the connecting swinging doors.

The air was thick with tobacco smoke, permeated with the smell of liquor. Men sat at the tables, some eating, some drinking, but most of them playing cards. Jimmy was one of the latter, his face flushed, his eyes hard and bright.

Townley touched him on the shoulder, saying pleasantly, "Jimmy, Darby asked me to drop in and tell you your people have come."

Jimmy looked up angrily, as did the others around the table. Then the import of the words penetrated. He sprang up, his young face white. He looked at the men around the table.

"I—I have to go," he said hoarsely.

"Not yet, young fellow," a heavy-set, swarthy man with a vivid scar running from temple to chin answered harshly. "You owe the bank something."

"I—I—'ll come back later," the boy said desperately. "I have to go."

The man shrugged his heavy shoulders. "All right, kid. Tomorrow night at eight o'clock. And no running out on me," his voice threatening.

He looked up at Douglas. "Wanna sit in?"

Douglas did not bother to answer. He turned and followed Jimmie's hurrying figure through the swinging doors.

As he passed through the main room he was vaguely conscious that from one of the tables Professor Gregio, head of the ancient language department, was watching him with cold, sharp eyes.

There was something stern and uncompromising in those eyes. Townley felt a little chill of apprehension.

The next day was a mad, exotic, but orderly rush. Townley had never known there could be anything quite like it.

For the most part, he was only a thrilled spectator. The only event for which he was scheduled that day was the quarter mile. His long legs had carried him in first, but Darby and a gangling, red-headed boy wearing the Wheaton purple had tied for second and entirely too close to his shoulder

for comfort.

While he and Darby were being rubbed down in the shower room, Coach Kane came through and stopped for a moment.

"Not bad, boys. But make it a little better tomorrow, Townley. I like to see space between you and the next guy behind you. That Wheaton redhead is no one to go to sleep on. This is the first time in five years I have had any real hope of winning the mile race. Don't let me down, my boy."

"I won't, sir," Townley promised, unconsciously straightening his shoulders.

The ghost of a smile flicked across the coach's weatherbeaten features. He turned to Darby.

"I suppose you have seen that Slim Ragland from Hadly is down for every jump and pole vault that you are tomorrow. He is in top form, as usual. You could lose us a lot."

And with this parting shot he passed on.

"Well, don't we feel carefree and easy?" Darby grinned wryly at Townley.

"Say," a little later. "Mother and Dad thought you were the tops. Thanks, a lot. And about Jimmy, too." His face had become overshadowed.

Before the other could answer a swarm of men came bursting into the shower room with an uproar that made conversation impossible. Should he have told Hamilton about that veiled threat and admonition to Jimmy? Townley wondered.

A few minutes before nine that night he was heading toward his rooming house with long, distance-eating strides. All track men were required to be off the streets by nine o'clock. Coach Kane accepted few alibis for infringements of his rules.

As he passed Littlejon's he saw Darby going in.

"He will have a run for home," he thought, as he hurried on.

Then he stopped. He knew why Darby was going in there. He looked at his watch. Just eleven minuts to nine. More than time for him to reach home before nine, but—.

He turned swiftly and followed Darby into Littlejon's.

Darby had disappeared. The sound of angry voices was coming from the back room. And as luck, or design, would have it, there in his usual place sat Professor Gregio, his eyes on the swinging door through which Darby had evidently just passed.

Was Hamilton going to get into trouble back there? If he did, it would mean just one thing. He would automatically be disqualified for track tomorrow. Gregio looked as though he would not hesitate to report any such irregularity, and Coach Kane played no favorites. Even worse things would probably happen to Jimmy. Their mother and father, who were so proud of them; what would it mean to them?

He didn't ask himself why he was worrying about the Hamilton boys' affairs.

The noise in the back room hushed ominously. Something in Professor Gregio's movements warned Townley he was going to go back there. Like a flash he was out of the front door and around to the back.

As he opened the door he was just in time to see Darby's fist draw back and flash upward to land squarely on the jaw of the man with the livid scar.

Pandemonium broke loose with the

blow. Chairs were knocked over, glasses crashed to the floor; men shouted and swore. Townley saw someone swing for Darby. In a flash he had covered the distance between them and with the same movement planted his fist in the pit of the man's stomach. The latter sat down abruptly, his face white.

Without stopping he grabbed Darby with one hand and the dazed, badly-frightened Jimmy by the other and pushed them through the open back door.

"Run," he said hoarsely. "Run."

"But you?" Darby hung back.

"I'm coming. Don't worry. Get Jimmy away."

But he wasn't coming. He had already heard the noise of others coming in from the main. Professor Gregio had seen Darby come back here. The damage for someone was already done. He slammed the door and turned. First in the crowd of waiters and customers that had poured in was the little, dried-up ancient language professor.

Pandemonium had hushed. Waiters began righting tables and chairs and picking up broken glasses. They were accustomed to this sort of thing.

Townley started for the front.

"Just a moment, young fellow." It was Gregio's rasping voice. "So, you were the one who started this. I thought I saw Mr. Hamilton come in here." He peered around as though expecting to see Darby concealed under some table.

Townley shrugged his shoulders. "I seem to be it."

"Hm! I could have sworn it was Hamilton. But you do look like him; and I have seen you come out of here before have I not?"

"Possibly, sir."

"You are on the track team, are you not?" To Townley, the man actually seemed to be gloating.

"You are right sir, and I know all the rules." Setting his jaw doggedly, he marched out of the cafe and started on a run for his room.

What was going to be the outcome of this, he asked himself over and over. Why had he done that quixotic thing? But, he knew.

After all, who was to be hurt if he got in trouble? He was not a part of the school as Darby was. He wasn't a youngster like Jimmy to be disgraced and thus break his mother's heart. He was just a misfit. There was no one really to care what he did. Next year Masden would have forgotten he had ever been.

But when he was summoned to the coach's office the next morning, his heart sank. A few minutes later he faced a cold-eyed and angry coach.

"Townley," the latter barked, "is this report Professor Gregio gives me true?"

Townley squared his shoulders unconsciously. "I expect it is, sir."

"Have you any explanation to make?" Kane looked as though he hoped there would be a good and plausible one.

"None, sir." Douglas' face was very white.

The coach's turned almost purple with suppressed wrath. "I don't need to ask you if you know the rules regarding this?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. That's all. Get out."

"You mean—"

"I mean you have disbarred yourself from athletics for the rest of this year. And you may thank you stars it is no worse."

Going blindly out of the door, Town-

ley wondered what could be worse.

He didn't know that the coach had interceded with Professor Gregio to let him handle the matter.

Kane, watching the boy go, said bitterly to himself. "And almost the last man on the team I expected to make a fool of himself."

Douglas didn't go back to his room. He went out to his hill; as far away from the track field as he could get. He couldn't bear to see any of the men now? They would think he had let them down. In a little while, that was what the whole school would be thinking. The little ground he had gained in comradeship would all be gone.

Flinging himself down on the brow of the hill, oblivious for once of all the beautiful panorama around him, he pressed his hot face against the cool grass, gripping his hands in the long blades.

"I won't cry," he whispered through clenched teeth. "I'm not a baby."

He wouldn't think of Darby, either, he determined. But, somehow, a few scalding tears did slip between his eyelids, to be brushed furiously away. And, somehow, knowing the quarter hours, each with its own event, were passing down on the big track field, he couldn't help but think of the hurdles being run without him and of Darby taking those incredibly long, powerful jumps, and flying like a bird over the unbelievably high bars.

He didn't look at his watch, but by the sun he knew the time for the mile race was not far off. Twelve o'clock, the last event, the end of the Track Meet, and he would have lost his chance to bring home for Masden and Coach Kane the prise they coveted.

He choked back a sob that insisted upon coming up. Tomorrow he would resign from the school and get away. There was nothing to stay for now.

He was only dimly conscious that a car had stopped at the foot of the hill. Presently, he heard a war whoop, and simultaneously, four young huskies pounced on him, rolled him over and dragged him unceremoniously to his feet. It was Darby and his special crowd, Mig and Spuds and Joe.

Then they were rushing him down the hill, while Darby pounded him vigorously on the back and shouted for the whole countryside to hear:

"You big boob! You poor, benighted half-wit! Why in thunder didn't you tell me what happened? What kind of a worm did you think I was? Not an inkling of it did I get until I saw your name was scratched. And not a thing could I find out until just before my pole vault. Boy, I was so mad I could have jumped over the gym."

"And he almost did it, too," Mig put in. "What a jump! What a record!"

The others laughed. Darby went on.

"Lucky thing I knew your pastoral habits, you thug. Drag out his duds, Joe."

"But—but—." Townley put in feebly as Joe pulled out of the car his own shorts and track shoes.

"Scramble into these, pronto."

"But, I can't—" However, he was obeying with flying fingers and a great deal of assistance from the other four.

"Can't what, you poor, demented creature?" Darby asked scornfully. "I left Coach begging to be allowed to go out and commit mayhem on

someone. Gosh, boy," he asked seriously, as he stooped to lace up one of Townley's shoes, "why didn't you either explain it or else let me do it?"

"I—I couldn't." Douglas said simply.

Darby looked up into his face. "No," he said softly, "I guess you couldn't."

"Did Jimmy—," Townley began tentatively, as they went careening madly toward town and the track field.

"I think Jimmy has learned his lesson for all time," Darby said. "Coach said it would go no further if Jimmy never repeated it. Jimmy won't."

A deafening roar went up from the Masden fans when Townley came out on the line for the mile race. Coach Kane had time for only a slap on the back and a gruff, "You young idiot. You've cost me a year of my life." But there was a warm look in the keen eyes.

Then they were off, and Douglas forgot everything but that he was out to win for Masden. Timekeepers, lineman, gallery, everything faded into a blur. Only the wide track lay before him and he knew he could run like the wind.

When the last lap was run and he felt the tape at his breast, he fell forward, but not to the ground. A dozen pairs of arms held him up.

"Yeah, Townley!" roared the Masden rooters, over and over.

"Listen, Thug," he heard Darby shout above the din, "Coach said he wanted to see air between you and the next guy, not a quarter of a mile."

In the shower room congratulations from all sides poured in, no one's more sincere than the red-head from Wheaton.

"I flatter myself I can run," he said cheerfully, "but I have never said I could catch a blamed jack rabbit."

But Douglas felt suddenly lonely. Darby and his gang had gone without a word while he was in the shower. He dressed and hurried out.

Jimmy, red-faced and embarrassed, "Say, Townley, I'm—I'm—"

"Never mind, Jimmy," Douglas said. "It's all right."

Jimmy looked relieved. "Here's a note for you from Darby and his outfit." He shoved a paper into Townley's hand and fled. Townley opened the folded paper.

It said briefly:

Dear Thug, We're waiting for you at the Pup. We'll break training together with all the things that break a coach's heart. Also, we have ordered five teas.
—Darby and gang.

Douglas grinned at the last line, then looked at the first.

"Thug," he repeated reverently, as he started on a run for the Pup. "Thug. What a swell nickname!"

---

An old Indian came to town one day, and for the first time he saw a man riding a bicycle.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "White man heap lazy. Sits down to walk."—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. J. Dowie Stoner, of Rockwell, a student at the Lutheran Seminary, Columbia, S. C., was a visitor at the School the other day. Mr. Stoner was on his way to Rockwell, having a preaching engagement at the morning service next Sunday at Christiana Church, in Rowan County.

---

At this writing our farm forces have not yet been able to resume the threshing of oats, which was held up last week by rainy weather. Those interested in completing this task may be seen watching the clouds each morning, eager to start working on the crop of oats, which has been estimated at more than five thousand bushels.

---

Howard Keenan, a former member of our printing class, who has been working as linotype operator on the Anderson (S. C.) Independent for the past four and one-half years, stopped for a brief visit here last Saturday. Howard is certainly a fine looking young man, and a brief glance gives one the impression that he is making a success in life. In conversation with some of the School officials he stated that he was very proud of the training received here. Howard is married and has one child.

---

Our gardens are yielding great quantities of string beans and tomatoes, and after supplying all the cottage kitchens abundantly there still remains a considerable quantity of these vegetables to be disposed of. The tomatoes can be handled profitably through canning, but our store room is already well supplied with beans canned last season, and it would be a useless expense to add much further to this surplus. The local market is such that sale of same is impossible, so it now seems the only feasible course to pursue would be to allow the beans to ripen on the vines and be gathered later for seed.

---

Clifton Cheek, of Hillsboro, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School in August 1921, called on us last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by his wife and child. Clifton is now thirty-two years old and is working in a textile plant. His wife is employed in the Hillsboro post office. This trio made an impressive and substantial looking family. Clifton's training at the School has been supplemented by four years of service in the United States Navy. He expressed himslf very favorably as to the training received at the School and the impression it had made on his life. We had not heard from this young man in quite a number of years, and are delighted to have had the opportunity of making this contact.

---

Rev. H. C. Kellemeryer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, preached the sermon at the School,

Sunday, June 19. He took as his subject "The Biggest Business of Life."

"Just what is the biggest business of life?" asked the pastor. "'Is it building roads? Farming? Bakeries? Auto making? Postal service? Trucking. No, it is none of these, although they are big businesses. Is it the textile business, which employs millions of people, and puts out quantities of goods? Is it schooling, which gives work for many and trains many, many others? Although these are big businesses, it is neither of these.

Instead, the pastor advised his audience to look in Proverbs 11:30 to find what God calls the biggest business of life. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." Winng souls, that's it. The business of winning souls is the biggest business of life.

The reason given for this being such a big business, said the speaker, is that God has stamped it as such. Making money is not the biggest business, for God says not to lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust eat it up. Making homes is not the biggest business, for God says the birds of the air have nests, the foxes have dens, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head. Building a material kingdom is not the biggest business, for God said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Instead He has said, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." If winning souls was the biggest business of Christ, surely it should be a profitable business for us, and we would be wise to choose it as our biggest business.

The second reason this is the biggest business said Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, in conclusion, is that it produces the highest commodity. We judge a business by the product it puts out. If the product is of good quality, we say that is a good business. Just so with the business of winning souls. The business that puts out the best men must be the best business. Time and again it has been proved that the best men are the christian men. So we who help make, or help win, those men to Christ, are engaged in the biggest business of life.

---

## PROTECT SEABIRDS

"Many seabirds are slaughtered for their plumage, as well as those whose habitations are on land. The plea of the American Ornithologists' Union, for protection of seabirds, however, is based mainly on considerations of public health. They live on floating garbage and other refuse which if allowed to drift ashore would be a cause of nuisance, and might result in serious epidemics. The seabirds should be protected equally with other varieties of the feathered tribe who destroy noxious insects, and in various ways are a blessing to mankind.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

Week Ending June 19, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Marvin Bridgeman 3
(3) Ivey Eller 3
(3) Clyde Gray 3
(3) Gilbert Hogan 3
(3) Leon Hollifield 3
(3) Edward Johnson 3
(3) Vernon Lamb 3
(3) Edward Lucas 3
(3) Mack Setzer 3

### COTTAGE No. 1

Virgil Baugess 2
(3) Henry Cowan 3
(3) William Haire 3
Horace Journigan 2
Vernon Johnson
Bruce Link
Blanchard Moore
(2) Julian Myrick 2
Fonnie Oliver
William Pitts
H. C. Pope
Albert Silas 2
Robert Watts 2
Preston Yarborough 2

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes
James Blocker 2
(3) John Capps 3
J. W. Crawford 2
Arthur Craft 2
Samuel Ennis 2
(3) Kenneth Gibbs 3
Julius Green 2
John T. Godwin
Floyd Lane
Clifton Mabry
(3) Thomas McRary 3
Henry Phillips
(3) Nick Rochester 3
Raymond Sprinkle
Brooks Young 2

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews
Jewell Barker
Carlton Brookshire 2
Neely Dixon 2
James Mast 2
Harley Matthews
James McCune 2
Warner Peach 2
John C. Robertson
George Shaver
William T. Smith 2
(3) Allen Wilson 3

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 2
Garrett Bishop 2
Paul Briggs 2
William Cherry
Hurley Davis 2
James Hancock 2
John King
James Land 2
Van Martin 2
Robert Orrell
Lloyd Pettus 2
William Surratt
Melvin Walters
Leo Ward 2
James Wilhite 2
Cecil Wilson 2

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen
Harold Almond
(2) Ernest Beach 2
J. C. Branton 2
(2) William Brothers 2
(3) Jack McRary 3
Richard Palmer 2
(3) Thomas Sullivan 3
(2) Jack Turner 2
(3) Dewey Ware 3

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Dunning 2
Roscoe Honeycutt
(3) Spencer Lane 3
Charles McCoyle 2

(2) Ray Pitman 2
Jack Reeves
Hubert Smith
(2) Canipe Shoe 2
(2) William Wilson 2
(2) Woodrow Wilson 2
(3) George Wilhite 3

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(3) William Beach 3
(3) Cleasper Beasley 3
(3) Carl Breece 3
Archie Castlebury 2
(3) William Estes 3
(3) Caleb Hill 3
(2) Robert Hampton 2
(3) Hugh Johnson 3
James Jordan
Edmund Moore 2
(2) Earthy Strickland 2
Loy Stines
Graham Sykes
Joseph Wheeler
(3) William Young 3

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) Felix Adams 2
(2) Donald Britt 2
Thomas Britt
Samuel Everidge
Lonnie Holleman
Harvey Ledford
(2) Edward J. Lucas 2
George May
(2) Fred May 2
John Penninger
Norman Parker
Grover Revels
(2) Charles Taylor 2
(2) John Tolbert 2
(2) Walker Warr 2

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(3) Wilson Bowman 3
(3) Thomas Braddock 3
Edgar Burnette
(2) Clifton Butler 2
(3) James Butler 3
(3) James Coleman 3
Heller Davis 2
George Duncan
(3) Woodfin Fowler 3
Mark T. Jones 2
Eugene Presnell
Lonnie Roberts
Earl Stamey 2
(3) Thomas Sands 3
Cleveland Suggs
(3) Thomas Wilson 3

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Matthew Duffy
(2) Elbert Head 2
Thomas King
Jack Norris
Carl Speer
(2) Jack Springer 2

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Charles Bryant 2
Baxter Foster 2
Lawrence Guffey 2
William Hudgins
Allen Honeycutt
Jesse Overby
(3) Julius Stevens 3
(2) Thomas Shaw 2
(3) John Uptegrove 3

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman
(2) Ben Cooper 2
(2) Frank Dickens 2
William C. Davis
Max Eaker 2
(2) Joseph Hall 2
(2) Elbert Hackler 2
(2) Charlton Henry 2
Franklin Hensley
(2) Richard Honeycutt 2
(3) Hubert Holloway 3
Lester Jordan
Alexander King
(3) Thomas Knight 3
(2) Tillman Lyles 2
Clarence Mayton
(2) James Reavis 2
(2) Howard Sanders 2
(2) Carl Singletary 2
George Tolson 2
Leonard Watson
(3) Leonard Wood 3

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Burris Bozeman
Jack Foster
Vincent Hawes
Isaac Hendren
(2) Irvin Medlin 2
Thomas R. Pitman

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Claude Ashe 2
(3) Raymond Andrews 3

Clyde Barnwell 2
(3) Monte Beck 3
Harry Connell
Delphus Dennis 2
Fred McGlammery 2
Richard Patton
(3) John Robbins 3
(2) Howard Todd 2
Harold Thomas
(3) Harvey Walters 3
J. D. Webster
Junior Woody 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) Hobart Gross 3
Joseph Hyde
Dallas Holder
(3) William Hawkins 3
(3) Caleb Jolly 3
Cleo King
Edward Patrum
(3) Paul Ruff 3
(2) Ira Settle 2
(3) Harold Walsh 3

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(3) James Chavis 3
Early Oxendine
Thomas Oxendine

---

## NATURE'S OVERFLOW

Come out in the open and live intimately with nature, for this is the season of nature's overflow. Every tree, every branch and every twig is garbed with living green. Even the rough scars made by freezing winter are healed, and tangling vines are giving blossoms and beauty. The earth is bringing to birth the sowings of the autumn season, and what opportunities for discovery await those who tramp the soil and search for the growing things that find nurture in mother earth.

How abundant are trees! The trees of the forest, silently making new rings of growth to enrich future generations; the orchard trees, changing from the beauty of blossom to the glory of rich fruitage; the trees that give loveliness to the landscape and shade from the scorching heat of the summer sun; the trees that provide a nesting place fo rthe robin, the thrush, and the mocking bird while they break the silence of nature with their joyous notes of parental ecstacy.

Just so surely as the spring time covers the waste places with wild berries, then the berry-pickers come with challenging glee, carrying their thin tin buckets and filling them to the brim to be measured and sold to the pie-makers. Let it be berry pie or berry dumpling with rich sauce, either is a good dessert for most of the Tar Heels.

Live close to nature, for nature has a lavish hand. Come thus to know nature's God, whose mercies are as abundant as the waves of the sea—for nature's overflow appears on both the land and the sea.—Selected.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

JUL 4 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 2, 1938 No. 26

olina Collection
Library

## JUST AMERICAN

Just today we chanced to meet—
Down upon the crowded street,
And I wondered whence he came,
What was once his nation's name.
So I asked him, "Tell me true—
Are you Pole or Russian Jew,
English. Irish, German, Prussian,
French, Italian, Scotch, or Russian,
Belgian, Spanish, Swiss, Moravian,
Dutch, Greek, or Scandinavian?"
Then he raised his head on high,
As he gave me this reply:
"What I was is naught to me
In this Land of Liberty;
In my soul, as man to man,
I am just American."

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| RELIGIOUS IDEALS IN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE | By Prof. Robert Fortenbaugh | 10 |
| HOW THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE CAME TO BE WRITTEN | (Selected) | 15 |
| THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME | By Edwin T. Randall | 17 |
| THE FOURTH OF JULY SURPRISE | By Ina A. Poole | 20 |
| ASTONOMY AS YOUR HOBBY | By Latimer J. Wilson | 22 |
| WOMAN FINDS WATER WITH MAGIC WAND | By George O. Butler | 24 |
| TO A SPEEDER | (International Medical Digest) | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## JULY THE FOURTH

From countryside and templed town,
From lilac lane and paven street,
From east and west, from north and south,
With singing hearts and dancing feet,
A mighty host and starry-eyed,
To shrilling fife and rolling drum,
Whose clamor shakes the firmament,
Now jubilantly, lo, we come
To celebrate the natal day
Of our dear land that gave the earth
The beauty of a dream fulfilled
In man's attaining his true worth.

As we salute the starry flag.
We hearken to the ghostly tread
Of those who made our country free,
Of those who bravely fought and bled
From Bunker Hill to Belleau Wood
And kept the fires flaming bright
Upon the altars, while the storms
Went howling down the ways of night,
Until, at last we understand,
Though laborer or priest or sage,
The glory of their sacrifice
And kneel before our heritage.

We dedicate ourselves anew
To finish what they have begun,
To follow in the shining path,
To do as they have nobly done,
To hold the torch against the sky
So in its splendor it will be
A beacon and a guiding star,
That leads men to democracy,
Until that visioned day will dawn,
When men will toil in field and wood,
At desk and counter, bench and lathe,
In universal brotherhood.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

## OUR ENLARGED NATION

July 4, 1776, is recorded as the birthday of our nation. What a small nation it was then! What a large nation it is today! Then we had a few colonies scattered along the eastern seaboard; now we have a vast domain, with extended seacoasts on two great oceans. Then we had but few people in comparison with our many millions today. Then our wealth was trivial; today it is almost incalculable. Then our farmed acres were few; today our farms could feed the world, if given a chance. Then we had but insignificant mining products; now our mines yield iron and silver and coal and gold and other ores, in enormous quantities, worth countless thousands. Then we had but little power among the world's people; today the nations of the world do homage to our power. Ours has been an expanding country. Our territory has been enlarged, and everything we do has reached a colossal scale.

But the liberty we fought for and gained, the principles of government we laid down and have endeavored to evolve into practical, profitable procedures for every citizen, so that liberty may not become a snare and privileges may not become a temptation, was for people and has always been dependent on people. Truly we have expanded nationally, but have we as a people kept up with this expansion? It is bad if we have failed to advance with our expansion, but we have not failed. Ideas and ideals, plans and practices have been changing to meet the demands and opportunities of our expansion. But it is all the worse for us if we have sought to expand the fundamentals on which our nation started, and, in the expansion have thinned out the fundamentals until they are no longer basic.

Our fathers stood for honesty always in officials of government. Have we expanded beyond that to our hurt? They advocated equity and justice for all. Have we outgrown that? They planned for "the right of his chance' for each citizen. Does this still obtain? Maybe in some ways we have expanded to our detriment. They had a place for God, the Bible, and the church as basic for life and for government. What a sad comment on our expansion, if we have left these behind, as we have agonized to keep pace with our material expansion! Our enlarged nation—have we outgrown some

of the common essentials of a great people? In reality we have not yet grown up to a full use of these essentials.

—Lutheran Young Folks.

* * * * * * *

## FRESH AIR CAMP

The instigators and managers of the Observer Fresh Air Camp realize all that Mayor Harold H. Burton, Cleveland, said in an address before the Rotary International, is true. That if "crime among youth remains unchecked, it might breed force enough to wreck the nation."

The Charlotte people are taking in time many of the underprivileged and placing them in camp for a certain period of time this summer. In this way the youngsters instead of roaming the streets and back lots have something to do, besides they feel that there is really someone who cares.

The pictures of the prospective campers seen in the Charlotte Observer tell a human interest story. It is easy to read in the contenace of each boy a longing for his birthright—a chance with other boys.

One phase of this undertaking should not pass without commendation. And that is the boys before entrance in the camp are given a physical examination so as to chart the course of their activities and at the same time safeguard other boys from communicable diseases. There is no guess work about the condition of each applicant. Each boy is given a "once-over" by a doctor. The managers do not believe in guess work when the health of the boy is involved.

Last year four hundred boys enjoyed this outing, and doubtless the underprivileged this year will go beyond that number. The camp is officered by experienced and capable managers. The diet is strictly looked after by a dietician, and the program in its entirety is conducive to the uplift of the boys physically, mentally and spiritually.

It matters not who launched the idea to give the boys a camp experience, it is a happy thought and one that is indicative of unselfishness with ultimate desire to give the indigent child the opportunity to enjoy such sports as swimming, hiking and other sports,

all boys thoroughly enjoy.

Doubtless a different environment, new faces, a varied pastime under the supervision of kind and gentle people will introduce the boys into a new world that will inspire them to the higher ideals of this life. Thousands of boys every day are finding necessary to choose between a career of good citizenship and a life of crime. It is the duty of all communities, as well as a blessed privilege, to look out for the helpless and defenceless youth so as to keep them from falling into pit-falls. In order to save the youth of the nation the old saying "a stitch in time will save nine" will have to be observed.

* * * * * * *

## OBSERVATION OF PRISON CAMPS

The Lexington Dispatch relates briefly that the grand jury, Forsyth County, "burned-up" the local prison camp, rating it as inadequate and that the supervision was bad.

This report is out of the ordinary, because it is unusual for the grand jury,—chosen as custodians of the county's welfare, and from the most representative citizenship,—to give out any thing but 'fine.' The duties of the grand jury carry a great responsibility and it takes nothing but moral courage to thoroughly investigate and report conditions regardless as to where the chips fall.

There is but one way to accept the responsibility and that is to put oneself in the place of the prisoners, and follow the teachings of the Golden Rule. When this is done things beneath the surface will be uncovered and reported.

The Forsyth country grand jury did its duty in telling of the prison camp conditions. The inmates of any prison camp are criminals, but they are human, and not to give them fair treatment while incarcerated only makes them hardened criminals.

The same paper gives a different picture of the prison camp near Lexington, it is pictured as one of the most modern camps of its kind in the state. If these camps are not properly managed the very purpose of a camp is defeated. The information given out through the Lexington paper is that the equipment of Davidson County camp is complete and managment under Captain Wood is splendid; the food is ample, well cooked in a kitchen that would do

credit to the most meticulous housekeeper and served in a scrupulously clean dining room. The prisoners are made to keep their bodies clean, havinga change of clothing often, but they are impressed that discipline is expected. The gardens around the stockade are observed by a truck farmer and the yield is bountiful. The poultry yard is maintained and vegetables from the gardens and fowl from the poultry yard are served to the prisoners as well as to the tables of the officers.

It has been observed that the state requires honest service from the prisoners placed there—and they are all colored men—but it treats them as human beings, erring though they have been. More men like "Captain" Wood would bring more praise from the grand jurors who represent the best of the State's citizenship.

* * * * * * *

## THE DARE OF WOMEN

Again women come to the front page and "dare to do." The latest is two women, botanists, have joined two men, scientists, in making the perilous voyage through the Grand Cayon. The rivermen familiar with the caprices of the Colorado River at this season of the year refuse to join the party.

The women admit the "big-idea" is not to try to do the things that are expected of men, but they know this section of the country has never been "botanized" and they have a consuming curiosity to explore the unknown and see what is to be seen.

The rivermen knowing the danger of the mile deep gorges, therefore, refuse to risk life—another evidence that "fools venture where angels fear to tread." This risk brings to mind the dare of Amelia Earhart when she longed to encircle the globe in her airplane, but the end of the chapter of that career will never be written. Those most deeply interested can only conjecture on and on till life ends.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

DEBTOR

"So long as my spirit still is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride in the dark face of death;
While I am curious still of love and fame,
Keeping my head too high for the years to tame,
How can I quarrel with fate, since I can see
I am debtor to life, not life to me."

---

Where "moonshine' whiskey comes from is a sceret still.

---

The spices of life consists in a few well-earned compliments.

---

Neglecting to pay your bills is debtrimental to your reputation.

---

One of the grandest sensations of life is getting out of a pair of tight fitting shoes.

---

In this upset, burly world there is one time when a man is contented with his lot. When he is buried in it.

---

It is an established fact that one half the world does not know how the other half voted until the election is over.

---

There is one thing sure—every self-made man who makes a failure of himself, cannot lay the blame on some one else.

---

Many a man too lazy to walk to a golf course, will play golf all the afternoon, and walk all over acres of ground and never complain once.

---

The most neglected law is the one that provides a penalty for disturbing the peace. Even the peace officers do not seem to pay any attention to it.

---

A novelist exclaims, "What a change one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly; and what a heap of "change" she requires to do it.

---

A schoolmaster, who carries both hands behind his back, informs me that three billions and more pins are used every year in this country. The country seems to be pretty well stuck up.

---

Young people who boast of the miles they travel in a car, and the time they make, are on an equal par with fishermen who tell of the size fish they catch—or get away from them.

---

Heard in a millinery store: Wife (trying on hats) to husband: "Do you like this turn down, dear?" Husband: "How much is it?" "Eleven dollars." Husband: "Yes; turn it down."

---

The game of life is like a game of football. Many a touchdown is made in the last minute of play because a man who may be weary and tired still has the courage to "buck the line." Today a lot of us are finding the talk of depression and sales resistence a hard line to buck. It looks like the game is over and the score against us. But remember this—there isn't any line that won't weaken if you

keep pounding it. Perhaps all it requires is just one more effort and the ball will go over for a touchdown.

---

There's a whole lot more than fiction in "the hare and the tortoise" story. This mile a minute stuff reads well, but it's often short measure. Speed is the mania of the times. Getting there, after all, is the thing hat counts. There's a tendency among young people to count speed the only means of "getting there." Experience teaches that it's the chap who keeps pegging away who finally arrives. Across the street there's a chap building a garage. He is working all alone. The job goes slowly enough, but it is going. He's now fitting the doors. A little more pegging and some paint, and the job will be done. I have some neighbors who are waiting for help. While they wait over ocross the street a man goes ahead and does the thing folks wait for. It's wonderful what you can do when you just peg away. If you do a little every day, and do it well, you are bound to get ahead. After all, it's not speed, but constant, consistent effort that counts.

---

Making history, call it that if you will, but the history that is filled with misery is better forgotten than placed on record to perpetuate and remember. It has always puzzled me why persons like to recall a particularly excruciating operation instead of the periods of glorious health and vigor. Isn't it better to say, "Thank God I am living," than to torture friends and any one who will listen with a story beginning, "I really don't see how I managed to live through it." It is mighty hard to make stiff lips smile, equally hard to make a stubborn tongue utter a cheerful greeting, and unless the thought back of it is sound, happy, buoyant, it is not being done. But remember, "Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the help of their country, their fellowmen," and the stranger within their gates. Only the Supreme Power can help in this time of need. Every one of us can aid in making history worth remembering.

---

## LITTLE THINGS

A stamp is just a little thing
  Of very little worth,
And yet 'twill take a letter all
  The way across the earth!
A smile is just a little thing,
  But you will find this true:
To give it brings much happiness
  To others, and to you!

—Charlotte Mish.

# RELIGIOUS IDEALS IN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

**By Prof. Robert Fortenbaugh, in The Lutheran**

Anniversaries of important events claim appropriate observance. The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, of the birthday of our nation, claims appropriate observance in the churches where, in keeping with the true purpose of these places, spiritual and religious applications should be made.

In observing the anniversary of this event it is necessary first to recall the document which is inseparably linked with the event and without which the event would have been impossible. The Declaration of Independence, adopted by the "Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled," is the Charter of America Liberty and the touchstone of American democratic theory. In declaring indepedence formally on July 4, 1776, the representatives issued the charter and expressed the convictions which have become basic in American thought.

Every American should not only have read the Declaration of Independence but should also have pondered the ideas therein set forth. To the end of observing the anniversary of the event and of honoring the document, with the hope of increasing its appeal if only slightly, it has been thought proper here to present some thoughts on the Declaration of Independence with special emphasis upon the religious ideas expressed in it.

While opposition to British imperial policy began shortly after 1760 and the spirit of revolt flamed to be expressed finally in armed resistance by the spring of 1775, the growth of the idea of independence from the Mother Country was slow in developing in any appreciable number of minds. Even when the Second Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, the purpose was clearly to secure a redress of grievances and a reformation of policy. But news of the resistance of the royal forces by the "Minute Men" at Concord and Lexington had reached England, where the king declared the Americans "rebels" and determined upon a program of military coercion, contracting for the services of 20,000 German mercenaries to supplement the British troops already in the colonies. Congress persisted in its policy of resistance, continued its military preparations, and in June, 1775, established a Continental Army, naming George Washington as Commander.

A year's fighting was inconclusive, and the Americans still hoped for redress and reconciliation, but the royal attitude did not change and the parties drifted farther apart. As the winter of 1775-6 merged into spring, hopes of solving the difficulties grew fainter. Then the last vestiges of British authority began to disappear and revolutionary organizations in the several colonies were formed. These were revolutionary because they were founded on the authority of the people, the traditional authority having been denied.

Yet, in face of all this, a majority of American leaders still hoped for a

change in policy which would bring about a peaceful solution of the problems and reconciliation. However, reconciliation proved to be impossible of realization. This was forcibly and effectively set forth by Tom Paine in his pamphlet, "Common Sense": "Reconciliation is a fallacious dream. Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature, cries, ' 'Tis time to part.' " So in the spring months of 1776 the radical leaders, who had been hoping for such a development, had reason to believe that their cherished but hitherto ineffective purpose would soon become effective. New state governments were organized and others planned, and finally on June 7, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered the following resolution in Congress: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved fom all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connections between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Two other resolutions were attached which provided for the establishment of a confedeation of states and for the negotiation of treaties with foreign countries.

After a delay of several weeks to permit debate and to allow certain delegates to consult their constituencies, the Lee resolutions were adopted July 2 by representatives of all the colonies except New York. In the meantime a committee to draft a formal declaration of independence, should the resolutions be adopted, had been engaged in its task and, when the resolutions had been adopted, its report was in order. This report was made and adopted July 4 by the representatives of the same twelve colonies. New York soon after indicated its acceptance, and on August 2 an engrossed copy was signed by representatives of the thirteen colonies—a unanimous action. The adoption of the Declaration on July 4 made that day the real birthday of the nation.

The chief figure on the committee to draft the formal declaration was the chairman, Thomas Jefferson, who was the responsibility author of the document. He drew the ideas which he expressed in the Declaration from the writings of men of an earlier day, whose influence was controlling in the minds of the leaders for independence. The document itself is not to be subjected to cold analysis. In it Jefferson aimed to tell the people what they already knew and to encourage them in the course already begun. He was not bound to exact statement of facts; he was not bound to set down imparitally both sides of the argument. Such things have no place in revolutionary literature. What he aimed at was inspiration, and there is no denial that he succeeded in his aim. So it remains for us today a source of inspiration. It was also a challenge in its day, and so it remains for us.

It is not unexpected that in such a document, fraught with such momentous possibilities as the author could envisage, a religious basis should be laid. However, two special reasons operated further to insure the religious tone. In the first place, the responsible author had a deep religious sense, and in the second place, the American people have always demanded that the Divine element be recog-

nized in times and questions of national importance.

It might be a matter of surprise to some that Thomas Jefferson is here boldly recognized as a man with a deep religious sense. Popular opinion has been that he was an unbeliever, even an infidel. The way to arrive at conclusions concerning the character and thoughts of men of past time is to study not what others have thought and said about them but what they themselves have done and said, so far as the evidence is available. Even a superficial study of Thomas Jefferson's views on religion will reveal that the common popular opinion has been not only incorrect but very unfair. Time allows only a few representative quotations from his writings on religion, but these will be sufficient, if taken in connection with a correct view of his life and works, to exhibit him as a man of really deep religious sense.

In a letter dated July, 1763, he said: "The most fortunate of us, in our journey through life, frequently meets with calamities and misfortunes which may greatly affiict us; and, to fortify our minds against the attacks of these calamities and misfortunes, should be one of the principal studies and endeavors of our lives. The only method of doing this is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine will, . . ." Some twenty years later in notes on religion for use in his speech in connection with the petitions for the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church, he set down this important expression: "The fundamentals of Christanity as found in the Gospels are: 1. Faith; 2. Repentance. That faith is everywhere explained to be a belief that Jesus was the Messiah Who had been promised. Repentance was to be proved sincerely by good works. The advantages accruing to mankind from our Saviour's mission are these:

"I. The knowledge of one God only.

"2. A clear knowledge of their duty, or system of morality, delivered on such authority as to give it sanction.

"3. The outward forms of religious worship wanted to be purged of that farcical pomp and nonsense with which they were loaded.

"4. An inducement to a pious life, by revealing clearly a future existence in bliss, an existence that was to be the reward of the virtuous.

"The Epistles were written to persons already Christians. A person might be a Christian, then, before they were written. Consequently, the fundamentals of Christianity were to be found in the preaching of our Saviour, which is related in the Gospels."

In his old age Jefferson wrote the following: "The sum of all religion as expressed by its best preacher, 'fear God and love thy neighbor,' contains no mystery, needs no explanation . . ." And again, "I have read with much satisfaction the Sermon of Mr. Pierpoint which you have been so kind as to send me, and am pleased with the spirit of brotherly forbearance in matters of religion which it breathes, and the sound distinction it inculcates between the things which belong to us to judge, and those which do not. If all Christian sects would rally to the Sermon on the Mount, make that the central point of union in religion, and the stamp of genuine Christianity (since it gives us all the precepts of our duties to one another) why should we further ask, with the text

of our sermon, 'What think ye of Christ?'"

It is abundantly clear from these few extracts that Jefferson was not only religious but was a Christian. It is true that by implication from what has been quoted and from clear expression in other well-known passages, he was not orthodox, in the accepted views of the day, and was ever an enemy of mere formality, which is so often mistaken for piety, and of intolerance, which is so often mistaken for true zeal for the truth.

In the second place, as noted above, the special reason that the American people have always demanded that the Divine element be recognized in times and questions of national importance contributes to the religious basis to be expected to be found in such an important document as the Declaration of Independence. It has indeed been a notable fact that the inherent religious spirit of the American people has manifested itself in critical times, especially when great decisions and pronouncements have been made. When evidence of this is sought in the Declaration of Independence, it is not sought in vain. It is in order to consider particularly the religious ideas in this great paper.

Clear and unequivocal recognition is given to God in three aspects of His relation to mankind. First, recognition is gven to Him as the Creator and Organizer of life. "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, . . ., the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instiuted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In this language which can not fairly be misinterpreted the great and original function of God is recognized, namely, that of the creation of all things, out of which came the organization of life, both physical and social. Note the specific indications of this recognition: "The laws of nature and of nature's God," "all men are created equal," "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." Here is found no expression of a mechanistic, rationalistic view of origins, either of life or society; here is found no expression of Deistic transcendentalism. "Nature's God" is the first cause; "the Creator" has endowed his creatures with certain rights which can not be taken away, to the end of organizing a life for which governments have been instituted and by which these blessings are secured.

Further, in order to emphasize the immanence of God, there is set forth, secondly, the recognition of God as the great judge who sees and adjudicates the thoughts and acts of men. "We, therefor, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do . . . solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right

ought to be, Free and Independent States."

Here, again, in words which are clear in their meaning, another great function of God is recognized. He not only creates and organizes life; He also scrutinizes the course of human relations. The Supreme Judge of the world is appealed to .The rectitude of the intentions set forth in the document is submitted to Him. What was set forth was set forth in perfect confidence of the approbation of this Court of Final Appeal.

In the third place, recognition is given to God as Protector. "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

Here is a great expression of faith —"with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence." God is recognized not only as the creator and organizer of life, not only as the supreme judge of men's intentions, but also as the protector of those who do according to His will. He watches over the affairs of men; His Divine Providence hovers over them who would do right. So assured are the signers of the Declaration of the protection of God, when they are engaged in a Holy Cause, that they are ready and willing to pledge their all and yet not fear its loss. To a degree they were doubtless confident and assured by reason of their own resources and spirit but their final source of confidence and assurance was in their "firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence." In times "which try men's souls" men do not turn to an unknown and untried power for their "firm reliance"; they cleave to that which is known and has been tried. They know in whom they trust and pray his continued protection.

In conclusion, in the light of what has been said, let us have renewed pride in our country as we celebrate its 162nd birthday anniversary. But, most especially, let us have renewed interest in the important document which is inseparably related to the day. May it inspire us to great devotion to our country and all that it means and stands for, and may it assure us that a nation founded on such sound principles as are expressed in the Declaration of Independence, if these principles are maintained effective, will triumph over temporary distresses.

This assurance may be ours if we do not forget, as the author of the Declaration did not forget, that blessed are the people whose God is the Lord, who when they acknowledge Him and trust in Him proves always to be their Protector as He has indeed been their Creator and continues to be their Judge.

---

All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

# HOW THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE CAME TO BE WRITTEN

**(Selected)**

American liberty was in its infancy when Thomas Jefferson went to Philadelphia to join the Continental Congress in June, 1776. Three bloody battles had been fought—Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. George Washington who had hurried to Cambridge to take command of the American army, needed something that would advertise the determination of the colonists to be free. A committe of five Congressmen was appointed to write this document. All hastily passed the task to Jefferson. Within a few days he produced an article which he called the Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson was an orderly man, and preserved his original manuscript. A few small additions were made on it by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Then it became time for the shy Jefferson to submit his "advertisement" to the Continental Congress for approval and publication.

Benjamin Harrison was one of the first to speak concerning the new document. He said: "There is but one word in this paper which I approve, and that is the word Congress!" Poor Harrison! It is mostly by reason of this incredibly adsurd remark that historians like to remember him now.

Another Congressman moved to strike out the words "unfeeling brethren,' as applied to the people of England. Other members of Congress made equally silly remarks. One objected to the words "United States," and desired to change them to United Colonies." Southern Congressmen dislike a reference to Africa. Others said that they considered the whole Declaration "too strong."

For three days they wrangled. The third day was the fourth of July, and the sensitive Jefferson was seen to be "writhing."

One of the oldest men in the room, Dr. Benjamin Franklin stepped up to Jefferson and laid a fatherly hand on his shoulder. "I have made it a rule," he said "to avoid becoming the writer of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident I shall relate to you." Despite the heat, despite the wrangles over his manuscript, Jefferson smiled.

"I took my lesson," began Franklin, "from a young companion who was about to open a shop as a hatter. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, with a picture of an up-to-date hat: 'John Thompson, Hatter, Makes Hats and Sells Hats For Ready Money.'

"But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first friend thought the word 'Hatter' unnecessary, because it was followed by the words, 'Makes Hats,' which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out.

"The next friend observed that the words, 'Makes Hats,' might a well be omitted, because customers would not care who made the hats, if the hats were of good material, well made, and to their liking. The young shop-keeper struck that out.

"The third friend said he thought

the words, 'For Ready Money', were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. These words were parted with, so the inscription now stood: 'John Thompson Sells Hats'.

"Sells Hats!" exclaimed his next friend. 'Why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What, then, is the use of that word?' Thompson struck out the word 'Sells,' and there remained only the word 'Hats.' and since there was a hat painted on the board, he concluded that, too, was superfluous. So the inscription appeared ultmately thus: 'John Thompson' and under it the picture of a hat."

While Franklin told this story, the wrangling over the wording of the Declaration continued. At last a number of horseflies from a neighboring livery stable came buzzing through the unscreened windows of the old Philadelphia State House (now Independence Hall)' and bit the Congressmen through their long silk stockings. Suddenly they stopped debating, overcome by a strong desire to return to their inns or homes. One by one they stepped up and signed.

This was the greatest act in the lives of these patriotic Congressmen. The world calls them Signers, now. Autographs of even the most obscure of these signers sell for enormous prices—merely bcause they stopped "correcting" the copy, at last, and put their names to it. Those horseflies made history!

---

## FOR NATIVE LAND

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

# THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME

**By Edwin T. Randall**

The sun shone bright on the Old Kentucky Home. The last warm rays of the Indian summer day came through the old elms and maples and flattened themselves upon the red brick walls and green shutters.

We had been driving rapidly over a beautifully paved road that follows the trail along which young John Rowan came 140 years ago. On that journey, he was traveling out from Louisville, in search of a place to locate the summer home of his dreams. In his mind's eye he had carried it across the mountain passes as he traveled westward from Philadelphia, where stood the inspiration of his dream. As he came to the place from which we first saw the home, he knew that he had found the site for his dream home.

Just a rise of ground it is, but from it one looks out upon the beautiful succession of Kentucky hills, crowned with trees with dogwod and redbud blossoming, and valleys spread with blue grass. Here the whole new world would pass, up through Cumberland Gap to Louisville.

So here, in the midst of 235 acres of Kentucky beauty, the young patriot built his manison in the likeness of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. It is a reproduction and yet not quite. For John Rowan was not satisfied to have twelve steps in each of the four flights and so he increased the numbed to thirteen, one for each of the colonies his ancestors and he had helped to mold into a nation.

Every brick in the Old Kentucky Home was brought from England, landed at Newport News and dragged over the mountain snows of winter time by oxen. Not a nail was driven anywhere into the structure; the doors and frames, floors and stairs are put together with wooden pegs. These stairs, by the way, are still intact. The original air-seasoned ash treads, pegged in place 135 years ago, are still beng walked upon and show but slight signs of wear, in spite of the fact that since the home became a public shrine nearly half a million registered visitors have walked up and down. Dents are worn in marble by no less than a million feet.

To this historic place we came, the preacher-president, his commanding officer, and I, and here we were met with the personification of Southern courtesy in the curator and sole inhabitant of the Old Kentucky Home With courtly grace he escorted us through the halls and into the rooms and described what we saw.

Inside the house the commanding officer went into perfect ecstasies, and there was adequate justification. Here we found no museum, but an American home of high type and wonderful tradition. Nothing is in the house but the furnishings which were brought to it by the three generations of Rowans who owned and lived in it. But such things as they brought make it the holy of holies to the worshipers of real antique, and of these the commanding officer is at least an acolyte.

The colonel said that the first chair which Duncan Phyfe ever made is in the front room, and he showed it to us. The desk at which the song itself

was written is a geniune Sheraton. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and the finest Colonial pieces occupy and adorn the rooms. The hanging of the curtains has been copied by experts who have traveled hundreds of miles to see how it is done.

In the front room is the piano. It is a real piano, too, and not one of these bits of harpsichords upon which languid ladies were wont to languish. It is one of the earliest square pianos made. Its keys are all fashioned of mother-of-pearl and it is inlaid all over its shiny mahogany with more mother-of-pearl in cornucopias of plentiful and luscious fruits.

The guest bedroom is on the ground floor and in it many of the great and famous have slept. Other bedrooms are on the second floor. On the third floor are the children's rooms. Cunning little baby beds and baby toys, little tubs, dolls, and baby chairs all in perfect order, seem to await the return of the baby hands with which they have been familiar for a hundred years.

To this place, then called Federal Hill, came a cousin, one Stephen Collins Foster, on his honeymoon in the summer over one hundred years ago. John Rowan, his uncle, dreamer and builder, senator, statesman, one of the founders of the state of Kentucky, had died and was buried nearby, mourned by friends and slaves alike. From the sincere and deep grief of the slaves came the inspiration for "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground."

But there were many happy thoughts, too, and Stephen Foster returned often to Federal Hill, which became indeed his Old Kentucky Home.

We did not see old Black Joe, who is the son of the original and who still lives, at hand. They say he looks exactly as his father did when Foster knew him and made him immortal.

At the side of the main building is the kitchen building with its great fireplace and its curious collection of the kitchen furniture of another day. On the crane hangs a blackened kettle. Before the fire is a spinning wheel. The house itself, a summer home, was never occupied in winter, so that none of the fireplaces which are in nearly every room, has been used for fire. The only fires were built in the kitchen.

Just outside the kitchen door is the great tree which stood tall and beautiful when the home was first built. In it the cardinals sing and many birds make merry all the day.

A garden at the back is filled with beautiful flowers and is carefully tended to keep it, also, looking as it did when the place was the home of the Rowans as well as the home of all Kentucky, and America.

We had a long way before us in what little was left of the evening and the commanding officer was torn between a perfect passion to absorb the atmosphere of beauty and antiquity and the anticipated unpleasantness of hill roads after nightfall. Reluctantly we decided that we had seen all and must go. But we had not seen all.

Out into the gathering twilight we went to hear a cardinal vocalizing the sunset. With regret we said good-by to the colonel and turned away. But just at hand is the burial ground of the Rowans and not even the gathering apprehension of the commanding officer could keep us from just a glance.

There have been laid to rest the founder-builder and two later generations of his family. The last of the

Rowans was a grand-daughter of the old judge who died just before the state took over the home in 1922. Above her grave there is a granite stone. Over it hovers an angel, looking toward the home through the trees and across the sun-flecked lawn. And on the stone is written the moving words, "Weep no more, my lady."

When you've sung Stephen Foster's masterpiece, have you ever wondered how he came to write it? And if there actually was an "Old Kentucky Home?"

---

## PATRIOTS

Some persons have a queer notion of patriotism. They conceive of it as outward conformity to the laws that stand upon the statute books of state and nation. When a new law is written there they want to know what it is, so that they might add it to their list of duties. So far as that goes nothing can be said against it. Patriotism goes that far as least. But these people have the same understanding and conception of the national life as the scribes and Pharisees had of the religious life. These ancient religionists kept the letter of the law, and they conformed their lives to what the book said, but they had a very incomplete knowledge of what real religion was.

The same thing holds true of multitudes of American citizens; and when they obey the letter of the law, it is difficult for an individual or a group of individuals to bring any serious charge against them. At the same time it may be the feeling of their neighbors that they are very unworthy and even dishonorable citizens.

Every one of us knows that religion consists very largely of the attitude and the spirit; not that the law will be disregarded or openely broken, but that the soul of the individual will go into the law that he is trying to observe. To use a simple illustration: the law may permit me to erect a fence on the line that divides my property from the property of my neighbor; but if I do, without consulting my neighbor, it is pretty sure to be a spite fence. The law is not enough. It is not enough for the religionist, and it is not enough for the patriot. It is the upright deed, and the pure heart, and the holy life, that are required in every sphere of one's activity.

—Young Folks.

# THE FOURTH OF JULY SURPRISE

**By Ina Agnes Poole**

"I can't go anywhere on the Fourth of July," wailed Joan. "Mother says that we will have to stay right here in the tourist camp all day."

Phil, who was stopping with his parents at Far View Tourist Camp for a few days, turned to Joan and said, "Joan, you remember that storw we read yesterday—how Betsy Ross made the first American flag for George Washington—"

"Yes, I remember the story and the picture, too," said Joan. "But that won't help me to have a good time on the Fourth of July."

"Yes, it will," Phil declared. "Let's make a play out of that story. You can be Betsy Ross."

"That's a dandy idea," Joan cried. She was interested in the plan now. "You and my two brothers can be George Washington and the other two Colonial gentlemen who come to Betsy Ross' home for the flag, and Nancy will be my helper."

Phil nodded his head. "That's the idea. We will charge admission."

"We'll make lots of money because we have so many tourists here this summer," Joan said delightedly.

The children were very busy the next few days. Joan's mother helped her make a flag with thirteen stars on it. The boys cleaned the one-room tourist cottage next to the oil station. Then they planned the play. They practiced it over and over.

Fourth of July came at last. The children got up early, but a very strange thing happened. All the tourists except Phil's parents packed up and went away.

'Other people will come soon and they will go to our play," Joan said hopefully.

After dinner Joan and Nancy put on the Betsy Ross dresses mother had made. They powdered their hair. The three boys put on their Colonial suits. They powdered their hair, too. Then they sat down in front of the Betsy Ross cottage to wait for their audience.

Car after car passed the tourist camp. Now and then one stopped for gas at the gas station, but it went on again.

"I can't understand why no one stops," Joan mourned.

"I guess that everyone is going to hear the governor speak," said Phil.

A car passed, then another and another. The children looked at each other gloomily. People do not spend the day in a tourist camp when they can hear the governor speak!

"That car is stopping," Phil said excitedly. "Maybe those people will come to our play."

The car which drew up in the shade near the Betsy Ross cottge was a very fine one. The chauffeur climbed out to change a flat tire. The three boys ran to the car to watch the chauffeur change the tire. Joan, with the flag in her arms, went too.

"What are you doing with that flag?"

Joan looked up. A very beautiful lady and a white-haired man were sitting in the car. "We wanted to give a play about Betsy Ross, but no one came. I'm Betsy and this is the flag," Joan explained.

"Tell me all about it," the beutiful lady begged.

Joan sat down beside her and told her about the play. "No one came to see it because everyone is going to hear the governor speak," Joan said sadly.

"So the governor is spoiling your play!" the white-haired man said with a twinkle in his eyes. "We'll have to see about that, won't we, Barbara?"

"We certainly will! How would you three Colonial gentlemen like to go with us to hear the governor speak?" the beautiful lady asked the three boys.

"Will we have time to change our clothes?" Phil asked.

"There won't be time. Go just as you are, and I want Miss Betsy and Miss Nancy to take the flag," the beautiful lady said merrily.

The white-haired man climbed out of the car and talked to Joan's father for a moment. The chauffeur changed the tire. Then the big car flew along the road to the next town. It entered the park where the governor was to speak. It stopped beside the platform and they all got out of the machine.

"Children, come with us," said the beautiful lady.

Can you guess where she went? The beautiful lady and the white-haired man walked right up on the platform.

The people shouted, "The governor!"

The beautiful lady and the white-haired man bowed. Little Miss Betsy Ross and the three Colonial gentlmen had gone riding with the governor!

---

## THE LIBERTY BELL

How many know the story of the Liberty Bell, whose ringing first announced to the waiting people the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. The bell is now 185 years old, and, though cracked and voiceless, still hangs in Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

The bell was brought from England in 1752, and hung in the old State House in Philadelphia. Among its uses was to spread a fire alarm in the city. It soon cracked, however, and in April, 1753, was melted and recast by American workmen. But the bell did not sound right, and in June of the same year was again recast. This time the words, "Proclaim liberty throught all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," were inscribed upon its crown. After that the bell was used by the city of Philadelphia until July 8, 1835, when it cracked while being tolled at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall.

The inscription on the bell is taken from the Bible.—Selected.

# ASTRONOMY AS YOUR HOBBY

By Latimer J. Wilson

A number of years ago there was a boy helper in a photographer's studio whose duty it was to keep a mirror directed toward the sun so that the rays would be reflected steadily through an enlarging camera. A simple mechanical device made this task possible, but the work was tedious. This boy noticed that he would have to adjust the mirror at a higher angle in summer than in winter, and the fact that the sun was higher at noon in summer than in winter attracted his attention and set him to thinking. From such an early interest in a natural fact discovered by merely taking notice, this boy became one of the world's greatest astronomers. His name was Edward E. Barnard, of whome many of you have read.

Each new interest added to life in the form of acquired information gives us a larger world to live in. There is nothing like becoming so interested in a thing that we make it a hobby. It need not be astronomy. It might be anything else as well, for nature all around us is full of paths which lead into amazing wonderlands, if we only become interested enough to follow them seriously.

The stars seem so far away from our immediate enviroment that they do not attract as much attention as other things. But whoever makes asrtronomy a hobby finds a vast new realm to explore. The lure of adventure becomes a factor. Above us in the enormous expanse of the heavens are strange ships that pass in the night. Do you know as much about these ships as an old mariner knows about the vessels which he passes on the high sea? Each season brings it own contellations, and there are closer ships which we can study through our telescopes, ships upon which strange features are disclosed. These are the planets. The surfaces of Mars, Jupiter, and the moon are always remarkable sights for an observer, even if he possess only a small telescope. The motions of the planets against the background of stars is interesting to watch without a telescope, and when we understand these motions we can form a mental picture of the beauty of the solar system, planets circling in orbits around the sun.

"Why should I become interested in astronomy when I have no telescope?" asks the novice. "There is no work I can do." This is the mistaken idea which generally keeps people who would like to become discoverers from taking up astronomy as a useful hobby. There is one important field in which amateur astronomers have a place. For this all the equipment they require is a well-trained eye and a good star map. That field is the study of shooting stars. So many millions of meteors fall into the earth's atmosphere every day and night that only a large army of observers can record them. So, if you have no telescope and wish to be of useful service to the science of astronomy you can become an observer of meteors. Knowledge of the various meteor showers is very incomplete, and there is plenty of room

for observers to help in this important work. Organize a meteor-observing club and become a member of the national society, which is at present engaged in charting shooting stars.

Astronomy is a worth-while hobby, whether or not you care to make discoveries yourself. It is a vast field to explore by learning from books and star maps about the curious distant countries which are hidden away in the darkness of the ocean of night. Not only the stars which are visible with the naked eye have interesting stories. There are myriads of celestial objects remote from our unaided vision about which the most remarkable facts are known. It is interesting to be able to point out where these are located, even if we are not able to see them.

The work of the late Edward E. Barnard is an inspiration to the young man who chooses a hobby and who becomes so interested in it that he makes it his life work. The boy Barnard became interested in searching for comets. Of course a telescope is necessary for that field of astronomy. Fortune was with him also, for at that time a number of prominent comets appeared, and he was first to see them.

Just as a sailor can entertain visitors at the seashore or passengers on a voyage by pointing out to them the various vessels that are passing and by telling interesting stories about them; so can the person learned in astronomy entertain his friends by pointing out the stars he knows and telling remarkable facts that have been discovered. The heavens are full of strange objects—clouds of shining gas called nebulæ; vast swarms of stars which we call clusters; families of stars of various colors, all joined into one group by the bonds of gravitation.

Astronomy as a hobby lifts you out of the little corner of your environment where cobwebs may have dimmed your horizon. Your interest in nature is extended on and on to vastly greater distances, and the little corner which seemed so very important with its cobwebs becomes trivial in the great scheme of things. Astronomy opens the windows of the mind and gives a noble conception of the grandeur of creation. Then, if you wish to become a contributor to the science, get a star map and watch for meteors. Each shooting star is the tragic end of some material body which has traveled for ages through the void only to burn up when it encounters the earth's atmosphere. These little masses move in orbits around the sun, and the point of intersection where their orbit crosses that of the earth can only be found by charting the numbers that fall in a shower.

---

"He who would have friends must show himself friendly."
Or as Emerson put it, "If you would have a friend, be one."

—Selected.

# WOMAN FINDS WATER WITH MAGIC WAND

By George O. Butler

"I've never failed yet to find a well with my wand," declares Mrs. George Nye, of near Bolton in Columbus county, who has located good flows of water for hundreds of wells during her lifetime.

From one end of Columbus county to the other, Mrs. Nye has gone in search of water with her wand— a persimmon, hickory, or peach twig with one year's growth—and when her wand begins to twitch and gyrate in her hands there is sure to be an ideal spot a dig a well beneath her feet.

"Hit' s a talent," Mrs. Nye replied when asked the reason for her uncanny ability to locate well spots. This talent was a heritage from her mother, but none of Mrs. Nye's brothers and sisters received this "gift from God." "All us children tried hit," states Mrs. Nye, "but I was the only one with the talent."

She was gracious enough to explain just how the wand worked. Grasping it firmly in her hands, she stalked slowly over the ground until the twig began to "set up a caper." The wand began to wheel its position and the apex end became pointed toward the ground. "Dig here," Mrs. Nye dogmatically stated, "and you'll find a well."

Not having the well-digging implement salong, we passed up the opportunity, but were convinced that Mrs. Nye's method of finding water was at once interesting and fruitful.

Those who have been skeptical of 55-year-old lady's method of well-finding have become disciples after she showed the infallibility of the method. Not once has she failed to find a well in her 40 odd years of well-finding Her batting average is perfect.

The wand, she explained, must be of the right kind of wood and must not have over a year's gowth and one must have the "talent" to get results.

It might be a safe bet that Mrs. Nye has located the spots for half the wells in Columbus county. She considers her "talent" as a special gift from her Maker and, for this reason, makes no charge for her services.

Well-finding is not the only "talent" possessed by Mrs. Nye. She has a fine reportoire of old ballads handed down verbally from her Scottish ancestors, and can sing these plaintive tunes in a manner suggested of the bonny hills of Scotland where they originated.

---

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue; to the end we should hear and see more than we speak.

—Socrates.

# TO A SPEEDER

## (International Medical Digest)

We have read many editorials and special articles, and have seen many pictures published for the purpose of reducing the increased number of ghastly accidents due to the automobile, but we have never read any which has fulfilled its objective more completely than one which attracted our attention in a recent issue of the Mississippi Doctor. This appeared in the correspondence from the County Editor of DeSoto County, Mississippi, and is credited to the Augusta Union, Just where the Augusta Union is published, is not stated, but we would like to meet the Editor. In any event, the editorial is published here because we think that it cannot be given too mnch publicity.

"I saw you barely miss a little boy on a tricycle this afternoon, and heard you yell, 'Get out of the way! Don't you know any better than to ride in the street?' He didn't answer because he hadn't learned to talk yet. So I'm going to answer for him.

"No, the little boy doesn't know any better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don't always heed warnings. Some adults don't, especially traffic warnings; for example, the one limiting the speed of automobiles in city streets.

"I am going to tell you something about that little boy: He has a mother who endured considerable inconvenience, anxiety and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who worked hard and made many sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of their lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a useful and prosperous man.

"Now stop a minute and think. I know your minutes are valuable and I know it will be hard for you to think. But try. If you should kill a child. how would you feel facing the parents? What excuse could you possibly offer Him whose kingdom is made up of little children?

"Children, my hasty friend, were here long before you or your automobile were ever thought of. All the automodiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy on a tricycle. Any competent garage mechanic can put a car together, however badly it's smashed, but nobody on earth can put a child together once its life has been crushed out. We don't know what that child may some day be. But we know what you are, and it's unimportant. We could get along without you, but we can't spare a single little boy on this street."

---

A dose of poison can do its work only once, but a bad book can go on poisoning people's minds for any length of time.

—John Murray.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The fifty-seven boys who recently underwent tonsil operations have fully recovered and have been assigned to their duties in the various departments.

---

The hospitals in Gastonia, Charlotte and Concord are again free from inmates of the Training School, as all have been returned and are now being cared for at the School.

---

The equipment for various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building which was recently bought through the Division of Purchase and Contract, is arriving daily. When all purchases have been placed this will be a well ordered and completely equipped department.

---

Although the boys had a hard time in getting the petunia rows through the entire length of the campus, the job has been completed and the plants are in bloom. All of the flowers raised this season have been the best seen here in several years. This is due to fine weather conditions and extra effort on the part of those in charge.

---

The work of re-conditioning our ice plant has been completed and it is now ready for final inspection by Mr. Rothgeb, State Engineer, who designed the plant. Although it is a small unit, this is the most complete automatic ice plant to be found anywhere. It reflects great credit as to the ability of the designer, and we are quite proud of it.

---

Our Indian population has been increased recently by two, Early and Thomas Oxendine, of Robeson County. Any anticipation of trouble that might have been entertained in the handling of Indian boys at the School has certainly proven groundless. These boys have responded excellently to the training given, and are held in esteem by both boys and officers.

---

Warren Medlin, of Greensboro, spent last Wednesday with his brother, Irvin, of Cottage No. 13. Warren is still with the Western Union Company, working as messenger boy, which position he has held since leaving the School more than two years ago. The people with whom Warren is living report that he is getting along well and they are quite proud of him.

---

We have been provoked recently by numerous stray dogs frequenting our poultry yards at night. More than one hundred frying-size chickens have been killed by these pests. The destruction of this number of chickens removes the anticipation of a fine chicken dinner for our large family of

boys. Watchers at the chicken lots recently stilled the activities of some of these depredators, five dogs being killed in one night.

---

The contractors, Ervin-West Company, Statesville, are making rapid progress in the construction of the infirmary and gymnasium. The falls are about completed and the placing of steel supports for roofs is under way. Those in charge of this work certainly have not allowed "grass to grow under their feet' since starting these jobs. Although handicapped by continuous rains for about two weeks, they have made record time.

---

The recent rains which kept all outside forces from fields and gardens, caused the grass and weeds to get far ahaed of the ability of the workers to handle. Sweet potatoes and peanuts even got beyond the hoeing stag and the grass had to be pulled, which took much time and required many extra boys. The entire school section was drafted to help out in this emergency. Hundreds of boys could be seen hoeing in the corn fields; numerous squads were busy in the gardens, while others were working in the potatoes and peanuts; in a great effort to get ahead of the vast growth of weeds and grass. The threshing outfit had to proceed with its operation, and, as this work had to go on regardless of the condition of other crops, it was necessary to call for additional boys from the school rooms.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, and the Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, Mr. Shelton turned the meeting over to our good friend Gene Davis, a popular singer and religious worker, who has been a great favorite with our boys for several years. Gene immediately swung into action by having the boys sing a number of choruses he had previously taught them. Miss Elizabeth Cousar, also of Charlotte, furnished the piano accompaniment for the entire service. Gene also rendered a vocal solo in his usual delightful manner.

Following the singing of another hymn by the boys, Gene presented the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Nate Taylor, of Camden, N. J., who has been conducting evangelistic services at the Clarkson Street Mission, Charlotte, for some time. For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Taylor read the story of Zaccheus, as found in the 19th chapter of Luke. In commenting on this familiar story, the speaker explained to the boys that Zaccheus was a publican, a man who collected taxes, in the city of Jericho. While sitting in his place of business he heard of the many wonderful things Jesus had been doing, and upon learning that he was going to pass through that city, he was determined to see this great man. Going to the place where Jesus would pass, he encountered great throngs of people, and, being a man of small stature, Zaccheus climbed up in a sycamore tree, from which position he thought he would be able to see over the heads of the pople and at the same time be out of

sight of the Master. Jesus and his followers entered the city, and in passing the sycamore tree, he saw the publican and said to him, "Zaccheus, come down, for this day I shall sup with thee."

People today are not so determined as Zaccheus, said Rev. Mr. Taylor. They lack backbone. They often make up their minds to go to Jesus, but hardships discourage them and they turn from him. It is not easy to do the right thing. It takes determination; it means trials and hardships. Anyone can drift along with the crowd which thinks only of worldly things, but it takes a real man to make up his mind to stand for Jesus Christ. The man who says, "I'm going to cling to the right, if it takes everything that's in me," is the one who will win in this great game of life. It isn't easy to do right when people all around us are doing wrong, but we can always look to God for help, and be assured that He will guide us safely over all obstacles.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Taylor urged the boys to cultivate determination like that of Zaccheus, and make up their minds to follow Jesus. By this means he told them they were sure to develop into real men—men who will make a success of this earthly life, and be among those favored of God in the life to come.

---

## MORNING-GLORY BY THE WELL

Oh, morning-glory by the well,
  God makes such lovely things as thee,
With little vines a-creeping up
  The old well poles so gallantly!

How pretty all your blossoms gleam,
  Washed pure by drops of morning dew;
A fairy bower in the air
  Ye make of flowers pink and blue!

I love to muse on things like these:
  A little vine that hour by hour
Kept climbing up the old well poles
  To bloom into a fairy bower!

And then I think of human life
  That God has blessed with power to grow;
And wonder if I'm climbing up
  Life's pole as far as I can go!

—Rudolph N. Hill.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending June 26, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(4) Marvin Bridge 4
(4) Ivey Eller 4
(4) Clyde Gray 4
(4) Gilbert Hogan 4
(4) Leon Hollifield 4
(4) Edward Johnson 4
(4) Vernon Lamb 4
(4) Edward Lucas 4
(4) Mack Setzer 4

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(2) Virgil Baugess 3
William Howard
(2) Blanchard Moore 2
(3) Julian Myrick 3
(2) William Pitts 2
(2) H. C. Pope 2
Reece Reynolds 2
Howard Roberts 3
(2) Albert Silas 3
Frank Walker 3
(2) Robert Watts 3

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(2) Samuel Ennis 3
(4) Nick Rochester 4

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Earl Barnes 2
Herman Cherry
William McRary 3
(2) James Mast 3
Douglas Matthews 2
(2) Harley Matthews 2
Grady Pennington 2
(2) Warner Peach 2
Fred Vereen
Earl Weeks 2
(4) Allen Wilson 4

**COTTAGE No. 4**

James Bartlett
(2) Wesley Beaver 3
(2) William Cherry 2
Lewis Donaldson
(2) John King 2
(2) James Land 3
Grover Lett
(2) Van Martin 3
Hubert McCoy 2
(2) Robert Orrell 2
(2) William Surratt 2
(2) Melvin Walters 2
(2) Leo Ward 3
Richard Wiggins

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(2) Grady Allen 2
(2) Harold Almond 2
(3) Ernest Beach 3
(4) Jack McRary 4
Winford Rollins
(4) Thomas Sullivan 4
Ralph Webb 2
(4) Dewey Ware 4

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Robert Dellinger
(2) Robert Dunning 3
Noah Ennis
Clinton Keen
(2) Charles McCoyle 3
Carl Ward
Donald Washam
(3) William Wilson 3
(3) Woodrow Wilson 3
James C. Wiggins 2
Jack West
(4) George Wilhite 4

**COTTAGE No. 7**

Paul Angel 3
(4) Cleasper Beasley 4
(4) Carl Breece 4
(2) Archie Castlebury 3
James H. Davis 3
(4) William Estes 4
George Green 3
Lacy Green
(4) Caleb Hill 4
(4) Hugh Johnson 4
Elmer Maples 3
(2) Edmund Moore 3
J. D. Powell 3

(2) Graham Sykes 2
(3) Earthy Strickland 3
Dewey Sisk 3
(2) Loy Stines 2
William Tester 2
(4) William Young 4

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(3) Felix Adams 3
(3) Donald Britt 3
(3) John Tolbert 3
(3) Charles Taylor 3
(3) Walker Warr 3

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 2
(4) Wilson Bowman 4
J. T. Branch 3
James Bunnell 2
(4) Thomas Braddock 4
William Brackett 3
(2) Edgar Burnette 2
(3) Clifton Butler 3
(4) James Coleman 4
Craig Chappell 2
(2) George Duncan 2
James C. Hoyle
(2) Mark Jones 3
(2) Eugene Presnell 2
(4) Thomas Sands 4
Luther Wilson 2
(4) Thomas Wilson 4

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Floyd Combs
John Crawford
Edward Chapman 2
Milford Hodgin
(3) Elbert Head 3
(2) Thomas King 2
William Peedin 2
Clerge Robinette
(2) Carl Speer 2
(3) Jack Springer 3
Oscar Smith 2
William R. Williams

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson
Joseph D. Corn 2
(2) Lawrence Guffey 3
Albert Goodman 3
(4) Julius Stevens 4
(3) Thomas Shaw 3
(4) John Uptegrove 4

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Frank Dickens 3
James Elders
(3) Charlton Henry 3
(2) Alexander King 2
(3) Tillman Lyles 3
Ewin Odom 2
(3) James Reavis 3
(3) Carl Singletary 3

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Norman Brogden 2
(2) Jack Foster 2
James V. Harvel
(2) Isaac Hendren 2
Bruce Kersey
William Lowe
Clyde Murphy
Paul McGlammery
Jordan McIver 2
Alexander Woody

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Claude Ashe 3
(4) Raymond Andrews 4
(2) Clyde Barnwell 3
(4) Monte Beck 4
(2) Harry Connell 2
(2) Delphus Dennis 3
Audie Farthing 3
James Kirk 3
Paul Shipes 2
Garfield Walker
Jones Watson
(4) Harvey Walters 4
(3) Howard Todd 3
(2) Harold Thomas 3

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(No Honor Roll)

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(4) James Chavis 4
Reefer Cummings 3
Filmore Oliver 2
(2) Early Oxendine 2
(2) Thomas Oxendine 2
Hubert Short 3
Curley Smith 3

# AIR-CONDITIONED
# COACHES
ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or
Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman
Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 9, 1938 No. 27

## INSPRIATION

Bruce, with eyes growing wider,
Watched a persevering spider,
Then rose
And swiped the English army on the nose.

Newton, sitting on a wall,
Watched an autumn apple fall,
And found
That gravity brought apples to the ground.

Watt, observing someone's kettle
Boiling near the chimney settle,
Designed
A patent engine that amazed mankind.

I have looked at spiders toiling,
Apples falling, kettles boiling;
My hat!
If I could only think of things like that.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| TRUTHFULNESS SHOULD COME FIRST | (Selected) | 10 |
| PHILIP MEETS A NEW SITUATION | By Janette Murray | 11 |
| LIFE IN A TRAILER | By Will Herman | 13 |
| THE LOST COLONY | By Robert Davis | 20 |
| THE CHEMISTRY OF PERFUME | By Harry K. Hobart | 22 |
| SHAMES WHITE YOUTH | (Selected) | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.
I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.
I can feel no pride but pity
For burdens that rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh! the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful
And the father's heart that bleeds!
No, No! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## VETERANS TENTING

The veterans of the Blue and Gray met last week on the grounds, near the scene of the Battle of Gettysburg, commemorating one of the most stirring conflicts seventy five years ago, between the North and the South.

The remnants of these two mighty armies faced each other not with musket and sword, but with either walking cane or crutch to support the aged heroes of the War Between the States.

The Johnny Rebs and Dan Yankees from different sections of the country mingled together in a friendly manner, demonstrating that as a united brotherhood they have a common interest in the greatest of all nations.

The dedicatory program of a forty-foot shaft of Alabam limestone topped with a light, a symbolo f peace eternal, proved to be the high spot at this reunion of the Blue and the Gray. This Symbol of Peace on the grounds where the blood of the divided nation was spilled three quarters of a century ago was dedicated by President Roosevelt. The President said that "men who wore the Blue and men who wore the Grey are here together, a fragment spared by time. They are brought here by memories of old divided loyalties, but they meet here in united loyalties to a united cause which the unfolding years have made it easier to see. And all of them we honor, not asking under which flag they fought, and thankful are we that they stand today under one flag."

At the close of this address for unity and eternal peace two veterans—one in Blue and one in Gray—pulled a cord that unveiled the monument to peace. This inscription stood out on the shaft:

With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right.
An enduring light to guide us in unity and fellowship.
Eternal peace in a nation united.

There were present on this memorable occasion about two thousands veterans of the Blue and the Gray, and the thought comes, sad as it is, this meeting doubtless will be the last for these heroes of the sixties who fought for a lost cause but not forgotten.

* * * * * * *

## WE NODDED

**There are times like all mortals that the Associate Editor of this**

paper nods, but it is never through the lack of interest, but outside responsibilities crowd out some most vital issues. This time the Uplift copied an editorial captioned "Charity" and gave credit to the Durham Herald when it should have been credited to Durham Messenger.

We caught the error but not till the paper was in the process of being printed. Such articles fit in with the idealistic program of the Uplift and we hastily clip the same at times and in our haste get the wires crossed.

However we extend to the Editor of the Durham Messenger an invitation to visit the Jackson Training School. The superintendent, officers and boys will welcome him.

* * * * * * *

## THE RICH AMERICAN GIRL

The former Barbara Hutton, the richest girl in America, and that is saying lots fo rthe rich girls of America are legion, has evidently taken her "ducks to a bad market". This exchange of wealth for title has gone on the rocks. That is not surprising. She married a count, and he married for money, the magnate that turns as true as the needle to the pole. The rich girl of America who reaches across the waters for a title in pursuit of happiness usually finds sorrow and disappointment. There are few who have the least sympathy for such marriages. Marriage is a most sacred ceremony and when based upon anything than the teachings of the scriptures the contracting parties have launched for a fall.

* * * * * * *

## ANOTHER COUNTY HOME ABOLISHED

Public sentiment is molded in favor of closing county homes and board inmates out with friends or relatives. In their regular June meeting the county commissioners of Carteret County decided, as soon as satisfactory plans could be made for the care of inmates, to place them with some friend or kin. This decision has the endorsement of the local Welfare Department. The argument in favor of the change at this time is that there are only eight indigent patients and provision for that number can be financed through the Old Age Assistance.

From a personal view point the change seems desirable and preferable. It removes the huddling of the indigent, and feeble in every sense that naturally has a depressing effect upon all concerned.

Of course every home selected for the inmates will not prove to be all that is desired, but we venture to add it will be a big improvement as conditions stand today.

The very thought of being taken to the County Home makes many of fine feelings recoil. To be boarded out in a private home takes from it the snap of charity. Besides the environment of most homes is pleasing with the privilege of happier and brighter contact. To remain within the confines of four walls day in and day out with no other companionship but the aged, sick and other ways afflicted will depress any human being in the wide world.

* * * * * * *

## DON'T BE CHOOSY

The writer has always held a mental reservation that it is easier to step up in the field of service when holding some kind of a position than it would be if stranded without work. In fact we have always advocated a "half loaf is better than none."

This opinion has been confirmed by Dr. Robert N. McMurry, executive secretary of the Chicago branch of psychological corporation. This man who has made a study of job placement addressed a class of graduates in an institution in Chicago. He advised them not to be too choosy. He emphasized that it would never do for college graduates to be "high-hatty" about taking work, because there were 11,000,000 men without employment, and that they could not afford to pass up any kind of work that was reputable, just because of being college graduates. Admitting the job is on a low level, this psychologist thinks the college graduate can add dignity to any phase of work and place himself in demand. It matters not what conditions confront us "it is the set of the sail and not the gale" that determines the way we go.

* * * * * * *

## AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER

Superintendent Boger received a very appreciative letter from the

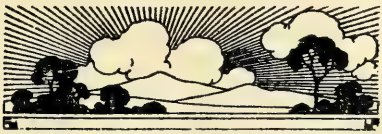
mother of old boys. Many boys in this instituton are here due to the fact they are either orphans, or have a step-mother or step-father. Also poverty plays a major part for boys becoming delinquents. They roam the streets, because of lack of parental training and finally fall into the clutches of the law for some minor misdemeanor. However, in every case when the boys are paroled there is an echo of their success in form of a letter from parents or boys. In this instance the mother tells of her gratitude for all the Jackson Training School did for her boys:

Canton, N. C.
June 25, 1938
Box 691

Mr. Boger,

Dear Sir With pleasure I take in dropping you this few lines to try to express my thanksto you for the good work that you have done for Boys in your Training home as I have watched boys that has taken training with you altho' some do depart from your training as do from the parents training, but that is not your fault. Well I said I would try to express my thanks. Try is all, eternity alone will tell the goodness that your training has and will do. Thanks, thanks for what you have done for Edward and James, my two boys. James is married and settled down to himself, happy and working.

(Signed) M. A Chapman.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

ON YOUR WAY

"The man who knows his way around
And just where he should go,
Will find the world will turn aside
And aid on him bestow
That he may gain the goal he seeks,
For winners folks adore;
So on your way with faith in self,
And hesitate no more."

---

If advice could solve all the problems which are confronting this nation, we would all be millionaires.

---

It's hard to fool some people in this world. Your nearest neighbors oftimes know more about you than you know about yourself.

---

It might be terribly disheartening to many parents to know what their children think of them. Children are great observers, imitators.

---

We are told that noiseless trains are on trial in Moscow's subway. Now if they'd only invent a noiseless automobile, this would be a glorious country.

---

Living in America costs about all you can earn, borrow and buy on credit. And there are many people living just that way, too, believe it or not.

---

A Colorado woman reports that she has been yawning for more than six weeks. Why she wants to stay that long beside a radio, I cannot understand.

---

Years ago it used to be said that a man was tied to his wife's apron strings. Now-a-days they want to hook on the government's purse strings.

---

Because a fool driver occasionally passes another car on a bend, or beats a locomotive to a crossing, that is no reason you should undertake to do the same thing.

---

There are any number of nice people in this world. If you do not believe it, just read a few of the numerous marriage write-ups that occur in the papers now-a-days.

---

A story is told that a young man in Cleveland has completely furnished his home with furniture he made himself. I know a boy that carved furniture when he was a very young lad, many years ago.

---

Some people hold to that old doctrine that human beings spring from monkeys. Too far back for me to remember. But I do know one thing. The people of this age spring from automobiles.

---

There is one thing you can truthfully say about the introduction of automobiles into common use. They have made the world the noisiest place in which to live. They are nerve-breaking at times.

---

The question has been asked: "Which impresses you more: What you see or what you hear?" It is generally believed that what you see is the more impressive, because peo-

ple are so inclined to believe so little of what they hear.

---

A lady friend of mine said: "It's simply ridiculous calling these cashiers in banks 'Tellers'. They won't tell you a thing. Why, only yesterday, I asked one how much money my husband had on deposit there, and, would you believe it, he just laughed at me."

---

One phase of the unemployed situation is a very perplexing one—that is there are millions of people that just will not work, even when they can get work. How to deal with them is the question. People should not expect the government to give them a living, at the expense of others. They should give the government a living, if they are worthy to be called Americans.

---

Human beings and dogs are very much alike in affection. The other day, in a Northeastern State, a nine-year-old boy was fatally injured by a train, while trying to get his pet dog off the track. A few days later, in a Southeastern State, an old man was saved from drowning by his pet dog, which caught him by the collar and swam towards the shore. Such incidents emphasize the attachment that exists between human being and dogs. It is hard to explain to a person who does not like animals.

---

Off to the mountains, from whence cometh my help, for a little vacation. Good bye till we meet again.

---

## FOREST DIVIDENDS

It is not generally known that one-fourth of all that the government receives from the national forests in the way of receipts for lumber sales, grazing and other sources, is returned pro-rata to the states in which these timber reserves are situated. Even in dull years more than $1,500,000 usually is so distributed. California receives about $350,000 a year as its share of such distribution. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arizona, and Colorado also receive good-sized dividends from this source, despite the fact that of late years the government has made no effort to market lumber from any part of the public domain.

National forests constitute most valuable assets of the states wherein they are located. The government spent more than $20,000,000 in developing and protecting these great timber reserves. About half of this sum went for roads and trails. The rest was spent chiefly in replanting, fire protection and additional forest land. The National Forest revenues to the states are perpetual. Furthermore, National Forest timber will never decrease in amount. When an area is cut over it grows up again in timber. Thus, cutting and re-growth go in an endless cycle.—The Way.

# TRUTHFULNESS SHOULD COME FIRST

**(Selected)**

J. Edgar Hoover, hero of every American boy and chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, gives a G-Man's advice to parents, in an article by himself and Herbert Corey published in the current issue of Women's Day Magazine.

Although a bachelor, there is probably no man in the United States better qualified to discuss children, for he has had more experience than any other person in the world with men who were brought up wrong as boys.

Mr. Hoover says the whole matter of good citizenship revolves around the single proposition of honesty, and for that reason he would put truthfullness first in dealing with a child. If he had a son, Mr. Hoover says, he'd tell him the truth, encourage him to join the Boy Scouts, have him go to church, give him duties to perform and urge him to take part in good rough games.

"If I had a son, I'd swear to do one thing." Mr. Hoover writes in Women's Day. "I'd tell him the truth. I'd never let him catch me in a lie because I wouldn't tell him any lies. I wouldn't skimp the truth, either. That might be a trial at times, for little boys are sometimes very inquisitive and persistent. Some of the thousands who visit the display rooms of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will certainly grow up to be cross-examined.

"This matter of the whole truth is doubly important because every boy is a hero-worshiper. His inclination is to look up to his father as head of the house, a repository of all knowledge, the universal provider, the righteous judge. He cannot do so if he's continually catching his father in half-truths. A liar is a weakling and a boy admires strength. No matter how difficult it might be, I'd tell my boy the truth.

"And in return I'd insist that he tell the truth. That might be hard to enforce. But though some scientists have said that all children are born liars, it's certain that the courageous telling of truth is a character-builder. If my son broke a rule and told me the truth I wouldn't punish him. But if he tried to take advantage of me by covering deliberate mischief with a cloak of truth I'd show him that's cheating—and penalize him for it.

"Each year a parade of rogues passes under the eyes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They're of all sorts—handsome, old, young, rich, ragged, plausible, murderers, thieves, forgers. They're all alike only in one thing: They're all liars.

"The whole matter of good citizenship revolves around the simple proposition of honesty. A truthful boy is an honest boy. And an honest boy grows into a successful man. A thief can't be truthful: he can't afford to be. Mickey the Mucker, around two corners and down a back street wouldn't be a hero and leader to my boy, but an unpleasant kid with bad manners and vile speech and a habit of telling lies."

# PHILIP MEETS A NEW SITUATION

**By Janette Stevenson Murray**

Philip is six years old and attends the university elemntary school a mile and a half from his home. He goes on the street car, transferring at the downtown station.

It was during the first cold snap in November that he arrived at school one morning and found the door locked. Bobbie, whose mother had just let him out of her auto at the corner and driven home, was in the same plight. A neighbor had promised to phone the mothers of these two boys that there would be no school but had forgotten to do so.

"Say, Bobbie, we can just go back on the street car. See, I have my nickel," said Philip.

"But I haven't any nickel,"replied Bobbie. "Mamma always comes for me."

"Oh, maybe we can phone her," suggested Philip. "My mother won't be home for she takes brother to the kindergarten and goes to her classes. Let's go in the schoolhouse. There's a phone in the office, I know."

"But the door's locked," said Bobbie, tears gathering in his eyes.

"Yes, it's locked," said Philip as he turned from fumbling with the handle. "Oo-oo! It's cold!" The boy, with only a light overcoat for protection, shivered in his socks and short trousers. "Bobbie," he said, "I don't know the way home, do you?"

"No, I never went home alone," and Bobbie began to cry.

Although Philip knew Bobbie only as he had seen him in class, it never occurred to him to use his own nickel and go home, leaving Bobbie alone. He remained faithfully with his companion.

"Oh, stop crying," said Philip, on the verge of tears himself. "I don't know what to do—but we have to do something, Kid, or we'll freeze. Say! why can't we follow the street car track? The car that always takes me has to go on that track. I know where your house is when I'm on the car."

He grabbed Bobbie's hand and they began their long trudge back on the sidewalk beside the rails, down through the town where Philip always transferred and then along by the other car line. They were very cold and the bitter northwest wind hindered their progress. But they struggled on wearily.

"Oh, what are you boys doing here?" exclaimed Bobbie's mother as the boys appeared.

"The door was locked. There wasn't any school," cried Bobbie.

"But how did you ever find your way home?"

Why we just followed the tracks 'cause that's the way the cars go," said Philip in a matter-of-fact tone.

Our Mother's Club has been much interested in Philip—his independence, grit, self-assurance, frankness and mature reasoning.

"Have you educated Philip with the idea of making him self-reliant?" we asked his mother.

"No I think that was done in kindergarten," she answered, smiling, "but his teacher felt that his father and I had helped him by avoiding the development of fear. When learning

to walk, he sometimes fell. Then we would speak casually of the cause, the rumpled rug for instance, diverting him from his discomfort. We often sent him into dark rooms to get things, assuming as a matter of course he'd go. He has never feared the dark. As a toddler, I let him walk alone out-of-doors as far as it was safe. When we went on the street I gave him the idea of protecting me from the automobiles. Although very solicitious about my safety, he had no fear."

"Tell us how you deal with him when naughty," we asked, for our club has a feeling that it takes great wisdom to retain a proper authority over the bright child and still allow him enough freedom to insure self-reliance.

"I deprive him of privileges occasionally, if the connection is clearly evident," his mother replied. "Lecturing or demanding accomplishes nothing. I'm not always wise, but he trusts me and doesn't deceive me. When his fathr or I appeal to his reason and treat him with the courtesy accorded a grown person, he almost always responds instantly."

---

## WOMEN AND WAR

And the real final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-suffering for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circle. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. No I tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasant's houses or ravaging peasant's fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made widows and orphans. We have, none of us, heart truly to mourn with these. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilization Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear BLACK;— mute's black,—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness. I tell you again, no war would last a week.—John Ruskin.

# LIFE IN A TRAILER

**By Will Herman**

"O ho, for the life of a trailer man,
Sailing the concrete seas;
A happy-go-lucky sailor man,
At home where'er I please."

"Hitch your wagon to a trailer," and you're off. The concrete ribbons of highway stretch ahead of you throughout the United States. Sail along, and carry your home behind you. That is the life of the trailer man—of several million trailer men!

Today, between two and five million persons are living in trailers. No exact count has been made, but there are about two million trailers roaming the highways, and each trailer carries two to five people. It is a new way of living, and there are well known economists who insist it will be the way of living in the years to come!

Trailers today are still in the infancy stage. Only the past three to five years have seen the idea take hold of the American public. Factories have sprung up throughout the country. Trailers are being turned out by hundreds, by thousands—and still the demand exceeds the supply.

Trailers come in all sizes, shapes and varieties. Some look like great rectangular boxes; others are neat and beautifully streamlined. Others look like land dirigibles, while still others assume the rounded, rugged appearance of tanks. Practically all of them are six and a half feet in width, but their lengths range from six to twenty-six feet.

Many of the trailers on the road today are homemade affairs. Though not having the neat, trim appearance of the factory jobs, these homemade trailers are practically the same on the inside. All are equipped with the conveniences of regular homes!

Covered Wagon—1938 Model! That is what they are, and how different from the caravans of covered wagons which once roamed the country! Then hardships and difficulties and crawling a few miles a day! Today, the covered wagons make forty and fifty miles in an hour! And the covered wagon today is really a home.

The average trailer length is about eighteen feet, and into this space are crowded and condensed the modern comforts. Nothing is missing. Present are the radio and electric lights. A two-burner gasoline stove does nicely for cooking purposes. An ice box holds fifty pounds of ice. A twenty-gallon water tank assures plenty of water. This runs into a sink with a regular faucet—running water! Present are two double beds. Storage space is plentiful, besides two regular chests of drawers, a linen closet, dish space and food pantry. Eight windows open to allow plenty of fresh air. Should it become cold in the evenings, a charcoal furnace supplies all the heat that is necessary.

Every object serves a double purpose. No space is allowed to go to waste. Most trailers have a dinete—or, if you like, a breakfast nook. Two couches are arranged on each side of the table. This does nicely during the day. At night the table unhinges from the wall spreads between the couches, the couch pillows cover the table top—and here we have a double bed. At the opposite end of the trailer is a

studio couch—a sofa during the day and a double bed at night.

Strangers to trailer-life always think there is no room inside. How far from the truth this belief really is, is apparent as soon as you enter. The older models had low doors, making it necessary to stoop when coming in or out. Newer models have tall doors, tall enough so that a policeman could walk in and out without stooping.

Once inside, you can stand, lie down for a nap, go into all the cupboards. It is never necessary to worry about room. Cupboard and closet space is plentiful. The wardrobe closet is roomy. Food for a week may be stored in the pantry and icebox. A special cabinet takes care of hammers and other tools. Another cabinet takes care of linen, still another of dishes, pots and pans.

Head room is just six feet in most trailers, but higher ceilings can be had on special order. Very occasionally an extremely tall man must get a trailer made exactly to his measurements. Not only must the ceiling be higher, but the inside width must also be greater, unless he has a bed stretched lengthwise.

Yet, such problems are unimportant. The modern trailer is equipped to take care of any special and unusual requests. Nowadays every trailer factory is busier than a hive of bees. In the smaller factories, two or three men build an entire trailer. In the larger shops such methods are impossible. A dozen men may be working at once on a single trailer, but the essential principle is that of the automobile factory's assembly line. Every man has a definite job to do. Crews of men go from one unfinished trailer to another, doing their particular jobs.

First comes the undercarriage with the frame and the tires. The floor and braces are put on next and then the carpenters set their side frames into place. Next come the the cover-up men, who cover the walls, inside and out. While they are working, the furniture carpenters build the cabinets, cupboards, couches and closets on the interior. Finally come to the painters and the finishers. When all this has been done the trailer is ready to be tested and delivered to a happy family, perhaps thousands of miles away.

It is the assembly-line system of production which makes the low price of trailers possible. Few trailers cost more than the average new automobile; most of them cost much less. The range of price is usually from four hundred dollars to a thousand, not very much money when you recall that the buyers are getting a permanent, rolling home that will last for years.

Perhaps you have wondered about the people who live in trailers, who they are and what work they do. A large number are older folk, men and women who have worked hard and wish to travel around a bit during their old age. The majority, however, are men and women doing work which causes them to move around for the biggest part of the year—salesmen, supervisors, directors, engineers, traveling representatives—you will find thousands of each type on the road. Once these men had to travel alone, seeing their families very seldom. Now the families can travel righa along with them.

Besides the families who live in trailers because of convenience, are those who do so for the vacation. Sometimes this vacation comes in summer, sometimes during the winter. Of-

ten the vacation lasts only for two weeks, but some lucky people are able to take a vacation that lasts several months. More and more trailers are replacing summer cottages. A summer cottage must stand still in the same neighborhood, on the shore of the same lake, year after year. A trailer can become a summer cottage or an out-of-season home in Florida one year and California the next.

Life in a trailer has few inconveniences. Meals are prepared with a minimum of fuss and bother. The living room may be changed to a bedroom in a little less than ten seconds. The same amount of time is necessary in the morning to change it back to a living room. Since dishes are always washed immediately, there is never any accumulation. Half an hour, and the trailer is spick and span, as clean as can be. Doctors are beginningto prescribe trailer trips for ailing patients, because worries and work are not a part of them.

A radio brings news and entertainment from the outside world. Uncle Sam takes care of the mail, delivering it to General Delivery and forwarding it from one end of the country to the other, whenever he is requested to do so.

In the South, many trailerites do odd jobs for a living. Some paint pictures, others do wood-carving. These trailerites go from city to city, staying as long in one place as they can sell their work. Most cities welcome these trailers, knowing that the people inside are bringing worth-while talent to the community.

Winter finds most of the trailers in the southern areas of the United States. California and Florida attract hundreds of trailers. Other hundreds go to the Rio Grande Valley of Texas and only the Gulf Coast. The newest and latest winter region is romantic old Mexico. A marvelous new highway, crossing some of the most amazingly beautiful scenery on the American continent, goes to Mexico City.

More adventurous trailerites go far into the interior, hundreds of miles from good roads and civilization. This is real pioneering and grand fun, too! Usually three or four trailers make such trips together, because rivers have to be crossed and both car and trailer may have to be pulled out of the mud. Such emergencies call for the help of several trailers and it is cheerfully given.

Many trailerites are ardent fishing enthusiasts. No matter where you find a tiny lake, you will be sure to find a trailer close by. Following the fish, traveling thousands of miles from one lake to another, is getting to be a real American sport.

During the summer months, and during the spring and fall as well, trailers go everywhere. The national parks attract everyone. Our country has the most beautiful parks and scenic regions in the world. Do you doubt this? Ask any trailer owner.

Historic regions, great cities, interesting parts of the country—all these attract thousands of visitors. It is amazing how much of the country can really be crowded into a short trip. Trailerites, more than any other people, are coming to have no respect for distances at all. No wonder for they can annihilate any distance not matter how great.

At forty and fifty miles an hour, two to three hundred miles a day is not very much. When there are several drivers the distance is frequently

greater. Such speed means that a cross-country drive is possible. From Los Angeles to New York in a week or ten days. Once it took almost as many months!

Trailers came into being almost secretly. Five years ago hardly anyone had seen a trailer. Today it would be a difficult job to find someone who has never seen one. At first trailers parked in empty lots, behind filling stations, on street corners, and in similar places.

This would never do! As trailers became more common, men of wisdom and foresight began to think of trailer camps and trailer cities! At first these were crude affairs. A small bathhouse, a water faucet and an electric connection constituteed a camp.

What an amazing difference in the camps of today and those of a few years back! Today's camps truly deserve the name of trailer cities! The smaller ones have thirty to a hundred trailers. The larger ones may have from a thousand to several thousand trailers!

Isn't that a real city, a city of a thousand or two or three thousand homes? In such cities there are streets and avenues. Newspapers are delivered daily. The iceman comes twice every day. The laundryman calls at the trailers daily. Milk, grociers, meats, and similar necessities are delivered. A few of the larger camps even have a telephone for each trailer, so that calls may be switched from the office to the trailer.

During the day trailers come from the east, north, south, and west. By late afternoon and evening, they begin to approach the trailer city. First they must register. A note is made of license numbers, home town, and the length of time the folks expect to remain. If they are just going to stay overnight, the trailer is sent over to another part of the camp.

In this corner of the camp are the people just resting while on a long trip. They seldom unhitch their cars. The dishes are unpacked, the stove is set up and supper is soon cooking while the family can listen to the radio program—all without unhitching.

Those who expect to be more or less permanent residents, intending to remain for a week or a month or a season, are director to the part of the grounds reserved for those who intend to remain. The trailer is backed into place. It is strange but true, that trailers must always be backed into the space they occupy. Only a dozen men in the country, probably know how to put one in by going forward. Even backward "spotting" as it is called, is not easy for the beginner.

As soon as the car is unhooked, some of the employees in the camp will help put the trailer up on jacks. Some trailers are equipped with jacks, others use ordinary lifting varieties. Real stability, with home-like stationary floor is desired by many folks. That isn't a difficult order to fill. All that is needed are concrete blocks. Once the trailer is solidly set on the blocks or jacks, it need not be touched until the occupants are ready to leave.

In order to guard against ants and some other insect pests, the blocks and jacks of the trailer are brushed with light oil. Ants dislike this oil so much that they leave and will not come back.

Meanwhile, the light wire is strung to the nearest outlet. A six ampere fuse is sufficient for several lights and a radio, as well as a small iron. When a larger fuse is needed, the office supplies the trailer-people with any size they wish.

One member of the family tends to the jacks, the sink-drain, the lights unhitching the car. Someone else straightens up the inside and prepares supper. In half an hour, the trailer is a real home, complete and ready to be lived in.

A hard day's trip makes a cleansing shower welcome. In the large bathhouse are tiled showers, large mirrors and dressing rooms. Hot and cold water are available. Towels may be furnished by the trailer city or supplied by the individual.

When supper is over and the dishes are done, everyone goes to the community house. In the community house games of checkers, dominoes and chess are in progress everywhere. A few people are reading books from the camp library. Others are looking through the local newspapers. For a small sum the trailer camp will furnish the hometown newspapers. Only a traveler can know the the great pleasure of looking through a hometown newspaper. It gives one the feeling of a visit with the folks back home.

Movies are shown several nights of the week. Entertainments are provided, sometimes by traveling professional entertainers, sometimes by amateurs. The management of the camp usually asks all people who intend to remain for a time to make a note of their special abilities. If a man is a magician, he may be assurd of an audience. If another is a singer, a concert is organized. There is a spirit of friendliness about these trailer cities, like the small country villages.

Friends are made very easily. If two people are from the same city, they automatically become friends. Unusually a few minutes' conversation shows that they know many of the same people back home. Even if they are only from the same state, they feel like neighbors. Sometimes state and city parties are organized. Only people from the particular locality are invited, though everyone else is welcome.

Trailer owners are sure to be proud of their trailers. Almost every trailer has certain features the others do not have, so later in the evening, inspection trips are made from one trailer to another. Advice may be had for the asking. Last minute advice on road conditions, weather conditions, climate changes, detours—you can get any information you desire or discover where the information may be obtained.

When Sunday comes, most people rise bright and early to go to church in town. If there is a minister in the camp, he will conduct services later for those who may have arrived very late on Saturday night. Usually the camp tries to get the services of a minister for all those who prefer to attend the simple but eloquent camp services.

Doctors and dentists always register the fact when they arrive. In case of any illness or emergency they are glad to assist. When no doctors are available, and that is not very frequent, a doctor will be called from town.

Every trailer is provided with a fire

extinguisher—just in case. Sometimes, through carelessness, a fire may break out in one of the trailers. A single call for help will bring every trailer man with his own extinguisher. Usually the blaze can be extignuished before the camp equipment can even be notified.

The days in camp pass very pleasantly indeed. When the day finally arrives for good-bys to be said, farewell parties are sometimes given to old residents. Even when no party is given, addresses are exchanged and all gather for the leave-taking. Trailerites never say good-by. Like the French, they say au revoir, for they know that they will meet again. Friends made during trailer trips are often friends for life. Most people complain that they hate to come to a camp, because they like the other folks so well, they hate to leave again.

Camp life includes golf, tennis, and other outdoor games and activities. Children, like grownups, have dozens of games, hikes and other amusements. When they are near the water, most of them spend their days swimming, boating and canoeing. Otherwise, they play and explore and roam through the camp and the nearby grounds.

No one knows exactly what the future of trailers is going to be. No one can even guess without knowing that his guess may be entirely wrong. The end of the trailer boom is nowhere in sight. Trailers are being purchased as fast as they can be produced, and most factories are far behind in production schedules.

It is such an ideal way of living that it is sure to attract more and more people as time goes on. Especially in the South, folks are beginning to buy trailers to live in them even when there is no possibility of traveling. They just park the trailer in a camp and live there the year 'round. One of the largest companies has recently brought out a trailer especially made for this. It can be mounted on wheels, but is not built to travel over many miles. It is meant to be carried a few hundred miles from time to time, but usually just to be lived in.

A few wise men are saying that trailers may be the answer to the housing problem. Everyone knows that a good home is very likely to cost from five to ten thousand dollars. Many families are living today in homes which are not the proper ones. For those people, these wise men say that the trailer may be the answer. A good trailer need cost no more than a thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, an extremely good trailer may be purchased for half this amount. As soon as production methods are improved, trailers will be still cheaper, just as the price of automobiles was lowered by improved methods.

Some people think that the day will come when a large part of the population, especialy in the South, will live in trailers. Whether such a time will really come no one can say, but the trailer is an ideal solution for many people who must spend most of their time in travel from one place to another. In the same way, trailers appeal to many other classes of people as well.

Once upon a time the trailer was a makeshift arrangement, a sort of box on wheels, with a stove and

table at one end and a bed at the other. That day has only been gone for a few years, but modern trailers are as comfortable and livable as any home. They are not the least bit cramped. Actually, the arrangement inside is perfect for it saves thousands of steps.

---

## FOR WHOM ARE SEQUOIAS NAMED

The magnificent sequoia-trees of California are named in honor of a Cherokee Indian who is as outstanding among the aborigines of North America as the sequoias are among the trees, for he was the first Indian to devise a system of writing a North American Indian language.

Sometimes known as George Guess, for his father was a German trader, Sequoya spent his entire life among the Cherokee Indians, and after his career as a hunter and fur-trader in his native Tennessee was stopped, a hunting accident permanently crippling him, he turned his natural ingenuity to Although he spoke no English, by watching the blacksmith. Althought he spoke no English, by watching a blacksmith in a white village he worked out a way to make his own anvil and other equipment. When nearly fifty, beginning to realize the importance of writing and printing for his people, he worked out this problem, too. Entirely illiterate, Sequoya got hold of an old spelling book and after long study concluded that the Cherokee language consisted of the use of eighty-five sounds, or syllables, in the representation of which he used the English alphabet as far as it would go and invented and adopted other characters until he had a syllabary of eighty-five characters. When he presented his invention to the Council of the Cherokee Nation in 1821, it was recognized as of great value. Thousands of Indian learned to use it in a few days.

In 1822 Sequoya went to Arkansas to introduce his system among the Cherokee there, for whom communication with the Eastern group was important. A year later he settled in Arkansas, becoming active in Indian politics, until in his later years he became interested in finding a common Indian speech and grammar, a quest which took him into the mountains of the west, where he died in 1843. Meanwhile, in 1828, appeared The Cherokee Phoenix, a weekly newspaper in Cherokee and English. Parts of the Bible were soon published in Cherokee using his system of writing. The American Bible Society published the whole New Testament in Cherokee in 1860. Some of the older Indians still read their language as written by Sequoya.

—The Indian Leader.

# THE LOST COLONY

**By Robert Davis, in Lutheran Young folks**

Here in our own land was a lost colony and it was no less than one of America's birthplaces. Somewhere along the Delaware River in the vicinity of Tinicum Island there was once a flourishing town known as New Sweden. Three hundred years ago this village was established by the Swedish Lutherans under the able leadership of Governor Printz. No one knew exactly where that settlement was, and the old inhabitants of the island would say: "It's round here somewhere." Authorities agreed that the colony was lost and, therefore, organized an exploration party.

All the old history books were consulted and strange maps were brought from Sweden and museums. Men with picks and shovels began to dig feverishly. Suddenly someone shouted—the lost city had been found! Work the nbegan in earnest and care was taken not to destroy anything with the picks or the shovels.

Many people in America have not had the opportunity to see men searching for lost civilization and this was my first experience. It was amazing how methodically this work was done. The plans that Governor Printz used in building his colony were studied very carefully. These plans had been kept in the files of a Swedish Historical Society and they depicted the architecture of the governor's home and the church. Then the ground was marked off and the soil removed.

Only the foundations, of course, were standing. The governor's mansion was the first to be uncovered and this was only four feet beneath the surface. Governor Printz had built this mansion for his family and the other officials of the town. The average number that dined at the governor's home was about twenty-five and we feel that it must have been somewhat like our modern hotel. The mansion was built in 1638 and the furnishings were brought from Sweden. Among the things found in the ruins were pieces of plates that the royal household used and a number of broken clay pipes. There were also large keys that crumbled together when touched and a number of old locks.

While we were examining these things, one of the army engineers called us to where he was standing. He had an instrument which recorded metal deposits in the ground and the indicator of his device showed a very heavy metal deposit in the ground. There was plenty of excitement about this because only a few months before a chest of gold had been discovered buried in the banks of the Delaware about five miles away. Everyone was asking, "Is this a buried treasure?"

There is a story about a man who asked for a shovel because he wanted something to lean on but these men wanted shovels to dig. What would they find? After they unearthed about nine feet of ground, no treasure was found, yet the instrument still indicated that something was buried beneath the ground. Since there was so much other work to be done, it was decided to place a covering over the hole and try again later.

We turned from here to the ruins of the old powder house. This is where the powder for guns and cannon balls were stored. A watchman or a guard fell asleep one night leaving his candle burning. The flame ignited the powder and destroyed almost the entire colony. You can still see the black marks of the powder burns along the walls of the ruins.

I am sure everyone would be interested in seeing the old Swedish and English coins that were found. These had on them the dates of the seventeenth century and how they would add to a collection of coins. They will be placed on exhibition this summer when the celebration takes place.

The remains of the old church was found. This was the first Lutheran Church in America and it was built with bricks that were brought from Holland. Every brick that was found was saved as a priceless relic and even the plaster which was made of ground oyster shells was saved. The church was furnished like our churches today, having an altar, baptismal font, pulpit, etc. They used the Common Service and sung many of the hymns which we still sing in our Lutheran service.

There was one other building which has an interesting history, called the Prison-Church or the House of Meditation. In reality it was a prison, the only escape-proof prison along the Delware River. It was very small and had two rooms. One was in the basement where the prisoner was kept until the night before his execution. Then he was brought to the room above which was arranged like a chapel. Here was an altar with lighted candles and an open Bible. The condemned man was expected to pray and meditate, asking for God's forgiveness. When morning came he was prepared to meet his death. A tiny narrow opening in the top of the building let him know when dawn came.

Now that the lost colony has been found and the designs of the buildings are clear, it is planned to rebuild the entire town as it stood three hundred years ago. It will mean a great deal to America to restore one of her birthplaces but it will mean much more to our Lutheran Church because it will remind us that our church has played an important part in the establishment of Christian ideals in the United States. The Lutheran Church has a rich tradition and heritage and we should do our part by acquainting ourselves with the knowledge.

---

## GOD'S GARDEN

The years are flowers and bloom within
  Eternity's wide garden;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
  The gardener, God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
  And make them rose-like in His name.

—Richard Burton.

# THE CHEMISTRY OF PERFUME

By Harry K. Hobart

Perfume is almost as old as civilization. Man has made and used it for nearly forty centuries. It was employed in ancient Egypt and Napoleon carried an elaborate array of perfumes in his field kit. But until very recent years perfumes were made from the oil of flowers and other natural products. The extraction of these oils and other substances to make perfumes was costly, so perfumes were expensive.

Th man who has brought fragrance into our everyday lives is the research chemist because most of the ingredients in modern perfumes are synthetic, or built up from new raw materials created in the chemist's laboratory. And chemistry has not only duplicated natural scents, but has improved on nature by producing alluring new scents unknown before.

Twenty-five tons of violets once were needed to obtain one ounce of violet perfume oil; and a ton of roses produced only ten ounces of rose oil. Today chemists obtain both of these odors from sticky, evil-smelling coal tar and other synthetic materials. Before these synthetic perfumes were available, scents like lilac and lily-of-the-valley were unobtainable because man could not extract the natural oils from these flowers. Now both odors are produced synthetically and are the most powerful of the perfume scents.

During the thousands of years that man has been making perfume, he has tried almost every possible combination of ingredients, so a distinctive odor today is rarely the result of a new blending of old materials, but usually has for its base a new raw material produced by the chemist. One man obtained from cocoanut oil a substance which formed the base for a brand new perfume and nearly every new raw material is tried for its perfume possibilities. Chemistry has raised the list of materials from which perfume can be made from 200 to 1,000 and the number is constantly increasing. Seventy different ingredients are available for the making of lilac perfume alone.

Perfume making is both an art and a science. The materials are supplied by the chemist whether he extracts them from natural products or creates them synthetically. But the blending calls for an artist, and the perfumer works by inspiration. He has no guides except his instinct and his nose. There are no instruments to tell him when he has created the alluring scent for which he strives. His nose, as sensitive as the tongue of the tea taster, must tell him when he has the right composite effect and must also smell out and analyze the effect of each individual ingredient upon the blend as a whole.

Three general ingredients enter into every perfume, the odor elements, usually several in number; the diluting agent, generally alcohol, and the fixative which blends the many odors into once scent and confers permanence on it. The fixatives formerly were of animal origin and included such substances as musk, civet, castoreum from beaver and ambergris from whales. Now, due to chemistry, most fixatives,

like many basic odors, are synthetic.

Four general types of odors also enter into most perfumes. Odors are classified as sweet, acid, burnt and what is known as goat odor. It usually requires a combination of all four types to obtain a pleasing scent, and some of the most valuable perfume materials are extremely evil-smelling. The most popular perfumes today contain a large percentage of these unpleasant odors.

The principal odor of any perfume, in addition to being pleasing, must also be subtle because a strong scent, even if pleasing, quickly paralyzes the sense of smell. This is why the delicate scent of the better perfumes can be noticed a long time while the stronger odor of the inexpensive perfumes seems to vanish.

Flowers, the roots of plants, trees, barks, gums and resins, seeds, leaves, stems, grasses and fruits supply natural perfume oils which are extracted by distillation, by using volatile solvents, by squeezing or by what is called enfleurage, a method based upon the ability of fat to absorb an odor of a flower just as butter absorbs the odor of a fish. The perfume then is separated from the fat by washing with alcohol or another solvent.

While these natural oils supply finesse, every perfume today depends on a synthetic for the character and individuality which distinguish it from other perfumes. And the chemist obtains some of the most important synthetic components for perfumes from coal tar, the same source from which he obtains the bases for beautiful dyes. By boiling down what is known as "coal tar crudes" he obtains various perfume substances at different temperatures. At 230 degress for example, he obtains a substance which, upon further treatment, yields the main component of rose water. Under a slightly different treatment, however, the same base substance supplies one of the main odor notes of jasmine. When the temperature goes to 392 degrees he distills off an entirely different chemical which is the base of artificial musk.

From oil of cloves the chemist obtains a chemical which has the delicate odor of carnation and the same substance, when further treated, becomes vanilin used, as the name implies, in vanilla. From oil of citronella, on the other hand, come parts of rose, lily-of-the-valley and lilac perfumes.

Perhaps the chemist's greatest single perfume achievement, however, has been the development of synthetic musk. Musk is the principal fixatve used in perfumes and blends the various odors into one exalting scent. The powerful, sweet odor of musk is said to be more fascinating to humans than any other scent and in its natural form of substance is obtained from the glands of a male deer found in Tibet. In its impure state, which is about the present value of it has sold as high as $560.00 a pound, gold. It cannot be had in a pure state, but if it could, it would be worth about $40,000 a pound.

Chemists have developed a synthetic musk as powerful as the essence of the natural kind. Artifical musk also is produced chemically and has a similar odor, but discolors some compounds. Synthetic musk does not.

There is nothing revolutionary in covering up unpleasant odors with pleasant ones as industry is now doing. Housewives have been doing the same thing right in their kitchens for years.

They burn incense to overcome the smell of boiled cabbage, cook vinegar in pans in which fish has been been cooked and they first used caraway seeds, not for the flavor they gave to bread, but to cover up the odor of cheap ingredients.

Perfume in soap serves a double purpose. It covers up the unpleasant odor of fats used in the making of the soap and also provides a pleasant odor. Every cosmetic and soap today is perfumed, but until synthetic perfumes were discovered, only a few odors such as lemon, lavender, bergamot and oriental were used in soaps because the cost was prohibitive. Now the use of synthetic aromatics permits the reproduction of even the most expensive new boquet odors in soap.

The development of a wide range of synthetic perfume materials has led to the making of specific perfumes for specific purposes. You have your own perfume blended to match your personality, and special perfumes are being produced now for men only. Most of these have a soft, herby odor popular with women, or are of a resinous type and not obtrusively sweet. You will find them in shaving creams, lotions and powder for men.

The most valuable perfume as far as universality of use is concerned, is probably oil of bergamot. The price of this is controlled by the Italian government, and the cost has recently been tripled or quadrupled. From the standpoint of rareness, the most valuable perfume material is ambergris, which has sold as high as $1,000 a pound.

Many things which we consider daily necessities could not be used at all, because of unpleasant odors, except for perfumes. They are used in fabrics to overcome the odors of starch employed for finishing. They go into paint and glue and stationery and linoleum and leather and medicines and foods. Some cars are delivered today with perfumed upholstery. A newspaper recently printed a perfumed advertisement, announcing a flower sale, by mixing perfume with the ink.

A perfume for air-conditioning systems gives the air a fresh and pleasant odor. Cafes are increasing their summer business by scenting the air with pine oil to provide a cool, northwoods atmosphere; and theatres use the perfume of spring flowers as an accompaniment to a romantic thriller. Perfumed tablets scent the water in finger bowls and perfume pills, placed on electric-light bulbs give a distinctive fragrance to each room of a home.

Through the creation of new raw materials the chemist has thus brought new fragrance and beauty into the lives of everyone. And within the next few years he will add still greater beauty and fragrance as the possibilities of new scents are being developed every day.

---

The power that is going to waste at Niagara Falls is nothing compared with the power that human beings waste on trouble and worry about nothing.—Selected.

# SHAMES WHITE YOUTH

**(Selected)**

At the end of April there were 470 white males under the supervision of the North Carolina probation commission, a new agency provided for by the 1937 Legislature. There were only ninety negro males. Hence for every negro male placed on probation in the local and superior courts of the state a little more than five white males received the same treatment.

In the 1930 census the white population outnumbered the negro population approximately 2.4 times. Yet there are more than twice as many white males under probation in proportion to the relative population of the two races. These figures would seem to shame the white youth of North Carolina. Certainly they contain striking evidence to support a feeling of pride among the negro youth and among those wise leaders of their race who have built up in them new habits of pride and law-abiding citizenship.

The progress of public education in the past quarter century has been more rapid among the whites than among the negroes of the State. It has only been during the past half dozen years that the negro boys and girls of North Carolina have been brought within the range of public school facilities comparable with those of the average white child. Maybe education is having a better result upon the negro youth than upon the white. At least it is probably drawing forth appreciation.

It might be argued by some that the courts are sending the negro males to the roads and giving the white males a better break under the new probation system. But those who would argue such have probably not noticed the attitude of the average judge in North Carolina toward the members of this race in recent years. Frequent and warm has been the praise that the judges of our superior courts have heaped upon the negro race during the past score of years, as the dockets from court to court have shown gradual decrease of negro defendants and an increase in white defendants, sometimes almost to the stage of public alarm. This very attitude would acquit the judicary of North Carolina of even the suspicion of partiality in alloting the benefits of this law.

---

The man who has met and conquered the worst in himself has solved the biggest problem he will ever face.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

James Land, of Cottage No. 4, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Wednesday, suffering from acute appendicitis, and immediately underwent an operation. The latest report from that instiution was that he was doing very nicely.

---

Edward Bruce, familiarly known here as "Grandpap," a former member of the shoe shop force, who was paroled six years ago, called at the School last Monday. He was a most likable chap while here and everybody was glad to see him. "Grandpap" reported that he had been working in a furniture factory in Statesville for quite some time and was getting along just fine.

---

W. J. Wilson and Postell Clark, both of Cottage No. 2, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday. Wilson had been receiving treatments for a crooked arm and was taken back for examination. Clark suffered a badly wrenched wrist, caused by a back-fire, while attempting to crank a tractor. Both boys returned to the School in the afternoon.

---

Hansel Pate, a former member of our dairy force, who left the School one year ago, taking a position on a dairy farm in Hoke County, is reported as doing very well. Recently one of the members of our staff who met this lad in Raiford, stated that he was well dressed and looking fine, and was still working at the same place. Pate said he liked his work and his employer and was trying to do his best to make good.

---

We are glad to report that the threshing of the large crop of grain, consisting of oats, wheat, rye and barley, has at last been completed, to the great delight of the boys as well as those in charge. This work had been interrupted very much by bad weather and all hands are glad to see it finished. Because of delays, three weeks were required to complete this task. It is estimated that between five and six thousand bushels of grain will be stored in the granary as the result of this work.

---

Woodrow Maness, who came to the School from Norwood and was paroled January 6, 1932, was a recent visitor here. When he first left us, Woodrow went to live in the home of a minister in Norwood, where he remained for one year. He then spent two years in a CCC camp. He is now twenty-one years old and is married, and lives in China Grove, where he is employed in a cotton mill. Woodrow seemed glad to renew acquaintances here, and in conversation with several officials, stated that he thought his stay with us had done him lots of good.

Gilmer Gasstevens, of Kadkin County, who has been away from the School nearly seven years, called on friends here last week. Upon leaving the institution Gilmer engaged in work on his father's farm, where he is still employed, and reports that he is getting along well. Gilmer is about twenty-three years old and has developed into a young man of neat appearance and seeming settled habits. He is a great booster for the Jackson Training School and its work, and never misses an opportunity to express appreciation for what it has done for him.

---

Thomas Goodman, of East Spencer, who left the School June 15, 1935, called on friends here July 4th. With the exception of three months spent in a CCC camp near Morristown, Pa., Thomas has been employed in an ice plant in East Spencer ever since leaving us. While at the School this lad was an office boy, and was quite a favorite among both boys and officers because of his ability to play the guitar and sing. He is now nineteen years old. Thomas seemed quite happy as he mingled with his old friends here, and stated that he certainly was glad to have had the opportunity of staying at the School, as he found the training received had been a great help to him since leaving us.

---

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the first and second chapters of Hebrews, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Boys' Rights."

The speaker began his remarks by asking the question, "What rights do boys have?" and his definition was that boys have the right to do what is right, adding that the devil is the only one who has a right to do wrong.

Rev. Mr. Summers named seven rights that boys have as follows: (1) The right to a strong body; (2) The right to a clear brain; (3) The right to have educated hands, hands that are taught to do well; (4) The right to good, helpful friends; (5) The right to a good character; (6) The right to God's grace; (7) The right to heaven's peace.

In this message, the speaker urged the boys to try to obtain these rights pointed out to them above, put them to their proper uses, as this is the only way in which they can develop into the kind of men God wants them to be.

---

"The making of friends who are real friends, is the best token we have of a man's success in life."—Edward Everett Hale.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending July 3, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(5) Marvin Bridgeman 5
(5) Clyde Gray 5
(5) Leon Hollifield 5
(5) Edward Johnson 5
(5) Vernon Lamb 5
(5) Edward Lucas 5
(5) Mack Setzer 5

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(3) Virgil Baugess 4
Henry Cowan 4
William Haire 4
Horace Journigan 3
Vernon Johnson 2
Bruce Link 2
(3) Blanchard Moore 3
Fonnie Oliver 2
(2) Howard Roberts 4
(3) Albert Silas 4

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(3) Samuel Ennis 4
Clifton Mabry 2
(5) Nick Rochester 5

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Jewell Barker 2
Carlton Brookshire 3
Neely Dixon 3
A. C. Lamar 2
(3) James Mast 4
(2) William McRary 4
F. E. Mickle 2
(3) Warner Peach 3
John C. Robertson 2
George Shaver 2
(2) Earl Weeks 3
(5) Allen Wilson 5

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Garrett Bishop 3
Odell Bray
Paul Briggs 3
(3) William Cherry 3
(2) Lewis Donaldson 2
(3) John King 3
(3) James Land 4
(3) Van Martin 4
(2) Hubert McCoy 3
Lloyd Pettus 3
(3) William Surratt 3
Rollins Wells 2
(2) Richard Wiggins 2
James Wilhite 3
(3) Leo Ward 4

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(3) Harold Almond 3
(4) Ernest Beach 4
William Brothers 3
(5) Jack McRary 5
Richard Palmer 3
George Ramsey 2
(2) Winford Rollins 2
(5) Thomas Sullivan 5
(2) Ralph Webb 3
Marvin Wilkins
(5) Dewey Ware 5

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Lacy Burleson
Fletcher Castlebury 3
Martin Crump 2
Robert Deyton
(2) Noah Ennis 2
Thomas Hamilton
Melvin Stines
Canipe Shoe 3
Joseph Sanford 2
Joseph Tucker 2
(5) George Wilhite 5

**COTTAGE No. 7**

William Beach 4
(5) Cleasper Beasley 5
(5) Carl Breece 5
(2) James H. Davis 4
(2) Lacy Green 2
Blaine Griffin 3
(5) Caleb Hill 5
Robert Hampton 3
N. B. Johnson 2
Robert Lawrence
(2) Elmer Maples 4

(3) Edmund Moore 4
(2) J. D. Powell 4
Jack Pyatt 3
(2) Dewey Sisk 4
(4) Earthy Strickland 4
(3) Graham Sykes 3
Joseph Wheeler 2
(5) William Young 5

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(4) Felix Adams 4
(4) Donald Britt 4
Howard Baheeler 2
Harvey Ledford 2
Fred May 3
George May 2
Edward McCain
(4) John Tolbert 4
(4) Charles Taylor 4
(4) Walker Warr 4

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(5) Wilson Bowman 5
(2) J. T. Branch 4
(5) Thomas Braddock 5
(3) Edgar Burnette 3
(3) George Duncan 3
Woodfin Fowler 4
(3) Mark Jones 4
Elbert Kersey
(3) Eugene Presnell 3
Earl Stamey 3
Cleveland Suggs 2
(2) Luther Wilson 3
(5) Thomas Wilson 5
Horace Williams

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Walter Cooper
(2) John Crawford 2
(4) Elbert Head 4
(2) Milford Hodgin 2
William Knight
Rufus Linville
Felix Littlejohn
Jack Norris 2
(2) Clerge Robinette 2
(2) Oscar Smith 3
Torrence Ware
(2) William R. Williams 2

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen 2
Calvin McCoyle
(5) Julius Stevens 5
(4) Thomas Shaw 4
(5) John Uptegrove 5

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 2
Allard Brantley
(4) Frank Dickens 4
William C. Davis 2
(2) James Elders 2
Max Eaker 3
Joseph Hall 3
Elbert Hackler 3
(4) Charlton Henry 4
Franklin Hensley 2
Richard Honeycutt 3
Hubert Holloway 4
S. E. Jones
Lester Jordan 2
(3) Alexander King 3
Thomas Knight 4
(4) Tillman Lyles 4
Clarence Mayton 2
(2) Ewin Odom 3
(4) James Reavis 4
Howard Sanders 3
Harvey J. Smith
(4) Carl Singletary 4
William Trantham 3
George R. Tolson 3
Leonard Watson 2
Leonard Wood 4
Ross Young

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley
(2) Norman Brogden 3
(2) Jack Foster 3
(2) James V. Harvel 2
(3) Isaac Hendren 3
(2) Bruce Kersey 2
Harry Leagon
(2) William Lowe 2
Irvin Medlin 3
(2) Paul McGlammery 2
Thomas R. Pitman 2
(2) Alexander Woody 2

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(3) Claude Ashe 4
(5) Monte Beck 5
(3) Harry Connell 3
(2) Audie Farthing 4
(2) James Kirk 4
Fred McGlammery 3
(2) Paul Shipes 3
(4) Howard Todd 4
(2) Jones Watson 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Howard Bobbitt
Hobart Gross 4

Hoyt Hollifield 2
Roy Helms 2
Dallas Holder 2
L. M. Hardison 3
William Hawkins 4
Caleb Jolly 4
Robert Kinley 2
Clarence Lingerfelt
James McGinnis 2
Harold Oldham 2
Edward Patrum 2
Paul Ruff 4
Rowland Rufty 2
Ira Settle 3
Richard Thomas 3
James Watson 3

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Reefer Cummings 4
(2) Filmore Oliver 3
(2) Curley Smith 4

---

## EASY TO LIVE WITH

A certain woman who had faced life's bitterest experiences said to a friend: "Whatever happens, I hope it may be said of me when I'm gone, 'She was easy to live with.' "

A woman with fine physical proportions, great courage and an iron will could hardly be a person who would quietly acquiesce in a home with a large growing family and a wide circle of friends of varied interests; in fact, she had a rigid standard and an ever-reaching grasp for the finer things of life; yet, her aim was to be easy to live with.

Underneath her efforts to give her children the proper furnishings to live a complete life, she had a sympathetic imagination that sought to respect each individual so that her home might be a place where no one personality dominated the rest but all had an equal chance in following individual tastes and talents. With her keenness of perception, she could quickly sense a situation, be in sympathetic understanding with those in her home, the servants in her employ and the wide group of people among whom she lived.

On one occasion, her little grandson was playing under the shade of the great trees in her yard, when he called to her and said: "Nanna, who makes the trees?"

She quickly replied: "Jimmie, look at me." Then she added: "Only God can make a tree."

At the opportune time she linked the soul of the little child with all creation and gave him faith in a loving, heavenly Father.

This gift of a sympathetic imagination is well worth cultivating if it is not a natural gift, as it often is with many of our poets and writers.—Selected.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

JUL 18 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 16, 1938 No. 28

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## LITTLE THINGS

He stopped to pat a small dog's head
A little thing to do;
And yet, the dog, remembering,
Was glad the whole day through.

He gave a rose into the hand
Of one who loved it much;
'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
That lay in its soft touch.

He spoke a word so tenderly—
A word's a wee small thing;
And yet, it stirred a weary heart
To hope again, and sing.

—Louis Snelling.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| THE CHILD AND CIVILIZATION | (Children's Home Record) | 8 |
| SWITZERLAND | (Charity and Children) | 9 |
| PRESIDENT POLK LITERALLY WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH | By Archibald Henderson | 10 |
| ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING DISCOVERIES | By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter | 12 |
| GRAND CANYON, HOME OF TREES | By Emma M. Larson | 15 |
| THE PHILATELIC ZOO | By John K. Scott | 19 |
| A MIDNIGHT STAMPEDE | By P. W. Luce | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## "EVERYBODY ADOPTED ME"

Looking over some newspaper files our attention was challenged by a headline: "Girl, 8, Journeys 8,000 Miles Alone." Substantially the newspaper account was as follows: After traveling nearly 4,000 miles alone from Norway with her name and destination stitched on her coat and sweater, Elinor Richard, 8-year-old orphan, whose knowledge of the American language was limited to two words—"Mickey Mouse"—blinked at New York and said: "Jeg er glad atkomme til America." That, according to Miss Herborg Reque, attache to the Travelers' Aid Society, meant that she was glad to come to America. The little traveler rested from her nine-day ocean voyage, and then was placed by society workers on a train that carried her an additional 3,155 miles to San Francisco, where her uncle, Otto Wulff, who has adopted her, met her at the final terminus of her long trek. In speaking to her uncle of her trip, all the memories of the little girl were of kindness received along the way. She was alone and yet not alone. Everyone she met was her friend and the long road was bright with light of the love of human hearts. She said: "Everybody adopted me." It comforts us in times such as these to read of something wondrously beautiful, something which has not yet perished from the souls of men.—The United Presbyterian.

## ASHEVILLE HAS FIRST T. B. SANATORIUM IN U. S.

The Old North State is rated first again. The editor of the National Tuberculosis Association Bulletin, after reviewing history of the T. B. Sanatorium, established in Asheville, N. C., in 1875, by Dr. J. W. Gleitzman, expresses the opinion that the mountain sanatorium is the first of its kind in the United States to initiate institutional treatment for tuberculosis patients. Dr. P. P. Jacobs, editor of the Bulletin, gives expression to the fact that:

"Dr. Gleitzman's sanatorium at Asheville apparently marked the beginning of positive treatment for tuberculosis in the United States. While the institution lasted only between two or three

years, it is significant, for Dr. Gleitzman followed very definitely the treatment used by Brehmer, Dettweiler, and other authorities in Europe who had undertaken similar institutions. Asheville, North Carolina, was selected by him because it seemed to offer what was then considered an absolute essential, namely, a climate with certain altitude, sunlight and dryness. The sanatorium consisted of a two-story house with twenty rooms. Some of the guests were perfectly healthy people, but during the first year, ending May 31, 1876, 51 cases stayed at the sanatorium an average of 69½ days each. Of this number 21 were tuberculosis patients with an average length of stay approximately that of the non-tuberculosis population. Dr. Gleitzmann seems to have endeavored to establish a home-like environment in which the sick and the well mingled freely.

"In his table of results for two years, Dr. Gleitzmann indicated that 18 out of a total of 54 treated showed decided improvement or could be classified as cured; 10 showed some improvement, while the remainder showed no improvement or grew worse; four of the latter died in the institution."

* * * * * * *

## WILSON BIRTHPLACE

The beautiful mountain city of twelve thousand people, Staunton, Virginia, recognized for its splendid academic schools and colleges for young women, is also known locally as the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. But Mrs. Cordell Hull, the wife of the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, is the spirit behind the movement and has determined to make the old Presbyterian Manse a national shrine.

Like Zebulon B. Vance who today is spoken of as the war governor of North Carolina, having served during the War-Between the States, Woodrow Wilson will always be referred to as the World-War president, a responsibility that sapped the life of a man who was both physically and mentally strong when going into the White House.

The Manse in which Woodrow Wilson was born eighty-one years ago is a modest two story frame building. It was the home of the president's father while serving the Presbyterians of Saunton. Last week a charter was granted the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace

foundation with Mrs. Hull as president, who intends to purchase and preserve the old Manse, now the property of the Mary Baldwin Colleges, the Mecca for the elite young womanhood of the country for a long period of history.

The salvaging of this old building, that doubtless carries a wonderful tradition, shows a spirit to preserve history so that future generations will be inspired to greator and nobler ideals.. It is well to know correct English, and be conversant with the classics, but it is far better to hold before the youth of the nation, the life works of men who sacrificed for the love of country and mankind. Thousands will treke their course to the Wilson shrine in Staunton who admired the World War president, and sympathized with him to the last.

* * * * * * *

## READ AS YOU RUN

There is something to learn from every assembly let it be for social or civic purposes. We have been reading results of a meeting known as the National Association of Housekeepers. There were about one hundred and fifty delegates present and each represented some big hotel in the country. The reports were both interesting and amusing.

We have often wished the house wives of the nation would organize and discuss ways and means to make better homes. Also let this body of women recognize the poor as well as the rich. Such a meeting would have a twofold meaning. First, it would give the tired mothers an outing at nominal cost, and the sight of new faces, a different environment with new viewpoints would be just the transfusion needed. Foolish some one will say, but the greatest need of today is a commingling of kindred spirits, rich and poor, illiterate and cultured, so as to better understand people and restore confidence.

But we digressed from giving the echoes of the hotel women to the prospective meeting of home-makers. One thing learned from the report of the housekeepers of hotels is that men as guests in hotels are more tolerant than women. They take better care of property and are more considerate of the rights of others. One kindly disposed delegate excused the women at this point, saying that the

reason women conducted themselves with such utter indifference was due to the fact they got out seldom. And when they did they let themselves "go," so to speak, and had what they call a good time.

From a viewpoint of economy a delegate of a big hotel in Chicago gave out the information as to the disposal of small scraps of soap left in the many rooms. She said, in reply to the question as to use of small remnants of soap, that all of the soap in her hotel was gathered up, boiled down, and after congealed it was used for laundry purposes. This is simply thirft and is worth the attention of many who spend lavishly if the cost means nothing to them.

From any and all kinds of conventions there is something to learn. And the person who works with a closed mind is standing still. The person who never adopts suggestions finally is swamped, and considered a moss-back. To stand still simply means moving backwards.

* * * * * * *

## FEDERAL AID FOR SCHOOLS

The Smith Herald states that the hopes for federal aid for schools has been greatly advanced since the group of Southeran leaders met in Washington, D. C. at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. At this meeting the economic and social value of schools was emphasized, and in this instance it was clear the South did not show up as the representative educators present desired.

Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, presided over the group, and he stated that the survey made when published will show the load the South is carrying in the way of schools. Incidentally the load would not be so heavy if results were realized. But that is no fault of the schools. Better results for service will be realized when the youth are trained according to adaptability.

However, the evolution of the school system in the South was thoroughly thrashed, beginning with the public school system from the time of the special tax district, and then into the adoption of the county wide system and on and on into the state supported system. And the next expansion will likely be the national participation. And then what?

## MISS BEATRICE COBB AGAIN RECOGNIZED

The citizens of Burke county have shown a great appreciation of Miss Beatrice Cobb, the successful editor of the Morganton News-Herald by placing upon her desk petitions containing thousands of names of prominet county democrats, urging her to throw her hat in the ring for State Senate. This was done during the absence of Miss Cobb from the city, and is an evidence of the high esteem in which she is held by her own people and confidence in her as an executive.

Miss Cobb is a woman of splendid poise with a pleasing personality and is fully capable of measuring up to any responsibility entrusted to her care. She is not only recognized for her worth in her own state but as a national committee-woman she has proven to be admirably fitted for the honor bestowed.

We doff our cap to Miss Cobb and bespeak for her success if she becomes a member of the 1939 General Assembly, because she thinks for herself and has the courage of her convictions at all times.

# THE CHILD AND CIVILIZATION

## (Children's Home Record)

Each day the world begins anew in its children. With the advent of a child, our civilization is on trial. A baby's hand can upset our economic systems, our political organizations, our educational goals, our moral codes, our religious beliefs. In every fresh arrival of a child out of the strange mystery of the mingling passions of men and women and the designs of Heaven, our culture, so patiently fashioned out of the pride, the ambition, the love, the sacrifices, the courage, and the faith of mankind, must find a new birth or cease to be. Our civilization goes down into the grave with our dead. It rises again in our children.

It would seem, then, that the first concern of a city, a state, and a nation should be for its children. Sometimes our greatest thinkers have told us that the state's primary and insistent business is the welfare of its children. Plato in his "Laws" affirmed that those who made the laws and those who were responsible for their observance must concern themselves with marriages and the birth of children. The state, if it is neglectful of the nurture of children, does so at the peril. What a child is taught to love, honor, and revere is more a public than a parental responsibility. If a child is reared badly, the home may come to grief, but the very existence of the state also is imperiled. Plato belivd that public authorities should be more concerned about a child's pains, appetities, and pleasures, and a youth's passions, friendships, and loves, than about the houses they live in, the money they had to spend, and how much they learned of the store of knowledge awaiting them in the schools. This noblest of the Greeks said that those who made and administered the laws should know what made a chidl angry, threw him into an agony of fear, what experiences flushed his eyes with tears what disciplines were needed to lead him to choose honor and duty and love of all that is good and beautiful and true.

A much greater and enduring emphasis that civilization is made or broken by our concern or our neglect of children was given by Jesus. His disciples again and again sought their Master's favors for themselves. They thought that the Kingdom of God, of whose coming the finer spirits of the nation talked and dreamed, depended on their contributions to the hastening of the dawn of the new world. Whenever these Galileans felt and talked in this strain, Jesus set a child in their midst. Here, in this child, said Jesus, the Kingdom of God has its beginning on earth. If men can keep through life their childhood's simplicity of nature; their gladness of heart in learning the meaning of love, obedience, and duty; their dependence upon each other to carry out any of life's impulses which took form in the family, in making a living, in worship, in national existence then, and only then, does God carry out His purpose to set up his Heavenly Kingdom among men.

# SWITZERLAND

## (Charity and Children)

Switzerland is a little country situated in the political hot spot of Europe. The map of Europe has changed often in the past few hundred years but little Switzerland is right where she has been and according to an agreement with Germany and Italy recently she will remain with her boundaries intact for decades to come. She withdrew from the League of Nations some time ago because of the clause in the agreement whereby members of the League promised to pull the other fellow's chestnut out of the fire. She did not propose to put her own in the fire nor pull some one else's out. She has kept out of European and world wars by the simple expedient of attending to her own business and by letting other people's business alone. It has worked in the past and she is depending on it for the future. The big nations around her are willing for that. It may be that her army of nearly half million men and her guns that are tempered like her watch springs have something to do with the decision to let her live in peace. Italy, Germany or France could conquer Switzerland but the cost would be far more than the conquest would be worth. It seems preposterous for a little country to maintain a standing army of nearly half million soldiers. But the truth is they don't stand. Every man between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five is fored to take a month's vacation every year. He spends that month in camp learning the science of warfare. They have been doing that for generations. A part of the training is devoted to strengthening the fortifications along their borders. Neighbor nations do not object to those fortifications for they know that they are built for defensive purposes alone. A shipload of iron junk shipped to Japan means bombs that are worse than wasted. A shipload of iron junk shipped to Switzerland will come back some day in the shape of millions of dollars worth of watches. Some gold of course will be used in the cases. A carload of iron junk plus Swiss brains and there you are. A few mountains and a series of hotels and the ends of the earth flock there. Our hat is off to one country that attends to its own business.

---

The man who does things makes many mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.—The Preston Review.

# PRESIDENT POLK LITERALLY WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH

**By Archibald Henderson, in Charlotte Observer**

No President in American history devoted himself with more pertinacity, patience, and selflessness to the multifarious duties of his great office than did James Knox Polk. He did not know how to relax, to take a vacation, or to shake off the burdens of responsibility.

Day after day, for four long years, he labored unremittingly at his desk; and in so doing impaired his health and brought his life to a comparatively early end.

When he left the White House he was so weak that the end was imminent, and he survived his Presidency by little more than three months. Indeed, the gradual breakdown of his health was evident at the very middle of his administration: "Before his term of office had half expired," says Ben Perley Poore, "his friends were pained to witness his shortened and enfeebled step, and the air of languor and exhaustion which sat upon him.

No one who reads Polk's elaborate diary can be unaware of the high and unswerving sense of duty which actuated him. A member of his cabinet, George Bancroft, the historian, who went through the Polk papers for historical purposes, has unequivocally said of Polk:

"His character shines out in them just exactly as the man he was, prudent, farsighted, bold, excelling any Democrat of his day in undeviatingly correct exposition of his democratic principles; and, in short, as I think, judging of him as I knew him, and judging of him by the results of his administration, one of the very foremost of our public men, and one of the very best and most honest and most successful Presidents the country ever had."

Shortly before the close of his administration, the Commissioners of Wilmington invited him to visit that city. The invitation and the President's reply follow:

Wilmington, Feb. 20, 1849
To His Excellency, James K. Polk, President of the United States.

SIR: At a recent meeting of the Commissioners of Wilmington, we were appointed a committee to tender you the hospitality of our town and to solicit your sojourn among us as long as you may be able to linger here. We assure you that it affords us pleasure to discharge the duty which, as the organ of the people of Wilmington, has been devolved upon us, and we hope that it will in no way conflict with your convenience to afford our citizens generally the gratification of your pleasure.

With the highest respect,
(Signed) J. T. Miller,
L. H. Marsteller,
Josh G. Wright

Washington City,
Feb. 24, 1849

Gentlemen: I have received you letter of the 20th inst.,

tendering to me on behalf of a "meeting of the Commissioners of Wilmington" the hospitalities of that town, and inviting me to spend a short time at that place, on my way to my residence in Tennessee. I expect to leave this city on the 6th of March, and, if I shall find on my arrival at Wilmington that I can do so, without being too much delayed on my journey, it will afford me pleasure to comply with your request.

Thanking you for the invitation with which you have honored me, I am, gentlemen,

With high respect, your ob't serv't,

JAMES K. POLK.

President Polk arrived in Wilmington on March 7, 1849. He was entertained at the boarding house of Mrs. F. J. Swann, sixty years later known as the old Adrian and Vollers store, at the corner of Dock and Fronts streets. It was from the portico of the building that ex-President Polk addressed the citizens. The program of his reception and visit, printed in the Wilmington newspaper, "The Commercial," of that day, is given below.

"PROGRAMME of proceedings upon the rceeption of ex-President Polk and suite in the town of Wilmington, where they are expected to arrive on the morning of the 7th:

Upon the arrival of the cars a gun will be fired, as a signal for the flags to be hoisted at the public station, and by the shipping in port (which masters of vessels are respectfully requested to attend to), and for the firing of the salute at the Market dock, and the ringing of bells.

They will be received at the depot by the Commissioners of the Town, and welcomed to the hospitalities of the place, and the freedom thereof tendered them by the Magistrate of police. A procession will then be formed in the following order, under the direction of Wm. N. Pedin, Chief Marshal, and Wm .J. Price, John J. Hedrick and Guilford L. Dudley, Assistant Marshals, who will be designated by red shashes, viz.:

The ex-President and suite in carriages;

Magistrate of Police, Commissioners of the Town and Town Officers;

Officers of the Army and Navy;

Custom-house Officers;

Music;

Citizens in line, by double file.

"Upon the arrival of the ex-President and suite at their quarters they will be welcomed, on behalf of the citizens of Wilmington, by William Hill, Esq., after which at the hour named by the ex-president and suite as most convenient for them, (notice of which will be given by the firing of a gun and the ringing of the Town bell), they will be escorted by the Commissioners of the Town to the Masonic Hall, where they will receive such of their fellow-citizens as see fit to call upon them. Upon their departure they will be escorted to the boat by the Commissioners of the Town and Officers, and a salute fired as the last boat passes the Town.

James T. Miller,
Wm. C. Howard,
L. H. Marsteller,

# ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING DISCOVERIES

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

What schoolboy, what scientist, has not heard of the name of Benjamin Franklin? Who does not remember the schoolbook story of his famous discovery that is daily responsibile for many of the conveniences and necessities of life? What Benjamin Franklin started, others are still working on. They are adapting its force to meet new and unique demands. June 20, 1752, is one of the greatest of days; it should be celebrated accordingly, for it was on that day that Benjamin Franklin, flying a kite, first "caught" electricity from the clouds, In truth, it is a day which, in this bustling age, is passed by as though it was no more important than any other date.

As a very tangible result of this amazing discovery of a new force let us take Boulder Dam. It is a many-sided development as is nearly everything else connected with electricity. Flood control, irrigation and hydroelectric energy all play important roles in Boulder Dan. The dam represents the climax of something that has been growing ever since Edison first interested himself in electricity, to mention just one of the workers who came after Franklin.

Although at times called a seer and wizard, Edison was, above all else, a practical man. He wisely demonstrated this when he selected an area in lower Manhattan (New York) as the spot to install his first commercial electric lighting system. He was thereby enabled to hedge all his customers within one square mile, conveniently close to his power generating station. This naturally greatly simplified the problem of conveying the electrical energy from the dynamo to the consumer. There was, of course, no need in his day of high voltage transmission.

So, during the 1880's, at 110 volts on customers' premises and 220 volts on the outside system, Edison gave Americans a new thrill. He saved the time and tempers of those who had fussed around scratching matches to light gas burners or kerosene lamps and complained when the gas was dim or the oil was low.

Other innovations were also just then coming into vogue. At 500 volts people rode in electric cars and the old-time horsecar gradually disappeared. At 1200 volts electric street lights (series arc) gleamed while the rakish little lamppost of storied fame departed. Electric lights in the home, office or store were to be found only in large towns or cities, where the distance between generating station and furthermost customers was not great. Naturally this confined electric service to a small fraction of the country's population.

After 1890 there came a change. It was a quickening of electrical progress. Electric lines reached out and spread out. They reached father and farther away from the generating stations. They spread and ramified into extensive networks. They carried electrical energy to thousands of homes, instead of hundreds. They also served industry and commerce. The

unconscious economic cry of the whole nation seemed to be "Electrify!"

What had happened? Transmission had come! Why transmission—and what is it? Transmission means simply the transportation of energy—with electricity as the transporter. Electricity is made to pick up the power of steam or the power of falling water and instantaneously carry it hither and yon for many miles.

The carrying job is made easy by laying out the kind of thoroughfares that electricity likes to travel upon—the metallic transmission networks—and by giving electricity a vigorous push when it starts, by means of voltage. Consequently the higher the voltage, or the stronger the "push", the farther electricity will carry with economy its burden of electric power.

At the working end of the system, where the product is consumed, the electric current which has been delivered by the transmission method furnishes illumination, through electric lamps; power, through electric motors; heat, through electric furnaces, electric ranges, electric toasters or electric curling irons. All of these had to go through many stages of development before the present high standard of their perfection was reached, for the source of the electric current, its point of production, may be a generating station a hundred miles away.

For fifty years the voltages behind transmission have steadily increased. During the last forty years alone there has been an annual average rise of 7,000 volts. Transmission through these years has made it possible economically to provide electricity for the numerous needs of vast populations.

By 1893, when transmission was at 3,000 volts, electric motors for many light tasks had appeared in factories. By 1895, with transmission at 10,000 volts, line shafting and belting in machine shops and mills were growing less, and electric fans were tempering the summer heat for thousands. By 1898, transmission voltages had reached 44,000. Industry was discarding shafting and belting right and left. By 1901, with 70,000 volts on the electric "high lines," electric rapid transit was appearing in urban centers. Then in 1908, with 100,000 volts on transmission systems, housewives were giving up their andirons and throwing away their brooms, for electricity was bringing them a new kind of energy. Electric irons and electric cleaners were shipping it into action.

A faster pace. Transmission steps growing bigger. Electrical methods of living multiplying, ramifying and intensifying. High lines in 1912 at 140,000 volts meant electric lights everywhere vastly more brilliant. "Blue Monday" vanished with the coming of electric washing machines. The "stepless" electric breakfast appeared with the introduction of electric toasters, percolators, egg boilers and chafing dishes.

By 1920, transmission reached 160,000, volts. This meant electric kitchens in many homes; electric motors in factories everywhere, in sizes innumerable, handling tasks multitudinous; and electric trains on some of the steam railroads. In 1922, transmission was at 220,000 volts—250 miles—contemporaneous with radio broadcasting, floodlight spectacles and the first all-electric homes. In American industry seventy-five per cent of the power is received by means of electri-

city. It is put to work through that convenient, cleanly and dependable power applier, the electric motor.

In this essentially modern saga the chief actors, the electrical engineers, are hidden from the sight of the multitudes. Most of the time they can be found in advance of the electrical procession. In great laboratories the engineers were experimenting with 100,000 volts in 1895, ten times the voltage then in commerical use. Again, in 1910, twelve years before the demand arose, other electrical engineers were experimenting with 220,000 volts, nearly three times the voltage then in operation. And in 1922, when commercial voltages of 220,000 first arrived, these engineers were working in their laboratories with a million volts—nearly five times higher.

Boulder Dam, the climax of this long sweep of electric transmission work, sets limits which may not be exceeded for years. These limits are memorable; the greatest waterwheel generators ever built; big oil circuit brakers absolutely different in appearance and in design from any ever before produced; the largest transformers; the highest transmission voltage; the longest transmission distance—290 miles.

High electrical achievements, these, accomplished by able electrical pioneers. They have made the America of today a dynamic nation. What do they mean for the America of tomorrow?

Steinmetz, who studied transmission and contributed to its progress, believed and hoped that the present epoch is building a civilization which will benefit the many, instead of, like past civilizations, the few. Owen D. Young, who has remarked that "electricity has made energy portable, divisible and sensitively controlled," stated that electricity "provides more things to enjoy and more leisure for their use."

Let us cast further afield than the home and factory and see what electricity has done aboard ships. More than half a century of electricity in continuous use on ocean vessels was marked in May by the anniversary of the voyage which the steamship Columbia began in May, 1880, from New York to Portland, Oregon, with a complete installation of Edison's incandescent electric lights. So doubtful an innovation was this that the marine underwriters refused to insure the boat, and she sailed all the way around the Horn without this protection against loss.

Today the newest electric ocean vessels, the passenger liners California, Virginia and Pennsylvania, palatial six-hundred footers, sail almost the identical route that the old Columbia covered on her memorable maiden trip. They are marvels of electrical convenience, literally floating electric cities. They take even the power for their propulsion from great generators which produce current for whirring motors.

The memorable transformation wrought by the spirit of progress in these ships with half a century between them is predominantly electrical. It is an impressive, indeed a tremedous, soaring ahead.

Less than twenty-five kilowatts was represented in the maximum combined output of the Edison dynamos on the Columbia; the modest volume of electrical energy which they actually sent forth was utilized for one purpose only— electric lights. When one

has made these two statements he has told everything there is to tell about the application of electricity on board this "finest" steamship of fifty years ago.

Far different is the electrical story of the Virginia, the California, and the Pennsylvania! On these modern sea-queens more than 15,000 kilowatts is represented in the electric generating units, and 13,200 kilowatts of this capacity is available for propelling the ship.

This latter use is one of the proudest achievements of modern electrical engineering. The ships are steered by electric steering apparatus, navigated by fathometers, gyroscopic-compasses, electric depth-sounding devices, and a radio direction-finder. The safety of the pasengers is increased by an electric system of watertight doors by means of which the captain on the bridge, by pressing buttons, can instantly shut off certain sections of the vessel from the rest of the craft. The boat davits are electrically powered. The whistle is sounded at regular intervals during fog by an automatic electrical machanism. There are independent electric fog sirens as well. Electrical searchlights provide the ships with eyes in the night. There may be radio equipment, with receiving sets in the staterooms. This enable the passengers and crew to keep in communication with all the world, though they may be far out on the shoreless seas.

In a multitude of instances, in professional, recreational, and merely routine activities of daily human life at sea, as well as on land, electricity embodies pretty much the whole sweep of progress, practically the entire summation of achievement, which has come to pass through man's might of mind and skill of hand. So it is that on land and sea and in the air, Benjamin Franklin's discovery has aided man in his conquest of space, greatly added to his convenience and in ways too innumerable to list, has worked for the benefit of all mankind.

---

# GRAND CANYON, HOME OF TREES

**By Emma Mauritz Larson**

They strike brave, persistent roots into the soil of one of the strangest spots in all America, the trees that dare to grow in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Some are far down beside the tortuous stream; some manage to get a toehold part way up the tremendous gash; still others cling to the very brink. Then there are the real forests of the gradual slope back of the north rim, the Kaibab Plateau, and on the Coconino Plateau of the south rim.

It would be small wonder if visitors to Grand Canyon Park could think of nothing but the depth and coloring and sculpturing of the awe-inspiring gorge itself. Yet many of them have eyes for the trees, also, perhaps unconsciously feeling that they are closer to our human life. They are happy to recognize familiar tree friends, eager to know what the strange ones are. Fortunate the guides are always ready to introduce these less known trees to people who care to be-

come acquainted with them.

One of the odd-looking trees might well have come out of the nursery rhyme of the crooked man. It has a crooked, twisting trunk and crooked limbs. It is the Utah juniper, which loves this arid section of America. Its fellows are found here and there in New Mexico and Colorado, the southeastern corner of California, and even in some dry country in Idaho. The foliage is yellowish green, scale-like overlapping leaves that will serve the tree for about a dozen years before falling off. Every two years the Utah juniper bears a crop of reddish-brown berries with a film of white. The Navajo Indians thought them not too bitter to chew when they had a balky pony, for the berries, spit out in the face of such a horse, drove the bad spirit out of it.

The Indians of the Southwest had many other uses for the fruit of this very crooked tree, in both their religious ceremonies and their home life. Today these junipers can be seen growing staunchly down below both of the canyon rims, like the pinion pine and the cliff rose. These Utah junipers are sometimes called white cedars, because of the thick white sapwood that is found within the whitish-brown bark with the tree's yellow-brown wood.

There is red cedar, or Colorado juniper, in the canyon, too. It is a stooped old man of a tree, even shorter than Utah juniper. Sometimes it is far more than a centenarian before it has a trunk six inches in diameter. It is said that up in Logan Canyon in Utah a Colorado juniper has lived for thirty centuries. Here in Grand Canyon it has chosen the dizzy points of the north rim, looking down into the abyss. Steadily it produces oval, blue-black berries that the birds and squirrels consider their own pantry supply, while the deer come to feast on its leaves.

Men appreciate another gift of this tree, its rosy wood, used for pencils and cedar chests, though there isn't much wood in the slender, crooked limbs. Nature has scattered this variety quite widely in the West, through the Rockies to Oregon and British Columbia, and as far south as Texas. Even South Dakota has the species in one corner of the state.

On the sun-drenched points of the north rim of the Grand Canyon called Cape Final and Cape Royal, another interesting tree likes the wind-swept heights. The little wild creatures creep into the twists of its roots; and if it clings to the soil this mountain mahogany also does its part in holding the earth from washing out. The wood is of a beautiful color and texture. Sometimes it is made into curios with a gleaming polish, but the work must be cleverly done because the wood warps and cracks in drying.

Mountain mahogany, as it is found in Grand Cayon, is both a shrub and a tree. The leaves last two years, curling under at the edge where the surface is hairy and light brown in color. The berries grow singly, round but with tails, at the leaf joining. The Navajo Indians learned that the tree roots, boiled and mixed with juniper ashes and powdered bark of alder, made a fine red dye for wool.

The tail of the mountain mahongany tree's fruit serves, like the down of a milkweed seed, to parachute it through the air. It dries and curls when the seed has dropped to earth and helps to fasten the seed for growing. The

tree is not common, and some folk say that there are states where it may not be cut for firewood. The wood is really so heavy that it sinks in water. The tree does not live long when compared with some others of Grand Canyon; perhaps about a hundred years.

The cliff rose, also called the quinine bush, can easiiy be seen by visitors to the south rim of the canyon, but it is found on the north rim too. It is rather straggly in appearance; but how the deer like it in the winter! Its summer bloom of creamy yellow roses, like the five-petaled wild rose of northern pasture lands, is a surprise and a joy to park tourists. It isn't stingy either, blooming several times between early spring and mid-autumn, so that many people see the cliff rose tree in bloom. As a tree it is scrawny, but it sometimes develops into a large bush with many stems.

The leaves are finely indented, not over half an inch long, if that large, sticky to feel and bitter enough in taste to make it deserve its other name, quinine bush. Indian medicine, they were too, or at least the bark of the tree was cooked to cure ills of various sorts. After the blossoms come seeds in clusters of perhaps five, and plumed for travel. Cliff rose is long remembered by those who have seen it at the canyon.

Deep down in the gorge, where it can be so swelteringly hot, the travelers who have ridden down the steep, zigzagging trails, find an oddly named tree, the catclaw or wait-a-bit. They can readily understand how the small beasts and the birds appreciate the shade of this branchy, short tree. August finds it with peculiar clawed seeds of deep glossy brown. These pods will stay on it almost until summer comes again. If it were not for these catclaws it might seem a mesquite, though its leafage is finer than that shrub of the Southwest. It is content with the poorest soil and so little water that it can thrive in parts of the canyon not favorable to much tree life.

Down near Phantom Ranch the coyote willow has been found. Here it is more bush than tree, though out in Washington it makes a tree. But bebb willows are within the canyon and on Imperial Point. The same kind of tree with long catkins is found very far north in Canada to Hudson Bay and even to the Arctic Circle. The long-ago Indians, who had cliff homes in what is now Grand Canyon Park, used these willows to supply ties for binding together bracing poles. The Havasupais, still living in a tributary canyon, use the bebb willow twigs in basketry, and the men weave them into the guards for their irrigation streams.

The animals like this tree, the beaver for food, the bear for the bark, which it strips off in its first gaunt hunger after hibernating. A spring tonic perhaps. The leaves are good browse for deer, and the park birds consider the willows good nesting sites.

As one looks from far above onto the green heads of trees below, the cotton-wood makes a welcome bit of color. It grows larger than the other trees of the great depths. Though it cannot be counted on to live more than forty or fifty years, it seeds easily. There are cottonwoods along Bright Angel Creek, but those in Grand Canyon village were planted by man and they are dependent on him for water.

The spruces, pines and firs add much to the beauty of the park. The west-

ern yellow pine, that has almost two dozen other names, grows tall and straight. The needles are three to a bundle, sometimes eleven inches long. Rough cones form, the largest almost six inches long. The young trees wear a different bark from their elders, dark grayish brown, almost black, while the older ones are russet-red. The wood is strongly yellow or orange in color, and widely cut for lumber on the Pacific coast. The Kaibab squirrels, an interesting white-tailed species not found elsewhere, would probably have to give up keeping house if the yellow pines failed to give them cones for food and places for nests.

The great explorers, Lewis and Clark, found the yellow pine in 1804. Those in this park may well have been a century or two old even then, for the natural life of a yellow or ponderosa pine is four or five hundred years. It is a pity that their very height and their location on the points of the rim and below the edge make them easy prey to forked lightning. Many of the older trees have the scars of such injury. The fire fighters of the park service blame electric storms for most of the forest fires, and a yellow pine is usually the torch used.

The yellow pine is one of the trees about which visitors often become curious, for a parasitic mistletoe likes to use it as home and nurishment. The Utah junper is also bothered by that pest, almost every tree having bunches of the olive-green mistletoe on it.

It is in this part of the park, where snows fall deep indeed, that the graceful aspens are sometimes bowed so far and long by its weight that they are not able to straighten up in the spring.

The aspen is sheer gold in the fall, and lovely at any time. The aspens make their own groves in places, but also mingle with ponderosa pine and different spruces and firs.

The amazing fact that the naturalist

The amazing fact that the naturalist

tells in his evening talks or on the trail is that the Grand Canyon Park, though only eighteen miles from north to south, has trees and plants as wide a range as Mexico to Hudson Bay. The scientists have agreed on seven zones of plant life between the equator and the North Pole, merging into each other but fairly distinct and many hundreds of miles wide. Of the seven, four are very well represented, and there are some plants from the fifth, the Hudsonian. So only the Arctic and the tropical zone trees and shrubs and plants are entirely lacking.

The canyon really makes up in height, with its reach of altitude from 2,000 feet on the river bank to 9,000 feet in the Kaibab Plateau but, 6,000 feet at the canyon rim, for all those zones of latitude. Besides, it has variety of soils and even air currents of different temperatures at different levels. This pleases trees of many species. The visitor who goes down the difficult trails may realize this mixture of climates in the abyss; but not unless he has become especially interested in the trees will it strike him that this is a large factor in giving him a chance to see trees that ordinarily would not be growing as neighbors.

# THE PHILATELIC ZOO

By John K. Scott

Philately, or stamp collecting is one of the most interesting and educational of all hobbies. Pictured on the postage stamps of the world are renowned scenes, men and women of history, monuments, buildings, pagan gods and goddesss, strange creatures of mythology, and flora and fauna peculiar to every part of the globe.

The animals, birds, fish and reptiles pictured are especially interesting, and betwwen the covers of our stamp album we can assemble a zoo that would compare favorably with any actually in existence.

Eagles are the most popular of our zoological exhibits appearing on the stamps of many countries. We mention just a few: Andorra, Armenia, Austria, Brazil, Carinthia, Central Lithuania, Eritrea, Germany, Lativia, Libia, Mexico, Panama, Poland, Russia, and Tripolitania. Quite a start for our bird house, isn't it?

In addition to the eagle, Armenia gives us a crane. Australia sends us the graceful black swan, the hookburra bird, and the lyre bird. New Zealand, Australia's neighbor, provides the lyre bird with a mate.

W'll need a big section for the condors, from the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chile and Colombia. Our dovecote must be roomy, also, to take care of the birds of peace from Bulgaria, Japan, Netherland, Switzerland, Upper Silesia, and many other countries.

A Chinese wild goose, a King penguin from the Falkland Islands, and the spoonbill of French Morocco, add variety to our collection. Then reverting to domestic birds we can start a pigeon roost with carrier pigeons from, Lithuania, Germany, Sweden Paraguay, Czechoslovakia and Danzig.

A strange bird is the quetzal from Guatemala, with its three-foot-long tail, better known as the owl from Honduras.

Japan is richly represented by the pheasant, wagtail, goshawk, and mandarin duck.

We have an Argus pheasant from Labuan, and another from North Borneo. The gorgeous egret, the fishing vulture, and the hornbill are natives of Liberia.

From Newfoundland comes a ptarmigan, and from New Guinea and Papua the rare and protected birds of paradise. New South Wales gives us an emu, and New Zealand and Aitutaki are generous with their kiwi, kea, kaka and rud fantail. The North Borneo hornbill is our second and a cockatoo and a cossawary accompany it on the long trip to our zoo. St. Pierre and Miquelon, French islands near Newfoundland, send us sea gulls; South West Africa, the gompaw; Tonga, a parrot; Abyssinia, Tripolitania, and Italian Somaliland, ostriches. From Niue we have the huia, sacred bird, which we suppose will have to have special attention.

You'll agree, we feel sure, our bird house is second to none! So let's move along to our lion building.

In the first cage is the Abyssinian lion of Judah, next the Bavarian lion, and down the line we find all types and sizes, from Belgian East Africa,

Bulgaria, Cyprus, Danzig, Czechoslovakia, Denmark and Fiume. That mighty roar comes from the lion of Great Britain. In the next cage we find the gir lion from Soruth, native Indian State;, further on, a lioness from the Italian Colonies, and its mate from Somaliland. Then a cousin of the British lion, from New Zealand; a Norwegian one; some from Paraguay, and Persia, Syria, Tuscany, and Uganda.

We pass into the tiger and leopard section, which is somewhat smaller. A leopard from the French Congo restlessly paces the first cage, and near by are more leopards from Italian Somaliland. The next two cages house a palm civet and a golden cat, both from Liberia. Leopards from the Middle Congo, North Borneo, Nyasaland, Tripolitania, and a tiger from the Straits-Settlement complete the array.

Our elephants are so numerous that we can be glad we don't have to feed them. We have a native of Abyssinia, one from the Belgian Congo, an English colonist from Gambia, and one from Jaipur, native Indian State, in full trapping. Liberia gives us a splendid specimen, and from Sierra Leone and the Straits Settlements we complete our elephant herd.

We have several wolves: the famous Italian one, and its compatriot of Fiume; and the white wolf of Turkey.

Camels are plentiful, the first coming from Cyrenacia and Eritrea, Italian colonies in Northern Africa. Morocco, Obock, the Somali Coast, Sudan, Tanna-Touva,, Tripolitanai and Upper Senegal give us the remainder.

In our domestic animals we are also well stocked. Horses from Abyssinia, Belgium, the Argentine Republic, Cyprus,, Cyrenaica, Denmark Germany, and Roumania, roam the corral together. Perhaps we could work up a nice cicus act with the "leaping Saxon horse" of the Duchy of Brunswick. Wild horses from Mangolia mingle with tamer ones from Sweden and Uraguay. A burro from Morocco and a mule from Mexico complete the equine collection.

Our cattle section is widely representative; it contains long-horned buffalo from Abyssinia, the cape buffalo of Belgian East Africa, Bulgarian oxen,hump-backed cattle from the Cameroons, the West African buffalo of Liberia, and domestic cattle from Colombia and the Belgian Congo. Russian yaks, water buffalo from the Dutch Indies, oxen from Egypt, the Italian colonies and Madagascar, the banteng, semi-wild ox from North Borneo, and more oxen from Ukrania and Uruguay make the cattle herd quite a large one.

The Belgian Congo gives our deer collection a start with the okapi, and from Eritrea we get an antelope. The screw-horn antelope of Liberia, the sambur stag of New Caledonia, the elands and wildebeeste of South West Africa, increase the herd rapidly. Those llamas from Peru probably should be among the camels.

More antelope arrive from Tripolitania and some gnus from the Union of South Africa. Russian reindeer and Newfoundland caribou are surpassed in magnificence by only the Wurtemburg stag.

The Abyssinia rhinoceros won't be lonely for we have another from North Borneo.

Italian Somaliland and Liberia each give us a hippopotamus, and the

children will find interest in the pigmy hippo, also from Liberia.

Our bears are few; the polar bear of Norway, and the honey bear of Labuan.

The Nyassa giraffe has company in one from Tanganyika.

We have kangaroos, of course, from Australia and New South Wales; a tapir from North Borneo; and an ant-eater from French Guiana.

From the Falkland Islands comes the leader of our flock of sheep and goats, the Romney Marsh ram. It "bosses" the Ausralian merino sheep, Mongolian and Spanish sheep, mountain goats and sheep of Tanna-Touva, and the goats of Tripolitania. We'll need an extra strong pen for the North Bornean wild boar.

Dogs are not numerous, but we have a few. The massive Newfoundland, of Newfoundland and St. Pierre and Miquelon; the "blind man's dog," of the Saar; and Balboa's dog, of Panama.

We have enough monkeys to raise quite a chattering; orangutans from Labuan, the lemur of Madagascar, and chimpanzees from Liberia.

The reptile collection is small but dangerous; the agama lizard, the mud skipper, the gaboon viper, and the crocodile, all of Liberia; another crocodile from Labuan; and a tuatara lizard from New Zealand.

China is the first contributor to our aquarium with the carp. Newfoundland gives us the codfish and salmon. If we could get tanks large enough we could have the sharks of Eritrea and the marlin swordfish of New Zealand. We have seals from Newfoundland, and if anyone can figure out how to keep it, we can have a whale from the Falkland Islands.

That completes our zoo! Quite a nice one, don't you think?

---

Two little owls sat in a tree
Looking as wise as wise could be.
Said one to the other, " 'Tis very clear,
The less we speak the more we hear."

—Marie-Anne Jordan.

# A MIDNIGHT STAMPEDE

By P. W. Luce

Because of the shortage of cowpunchers in the Cariboo country, Paul Ringo had been hired by the Judson outfit to drive the chuck wagon on the two hundred-mile ride down to Ashcroft, where the British Columbia cattle were to be entrained for Vancouver. Paul had the reputation of being the best sixteen-year-old cook in the northern country, and could also take his turn at night herding when occasion demanded.

Paul was a lightweight, and also a good rider. He had often raced for fun, little dreaming that the experience gained would stand him in good stead when he had suddenly to put his skill and his horse's speed in a mad dash for a seventy-five thousand dollar prize.

Having his wagon team to look after, Paul had no horse of his own on this trip down the long Cariboo road, and, as the cowboys have strong aversion to having their stirrups altered to suit legs as short as Paul's, it looked for a time as if the lad would be a plebeian cook for the whole trip. The cowboys laughingly told him that the closer he stuck to the wagon, the better the grub they would get, and that he could get all the riding he wanted when he returned to his own ranch.

But an old cow, having taken a violent dislike to Buck Marshall, caught that puncher unawares and hooked him with right good will. Buck was not very badly hurt, but the injury was sufficient to take him out of the saddle for several days, and Foreman Jerry Maguire had to recast his plans as a result. Marshall was to have gone on night herding duty that evening to keep the animals from backtracking up the Cariboo road. As a result of the accident, it looked as if this extra work would have to be done by men already thoroughly tired out after nine days steady plugging after the animals.

The foreman was bemoaning the change of luck at supper time, when one of the men chipped in:

"Why don't you get Paul to take a trick tonight? He could sleep in the wagon tomorrow, with Buck doing the driving."

Jerry was a little dubious. "Think you could handle old Dynamite, young fellow?" he wanted to know. Dynamite was probably the best cow pony with the outfit, though once upon a time he had the worst reputation in the Cariboo country. Even now he was never safe when fresh, but there was no danger of him cutting up after the hard work of the past several days.

"I guess I could handle any horse in the outfit," said Paul in a matter-of-fact way, "in the shape they're in now. It's only when they're too strong for me."

So it was arranged that the lad should go on watch from ten that night to five o'clock in the morning. The cattle were herded in a long valley, flanked by steep hills. One end opened on the Cariboo road, the other tapered into a narrow draw that broke into a deep ravine two hundred feet wide.

Jerry Maguire elected himself to guard the west end, near the Cariboo

road. If the cattle were at all restless, he reasoned, they would be much likely to back-track than try to get into the strang country to the east.

Only, Jerry had not figured on the dust storm!

Paul had been nearly four hours on his vigil, riding slowly up and down, and bunching back any animals that showed a tendency to roam afield, before anything happened. It was a bright moonlight night, and he could easily pick out familiar steers in the bunch of six hundred. Most of the cattle were lying down, contentedly chewing. There was not the slightest hint of trouble.

Then suddenly Paul noticed a restlessness in the bunch. Old cows were standing up and sniffing the air. The steers were milling and jostling each other. Soon most of the beasts were turning, facing the south.

It came almost in an instant. First a distant rustling in the air, then the curling waves of a windstorm, and then the mighty cloud of dust. From the bare and sun-scorched hill of Ashcroft the windstorm had scooped up millions of fine, gritty particles of dust, and was tumbling and tossing these into a cloud that seemed to cover the land. The cattle had sensed this before they could actually see or feel it. They knew rain, they knew snow, but this strang thing that got into their eyes and ears and nose seemed to them to be a new and terrible danger. They were frightened.

Through the haze of binding dust that enveloped him, Paul saw the herd stampeding away from the dust storm.

Putting spurs to Dynamite, Paul galloped to head off the bunch, using his quirt at random with good effect. At first the cattle were going in the direction of the hills, so there was no great occasion to worry, as their mad rush would certainly come to a stop before they had gone far up the steep ground. It might take a few hours in the morning to gather up the strays, but the situation did not seem serious.

And then, as the dust commenced to clear, Paul saw that the leaders of the stampede were beginning to swerve. They were heading to the draw that ended in the deep ravine!

Unless he could stop the stampede, the whole six hundred beeves would hurtle headlong to destruction.

"Dynamite, oh, Dynamite, shoot! Old Boy," cried Paul, giving his horse slightly away from the herd to give him a clearer track.

Paul tucked the quirt under his arm as he leaned far forward and spurred Dynamite on to his best eort. The old horse knew what was wanted of him, and responded nobly. With flaming nostrils and blood-shot eyes the gallant horse strained every muscle to overtake the big white Shorthorn steer that galloped madly in the lead of the stampeding herd.

Once or twice Dynamite stumbled, but the game old horse quickly recovered and shot forward. He knew, just as well as did his rider, that there was need for every ounce of strength he could summon if the stampede was to be stopped. Long ago Dynamite had learned that a short, sharp ride was much to be preferred to weary hours spent hunting stray cattle, and like a wise cow pony, he was going the limit.

Slowly but surely, horse and rider were gaining on the Shorthorn leader, but the gulch was dangerously close. If the big steer got to the draw first, Paul knew he could never stop the rest

of the herd from blindly following to destruction, and there was more than a chance that he and Dynamite might be swept into the vortex and down the ravine.

A hundred yards and the Shorthorn kept in the led. Fifty, and still Paul could not use his quirt. But inch by inch, the horse gained on the steer, and when they were twenty yards from the draw Paul knew that old Dynamite had done his share. The rest depended on the strength of his arm, and the obstinacy or fright of the Shorthorn.

Holding the lines in his left hand, and resting all his weight on his left stirrup, Paul drew Dynamite close to the steer and swung his quirt straight for the muzzle. The animal snorted with pain, and swung ever so slightly to one side. Paul lashed him again and again, Dynamite crowding the steer of his own free will so that his rider could use the quirt with telling effect. More and more the big white brute gave way and the herd behind him swung to one side as did their leader.

Out of the corner of his eye Paul saw the open draw flash past, and he knew that victory was almost won. Tugging with all his strenght at the lines, he managed to pull Dynamite around and whirled back to the opening to prevent the stragglers plugging through. A few did try it, but only a couple got by, and these, finding themselves separated from the main herd, turned and came back of their own accord.

Far up on the hill, the cattle bunched up, tired out by the steep climb, their fright over.

In the bright moonlight Paul saw Jerry Maguire coming on the gallop.

"Paul, my boy, give me your hand," he said. "That was beautiful riding you did. I saw it all from across there, but couldn't do a thing to help you. I thought for sure the whole herd would get into mince-meat at the foot of that ravine, and so they would but for your grit."

"I'm glad I was able to stop them, and I guess old Dynamite is glad, too. He looks quite proud."

"We'll give Dynamite a double ration of oats for his reward," laughed Jerry. "As for you, young fellow, I'll give you your choice. You can have that big white Shorthorn you walloped so soundly, or you can come with me to Vancouver for two weeks."

"Oh, Jerry, I'm just dying to see a big city. I'd sooner that than have the whole herd as a gift."

"Vancouver it is," said Jerry.

---

"That man who forms a purpose which he knows to be right, and then moves forward to accomplish it without inquiring where it will land as an individual, and without inquiring what the immediate consequences to himself will be, is a man among men."—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The first grapes of the season were gathered from our vineyard yesterday. While this vineyard is not large enough to cater to the tastes of such a large group of people as we have at the School in quantities sufficient to cause them to become tired of grapes, the yield this year will be quite satisfactory.

---

Mrs. W. C. Pou, a case worker for the public welfare department of Iredell County, accompanied by her daughter, Mary, and Miss Bertha Thompson, all of Statesville, were visitors at the School last week. They made a brief tour of the various departments here and seemed very much interested in the work being carried on at the School.

---

Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager reports that the threshing of grain has been completed and 6,066½ bushels have been stored in our granary. This year's yield was lessened considerably by severe wind storms and heavy rains, blowing down much grain which could not be harvested. In some of the best fields as much as one-half of the crop was so badly damaged that it could not be gathered.

---

Our peach orchards are making a surprising yield this season. These orchards were practically destroyed by wind and hail about three years ago, and at the time it seemed useless to expect to ever gather any fruit from them. They were carefully nursed, however, and as the result of this splendid attention, are again bearing fruit. Aside from some fruit previously gathered, twenty bushels of luscious ripe peaches have been sent in each day for the past several days, and the quality of the peaches now being gathered is far superior to those sent in earlier.

---

News of the death of Mr. W. H. Fisher, of Greensboro, brother of Mr. J. C. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, was announced here yesterday morning. Mr. Fisher was injured in an automobile wreck occuring on the Chapel Hill road, last Tuesday afternoon. He was immediately rushed to the Duke University Hospital, Durham, where he died about 10:30 Thursday night. Mr. J. C. Fisher and other members of the family were at his bedside since early announcement of his injury, very little hope for his recovery being entertained from the first.

Mr. Fisher was a prominent business man of Greensboro, being head of the W. H. Fisher Printing Company, and was also an official of the North Carolina Printers' Association. He visited the Training School many times and had a keen interest in its work. In the course of these visits he made many friends here, and both the boys and officials of the School tender deepest sympathy to the members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

One of the members of the School's staff of workers spent several days this week in Waynesville, which is located up in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina. While there he picked up some information concerning the records being made by the following paroled boys:

Don Scroggs, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who was paroled January 11, 1928, has been doing very well since returning to his home in Canton. He graduated from the Canton High School in May 1931, after which he obtained employment with the Champion Fiber Company, in that city, where he is still working. According to information gathered from an employee of the same company, Don has the reputation of being a very good worker; has been married several years; and has developed into one of the nicest men of that community.

James Chapman, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home near Canton, August 31, 1932, is also employed by the Champion Fiber Company, and is reported as having made a fine record since leaving us.

Jack Carver, who was a member of the group at Cottage No. 10, and was given permission to return to his home near Waynesville, August 30, 1936, has been getting along very nicely, and citizens of that community state that he was greatly benefitted by his stay at the Training School.

---

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School, Sunday, July 10, in the absence of Rev. I. Harding Hughes.

Pastor Kellermeyer took his text from the first chapter of Esekiel, the twentieth verse: "The spirit of the living churches was in the wheel". In this age of wheels, the speaker spoke of the important parts of machinery necessary for correct guidance of life today.

First necessary piece of machinery is a good motor—made to develop power, smoothness, and speed. We never plan to take a trip, especially a long trip, unless the motor of the car is in good order. The motor of the human life is spiritual power; and men, women, boys and girls should not try to face the mountains of difficulties or the valleys of disappointment without a vast reserve of power and strength from the Holy Spirit. This power can be received from the Holy Spirit by close living to God. Caleb won his battles because he constantly depended on God as a help, and for eighty-five years lived close to God. The pastor continued by quoting: "The power of God released in human lives is necessary to keep us from being lost as a nation and as a people." Just as the paper moth cannot stand the light, so is Satan unable to stand the life of God's grace shining in the smiles of His people. If the power of God shines through our lives, Satan has not much chance in those lives.

The next necessary part of the machine is the good carburetor—the stomach of the engine. We cannot eat just any kind of trash and expect to be able to go. Caleb and Joshua ate spiritual food. That, we can get in the Sunday School classes, Bible readings, and in prayer.

Another necessary part is a good

storage battery. In our lives the good storage battery is a good heart. Quoting, Pastor Kellermeyer said, "Brilliant brains run by bad hearts cause unlimited backfire in the highway of life." Again "Clever men are as common as blackberries; it is good ones that are hard to find." These good hearts come as a result of constant relationship with God through His word and our prayers.

Summarizing: People with the motor of spiritual power received by eating the spiritual food as given in the Holy Word of God, develop the strong, good hearts, that withstand the wiles of Satan and his host of wicked angels.

---

## BOY, THAT'S PRINCELY TO SOME

The Covington Virginian quotes "Life" magazine as saying there are 1,601,616 married couples in the United States with the husband under 25, earning an average of $25 a week. "Life," it says, pictures one couple who lived on $23. Then the magazine says, "their budget does not allow them to smoke or buy a newspaper. They live in a two-room apartment for $7 a week which gives them free gas, electricity and radio. They set aside one whole dollar for possible doctor's bills and save $4.50 per week They allow eighty cents a week for amusements."

We assume that this young couple lives somewhere in the north. In the south, even in Virginia, there are hundreds whose wages by comparison would make $27 a week look princely. White men are trying to support families on from $15 to $20 a week and there are sometimes children. Of course when they grow up they go into the mills and become toilers so they may eat and wear clothes. No school for them, no life, no pay—just dig and sweat.

Yet a large section of the southern delegation in congress held up the pay-hour bill until they had it amended so that this deplorable situation could continue. Still they wonder why so many of our southern whites live in degradation, why crime and immorality are rampant, and finally, why the affluent north regards the south as "backward."

Our contemporary notes that these million and a half young people do not own automobiles, read newspapers, smoke, or attend movies. Suppose the car manufacturers could have sold a million and a half more cars and the movie theatres over 3,000,000 more admissions, wouldn't it have been a fine business stimulator? The trouble with this whole country is that it has about 40,000,000 people who are financial liabilities instead of assets—a millstone that will sink it if not removed.

—Suffolk News-Herald.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending July 10, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Marvin Bridgeman 6
Ivey Eller 5
(6) Leon Hollifield 6
(6) Edward Johnson 6
(6) Edward Lucas 6
(6) Mack Setzer 6
(6) Vernon Lamb 6
Gilbert Hogan 5
(6) Clyde Gray 6
C. L. Snuggs

### COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Virgil Baugess 5
(2) Henry Cowan 5
(2) William Haire 5
William Pitts 3
H. C. Pope 3
(3) Howard Roberts 5
James West 2
Preston Yarborough 3

### COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 4
(4) Samuel Ennis 5
Kenneth Gibbs 4
(6) Nick Rochester 6
Oscar Roland 2

### COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 3
Earl Bass
(2) Neely Dixon 4
(3) William McRary 5
(4) James Mast 5
James McCune 3
(2) George Shaver 3
Claude Terrell 3
William Wiggins
(3) Earl Weeks 4

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Odell Bray 2
(3) William Cherry 4
Ernest Davis
Hurley Davis 3
(3) Lewis Donaldson 3
James Hancock 3
(4) John King 4
(4) Van Martin 5
George Speer
(4) William Surratt 4
Hyress Taylor
Melvin Walters 3
(2) Rollin Wells 3
(3) Richard Wiggins 3

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 3
(4) Harold Almond 4
J. C. Branton 3
Robert Gordon
Donald Holland
(6) Jack McRary 6
(2) George Ramsey 3
(3) Winfred Rollins 3
Richard Singletary
(6) Dewey Ware 6
Ned Waldrop 2

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 2
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 4
(2) Martin Crump 3
Robert Dunning 4
Robert Dellinger 2
(2) Robert Deyton 2
Randall D. Peeler
Spencer Lane 4
(2) Joseph Tucker 3
(6) Goerge Wilhite 6
William Wilson 4
Carl Ward 2

### COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 4
(6) Cleasper Beasley 6
(6) Carl Breece 6
Archie Castlebury 4
(3) James H. Davis 5
Don Earnhardt

William Estes 5
(2) Blaine Griffin 4
(3) Lacy Green 3
(6) Cabel Hill 6
Hugh Johnson 5
(2) N. B. Johnson 3
(4) Edmund Moore 5
Marshall Pace 2
Loy Stines 3
Graham Sykes 4
William Tester 3
(6) William Young 6

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(5) Felix Adams 5
(2) Howard Baheeler 3
(5) Donald Britt 5
(2) Fred May 4
(2) Edward McCain 2
Grover Revels 2
(5) John Tolbert 5
(5) Charles Taylor 5

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(3) J. T. Branch 5
(6) Thomas Braddock 6
Clifton Butler 4
James Coleman 5
Craig Chappell 3
Henry Coward
(2) Woodfin Fowler 5
Robert Gaines
Frank Glover 2
(4) Eugene Presnell 4
Thomas Sands 5
(2) Cleveland Suggs 3
(3) Luther Wilson 4
(6) Thomas Wilson 6

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams
Julius Brewer
(5) Elbert Head 5
(3) Milford Hodgin 3
(3) Clerge Robinette 3
Carl Speer 3
(3) William R. Williams 3
(2) Torrence Ware 2

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 2
Baxter Foster 3
Lawrence Guffey 4
Albert Goodman 4
(6) Julius Stevens 6
(5) Thomas Shaw 5
(6) John Uptegrove 6

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Ben Cooper 3
(3) James Elders 3
(2) Joseph Hall 4
(2) Everett Hackler 4
(5) Charlton Henry 5
(2) Hubert Holloway 5
(2) Lester Jordan 3
(4) Alexander King 4
(2) Thomas Knight 5
(5) Tillman Lyles 5
(5) Carl Singletary 5
(2) William Trantham 4
(2) Leonard Wood 5
(2) Ross Young 3

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Norman Brogden 4
(3) Jack Foster 4
William Griffin
George Hedrick
(4) Isaac Hendren 4
(3) Bruce Kersey 3
(2) Harry Leagon 2
(3) William Lowe 3
(2) Irvin Medlin 4
Jordan McIver 3
(2) Thomas R. Pitman 3
Marshall White
(2) Alexander Woody 3

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(4) Claude Ashe 5
Raymond Andrews 5
Clyde Barnwell 4
(4) Harry Connnell 4
Delphus Dennis 4
(2) Fred McGlammery 4
Richard Patton 2
Garfield Walker 2
(5) Howard Todd 5
Harold Thomas 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin 3
(2) Howard Bobbitt 2
Aldine Duggins 3
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 3
(2) L. M. Hardison 4
(2) William Hawkins 5
(2) Caleb Jolly 5
(2) Robert Kinley 3

(2) Harold Oldham 3
(2) Rowland Rufty 3
(2) Paul Ruff 5
Harold Walsh 4

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(3) Reefer Cummings 5
(3) Filmore Oliver 4
Thomas Oxendine 3
(3) Curley Smith 5

---

## DEAR CHILD, ARISE!

One day as Jesus taught beside the sea
There came a man, a ruler of the Jews,
Who knelt and cried, "Oh, Master help, I pray
My little daughter lies at point of death today!
Come to my home and lay Thy healing hand
Upon my child, and she, I know, will live."
The Master bowed His head; the multitude
Parted to let Him pass Who would do good.

But still His way was hindered, for one came,
A poor sick woman, trembling and afraid,
Who crept behind Him and just touched the hem
But Jesus felt the touch and stopped to speak
Of His wide robe, and she was whole again.
To this poor soul and quiet all her fears;
And then a messenger came near and said,
"O ruler, trouble not the Lord; thy child is dead."

"Fear not, Jairus, only trust in Me,"
The Master said, and still they onward fared
Until they reached the home where lay the child,
And all about were hired mourners wild.
But Jesus entered, and with Him came peace;
His very presence brought a blessing down.
He put the wailing crowd aside. "Why weep?"
He said. "The little girl is but asleep."

One clasp upon the little maiden's hand,
One quick command, "I say to thee, Arise!"
And death and sleep fled at the Master's word;
For at His touch Jairus' daughter stirred,
Rose up and walked, for she was well! Today,
O little lads and lassies, Jesus waits
To touch your hand as He touched hers, and say,
"Rise up, dear child, and walk with me, I pray!"

—Apples of Gold.

# AIR-CONDITIONED
## COACHES
ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

JUL 25 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C. JULY 23, 1938 No. 29

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## HAND OF THE LORD

The hand has four fingers that lie close to each other,
And a thumb that helps each to work with another;
One finger alone may be good for a man,
But a thumb and four fingers must make a hand.

A friendly Hand, it should always be
Doing God's will in charity.
Never in anger raised against brothers,
Never destroying the good work of others.

—Ralph C. Robinson.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| UP UNDER SUNNY SKIES | By Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| A LIVING MEMORIAL | By A. L. Mack | 9 |
| THE FIRST FIRELESS COOKER | By May L. Bauchile | 10 |
| ST. LUKE'S, ISLE OF WIGHT | By John W. Edward | 11 |
| MOST PRISONERS WANT TO WRITE STORIES OF LIFE | By Dale Carnegie | 14 |
| THE FINNS IN AMERICAN COLONY HISTORY | (Lutheran Young Folks) | 16 |
| THOUSAND JOBS FOR SULPHUR | By Jasper P. Sinclair | 19 |
| THE BURGLAR'S PRAYER | (Selected) | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 23 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TALK HAPPINESS

Talk happiness!
Not now and then, but every
Blessed day,
Even if you don't believe
The half of what
You say:
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his
Way he goes;
Remember, son, the world is
Sad enough without
Your woes.

Talk happiness each chance
You get, and talk it good
And strong;
Look for it in
The byways as you grimly
Plod along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes,
But talk! Soon you'll find
That you and Happiness
Are chums!

—Anonymous.

## HOWARD HUGHES SHOWS FINE SPIRIT

Aviator Howard Hughes, the son of many times a millionaire, since his wonderful feat expressed himself as having done nothing unusual, but followed only in the trail of other aviators who made it possible for him to encircle the nation. He is neither boastful

nor arrogant, but only wishes to contribute to the advancement of civilization and in this way adds laurels of a different value to the name inherited.

He and his four intrepid companions have accomplished that which will make the world more air-minded and inspire to make aviation triumphant as a means of transportation. It has already been acclaimed by the press that the courage, skill and endurance of Howard Hughes has already opened the way for inter-continent commercial flying and at the same time contributed to the cause of peace.

Hughes shows no desire for the easy life that money con buy, and further more he has proven to the world that he is a real man by giving credit to Wiley Post who flew around the world, blazing the way for him and his companions. He publicly announced Wiley Post's feat "as the greatest the world has ever known." This was a superb tribute from one man of fine achievements to another. This act upon the part of Howard Hughes gives proof of the fact that neither money, social position nor power makes a man, but the real measure of man is what he is himself.

When the whole truth is realized we all build upon the foundations of our predecessors, and the person who endeavors to discredit such achievements is devoid of the fine elements that make manhood. Aviator Hughes is accepted as one of the nation's richest men, but he will hereafter be recognized throughout the nation for his courage, dare, humility of spirit and fairmindnesses.

* * * * * * *

## USE PREVENTIVE MEASURES FOR CANCER

There continues to be distributed literature telling how to prevent cancer. This educational campaign will continue more intensive till clinics are held in every county in this state so as to better inform people to recognize the "danger signals" that appears on the human body, and if taken in time will prevent a disease that brings untold agony.

The University News Letter places North Carolina as one of the few states in which there has been little increase in death rate from cancr during the past few years. This favorable position, states the News Letter is more likely to be due to the youthfulness of her

population than to all other factors combined. Cancers is a disease associated with old age.

The following are observations of the health commissioner of the state of Kentucky. And if every health commissioner of all states were asked for suggestions to stop the increase of the death rate from cancer they doubtless would be the same as those given here by health commissioner of Kentucky. An ounce of preventive is better than what is suppposed to be a pound of cure. Read:

"For the past three decades or more cancer has shown a steadily increasing mortality rate. Today it stands second only to heart disease as a cause of death in the United States registration area.

"Any lump, especially in the breast, which remains for some time should be looked upon with suspicion. So, too, any sore that does not heal, particularly a sore about the tongue, mouth, or lips. The lower lip, especially among men, is a favorite starting point.

"Should any of these symptoms appear,g o to your family physician at once and have him make a complete examination. Even a short delay may be dangerous.

"Remeber always that X-ray, radium, and surgery are today generally recognized as the only effective methods of cancer treatment. The disease can never be cured by quack injections or salves or pills or internal medicine or any kind of diet.

"The best sofeguard against cancer lies in periodic physical examinations should be made at least once every six months."

* * * * * * *

## RELIGIOUS WORSHIP ON BIG LINERS

There are times when the ministers of the various denominations become somewhat discouraged when so few people are seen in the pews. It really shows a luke warmness or an absolute indifference as to the needs of worship. But in the trail of this discouragement the report comes that a recent survey of ocean travel reveals that tourists are attending religious services on shipboard in increasing numbers.

Moreover, most liners are fully equipped with church furnishings for the formal cermonies of all faiths. In many instances there are

found vestments and the vessels deemed necessary for the sacred rites. It matters not how heavily the clouds hang their is always a small light that gives hope in the very darkest hour.

It is encouraging to learn of this religious interest on the part of those of larger means, who find time to bend the knee to Him who is the benefactor of all gifts let it be health, talents or the things of material worth. We absolutely do nothing of ourselves. It is imposible for our souls to become enriched unless we frequently commune with God who typifies love.

* * * * * * *

## THE AFTERMATH OF RECESSION

Business is good, a large per cent of the unemployed has returned to gainful jobs, is the trend of thought at this time and people are feeling encouraged after a period termed recession. The conditions as broadcasted mean the army of unemployed has been curtailed due to the uptrend of business and this curtailment means an increase in business especially for the man who buys and sells. In short more employment means more buying, therefore, the purchasing power in turn increases industrial activities of all kinds.

The masses are happier when employed and paying as they go. The sooner one learns that work is more profitable than to sit and wait for "sweet charity" or for good fortune to supply the human needs. The working man is self respecting, and he who takes dole loses that which makes manhood. In fact we hope that the day of dole has passed. We know full well that the poor will be with us all of the time, and, furthermore, we fully understand that too much charity pauperizes.

If one judges conditions from the number of automobiles passing back and forth business is truly brisk. But it is hard to feel that there is a greater expenditure in this traffic jam than gain. However, all of this aimlessly moving around means that money at least is beng put in circulation. It is an ill wind that "blows no good."

Unquestionably one of the reassuring signs of better times, the aftermath of the recession, is the slashing of wages has ceased and industries are getting back to a schedule of full time for employees. One can already see joy in the countenance of those who

**prefer to earn a living by the sweat of their brow in preference to receiving aid from any source.**

* * * * * * *

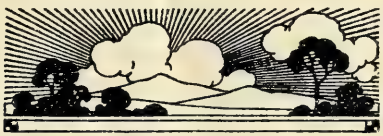
## IMMUNIZATION AGAINST DIPTHERIA COMPULSORY

The Medical Society of North Carolina is now shaping up all plans to present a bill to the next General Assembly making immunization aginst diptheria compulsory. This is a humanitrain move upon the part of the medical profession of the state having as the goal the curtailment of deaths among children from diphtheria.

Dr. J. Buren Sedberry, president of the North Carolina Medical Society, gives information to the effect that in 1937 there were 2056 cases of diptheria in North Carolina. Of this number 156 died. Eighty per cent of the deaths that occurred were in children under five years of age."

This disease is preventable. The remedy is simple, safe and painless. It requires only the administration of one or two hypodermic injections similar to typhoid vaccination. Neither are the reactions from diptheria vaccination painful nor does the patient suffer as much inconvenience as from typhoid vaccination.

Any impulse that helps childhood carries an appeal, therefore, we predict that a bill making immunization against dipheria cumpolsory will carry unanimously in the 1939 General Assembly.



# UP UNDER SUNNY SKIES

## By Old Hurrygraph

### A Few Breezes Blown Down from the Blowing Rock Country

Blowing Rock—Up above the clouds that shadow the valleys. People who have never visited the beautiful Blowing Rock Country do not know what a storage battery of health, recuperation and real natural enjoyment is here in this wonderful section of sublime grandeur. It must be seen and experienced to be fully appreciated.

The scenery is of awe inspiring beauty. The Master hand has sprinkled loveliness upon every mountain and hill top. It is here in the workshop of the clouds that the Divine artist fashions the vapor as to Him seemeth best in beauty. He tints the clouds with prismatic beauty; loads them with their cargo of jeweled rain drops; and whispers the breezes into blowing fans that starts and moves them in their journey down the mountains into the valleys and across the face of the earth; breezes blowing as if they came from the region of the North pole; Air as exhilarating as if breathing champagne; crystal water as cold as ice, from mountain springs; sleeping under blankets, and reposing in restful recreation—these are some of the delights in this Switzerland of America, the grand and wonderful Blowing Rock country—loved land of the sky. Where love of the beauitful breathes "Good morning!" never "Goodby."

### The Mayview Manor

A premier resort of refined service complete in all modern detail as to hospitality and service. Amid a wild world of mountains that drift into dreams. The arts have their crafts, and Mayview Manor has its Crafts no less renowned in the person of the genial manager, Mr. Crafts. From this splendid mountain hostel you May-view all manner of natural beauty, that give you joy; where the songs on each wild wind in melody roves; where earth seems to join the heavens, and where you slip from life's cares, with joy in your soul!

### The Press Association

The 66th annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association was the guest of the Mayview Manor. A finer meeting place could not have been selected, a better and more congenial convention has never been held. It was a vital inspiration to every member of the craft. It was a season of good fellowship; the exchange of ideas beneficial to the newspaper fraternity, and will bear much serviceable fruit to the State and each individual community represented. Much good food for thought was enunciated. All the members fraternized beautifully. And women members never looked more lovely; never more interested in the affairs of the press of the State; and added a charming inspiration to the proceedings of each day's session.

# A LIVING MEMORIAL

By A. L. Mack

Plans are being made for a nation-wide memorial to Amelia Earhart, the world's most noted woman aviator who perished a short time ago in her attempt to blaze a trail around the world.

These plans are being pushed by the Board of Trustees of Thiel College at Greenville, Pennsylvania. Miss Earhart's grandfather, who was also a person of zeal and courage, was a founder of the Lutheran synod which created Thiel College. Her father was a graduate of this school. In 1932 she was granted an honorary degree from the same institution.

Great things are expected of this attempt to "serve the cause of women." For one thing, a number of Amelia Earhart scholarships will be established which will aid worthy young women who wish to continue their study along the lines of science or sociology in any school in the United States.

Surely of all the propoosed monuments this would please her most. Somewhere the soul of Amelia Earhart must be proudest of the scholarships to be endowed in her name. She, who lived a life of trail-blazing pioneering, would far rather have this living memorial than columns of stone and bronze.

There will be built on the campus of Thiel College an Amelia Earhart Hall for use as a home for college women. In this building there will be a memorial room with mementos of the life and work of this woman who set records in flying, not only for women, but for the world at large.

Miss Earhart was the famous holder of many aviation records, and her roll of "firsts" is indeed impressive. She was first woman to fly the Atlantic and the first woman to make a trans-continental non-stop flight. She was the first woman licensed in this country to carry passengers for hire in cabin planes weighing up to 7,700 pounds.

She became interested in the auto-gyro and was the first woman to cross the United States in this little-used type of aircraft. In January, 1935, she challenged the Pacific as no other person, man or woman, ever had and completed the first solo flight ever made between Hawaii and California.

Just before Miss Earhart's last trip she had talked with the president of Thiel College and expressed a special desire to do something for the college which she held dear because of family ties. "For this reason," says the president, "we have perhaps a stronger reason than any other institution in the country to start this movement which will aid young women in their efforts to pioneer and make new records in their chosen fields, just as Miss Earhart so notably did in her line."

---

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart all work together.—John Ruskin.

# THE FIRST FIRELESS COOKER

**By May L. Bauchle**

Just when the Little People of the Southwest moved out of their aerie homes in the cliffs and ceased to be cliff dwellers we do not know. If we knew this date we would know when the first fireless cooker came to be.

The homes in the cliffs were really just caves scooped out of the sandstone by a people who wished to live up out of the way of ferocious animals and also to be protected from the sun and the storms. When the white men first found these homes in the walls each one had a tiny fireplace in the corner with a hole burrowed out through the top by which the smoke could escape. These fireplaces were much like the ones found in modern homes today inasmuch as the front was open and there seemed to be no way in which to close it up. This is why we know that the earliest of these people did not invent the fireless cooker.

When and why the Little People, as the Ute Indians called them, moved down into the valleys we do not know; we can only conjecture. Certain it is that there came a time when their enemies had fled; and desiring to live near the fertile fields where they raised their own corn and squashes, they moved out of their nests in the rock and built squat adobe houses in the valley. Then it was that they built, just outside the doorway of each home, a beehive oven of clay. When the Spaniards came up out of the South, looking for the fabled gold of the seven cities of Cibola, they found Mrs. Pueblo baking bread and mowa for her family and mowanusege (little corn cakes) for Marianita Pueblo and Dy-yoh-wi, her baby brother.

Today Mrs. Pueblo, a direct descendant of Marianita's mother bakes her bread and cakes in the self-same way. Gasoline stoves and electric grills have never found their way to the Pueblo villages of the Southwest. A hot wood fire is started inside the oven, and then allowed to burn until the outside has just the needed degree of heat. This is tested by a thermometer, which is in the palm of Mrs. Pueblo's right hand.

When it is exactly right she rakes out the coals and brushes the oven floor with a broom made of willow slips them into the oven as near the twigs. The loaves of bread and the little cakes are in readiness, and she center as possible, for there the heat is greatest. Sometimes a clay jar of soup is set beside the bread. All this has been done so quickly and deftly that no heat is lost. The oven is then closed air tight, both at the opening and at the top vent, and Mrs. Pueblo goes about her pottery making or her bread work, secure in the knowledge that her fireless cooker is to be depended upon and dinner will be ready on time.

---

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.—Exchange.

# ST. LUKE'S, ISLE OF WIGHT

**By John W. Edwards**

Just a quarter-century after the Jamestown Settlement, in 1632, St. Luke's Church, in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, was built. It was located just twenty-five miles in a southwardly direction from that island, where the highways of that day met.

So many tourists dash along these highways today, seeing sights so furiously as they go along, one sometimes wonders do they really know the story of these earliest of Virginia's antiquities. This early landmark has stood by the side of the road watching the passing scene for more than three centuries.

This church, whose architectural style is purely Gothic, though passing through several restorations, still retains its original lines, that the passing of the years have brought to such complete harmony with its surroundings. It is a wee bit drowsy place, given over to memories. But memories filled with riches. One's adjustment to its charm is complete, matter not how suddenly it comes into view.

The original plans of the Jacobean tower of St. Luke's have been but little altered. The massive buttresses may in the original design had to do with the roof support, but there is no evidence in the building as it stands today to justify that supposition. They serve no such purpose now, but their appearance lends an added charm to the church walls. Its stepped postern wall must have been a part of the first restoration as there is nothing in the early record of this wall being stepped. Yet its counterpart can be seen in many of the smaller country churches throughout England. The white marble pediment over the front entrance surely was placed there in more recent years. Hardly could one say it gives grace or beauty to the structure as it appears today.

The interior of St. Luke's shows that intimate charm so characteristic of early Virginia churches. Its furnishings are extremely plain and therein lies much of their fascination. The exquisite coloring in the chancel window seen in the morning sun enhances the beauty of the entire nave. This window, made in twelve sections, is dedicated to the saints and those prominent in church work. It is of Tiffany glass and was presented duty free by Queen Victoria during the last restoration of St. Luke's. John Rolfe, John Smith, Sir Walter Raleigh, James Blair, George Washington, Joseph Bridger and Robert E. Lee are some of the prominent Virginians memoralized in this window. The softened sunlight filtered through the colored glass over the altar and chancel, forming a reredos of imparadised color.

The other stained glass windows in the church are memorials to Pocahontas, Robert Hunt, Alexander Whitaker, the Parkers, the Jordans, Young, Wreen and Norsworthy families that were for generations communicants of this church. The carved altar and reading desk, the wine glass pulpit with its high sounding board, are all of more than passing interest. A font of pure Carara marble, imported from England, in its white simplicity, brings memories of the time when

kneeling, we promised a benignant bishop to "renounce the devil and all his works." How poignantly early memories crowd into this little church. What a deep feeling of solemnity prevades the entire church where the "God of our Fathers" has been worshiped by they, themselves, centuries ago. The intrinsic beauty of St. Luke's midst its historic memories impresses one with the knowledge that here is to be found a lasting monument to the fortitude and integrity of those who braved the perils of an unknown sea, and equally unknown land, to found a home in the new world.

The builder of St. Luke's Church, Joseph Bridger, died in 1692. The marble slab that marked his grave has been made a part of the main aisle in the church.

St. Luke's is the pride of the countryside and people look upon it with the same enthusiasm as that of the dwellers around Canterbury Cathedral. St. Luke's is more beautiful in its surroundings than the church at Stoke Pogis, whose only claim to fame is that under one of its ancient yew trees Gray wrote his immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Tradition has it that the brick with which this structure was built were brought from England. So it has been said about many old places throughout Tidewater Virginia. Authoritative historians are of diversiffied opinions; some claiming they were made on the spot. The writer thinks it was that great romancer, John Esten Cook, who advanced the theory that, much tobacco being shipped to England, the ships loaded brick for ballast on the return voyage. This theory is plausible and one like to fancy the bringing of this building material from far away England. But to get down to cold facts, there is every reason to believe the bricks were made on the spot. There is ample supply of the right kind of clay here near the church and brickmakers were among the first artisans sent to Virginia.

St. Luke's has had its moments. Here it was in those far off days of the Revolution that Sir Bonastre Tarleton with his troops camped in the shade of the old trees about the church. And even before that, it was that fair daughter of Virginia, Princess Pocahontas, who paused on her journeys about her father's kingdom to drink from the cool spring at the foot of St. Luke's Hill. Even today this is known to some of the older people as Pocahontas Spring. George Washington is said to have stopped for a moment of silent prayer and there are legends of General Lee visiting for a short while in the old churchyard.

In the early days came the country's best to pray at St. Luke's for His Majesty the King of England. And later to "Bless thy servant, the President of the United States." And whose children who came to ask the heavenly blessing of the "President of the Confederate States" while still later in the calm, after the clouds of war had departed and a country bled in poverty, again the voices invoked heavenly recognition for our President. Before the Revolutionary War the Established Church of England was also the Established Church of the Old Dominion. No other faith was tolerated. And rightly so. Some Colonial wit said: "Anybody can be a Christian, but a gentleman must be an Episcopalian." All of the older Tide-

water churches were originally of the Angelician faith. But with few minor changes after the separation of Virginia from the Mother Country, the Episcopal Church has stood the test of time, carried on the traditions of the Mother Church, and are today monuments of a faith unshaken.

A social life courtly, gallant and luxurious, in an almost fuedal setting, in houses patterned traditionally after ancestral halls across the water, could be naught but orthodox Church of England in its religious views. Parish churches were essentially patterned after those known in earlier life. Theirs was a conventional state of religion, no haunting. Puritanical piety overshadowed their daily lives. To eat and drink and enjoy themselves; to ride in their coaches and reign over their great plantations, and go through life pleasantly and prosperously, was a part of their very selves. And this was a most agreeable philosophy. Obviously then, their churches were monuments of an official, sacradotal, wealthy state of religion—not mere meeting houses—where a ritualistic service was performed on proper occasion. Primarily built for houses of worship, not for public meetings, these churches contained the charm so characteristic of a stately devotion that set them apart from other churches on the new continent. These barons of the new world, united yet kept separate their church and state.

---

## CHARITY

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who were sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
To critize your neighbor long
Because he's busy doing wrong.

—The Continent.

# MOST PRISONERS WANT TO WRITE STORIES OF LIFE

**By Dale Carnegie**

Who do you suppose was the most famous short story writer who ever lived? You have read his stories. More than six million copies of his books have been sold; and they have been translated into almost every language on earth, including the Japanese, Esperanto, Checho-Slovakian, Danish, Norwegian, French, German, Swedish and Russian, His pen name was O Henry, and he was born about seventy years ago.

O. Henry's life is a striking illustration of a man who battled against tremendous odds and succeeded, in spite of terrible handicaps.

First, he had the handicap of very little education. He didn't even attend high school; and he never saw the inside of a college; yet today his stories are studied as models of good writing in half the universities of the land.

Second, he was handicapped by the ravages of diseases. The doctors feared that he was going die of consumption; so they took him away from his home in North Carolina, sent him down to Texas, and he got a job herding sheep on a ranch there.

Today, automobile tourist drive hundreds of miles out of their way to see that ranch; and as they approach it, they halt their cars and walk reverently over the ground where O. Henry once tended his flocks.

Third, he had the apparent misfortunte of being thrown into prison It happened this way.

After he regained his health, O. Henry got a job as a cashier in a bank in Austin, Texas. The cowboys and sheep men in that section had the habit of walking into the bank when the clerks were busy and helping themselves to as much cash as they wanted, signing a receipt for it, and then going on about their business.

Suddenly, one day, a state bank examiner came to town, inspected the bank's cash—and found money missing. O. Henry, the cashier, was arrested. He was hauled into the court; and although he probably had never taken a dishonest dollar himself, nevertheless he was sent to prison for five years.

That prison sentence seemed like a calamity at the time; but, in a way, it was most fortunate; for O. Henry began writing, in prison, the brilliant stories that were destined to make his name honored and loved wherever the English language is spoken. It is quite probable that he would never have written at all if he hadn't been sent to prison.

I was talking to Warden Lawes, of Sing Sing, recently; and he told me that almost every man in Sing Sing wants to write the story of his life. In fact, so many of the prisoners in Sing Sing want to write, that the prison school gives them a free course in short story writing. Naturally, very few of them succeed, but nevertheless, it is a fact that many well-known men have written in jail.

When Richard Lovelace was thrown into an English prison, two hundred

and fifty years ago, he glorified his dungeon by writing one of the well known poems of the English language. It is a love poem that he wrote to his sweetheart. It is entitled: To Athea from Prison.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
The spotless mind, and innocent,
Calls that a hermitage,
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that are above,
Enjoy such liberty.

---

## THE FORTUNATE ISLES

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The old Greek Isles where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave-stones,
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have gone before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Aye! Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust.
Aye! Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O Friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—Joaquin Miller.

# THE FINNS IN AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY

**(Lutheran Young Folks)**

The year 1638, when the first Swedish-Finish colony was established in the New World, was just 138 years previous to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In considering this colonial project, we must, of course, realize that Sweden as a nation was helped to its position of dominance in the affairs of Europe by the strength and virility of the people of its domain. Finland, then a grand duchy of Sweden, as over 150 years later a grand duchy of Russia, gave of her money and her people to the glory of Swedish arms. At one period of her history, in one of the destructive wars that militant Sweden was engaged in, Finland gave up one-third of her male population. Seventeenth century historians bear witness to the valor and fortitude of the Finns.

According to our best historical authorities, this colonial enterprise of the Kingdom of Sweden, which encompassed the territory of Finland as a grand duchy, grew out of a proposal made to Gustavus Adolphus, illustrious ruler of the Swedes, by William Usselinx, a Netherlander, just about the time that the Pilgrim fathers were setting out from English shores for the wilderness of Cape Cod. The idea took, and the New Sweden Company was organized on the 1st of May 1627, and the stock lists were opened to all Europe. The King himself pledged $400,000. The city of Wiipuri in modern Finland—Wibory in Hanseatic League days—was a participant.

In the spring of 1638 the first ship from the Swedish Kingdom, the Kalmar Nyckel, arrived at the mouth of the Delaware River. It sailed up the river to the point where the city of Wilmington, Del., is now located. At the natural stone pier, still in existence and known as The Rocks the small band of pioneers disembarked and thus began the effort which was destined to become the first permanent settlement in the Delaware River Valley.

The land upon which the colonists laid the foundations of a new pioneer Commonwealth in North America was purchased from friendly Indians. It extended as far up as the Schuylkill River, where Philadelphia, the cradle of our liberties, is now situated. Later additions to the territory of the New Sweden colony extended its boundaries so as ultimately to bring within its limits nearly all of the presentday Delaware and sections of New Jersey and Maryland as well. Independence Hall itself stands on land that was one time a part of the colony, and in Wilmington the Holy Trinity Church—not to mention other churches in other places—harks back to these doughty pioneers of New Sweden.

In common with Virginia and Massachusetts and other seventeenth-century colonies in North America, New Sweden on the Delaware resulted from the activities of a trading company. Both money and leadership for the enterprise came from the Finnish part of the kingdom as well as from Sweden proper. Admiral Klaus Fleming, one of the leading

members of the Finnish nobility, became associated with the New Sweden Co., and from the first was in charge of its affairs. His directorship of the company was cut short by his death in 1644. According to Dr. Amandus Johnson, the leading authority on this phase of American colonial history, "the company and colony lost their best friend and most enthusiastic promoter" when Fleming was killed in battle against the Danes.

The Finnish contribution to the population of New Sweden was likewise conspicous.

While we do not as yet have altogether satisfactory statistics regarding the number of Fins in New Sweden, proof positive and final exists showing that they constituted an important element in the population of the colony. Of the 12 separate expeditions sent to the colony between 1638 and 1656, the records do not always clearly separate the Finnish settlers from the Swedish. The last expeditions, which arrived on the Delaware in March, 1656, numbered 105 persons. Of these 92 were listed as Finns. At the time of the arrival of this group the persons in the colony, presumably adults who included the Finns already in New Sweden, numbered some 240. As late as 1664 a group of 140 Finns were reported to have arrived in Amsterdam, Holland, on their way to New Sweden.

A conservative estimate, therefore, places the Finns at from one-third to one-half of the pioneers of the Delaware River Valley.

The colonial effort of the Swedes and Finns was but a scant 30 years after Jamestown had first been settled by the English, and but 15 years after the first Dutchmen had settled on Manhattan Island and founded New Amsterdam. We find the national jealousies of old Europe being transferred to the unsettled shores of the New World.

And then the inevitable happened. A revival of Swedish aggression in the Delaware finally aroused the Dutch to action. In 1654 one-legged Peter Stuyvesant, who himself had arrived in New Amsterdam but in 1647, led a force of more than 600 men into the Delaware.

"One fort after another surrendered, and to Rysingh, the Swedish Governor, honorable terms were conceded; the colonists were promised quiet possession of their estates; and jurisdiction of the Dutch was established.

"Such was the end of New Sweden —the colony that connects our country with Gustavus Adolphus and the nations that dwell on the Gulf of Bothania."

But although the Swedes had control of their colony for but 16 years the population remained. For more than a hundred years there was a direct contact between the Swedes and their church authorities in Sweden. These settlers—Swedes and Finns alike—retained their identity—linguistic, religious, cultural—but ultimately they merged with the blood stream of American nationality. Intermixture of Swedes and Finns and the anglicization of the language of both had proceeded apace by the time the fathers of this country created a new nation on this conintent.

By that time a few descendants of the Delaware colonists had risen to position sufficiently conspicuous to bring them into participation in the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars as signers of the Declaration of

Independence and, later, as the signers of the Constitution of the United States. The majority lived the lives of hard-working pioneers and made their contributions to the development of American institutions and ideals in that anonymous manner which ever characterizes the life and endeavors of the common man who was then, as he is today, the real foundation of all that we hold dear and worth-while in this glorious country.

Honesty, fair dealing, and hard work were the characteristics of the Delaware Finns in the 1600's. We learn from a history of the New Sweden colony, published in 1702, that in a settlement named Finland, which was in the vicinity of present-day Chester, Pa., the Finns lived without fortifications, at peace with the Indians. Together with the Swedes they founded the first towns, built the first schools and roads, established the first law courts, and constructed the first churches in the Delaware Valley, and in doing so made important and lasting contributions to American civilization.

---

## THE BEST SELLER

That is often said of the Bible. Firms that do not believe in it, and individuals who would remove it from their bookshelves, if they could afford to do so, handle it, because it is a money-maker, for people insist on purchasing it. They would not be without it. It heads the list of best sellers, leading the others by immeasurable distances.

A habit may carry along a good cause for a long period of time, but finally it collapses if there is no longer any enthusiasm for that good cause. If there should be a period of ten years during which time there would be general indifference toward the Bible, it would be a drag on the market and soon become a dust gatherer on the shelves of our bookstores.

It cannot be said too often that the heart of the common people beats true. They will not let anything perish that has been their life. No drumming up of trade by agents can save a book or any other commodity that does not deserve saving. You cannot deceive all the people all the time. They may not adequately appraise a book or a cause in a brief period, but give them time and they will approach an exact evaluation of it.

If anyone could have dispensed with the Scriptures it was Jesus, but no one ever lived upon them more. He sounded the depth of human need when He fed His own life upon them, and He recommended the Scriptures to every human being by the strength He found in them.—Young Folks.

# THOUSAND JOBS FOR SULPHUR

**By Jasper B. Sinclair**

Ask men of science just how important sulphur is to the modern world in which we live. Their answers will be little short of amazing to the average person.

Without sulphur, scientists will tell you, there would be no airplanes to fly in, no automobiles to ride in, no newspapaers to read, no movies to see no telephones to span both time and distance with split-second speed.

Nor is that an exaggerated statement of the importance of sulphur. Let us examine the facts as they relate to this useful product.

Sulphur was one of the chemical elements known to the ancients long before the dawn of Chrisitan era. It was the brimstone of the "fire and brimstone" so vividly alluded to by some ancient writers. Even in those days sulphur served many purposes. Modern science, however, has harnessed it and put it to work in a wide variety of ways that would seem little short of miraculous to the ancient alchemists and philosophers.

Perhaps most of us will think of sulphur as the element that made possible the first matches. We may also be familiar with its widespread use in drying and preserving of certain kinds of fruits. And a lot of people still consider it a time-tested remedy in the treatment of colds and other ailments.

But sulphur, in one form or another, plays a vastly more important part in the modern scheme of things than is generally known.

Nature herself determined the importance of sulphur millions of years before there were any scientists to develop its thousand and one uses for the human race. Sulphur is found in combination with the different metals in nearly every part of the world. Among the valuable ores containing sulphur are zinch blende, iron, and copper pyrites, galena, cinnabar and gray antimony. Without the presence of sulphur these ores would be of small value to mankind!

Since the discovery of this chemical element by the ancients, men have discovered an ever-increasing variety of uses for sulphur in some form or other—either as a commercial product, as sulphur acid, sulphuric ether or any of the sulphates that form the basis for so many industries.

Sulphur acid, for example, is the starting point of almost every important chemical manufacture. It is responsible for making many other acids, and for the manufacture of soda from ordinary salt.

Sulphur plays its part in making of alum and carbonate of ammonia. It produces sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, which is in turn widely used in surgery and medicine, in the dyeing industry and in preparation of certain green pigments.

Printer's ink depends upon sulphur. So does the calico-printing business, while it also shares in the preparation of dying oils for varnishes. Sulphur, indeed, is probably the most valuable companion of chemists and the chemical industry, of surgery and medicine, and of every other industry in which acids and chemicals have a part.

Liebig, the famous German scientist of the nineteenth century, once said "that the amount of sulphuric acid made in a country is a sure index of its wealth and prosperity."

For hundreds of years Italy has been one of the biggest sulphur-producing countries in the world. Much of it comes from the volcanic regions of Sicily, which were known as far back as ancient times. Indeed, all the sulphur known to the ancients came from volcanic regions of the Old World, which was one of the reasons they referred to it as "brimestone."

Before the finding of large deposits in this country, America was largely dependent upon the sulphur mines of Sicily. That is no longer the case, however.

Texas now produces about one million tons of sulphur a year. Next to the Lone Star State, the most important sulphur-producing states are Louisiana, California and Utah in that order. Louisiana supplies some 3,000,000 tons a year, less than one-third the Texan annual output.

Most of the American sulphur, especially that produced in Texas and Louisiana, is found at the depths ranging from 500 to 1500 feet below the surface. Some of the largest sulphur mines in all the world are now located in these newly developed fields along the Gulf Coast.

---

## THE DIAMOND CUP

An old legend tells of a little girl who lived in a land where a drought had dried up all the streams, so that all were perishing. The child went out into the woods and prayed for enough rain to fill her tiny cup for her sick mother. After her prayer she lay down and slept and woke in the dawn to find her cup filled with sparkling dew.

She hastened to her home, but on the way stopped to pour a few drops into the mouth of a gasping dog. Immediately the cup in her hand changed to silver. She ran to her mother's bedside joyfully and placed the cup in her hand. But the sick woman cried, "No, I am dying; give to those who will live!" and gave it back, and lo! the cup became a cup of gold.

Then the child bore the cup away to divide its water among all in the house, when a thirsty stranger came to the door. She eagerly held out the cup to him, and as he took it, a radiant like shone about him, the cup turned to shining diamonds, and a spring of water welled from it, refreshing all the land.

"Blessed are they," said the Stranger, "who give a cup of water in My name."

He disappeared, and the diamond cup rose into the sky, shining forever as the Dipper among the stars. There it gleams for all to see,

Showing the world with what a light divine
Through all the years unselfish acts may shine.

—Unknown.

# THE BURGLAR'S PRAYER

(Selected)

"You will be shocked, Aunt Lucy," said, Nancy soberly, "but I've about lost my faith in prayer."

Aunt Lucy's face looked sympathetic rather than shocked.

"Tell me all about it, Nancy," she said, with her kindly smile. "Is it because of some particular prayer that you've lost faith?"

Nancy nodded. "Yes," she said, "and I've prayed it and prayed for it for a long time! And I had heaps of faith to begin with, too; just heaps."

"And you're sure the thing you're praying for would be good for you?"

"Perfectly sure. Really, Aunt Lucy, there's no reason at all why God shouldn't give it to me."

Aunt Lucy smiled at her niece's positive tone.

"And you are sure that it would be good for everyone else that you should have it?"

Nancy hesitated a little. "Well, I don't see why not," she said at last. "I wasn't thinking about that when I was praying, but it's no one's else affair. It is a very personal thing, Aunt Lucy."

"I wonder," mused Aunt Lucy, "if that is the way the burglars felt about their prayers."

Nancy started. "The what?" she demanded. "What have burglars got to do with prayers, I'd like to know?"

Aunt Lucy laughed. "It does seem rather a strange combination, doesn't it? But I read about it yesterday in the report of a speech by Sir Herbert Risley about the castes in eastern Bengal. Wait a minute and I'll read it.

"This is what it said. 'A curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture.' What do you think of that, Nancy?

"I think it's funny," said Nancy, "but I don't know why I should remind you of that. I'm not thinking of stealing anything."

"No," answered Aunt Lucy gently, "but you admitted that yours was an entirely one-sided prayer. And I've been thinking about it for myself since I read that paragraph. I'm not sure the prayers of those ignorant burglars are any more ridiculous in the eyes of the Lord than some of the one-sided prayers that I myself make to Him.

"It reminded me of one time when I was a small girl in the country. All the farmers were longing for rain to break a long season of drought, but I prayed fervently that anyway it might not rain for two more days, because I wanted to go to a picnic and wear my new bronze shoes, and rain—even on the day before—might interfere with the latter part of my program. And I was frankly furious when my wish was not granted. Jovial old Uncle Ezra roared with laughter when I expressed my feeling at the breakfast table, but Grandfather Miner, a sweet old Friend, patted my hand gently.

" 'Little daughter,' he said, 'thee

must begin at the beginning with thy prayers, as thee does with thy schooling in earthly matters. First of all, thee must learn to say from thy heart "Lord, teach me to pray." '

"So before we laugh too much at burglars, Nancy, perhaps we'd better find out if we really know how to pray right ourselves.'"

"I'm going outdoores to think," said Nancy. "It begins to seem a little different."

---

## THE MAN WHO KNOWS

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows,
Who has measured his pace on the battle line and given and taken blows.
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan—
But taken his dose with a heart of trust and faith of a gentleman;
Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with a thousand spears—
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.
I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen;
Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread and stuck to the world-machine;
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouth of the fool has dealt;
Who was tempted and fell, and rose again, and has gone on trusty and true,
With God supreme in his manly heart and his courage burning anew.

—Author Unknown.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron in charge of Cottage No. 2, has resumed her duties after having spent a pleasant vacation with relatives in South Carolina.

---

Horace McCall, of New Bern, formerly a member of our priting class, who left the School about ten years ago, spent a couple of days here this week.

---

We were all glad to see quite an extended drought broken by refreshing rains this week. Judging from appearances, such crops as corn, lespedeza and various vegetables, seem to be gladdened also by these showers.

---

The School's watermelon patch seems to be much later than usual this season. In order to give the boys the customary feasts which they usually enjoy at this time of the year, two truck loads of fine South Carolina melons were purchased and served to them on two successive days last week. It is needless to say those were enjoyable occasions, for no treat delights the Training School boys more than an opportunity to fill up on luscious watermelons.

---

W. J. Wilson, of Cottage No. 2, and Jesse Overby, of Cottage No. 11, were taken to the North Carolina Orthodedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday. Wilson has been undergoing treatment for quite some time, having a crooked arm straightened, and after examination on this trip to the hospital, the doctors stated they were of the opinion that it was getting along nicely. Overby, who tumbled from a truck and sustained a badly fractured finger, had the injured member put into a cast, and seems to be doing very well.

---

Superintendent Boger, together with E. Farrell White, superintendent of public welfare in Cabarrus County, Mrs. Ebb F. White and Miss Elizabeth McEachern, case workers, attended the Welfare Conference held in Chapel Hill this week. Mr. Boger made the trip with Miss McEeachern, the others stopping at Albemarle, where they were joined by Otis Mabry, superintendent of public welfare in Stanly County.

In commenting on the trip, Mr. Boger stated that the sessions of the conference were unusually interesting, especially those pertaining to the entry and release of boys at the Train-School.

---

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30th, as follows:

First Grade—Horace Journigan, highest general average; Second Grade—William Pitts and J. T.

Branch, best in memory work; Third Grade—Ben Cooper, Donald Holland and Floyd Combs, best in declamation; Fourth Grade— Luther Wilson and J. W. Crawford, best in declamation; Fifth Grade—Thomas Knight, greatest improvement and best speller; Sixth Grade—Julius Stevens and Claude Ashe, best in declamation; Seventh Grade—Carroll Dodd and Paul Shipes, best in declamation.

---

Robert McNeely, a former member of our printing class, who was paroled August 22, 1930, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday morning. Upon leaving the School "Mac" returned to his home in Monroe, where he attended high school for two years. About five and one-half years ago he enlisted in the United States Army, and with the exception of spending a few weeks elsewhere for summer maneuvers, has been stationed at Fort Bragg. He is a member of Battery B, Fourth Field Artillery and has attained the rank of corporal, working with one of the observation units.

In addition to his regular duties with his battery, "Mac" holds the position of life guard and swimming instructor during the summer months. He spent some time last summer at a branch of the National Aquatic School, located at Brevard, and holds a diploma as a qualified examiner in life saving and first aid. He is very enthusiastic about this part of his duties with Uncle Sam and seems to be quite proud of the progress made along that line.

"Mac" has developed into a fine looking young man, more than six feet tall, and tips the scales at 180 pounds. He is nearly twenty-four years old; has been married a little more than four years and is the proud father of two girls, one being three years old and the other one year.

---

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. In his talk to the boys, he used the following text, taken from Isaiah 40:31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint."

The prophet here was not prophesying aviation, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, but was concerned with the soul of man—how it was to rise to a higher plane of living, and live in accordance with the ways of God.

The speaker then gave three ways we are to mount, as follows: (1) Through prayer, or speaking with God. Association with one of higher standard will necessarily raise our standard. Association with God through prayer is bound to cause us to mount to higher planes. He then told the story of the minister who preached one sermon throughout a whole series of revival meetings, yet won more and more to Christ each night, because he had prayed for and received inspiration from God. (2) We mount only through trust. We cannot possibly do all things of ourselves; our trust in God, the great one, will help us mount to higher levels. (3) We rise through service. Having prayed, and having trusted completely in God,

we must follow this with service in His name. And we cannot serve without becoming better, receiving more strength to serve more, and thus be enabled to mount on "wings as an eagle" to a higher and better plane of living.

## IN DEBT

Whether you have been there or hope some day to go, here's a little story connected with historic Valley Forge that ought to be in the mind of every American boy and girl.

Layfayette promised George Washington to return as his guest. Forty years had passed and it was now 1824, It was his last visit to this wonderful country he helped to make independent. Americans loved him. He was nearly seventy years old, but his heart beat as warmly for his adopted country as in those earlier days when he had fought, felt hunger, and was exposed to the fury of the elements for its liberty.

A brilliant reception was under way. A slowly moving line of stately guests passed Lafayette, who greeted each with courty grace. Presently there approached an old soldier clad in a worn Continental uniform. In his hand was an ancient musket, and across his shoulder was thrown an old banket, or rather a piece of a blanket.

On reaching the marquis the veteran drew himself in the stiff fashion of the old-time salute and paid his respects in a military manner. As Lafayette made the return signal, tears started to his eyes. The tattered uniform, the ancient flint-lock, the silver-haired soldier, even older than himself, recalled the past.

"Do you know me?" asked the soldier.

"No, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them," replied the humble Lafayette.

"One bitter night, General, you were going the rounds at Valley Forge. You came upon a sentry with thin clothing and without stockings. He was slowly freezing to death. You took his gun, saying: 'Go to my hut. There you will find stockings, a blanket, and a fire. After warming yourself, bring the blanket to me. Meanwhile, I will keep guard.'

"The soldier obeyed. When he returned to his post, you, General, cut the blanket in two. One-half you kept, the other you presented to the sentry. Here, General, is one-half of the blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

It is stories such as these that instill in us the undying spirit and unquenched desire for the liberties unfathomed by our forefathers in the early years of our independence.—Boys' World

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Virgil Baugess 2
Howard Baheeler 5
Burris Bozeman 5
Hobart Gross 3
Horace Journigan 4
James McCune 4
Ray Reynolds 2

—B—

Paul Briggs 5
Howard Cox 2
Ernest Davis
Richard Freeman 3
Clarence Gates 4
Benjamin McCracken 2

SECOND GRADE

(Note: Due to the fact that the boys of the Second Grade were called upon to help out in an emergency elsewhere, no Honor Roll is reported for the month of June.)

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Junius Brewer 5
Archie Castlebury 3
Herman Cherry 2
Floyd Combs
Frank Crawford 5
Ivey Eller 4
Ballard Martin 3
Clarence Mayton 3
Wiliam Wilson 3

—B—

Donald Holland
Edward Johnson
Carl Singletary 5
Harold Thomas
Leonard Watson 3
George Wilhite 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Andrews 5
Thomas R. Pitman 5
Rowland Rufty 4

—B—

Theodore Bowles 6
Harold Bryson 5
Leonard Buntin 4
James Coleman 6
George Duncan 5
Baxter Foster 4
Beamon Heath 4
Leon Hollifield 3
Paul Ruff 5
Joseph Tucker 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Monte Beck
John Kirkman 2
Thomas Knight 2

—B—

Burman Holland 2
Clyde Hoppes 3
Bruce Link 2
Paul Mullis 3
Richard Palmer

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Wayne Collins 2
Charles Davis 4
James H. Davis
Frank King 2
Cecil Wilson

—B—

Clinton Keen
F. E. Mickle 2
William McRary 2
Jack Pyatt
James Reavis
Julius Stevens 3
William Warf
Joseph Wheeler

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Albert Silas 5

Harvey Walters 4

—B—

Garrett Bishop
Wilson Bowman 3
Caleb Hill 3
James Kirk
Edward Lucas 5
Robert Orrell 2
Thomas Shaw 2
Paul Shipes
Robert Watts
Charles Webb 4
N. C. Webb

---

## THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

After the Continental Congress had long debated the subject of independence it appointed a committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Robert Livingston to draw up a declaration to which they might affix their names. Four days before Richard Lee offered this resolution: "That the United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

On the day before the appointment of the committee to write the declartion Mr. Lee was called home by the illness of his wife. Had it not been for this, doubtless he would have been made Chairman of the Committee and would perhaps have written the declaration. As matters were, Thomas Jefferson, the youngest member of the committee, was asked to write the document. Adams and Franklin made a few alteration in the paper as Mr. Jefferson wrote it, and thus there came into being what is considered as one of the most important papers written by the pen of men.

Thomas Jefferson had not been a member of the Congress long when he was called upon to write this memorable paper In one of the rooms in Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson is preserved the body and seat of the gig in which he rode to Philadelphia only a short time before he was called upon to render this great service. It took him ten days to make the journey—which can now be easily performed by train in less than as many hours.

Jefferson had only been appointed as a member of the Congress a short time before all this—to fill a vacancy caused by a resignation. He remained a member only a few months But he was ready for his great opportunity.—The Way.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending July 17, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(7) Marvin Bridgeman 7
(2) Ivey Eller 6
(7) Clyde Gray 7
(2) Gilbert Hogan 6
(7) Leon Hollifield 7
(7) Edward Johnson 7
(7) Vernon Lamb 7
(7) Edward Lucas 7
(7) Mack Setzer 7
(2) C. L. Snuggs 2

### COTTAGE No. 1

(5) Virgil Baugess 6
(3) Henry Cowan 6
Eugene Edwards
Horace Journigan 4
Bruce Link 3
Blanchard Moore 4
Fonnie Oliver 3
(2) William Pitts 4
(2) H. C. Pope 4
Frank Walker 4
(2) Preston Yarborough 4

### COTTAGE No. 2

(2) John Capps 5
Postell Clark 2
Arthur Craft 3
(5) Samuel Ennis 6
Julius Green 3
Frank King
Floyd Lane 2
(7) Nick Rochester 7
(2) Oscar Roland 3

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 2
(2) Earl Bass 2
Jewell Barker 3
(3) Neely Dixon 5
Harold Dodd
F. E. Mickle 3
Jack Morris
John C. Robertson 3
(3) George Shaver 4
William T. Smith 3
(4) Earl Weeks 5
(2) Jerome W. Wiggins 2

### COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
(3) Odell Bray 3
(2) Hurley Davis 4
(4) Lewis Donaldson 4
(2) James Hancock 4
(5) Van Martin 6
Hubert McCoy 4
Robert Orrell 3
Lloyd Pettus 4
(2) George Speer 2
(2) Melvin Walters 4
Leo Ward 5
(3) Rollin Wells 4
James Wilhite 4
Cecil Wilson 3

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 4
(5) Harold Almond 5
William Brothers 4
(2) Donald Holland 2
(2) Robert Jordan 2
(7) Jack McRary 7
Joseph Mobley
(2) Richard Singletary 2
Thomas Sullivan 6
Jack Turner 3
(7) Dewey Ware 7

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson
(3) Fletcher Castlebury 5
(2) Robert Dellinger 3
Clinton Keen 2
Charles McCoyle 4
(2) Randall D. Peeler 2
(3) Joseph Tucker 4
(7) George Wilhite 7
(2) William Wilson 5
Woodrow Wilson 4

Donald Washam 2
(2) Carl Ward 3

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(7) Cleasper Beasley 7
(7) Carl Breece 7
(2) Archie Castlebury 5
(4) James H. Davis 6
(2) William Estes 6
George Green 4
(3) Blaine Griffin 5
(7) Caleb Hill 7
(2) Hugh Johnson 6
Ernest Mobley
J. D. Powell 5
Jack Pyatt 4
(2) Loy Stines 4
(2) Graham Sykes 5
(2) William Tester 4
(7) William Young 7

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(6) Donald Britt 6
Edward J. Lucas 3
Wilfred Land
(3) Edward McCain 3
Charles Presnell
(6) John Tolbert 6

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 3
(4) J. T. Branch 6
James Bunnell 3
(7) Thomas Braddock 7
Edgar Burnette 4
(2) Clifton Butler 5
James Butler 4
(2) James Coleman 6
George Duncan 4
(3) Woodfin Fowler 6
(2) Frank Glover 3
(5) Eugene Presnell 5
Lonnie Roberts 2
Earl Stamey 4
(2) Thomas Sands 6
(4) Luther Wilson 5
(7) Thomas Wilson 7

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen 3
Charles Bryant 3
Joseph D. Corn 3
(2) Baxter Foster 4
(2) Lawrence Guffey 5
(2) Albert Goodman 5
Earl Hildreth
Franklin Lyles 2
(7) Julius Stevens 7
(6) Thomas Shaw 6
(7) John Uptegrove 7

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 2
Alphus Bowman 3
Allard Brantley 2
(2) Ben Cooper 4
William C. Davis 3
(4) James Elders 4
Max Eaker 4
(3) Joseph Hall 5
(6) Charlton Henry 6
Franklin Hensley 3
Richard Honeycutt 4
(3) Hubert Holloway 6
S. E. Jones 2
(3) Lester Jordan 4
(3) Thomas Knight 6
(6) Tilman Lyles 6
Clarence Mayton 3
Ewin Odom 4
William Powell
James Reavis 5
Howard Sanders 4
Harvey J. Smith 2
(6) Carl Singletary 6
(3) William Trantham 5
George Tolson 4
(3) Leonard Wood 6
(3) Ross Young 3

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(4) Norman Brogden 5
(4) Jack Foster 5
James V. Harvel 3
(5) Isaac Hendren 5
(4) Bruce Kersey 4
(4) William Lowe 4
(3) Irvin Medlin 5
Paul McGlammery 3
(2) Jordan McIver 4
(3) Thomas R. Pitman 4
(3) Alexander Woody 4

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(5) Claude Ashe 6
(2) Raymond Andrews 6
(2) Clyde Barnwell 5
Fred Clark

(2) Delphus Dennis 5
Audie Farthing 5
James Kirk 5
(3) Fred McGlammery 5
John Robbins 4
(2) Harold Thomas 5
Paul Shipes 4
(2) Garfield Walker 3
Junior Woody 3

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(No Honor Roll)

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis 5
(4) Reefer Cummings 6
(4) Filmore Oliver 5
Hubert Short 4

---

## WORK THAT IS WORTH DOING

General Pershing, America's beloved soldier, has a bit of philosophy which he says has carried him over the roughest spots of life and enabled him to get pleasure and satisfaction out of things, which on their face, held no satisfaction. That philosophy is this: "To have something to do that is worth doing and doing it with all my heart and soul."

It is necessary that men have work to do that is worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and do it with all their soul. In that lies peace and satisfaction, the contentment and self-appraisal, that lead to a better ordered existence, not only for the individual, but for society.

Turn tht claim around as you will, think of it as long as you can, and you cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim. Yet if mankind would admit it, the face of the world would be changed. Discontent, strife, dishonesty, avarice, and seeking advantage would end.

To feel that we are doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves and that such work and its due reward could not fail us, what harm could happen to us then? and what benefit, happiness and confidence would not come to us?

This having something to do that is worth doing and doing it with all the energy of heart and soul does more than keep us on an even keel, more than merely bring personal satisfaction. It enlarges our perspective and widens our viewpoint.

It develops unsuspected power—the power to make friends, the power to go beyond oneself and serve others, the power to open up one's heart and take others in, the power to share the feeling of others.—The Sunshine Monthly.

# AIR-CONDITIONED
## COACHES
**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 30, 1938 No. 30

## A GOOD NAME

When King Arthur enrolled his Knights of the Round Table he made them take the oath to "speak no slander; nor to listen to it." Diogenes, that quaint philosopher who with a lantern searched the streets for an honest man, when asked what beast was most to be feared replied: "Of wild beasts the backbiter; of tame, the flatterer." Demon is an English term derived from the Greek word for slanderer. God gave as one of his fundemental laws of life, both personal and social: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| BEAUTY DOWN THE HAPPY VALLEY | By Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| HE SPREADS SUNSHINE | By L. A. Foster | 10 |
| A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL | | 12 |
| GHOSTS OF CIVIL WAR SPEAK AT GETTYSBURG | (Selected) | 14 |
| GROUSELAND—THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE WEST | By Florence Marie Taylor | 17 |
| SALT | By George Rinkliff | 21 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## WHAT DO WE PLANT

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abbey.

## OBEDIENCE A KEY VIRTUE

One cannot visit Valley Forge or go up along the Delaware River, or look upon other places made sacred and memorable by General Washington without being reminded of his unstinted sacrifice and real greatness.

When the Revolutionary War was concluded and Cornwallis had surrendered to him, a banquet was made for the General and his officers. On that occasion Washington's mother was asked how she managed to rear such a noble son. This was her answer: "I

taught him to obey."

To what extent that quality made him the man he was, and developed that cluster of admirable traits which he displayed, no one can say definitely. However, no one can doubt it bulked large with him. How could he expect obedience from those under him if it had not helped to shape his own conduct?

That person does not live, whether young or old, master or servant, teacher or taught, who does not need hourly to learn the principle of obedience. Lawlessness is weakness Disobedience is ruin. To laugh at rules is to welcome disaster. To ridicule laws is to flirt with destruction. A life without rules is like a train without roadbed and tracks. No person can develop a strong character who does not have principles for the regulation of his conduct. And those principles must be inward rather than outward. Obedience is one of the first laws of life.—Lutheran Young Folks.

* * * * * * *

## SUNSHINE

The State, published by Carl Goerch, is most interesting due to the fact it emphasizes the high spots of historical interest, and gives the public a speaking acquaintance with the state's finest and most active citizens who are really doing things.

The issue of "The State," June 25, tells of Mr. Julius Lowenbein who for thirty-six years has realized much joy from visiting the shut-ins and unfortunates from misfortunes of all kinds. When one passes the time doing charitable deeds as Mr. Lowenbein has done for years there is no danger of time hanging heavy. Besides instead of having one's face marked with crow's feet there will be smiles, the symbol of real joy.

Editor Goerch has the ability of selecting pleasing personalities to write about. Such examples of a well spent life gives an impetus to a broader field of service and keeps one from getting into grooves and becoming self satisfied. This story, "He Spreads Sunshine," on page 10 of this issue is truly inspirational and worth reading.

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worthwhile—
That costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth and goodness,
And it's kindly and its bent—
It's worth a million dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent.

* * * * * * *

## MOCKING BIRDS SHIPPED TO CANADA

The shipping of mocking birds to Canada is surely an experiment. This information comes out from Manteo, where one, Sam Walker, superintendent of the game refuge is interested in the experiment. Manteo is known far and wide as a place of interest where the pageant of the Lost Colony is shown.

It seems but natural to conclude that if the people from the Canadian Provinces migrate to milder climates in the winter nothing more could be expected in the life of the bird. One of two things will happen—the birds shipped will either die or if possible to find their way to their native heath they will fly homeward:

Nine fledgling mocking birds that Sam Walker, superintendent of the Pea Island game refuge, has been feeding since he captured them from their nests some six weeks ago, were taken to Norfolk last week and shipped by plane to Detroit, where Jack Miner, ornithologist and noted authority on migratory birds, met the plane and took the birds on across the border to his place at Ontario, Canada.

Shipping birds from here launches an unique experiment. Jack Miner is trying to find out if mocking birds, native to the temperate zone and not known to Canada's wild life, will exist in the severe northern climate. He wrote Sam Walker some time ago and Mr. Walker immediately went out and caught some just-hatched birds in the woods of Currituck county.

It will also tend to prove or disprove the theory of whether the young mocking birds are taught to sing by their mothers The fledglings Miner has have known no other mother than Sam Walker.

* * * * * * *

## HOW TO BEHAVE

Considerable publicity has been given a code of etiquette drawn up for college boys by an eastern dean of women. Introductions, dress,

table manners, attitude toward women, removal of the hat, and general behavior on the street are the main points of the code.

To which Bruce Catton adds: More timely at this season of the year would be a similar code for new graduates. Such as:

Introductions—Don't say, "My name is Henry Smith. I have a Bachelor of Arts degree." Better: "My name is Henry Smith. I have always admired your firm."

Dress—Your first investment should be a pair of spats. You may find yourself without a pair of socks some day.

Table manners—Don't push into the line. The other men have probably been standing there in the cold for hours.

Removal of the hat—Do it every chance you get. You might as well, while you still have your hat.

Attitude toward women—Respect, always. You may be asking one for a job some day.

* * * * * * *

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

After twenty-four years of silence the ancient Rheims Carthedral Marne, France, on June 15, pealed forth. This magnificent Gothic structure, wrecked by the enemy artillery fire during the World War, has been restored to its original beauty after twenty years of work. Its restoration is made possible through the generosity of the weathy American, John D. Rockefeller.

This cathedral is noted as the historic place for the coronation of the kings of France. It is truly a classic in architecture of the 13th century and compares with any in beauty, grandeur and symtery.

Audible for miles around the countryside, the bells after being reclaimed, announced the ceremonies of the rededication for worship and 100,000 attended the event with President Albert Labrun and other dignitaries. The art glass windows, the bells and other furnishings make complete the structure for divine worship.

The American wealth this time has reached far across the waters in reclaiming the architecture of ancient days, and such beneficence is to be commended and especially so when the gifts contributed to the spiritual refreshment and enrichment of the souls of people. In fact the accumulated wealth of individuals is a trust and there is a responsibility for the dispensation of the same.

## FACT DIGEST CLIPPINGS

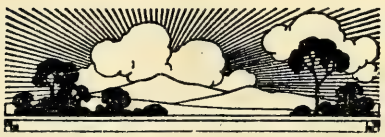
The Indians were not the simple traders they are reputed to be. Although they sold Manhattan Island for a hatchet and a few trinkets, they also sold a strip of land in New England six times.

As early as 1642, which was 22 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, a number of Indians were studying at Harvard.

The Indians of the United States are increasing, and it is foreseen that in a hundred years there may be as many Indians as in ancient times. There is no such title as Princess in Indian tribes.

General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad started to work as an apprentice in the shops at Altoona Pennsylvania, for five cents an hour. He managed to earn $5 a week by working overtime. To make ends meet he made a deal with a night watchman to share his bed, a night and day shift which kept the bed warm twenty-four hours at a stretch.

Charles M. Schwab, one of the wealthiest men of the world, says: "I have worked hard all of my life and have accomplished much—but it means nothing."



# BEAUTY DOWN THE HAPPY VALLEY

**By Old Hurrygraph**

**A County of Blessings, where Every Prospect Pleases the Senses**

Legerwood, N. C.,—Happy Valley! Rightly named. There's every blessing here to make a people happy. So restful and so peaceful. It is nature's studio of prosperous farm scenes. Where the mountains on either side of the valley seem to reach up so close to the skies above that they bring down to earth a bit of heaven—you can almost hear the faint echoes of seraphim feet, and the musical beat of the hearts of the angels—and their songs of praise. Where the woodland choristers sing their praises to the Divine Creator, like in the springtime. Where the boys of the Patterson School sing and whistle gladsome notes as they wand their way to their various tasks on the farm, and where the Yadkin river sings it way to the sea. Such is the environment of the Patterson School, an agricultural and vocational school for boys.

**The Patterson School**

George F. Wiese, (pronounced we-see) is now the Superintendent, and has been for the past two years. He is a young man of exceptional energy and executive ability. He came here from St. Paul, Va., where he had been engaged in agricultural missionary work. He has a most charming wife, equally as capable as her husband, and two lovely and interesting children—Bettie 4, and Mary 2, they are the pride of the school and community.

**Status of the School**

Some very pronounced improvements have been made in the physical plant, which adds to the beauty of the place and the advancement of the institution. A fine group of lusty, manly boys are now here, 34 in number who are working for tuition benefits. Some are on their vacation. When school opens in September, the number will be increased to about 50. The school's curriculum is from the 6th grade to high school—a four year course. The farm is in a high state of cultivation. They have 456 acres in row crops and legumes. Over 100 acres in improved pasturage. They have a registered Hereford herd, and a pure-bred Guernesy herd, Other stocks and chickens in the best breeds that make up an ideal farm.

The instruction given is standard high school, college course, and college preparatory and, arts and agriculture.

**Some of the Activities**

The social life of the school is ideal, and the boys enter into it with keen gusto. During the year the school enjoys the advice of specialists from the State College, who give demonstrations of beef cattle, hogs and other features of farm life. Mr. A. J. Peiters principal of agronomy lectures are heard. Lespedeza and sericea county agriculture tour will end at the school with lectures an da picnic about the end of this month. The Fire Wardens picnic, with addresses on forestry, will be held here. The

4-H club camp is also held here.

### The School Needs

The school is greatly in need of many things to improve its present condition, but the greatest need right now is furniture to prepare the rooms for the incoming boys at next session, beginning in September. Also dishes for the tables these boys will occupy. Persons disposed to help this worthy institution, which is doing such a fine work in taking the raw material and fashioning it into useful citizens to be a blessing and an honor to our country, can communicate with George F. Wiese, Legerwood, N. C. It will make his heart rejoice to receive your contributions.

---

## MIRAGE

The strangest scenic attraction in Arizona has no substance at all. It is the Cochise mirage near the southeastern corner of the state, one of the few permanent mirages in the nation.

Lying between Willcox and Cochise, two communities on the Benson-Stein's Pass Highway in Cochise County, is the bed of an ancient dry lake. Not in the memory of man, or for that matter, in any recorded history, has there been water in the lake, except temporarily and immediately following heavy rains. Yet daily motorists crossing the lake see a broad sweep of sparkling water. Rain or shine, the illusion is so perfect that trees and shrubs growing on the distant banks are mirrored clearly in the water that does not exist.

In ancient times the lake was salty, and the dry bed today is gray-white. But the lake bed is visible to the motorist only as the lake recedes before him, and disappears as the wholly phanton water closes in behind.

In other areas of the Arizona desert are smaller tree-bordered lakes that exist merely in imagination, but the Cochise mirage is perhaps the most notable one.—H. W. Warren.

# HE SPREADS SUNSHINE

**By L. A. Foster**

Spending hard-earned leisure in visiting sick strangers might be expected of ministers and those engaged in welfare work, but when a merchant and manufacturer chooses this as a hobby it is unusual.

Yet, that is just what Julius Lowenbein, of Asheville, has been doing for the past 36 years.

Every Sunday—rain or shine—and every holiday, finds Mr. Lowenbein up bright and early getting ready to make his rounds of the numerous hospitals and sanatoriums of the Asheville region. Starting out promptly at 9 o'clock, when visitors are admitted, he spends the entire day with those bed-ridden or convalescing. He goes without lunch, for, he explains, "it would take too much time to return to town to eat,' and does not finish the day until 7 o'clock in the evening, after visitors are no longer admitted.

At a local floral shop, he has a standing order for great heaps of flowers to be delivered at the various places he will go that day. There he picks them up, and separates them into small bunches. Through the corridor of the sanatorium, he moves, entering every room and ward as he reaches it, if the patients therein are feeling well enough to see visitors. That the occupants may be strangers makes not the slightest difference. Within a few moments they are no longer strangers.

Mr. Lowenbein is the fortunate possessor of a smile that is highly contagious, and a great good-humor that is irresistible. He spreads cheer wherever he goes, and fears and forebodings of those with whom he comes in contact give way to bright optimism, almost as though by magic. He makes no effort to be gay and encouraging—it is just a natural quality that flows from him. Often he helps clear away a cloud of despair by pressing a crisp bill into the hand of some wan friend as he is saying goodbye. He has made a great deal of money during his sojourn in Asheville, but were it not for the support of financially-able admirers, he would sometimes be unable to stay in business.

Mr. Lowenbein came to Asheville from New York City in 1900, a health-seeker himself, and has made it his home ever since. During his stay of some months in a sanatorium, he learned how much a visit meant to those far away from home, who were often lonesome and discouraged. He resolved then to do what he could to brighten the lives of the bed-ridden when he regained his feet.

In moving about his rounds of visits, he shuns publicity and commendation.

"I do it because it brings me happiness," he explained simply. "It means much to me; possibly more to me than to those whom I visit. I get a great joy in watching the improvement of my new-found and old friends, and encouraging them back to their places in the world."

"I do not like publicity," he added, "but if I thought that telling about the pleasure I get out of this hobby would encourage others to try it, that would be different. Perhaps some would, and, if they once learned how

much joy it will bring them to help brighten the lives of others, they'd keep right on, I know."

Scores, who became his friends while in sanatoriums or hospitals in the Asheville region, write Mr. Lowenbein after they return to their homes to tell him how much his friendly handclasp and bright smile meant to them. And there are few communities in the East in which he would not find friends who will never forget his visits. He is highly esteemed by the managements of the hospitals and sanatoriums, and they give him a warm welcome always. He is permitted to enter sick rooms from which others are barred.

Mr. Lowenbein worked in clothing stores in Asheville after regaining his health, and then operated a clothing store of his own until recently when he turned to manufacture. He now operates Smokemount Industries, 41 Church Street, which makes "windbreakers" in leather and corduroy for women.

---

## THE INNER LIFE

In dark despair I sought to find
The hidden truths of life,
That I might know a greater joy
Apart from worldly strife.

I vainly searched, until I learned
That truth is plain to see;
It is not found but lives within
The undeveloped me.

—Annie L. DeBerger.

# A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

In a recent issue of the "Roanoke-Chowan Times" published at Rich Square, Northampton, County, was carried the impressions obtained by Mr. J. W. Parker, who visited the School while making a survey of farms in ths county, mapping boundaries, streams, woods, roads, etc. The article published is as follows:

We are publishing below an interesting letter written to Mr. George T. Parker, Kelford, N. C., by his son, J. W. Parker, who is senior foreman of C C C Camp Everest, doing soil conservation work at Salisbury, N. C. The letter contains information which we are glad of the opportunity to publish in The Times:

I was sent from Salisbury, N. C., where I am stationed as senior foreman of C C C Camp Everest, to Concord last week, with three assistants, to locate boundaries and make maps of fields, streams, woods, and roads of Stonewall Jackson Training School, which is located about three miles from Concord on the Charlotte Highway.

After completing my work which took three and a half days, Superintendent Charles E. Boger, showed me around over many of the buildings that I had not had occasion to enter before.

Mr. Leon Godown, who is in charge of the printing department, then took me in charge and showed me over the Swink-Benson Trades Building where are found the printing office, shoe shop, carpenter shop, machine shop, sewing room, paint shop, barber shop; tin shop, and other places of interest on the campus.

The entire personnel of the institution co-operated with me fully and accorded me every courtesy in getting together the necessary data for which I was sent.

One has to look at, examine, and observe the workings of this Institution to realize what an exceptional job these people are doing with wayward boys, the majority of whom appear to be between ten and fourteen years of age.

One would never get the idea that Stonewall Jackson Training School was a detention camp, the inmates, or rather the members, appear clean, bright and happy.

Being of a young and tender age they are not required to work very hard but just enough so that the seed of mischievousness will not be allowed to sprout and grow.

The place is a nice looking, orderly, well operated and managed business.

The people of North Carolina, though regretting the necessity which caused the establishment of this institution, neverheless should feel proud of the excellent work being done there to help combat human erosion in its earlier form.

Incidentally there are 784 acres in the farm which is supervised by Mr. J. Lee White, farm manager, a mighty good man and an excellent agronomist.

This place looks more like a college with a large farm attached than it

does a reform school, and is well worth a visit to any one who is interested in the care and training of young wayward boys of our state, to see this institution in action.

(Signed) J. W. Parker.

---

## TAFT'S ADVICE

Ex-President Taft, in the course of an article in the "Youth's Companion," wrote: "If I were a young man with a cellege education, and if I had no learning toward any particular profession, but did have a taste for government work, I should learn thoroughly stenography and typewriting. Then I should apply for a position in the civil service of the government, confident that I should be appointed to a good position.

"The routine work—taking routine letters from dictation, indexing and filing and coyping routine matter—would be nothing more than a mere apprenticeship. It should familiarize me with governmental ways of doing business. And it would teach me loyalty to the government, which every person should have.

"If I go full value from my college education and my special training in stenography, I should have acquired a fund of general information and an efficiency in my work that would make my superior anxious to give me a more important and responsible place. The fact that I had a general or college education might seem for the time to be an unnecesary adjunct, but as I gained the confidence of my chief it would make him more and more dependent upon me and my judgment. I do not mean to say that a college education is necessary. A high school education, an alert mind, and an appreciation of what is going on in the world about you, will serve; but the wider your mental discipline and general education, the better.

"A knowledge of stenography and typewriting is useful in any professional or government career. When the Pitman system was invented, my father, who was then a practising lawyer, made himself familiar with it. He used it to a great advantage in his practise and later when he became a judge and cabinet officer. I have often regretted that I did not take time in my youth or in my early professional life, to possess myself of that instrument for shortening work and for making valuable memoranda which, because of the tedium of writing in long hand, you usually do not make at all."—Selected.

# GHOSTS OF CIVIL WAR SPEAK AT GETTYSBURG

(Selected)

It looks like so many places in our country—stone walls at right angles on a hill, a clump of trees, a field falling toward a road, and on the other side of the road meadows sloping gently up to a fringe of woods, says the Baltimore Sun. Yet there is no other place in our country where so many men seem to rise out of the sod and try to tell what happened to them there. Gettysburg was the high-water mark of the Confederate wave, and on this corner of ground there splashed the topmost tip, blood-red, of that valiant wave—the charge of Pickett's Virginia division.

Midway between Washington and Richmond is Chancellorsville. There, early in May of '63 Lee had whipped a Union army much larger than his own. Lee's men, though superbly confident, were often hungry and without shoes. If he stayed in Confederate territory, he would surely be attacked and forced to defend Richmond. while the enemy's strength increased. He chose a bold alternative: to strike at the heart of the Union, feeding men and horses on the fat farms of Pennsylvania, bringing a taste of war to people who showed signs of being tired of it, threatening Washington from the north.

Mountain ranges screen a valley pathway from Virginia all the way to Harrisburg. Sheltered behind this wall, Lee and 70,000 men marched north in the middle of June, leaving Richmond unprotected. Lee guessed, and rightly, that the federal government's first concern would be Washington. The Union army, just east of the mountain wall, crossed the Potomac and moved northward parallel with Lee, to keep between him and the capital. Lee had a head start, but Meade—now in command of the Union army—had the inside track.

In the last days of June, Lee's advance guards come within sight of Harrisburg, gaining many a four-footed recruit as they went, and forcing the Pennsylvania farmers to disgorge—in return for Confederate paper money. Forty miles to the south, Meade's army was by now scattered over a wide area, and Meade was looking for a good place to stand and fight. Neither army knew exactly where the other was. It was blindman's bluff.

Suddenly the two forces found one another, and grappled, all because a little town named Gettysburg had a shoe factory. A Confederate force approached it, eager for good footgear, met Union cavalry, and fell back. Soon both armies were racing for the spot.

The events of the first and second days of July are best traced on a living map. No other battlefield of the War Between the States tells its own story so eloquently as Gettysburg, and I am retelling that story as those fields and ridges told it to me. This most famous of our National Parks is a deeply moving revelation of the past for over 600,000 Americans who come here every year. There is an aura of history over the quiet landscape; the air is heavy with heartbreak, and

ghosts speak to you, if you listen well, of it Only and It Might Have Been.

Standing on Cemetery Ridge, you have the town below you. Union soldiers are fanwise beyond the town with their backs to it. From the north, and from those blue mountains to the west, the Confederates fight forward, push the Union men through the town, and up the hill on which you stand. Looking South, you can imagine thousands of Union soldiers with beards, and faces the color of old leather, streaming up to hold the ridge. Look westward, and you will see the lower wooded ground occupied by the Confederates. From the round top of rocky knobs where possession was the key to victory, you can understand why Lee's men died trying to take them, and why they failed; and yet how near they came to succeeding.

On the third day of the battle, the Union forces held a line of these hills shaped like a fish hook, with its barb toward Baltimore. The Confederate lines, on lower ridges, made a half circle about the fish hook. In between were open fields. For two hot days and moonlit nights, Lee had repeatedly failed to bend the Union flanks. Supplies were low; one cannot stay long in one place when one is living off the country; Lee had to attack.

At one o'clock the Union troops stationed in the middle of Cemetery Ridge heard gunfire from the enemy's lines. Seventy Confederate cannon spoke. Union men who were the target have described how solid shot and shells were visible as they rained upon them. Soon horses were running rideless on the ridge; the bombardment blasted the cemetery's grave-stones; by the door of a house back of the lines lay a pile of amputated arms and legs.

On the Confederate side tragic decisions were being made. Lee had wanted a general assault, but Longstreet apparently persuaded him to limit it to the center of the line, with Major General George Edward Pickett's fresh Virginians as its spearhead.

So a little later, the men in the center of the Union line, where stone walls made right angles by a clump of trees, saw something none of them was ever to forget. From the woods across the little plain, and out into fields shimmering with heat, marched long lines of men in gray uniforms, muskets flashing, flags flying. And behind them marched out other lines of men, all shoulder to shoulder as if the short mile between them and their foe were a parade ground. In all, 15,000 men walked forth under the July sun. Watching them as from a grandstand, the Union infantry "praised them again and again," and held their fire. But the Union artillery tore gaps in the gray line.

Now some of the gray men and the red flags appear only as islands in white smoke. Others are climbing the fences along the road. Their lines converge upward toward the stone walls and the clump of trees. The foremost vanish for a moment under the brow of the hill, to rise up out of the earth again so near that the expressions on their faces can be seen. And then, at close range, the Union muskets speak.

Off on the flanks, a Confederate wilts, another goes astray, leaving gaps into which pour Union troops, to unloose a murderous cross fire. But in the center, where the stone wall by the trees bakes an Angle forever to be

called Bloody, that great and deathless thing in men which bids them fear not to be slain carries some hundreds of the gray uniforms into the Union lines. Soldiers struggle hand to hand for flags; the flags go down, and the soldiers too. All is confusion, but for a moment, a small bright piece of it looks like victory.

And, then, suddenly, it is all over. The Confederate wave breaks, and trickles back, leaving the hillside covered with twisted objects in gray.

A thousand men have fallen on two acres of ground. Of Pickett's whole force only a third returns. Frantic with grief, Pickett rides back to Lee. "I have no division now," he says. Lee tries to comfort him: "Come, this is my fight and upon my shoulders rests the blame."

On the fourth of July Lee began his retreat. Rain fell heavily that afternoon, miring the roads and drumming against the canvas tops of wagons where the wounded lay on springless boards. The flooded Potomac delayed Lee's crossing, and, had Meade been quicker and fallen upon him there, the war might have been shortened. It dragged on nearly two years more.

The farmers of Gettysburg still turn up men's bones with their spring plowing. Some of the bones belong to men who were buried in gray uniforms, some to men who were buried in blue. There is no difference between the bones now, or the men.

There was a joint reunion this July, as part of a solemn, nation-wide observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary.

There will be no seventy-sixth reunion. This one is the last.

---

## KEEP TO THE RIGHT

Keep to the right as the law directs,
For such is the law of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.
Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, with kindred and friend;
Keep to the right and you need have no doubt
That all will be right in the end.

—The Messenger.

# GROUSELAND—THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE WEST

**By Florence Marie Taylor**

It was a bright summer morning when we crossed a multiple rialroad track in Vincennes, Indiana, turned immediately to the left, and, amid a neighborhood of small dingy houses and across from a large sawmill, came upon Grouseland. This mansion was known as "The White House of the West." It was occupied by William Henry Harrison, our ninth president, while he was governor of the Northwest Territory. Here took place much of the early legislation of a vast inland empire. With its secret passages to stir the imagination, it is one of the most fascinating houses of its time.

Before we enter the great white house with its green shutters, let us get a glimpse of Harrison's life, and the dangers and problems, which confronted him during the eight eventful years he spent in this lovely old mansion.

William Henry Harrison was born in 1773. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His grandson, also named Benjamin Harrison, was destined to become the twenty-third president of the United States.

Harrison was the first delegate chosen to Congress from the Northwest Territory. Deeply interested in the future of the West, and believing its unwieldy size was a handicap towards rapid development, he succeeded in passing a valuable law relating to the sale of federal land in smaller governmental units. When Indiana Territory was formed, he was appointed its governor. He moved immediately to the old French town of Vincennes which was to be the seat of government. He was only twenty-seven years old.

Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and part of Wisconsin came under Harrison's jurisdiction, and with it more power over the land and people than any president ever had over the United States. It is greatly to his credit that he used his power so wisely and so pleasingly to the people that he was later elected by them to the office of President of the United States.

The Indians were restless and quickly inflamed. Divided into separate tribes, they were like numerous independent nations and required individual treaties.

France, England and Spain had not given up their ideas of retaking the West. They incited the tribes to rebellion against the United States. In this critical situation Harrison tirelessly set about making Indian treaties. War was threatened with France, but the Louisiana Purchase brought an end to that phase of international relations. This added to Harrison's domain that part of Louisiana Territory west of the Mississippi. In 1804 Judges of the Indiana Territory and Governor Harrison met at Vincennes and adopted the first laws for the government of the District of Louisiana. No doubt the meeting was held in the council chamber of the mansion. The following year this

territory was detached from Indiana.

Meanwhile Governor Harrison, with delicate diplomacy and fine understanding of the redskin, labored courageously to avert war by making more and more treaties and moving the tribes farther away.

We remember that a Shawnee chieftain, Tecumseh, a great leader, foreseeing the inevitable extinction of power for his race, aided by his brother, The Prophet, and abetted by the British who were preparing for the war of 1812, succeeded in forming one of the strongest Indian leagues that ever existed.

In 1810 Tecumseh was invited by Harrison to come to Vincennes to hold council and form a treaty. This parley was held in a grove of walnut trees near the governor's mansion. The meeting was a failure since the intrepid Tecumseh boldly declared his resolution to resist further cession of land from the tribes to the whites. This meant war and Harrison began making preparation for it. In the battle of Tippecanoe the Indians were heavily defeated and the frontier knew a repose it had never felt before.

A sole survivor of the above-mentioned grove, an aged walnut tree, stands a short distance from the mansion. It bears a bronze plaque with the following inscription:

"This ancient monarch of the primeval forest long known to inhabitants of Vincennes as the treaty tree is the sole survivor of the historic walnut grove in which Gen. W. Henry Harrison held the council with Indian Chief Tecumseh Aug. 12-16, 1810."

The war of 1812 took Harrison from Vincennes, so he moved his family to Cincinnati. At its close he resigned from the army. In 1824 he was elected to Congress and became a United States senator. He was elected President of the United States in 1840. It was a great loss to the country when, after his inauguration, he lived only one month.

The building of Grouseland was begun in 1800 and completed three years later. It was located on a three hundred acre estate along the Wabash, just north of the old post settlement of Vincennes. Desiring a home in harmony with the importance of his position as governor, Harrison built a spacious mansion, said to be the first brick building in Vincennes. It was designed after an old Virginia plantation mansion. Its beautiful winding stairway, self-supporting, is said to be a faithful copy of that at Mt. Vernon.

This masterpiece of construction, which was both home and fortress, was built from the wilderness about it. What a laborious task it must have been! The house has twenty-six rooms. The walls are eighteen inches thick. There are thirteen fireplaces. Bricks, used in forming the double brick wall, were made by hand of clay from a farm some three miles distant, and floated down a creek on boats. An inspection of the basement reveals the huge trees that were used in the construction of the house. Think of thousands of nails being made by blacksmiths and thousands of wooden pegs whittled out and fitted.

Grouseland still stands in historic Vincennes. It has been partially restored to its one time grandeur by the Francis Vigo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution who

have worked tirelessly to preserve it as a shrine.

Entering the panelled walnut door surmounted by a fan light, one feels the charm and romance of the interior. It is furnished with beautiful old pieces belonging to Harrison and other old furniture of that period. The halls and rooms are papered in diagonal and scenic designs, soft grey and pastel shades. The painted woodwork is glistening white. The tall windows, many paned, are attractively hung with white ruffled curtains.

In the hall are original campaign posters used during Harrison's campaign for president in 1840. Beside them is a copy of a portrait of Harrison made at the age of thirty-two years while he lived in this house. A hall tree of solid walnut, made by a cabinetmaker and owned by Harrison, stands along the opposite wall.

The magnificent room to the left, which contains a round table and desk of solid cherry, also owned by Harrison, is of great historical value in that it was the council chamber. Here Harrison and his associates transacted official Indiana Territory business. Over the mantel is a lithograph of Audubon. It depicts a bald headed eagle, interpretive of the expression, "Eagle Of The West," which Harrison was sometimes called.

Opposite the council chamber was the family living room, a light airy room with two fireplaces and closets with secret panels evidently built to conceal treasures.

Separating the front rooms from the kitchen and dining room was an open court, now enclosed, with a skylight in the ceiling.

Ascending the mahagony steps of the grand white staircase to the second floor, one enters a large center hall. Bedrooms and the nursery opening from it are handsomely furnished with four poster beds, lovely old coverlets, cradles, stolid chests, and spinning wheels.

One room contains a glass case which holds many interesting relics. Here is a cane of Harrison's, slim but stout with a heavy knob. A woman's slipper of the colonial period, fashioned with broad tongue and now worn through with the years, captures and enchants the fancy. It was found in one of the secret passage-ways which had been closed for fifty years. A curious grease lamp and candle snuffer will draw your eye, as well as a piece of rotted wood from the old ship Constitution which was picked up in the Charleston Navy Yard while the vessel was being repaired in 1907. Here also is a piece of wood from the Harrison Treaty Tree and a wooden clock works brought on horseback from Cincinnati.

In the upper hall old letters have been preserved. There is another case of curios which vary from funny old dolls, and quaint old-fashioned dresses, to a tea caddy owned by John Quincy Adams and a walnut box with a lock, containing a secret drawer in the bottom. A cumbersome key about twelve inches in length was used to lock the jail of Knox County. Among items belonging to Harrison are a long, white porcelain soap dish decorated with pink rosebuds; a huge meat platter, and a brass candlestick.

The servants' bedrooms were located over the dining room and kitchen and are reached by a narrow, steep stairway in the rear.

Interwoven with the charm and dignity of the beautiful mansion are the

grim reminders of the ever present threat of danger and need of precaution. The windows were doubly protected. Outside are heavy shutters, and inside, another set which folds unobtrusively into the wall at the side. Outside shutters in the council chamber and the bedroom above it, giving the impression of windows from the exterior, were not windows at all but loopholdes. Basement windows are barred with iron. The tradition that a tunnel was excavated from the basement to the Wabash River, for means of escape should the place be captured, has never been proved. It is planned to attempt locating it and to restore at least a part of it, should it be found.

Windows in the servants' room are small and fan shaped, loopholes to shoot from, the ledges being deep enough to hold powder and to lean a gun on. The outside wall of the council chamber, facing the river, is curved to form an arc, probably for protection. A hole in an iner living room shutter was caused when a lurking Indian shot at Harrison as he walked the floor with his infant son, Scott, in his arms. You will gasp to see a panel in the upper hall open into a small, dark passageway which leads down to the front hall below by means of a ladder. Immediately across the lower hall is a narrow, dark stairway to the basement. Another low, hidden passageway upstairs leads over the porch roof to the back wing where there is a similar pasage to the back stairway. These secret halls were used to flee to the basement in case of attack. A lookout platform which had a sweeping view, was built on the roof and was reached by a ladder from the attic.

We explored the dimly lit basement rooms with their low arched ceilings and walls of heavy masonry. One room, used as a powder magazine for the family and militia, has an arched brick ceiling. The purpose of another, a stone dungeon, can only be surmised. One sees with amazement, where broads are warped in the ceiling, that it was double, for between the two floorings is a thick layer of mortar made of clay and straw. It is thought this was done to prevent prisoners or servants here from hearing what was going on in the council chamber. A big square room with a huge fireplace in which iron kettles are hung, served as a servants' kitchen and dining room. Strangely, in this dreary basement, the school room was located. It will be recalled the Harrisons were the parents of ten children.

The atmosphere of the home was far from one of constant fear and dread. The spacious rooms and halls were the scene of many elegant official receptions and balls, and were gay with laughter and jests of the distinguished guests. Here came Zachariah Taylor, who later was the twelfth president of the United States, Francois Vigo, French barons, dashing officers of old Spain, Indian chieftains and officers of the troops. From the broad windows stately music often blended with the crooning songs of negroes or the lilt of a French creole's ballad.

So with visitors of the happier aspects of those frontier days, we turned away from Grouseland. This memorial is a fitting tribute to the first Governor of Indiana Territory, who as diplomat, statesman, and military leader, played so great a part in the building of the vast Middle West.

# SALT

## By George Rinkliff

Peter Wallace kept himself braced in the high seat of the Pennsylvania schooner, against the jolting of the winding rutted trail. His brother, John, was driving the four horses. John was seventeen, and it was his right to show the world he could do a man's work in the backwoods.

It would have been unfair to John to have kept him without responsibility for the management of the teams. It would have made him feel, and it might have caused others to think, that he was just a boy tagging along on the trip to the mill.

Peter's prestige for carrying a man's responsibilities was established. He could well afford to let John show off his abilities. A week later Peter, with John helping him, would pilot the long covered wagon down to the Ohio, in the wagon train Solomon Perry was organizing. That would be notice to all concerned that his father trusted him as a capable and reliable person. For the first time in years his father was not traveling in the wagon train. He was staying at home to give Peter his opportunity to prove his matureness. The time had come for that, according to the standards of the backwoods. Peter was in his twentieth year.

"Well, here's where it sidles," Peter reminded John, affably. But John needed no admonition. Already he was gathering up the reins, swinging the lead horses sharply where the trail dipped over the brink of the hill. The wheel horses brought the wagon tongue around, and the wheels on one side of the schooner bit into the hillside. The wagon was without brakes, but for a good driver brakes were unnecessary on the trail that ran diagonally down the face of the steep slope. Good drivers kept two wheels chewing the raw earth on the uphill side of the trail, and that was sufficient to prevent the wagon from plunging down grade. Besides, that operation, each time it was performed, widened the narrow trail a little.

Down in the valley the trail ran out of the forest into the open prairie, where the tall grass was seared by November frosts. Beyond the prairie the cotton-woods stood tall and gray along the creek, and there the mill, its log walls weatherbeaten, stood rumbling.

Upstream from the mill, a notch had been cleared in the forest. Looking at the clearing, Peter Wallace sighed a little, shaking his head.

"John Sutton's corn shocks," he said to John, "standing there in the clearing! That's the last work he did, cut and shock that corn, before the fever took him."

"Somebody's got to husk that corn for her," John insisted. "All of us ought to turn in and do it. We could clean it up in a jiffy."

They scrutinized the edge of the clearing for a glimpse of the little cabin where John Sutton's widow and her two small children lived, but the brown forest hid it from their view.

"When grief hits like that," Peter agreed, "everybody's got to help."

They hitched the horses to the long pole hitching rack beside the mill. Within the mill, the white dust cover-

ing everything marked streaks on their homespun garments as they passed through a crowded aisle, piled high on each side with flour barrels. The miller and his helper were busy. Keeping the hopper above the millstones filled with wheat, trundling away to the bolting machine the brown powder that dribbled steadily from between the millstones, packing the flour and the bran that came from the bolting machine, and heading up the four barrels, constituted an unrelenting task in the season when the creek ran strong and wheat came to the mill in daily wagonloads.

The miller, white with flour dust from cap to shoes, waved a hand at them, finished nailing in a barrel head, then led them to a triple row of barrels by a side door.

"All ready to take away," he shouted above the rumble of the mill. "Twenty-four full barrels."

"We can make use of them," Peter replied. "We use a barrel of flour every month, with twelve sitting down at every meal at our house. The other twelve we'll take down to the river for trade. Oh, say!" He bent close to the miller, lowering his tones. "My folks think we ought to give one barrel to John Sutton's widow."

The miller gave John instructions for bringing the schooner alongside the doorway, and dragged out a heavy pair of skids made of stout hickory poles.

"You want to do something for John Sutton's widow?" the miller inquired. "All right, but she and her family don't need for anything to eat or wear. What they need is somebody to come along and buy their place."

As they rolled the stout barrels into the wagon, the miller continued his account of the plight of the Sutton family.

"She wants to take her little ones, and go back East to her people. It's the thing for her to do, too, but she's got to find a buyer, first. Know anybody that has fifteen hundred dollars in cash? That place is a money-maker. John Sutton made flour barrels for me in his spare time, and his land's paid for. Mighty few do that well by the time they're twenty-five. That's all he was,—twenty-five. Born the year 1800, and this is 1825. Hundred and sixty acres of land, ten acres all cleared, house on it,—fifteen hundred dollars."

"Hour about Solomon Perry?" Peter inquired. "He's always buying and selling land."

"Say!" the miller nodded enthusiastically. "He's just the man! I've been wanting to get word to him."

"We'll tell him," Peter volunteered. "We're going by his place on the way home, to talk about the wagon train. John and I are going in it next week, down to the river to lay in stuff for the next year."

"You'll find salt's gone up." The miller was expressing misgivings. "A man was here at the mill the other day. He'd just come back from the river, and said salt was high priced and hard to get."

"A barrel of flour's worth a barrel of salt," Peter insisted. "And it takes less work to make the salt."

Nevertheless, as he sat beside John on the seat of the groaning wagon, homeward bound, he was concerned.

"We've got to have salt," he said, more to himself than to John. "And if salt's gone up, we'll have that much less for buying the other things we need. And we need a lot."

They stopped in the road before Solomon Perry's imposing two-story brick house, the finest house, the settlers agreed, in the whole wide country. People said the homestead looked like a little town, with the dwelling, the spring house and the smoke house of brick, two big log barns, and other buildings, and a fertile meadow all around it.

Solomon Perry was rich, and his holdings increased every year. Tenants paid him rents in flour, hides and cured meats, and his covered wagon jolted down to the Ohio month after month, carrying the commodities to merchants who bought them and shipped them down river to New Orleans.

Solomon Perry came out of his biggest barn and greeted Peter, walking with him back to the wagon. He was a large, strong man, and he spoke and moved like a man conscious of an important place in the community. Standing in the road, his hands thrust into the pockets of his jeans trousers, he bent his head, and listened calculatingly to Peter's account of the situation of the Sutton family, and the urgent necessity for finding a buyer for the Sutton land.

"I guess you're right," Solomon Perry agreed. "She ought to be back with her own folks. Fifteen hundred dollars? Well, in the case of a widow, with two little children,—I don't suppose anybody'd be inclined to drive a close bargain."

"Will you ride over and see about it?" Peter urged.

The large man nodded. "I'll tell you. I can't do much more than I've planned until I get back from the river. But when I get back, it won't take long to say yes or no."

"I hope it's yes."

"Well, I hope so too, to tell you the truth. I'd like to help. I'll tell you, if the title's all right—," he checked himself cautiously, and stood pondering. "We'll see about it after we come back from the river."

When the wagon train reached the town on the Ohio, Peter Wallace felt assured that he and his brother John had earned the respect of their hardy comrades. In every situation they had been among the most willing and active in pushing the progress of the expedition. Emergencies arose every hour between dawn when the wagons rolled into the road and sunset when they halted for the night. Wagon wheels mired hub deep and had to be pried up. Under the rough jolting even the best packed loads sometimes shifted and had to be rearranged before the train could move onward. Again and again teams had to be detached from half the wagons, and doubled up on the other half, to climb heavy grades or to strain through soft stretches of road.

They reached the river on schedule time,—ninety miles in six days. They parked the wagons in a tavern lot, rented as a lodging place the loft of one of the tavern buildings, and bunked on the plank floor. When Monday came they were ready to bargain with the merchants of the town.

An hour later they gathered in the street, amazed and troubled.

"Flour is a dollar a barrel,—and salt's ten dollars!"

Peter Wallace was trying hard to appear confident. Inwardly he was panic-stricken. He and John had brought twelve barrels of flour, and they planned to take home, as part of their purchase, a barrel of salt. There was no substitute for salt. But

the two dollars that would be left after paying for the salt would buy little enough. Never, in all the history of wagoning down to the Ohio had flour been so cheap, and salt so high in price.

Solomon Perry was standing apart cheerlessly. Peter went to him, inquiring, "What do you think?"

"There's too much wheat being raised," Perry said gloomily. "There are too many people living in this valley for the supply of salt."

"You really think that?"

Solomon Perry looked toward the river. "There's a man down there with a fortune on a flatboat. He's been boiling salt up in the mountains these two years. Boiling salt and making his own barrels. Now he's struck it rich."

"Why do you suppose," Peter stammered, "the price of salt has gone up this way? Are the salt springs drying up?"

"The man on the flatboat tells me the firewood around most of the salt springs has been cut off. You can't boil salt water without fuel, you know. He found a spring off in a corner of the mountains, and worked it for all it was worth."

"What does he asked for his salt, Mr. Perry?"

"Why, ten dollars a barrel, of course." "What worries me," Peter said, after a pause, "is the folks back home. They're going to live mighty poorly the way prices are."

"Yes." Solomon Perry nodded in grim agreement. "You're not mistaken there." He hesitated, embarrassed. "It's a good thing I didn't promise to buy the widow Sutton's farm, Peter. I can't even think of doing it now. I just can't . I'll help in any way I can, but as things are, I'm land poor. Do you see? Land poor!"

Peter was astounded. "But Mr. Perry! It's an awful fix she's in!"

"I know. But this thing has me worried. Think how my income's being reduced. As for paying her fifteen hundred dollars in cash for that land, why Peter, I'm telling you the solemn truth I'll come out this year with just about fifteen hundred dollars ahead. That's all I'll make, and I'm not holding anything back when I say it, either."

Peter was glad to get away from Solomon Perry. He wanted to get the chaos in his mind straightened out. His own famiy would have difficulties enough during the months before another harvest. But after all, their worries would be mole hills compared with the mountain-like problems confronting John Sutton's widow, alone with two small children in a cabin in the winter wilderness. Somebody with a little room to spare would have to take the Suttons in during the winter. But then, when spring came again, who would till the Sutton clearing?

John was following Peter. "Solomon Perry's so rich he's helpless," Peter told John "Let's talk to this man who brought down a flatboat load of salt."

The flatboat was large and roofed over with bark. The hull was a long, wide and shallow rectangular box, made of hewn timbers. In the center of the craft was a small cabin.

A young woman, carrying a little child in her arms, stood near the cabin door looking out upon the river. When she saw the Wallaces nearing the boat, she went into the cabin. A tall young man in homespun came hurrying down the river bank, intercepting the callers.

"Are you needing salt?" he inquired. His manner was frank and friendly. "I've got a few barrels left." He pointed to half a dozen barrels near the center of the boat. "Boiled every grain of it myself."

"How much are you asking?" That was mere formality, of course.

"Regular price, ten dollars a barrel. There is all I have left out of a hundred and fifty barrels, and I've charged everyone the same price."

"The way things are going," Peter protested, "you salt people will soon own the whole valley."

The tall young man shook his head, smiling. "Maybe it looks that way to you right now, my friend, but it won't last. I'm through with boiling salt. I want to buy a farm and settle down."

Peter halted abruptly, and faced the flatboatman. "A farm? I know a good farm." He saw the young man was interested, listening intently. He described the Sutton land and its locality in detail, then studdenly remembered he had not told his listener his name.

"I'm Henry Welch from back in Virginia," the flatboatman replied. "Got a wife and a little boy, and it's time for me to settle down."

Peter, thinking fast, spoke slowly and with caution. After all, it was not wise to encourage a man to become a neighbor, when he seemed determined to get away from his old environment, unless he could give a good reason for doing so.

"It takes three times as much work to make a barrel of flour as a barrel of salt," Peter insisted. "And salt brings ten times the price of flour these days. I'd stick to salt."

Henry Welch laughed. "I suppose you never boiled salt, did you? Maybe you wouldn't find it so easy, but easy or hard, little fish like I am will soon be out of it. They've begun building big salt furnaces, and they'll turn out salt like never before. They'll haul their cordwood for miles, do everything in a way too big for anybody like me to keep up with them. I got in at the right time, and I'm getting out at the right time. Anyway, I'm a farmer."

"This farm I've told you about," Peter persisted, "can't sell for less than fifteen hundred dollars, and all of it cash."

"I've got fifteen hundred dollars in good hard money, my friend. Anyway, I'd like to go up in your part of the country and look around, even if I might not buy that widow's farm. I'll tell you what I'll do. You haul us and our truck up that way, and I'll give you two barrels of salt."

A heady feeling of triumph came over Peter. When he met Henry Welch he had been as confused as though he had been lost in a trackless wilderness. Now he seemed to have come upon a good wide trail, and the way ahead was clearing up. A barrel of salt, twelve dollars for flour, and another barrel of salt that would bring in ten dollars from some purchaser. His trip down to the river would not turn out so badly after all for the way things were going that year.

But immediately his backwoodman's common sense asserted itself. According to his philosophy it was wise to be wary of ways that seemed easy. Usually, the ways that were most attractive had tricks concealed in them.

So, to test Henry Welch still further, he told about Solomon Perry, the biggest land owner among all the neighbors, and a keen trader.

"He's making about fifteen hundred dollars this year, like you are, but he's not buying land with the money, at least not at the price he would have to pay for the widow's farm."

"Why?" Henry Welch questioned.

"Well, he says fifteen hundred dollars is no great sum of money, after all. Anyway, that's the way I understand him."

Henry Welch laughed, the laugh of a frank and honest man.

"We humans are right funny, my friend. He makes some money, and he feels poor about it. I make the same sum of money, and I'll tell you the plain truth. I feel downright rich. And I still want to buy a good farm."

---

## "AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART SO IS HE"

As you think, you travel; as you love, you attract; you are today where you thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where you thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize that vision (not idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or mixed with both, for will always gravitates towards that which you secretly must love. In your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts; your wisdom, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.—James Allen.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

A new Boston Wire Stitcher No. 7, electrically driven, has been added to the equipment in the printing department and is giving excellent service.

---

Our vineyards are still keeping the cottages well supplied with fine grapes. The vines seem to be producing more fruit than at any time since they were set out several years ago.

---

While our watermelon patches are not so productive as in former years, we manage to have a feast for the boys once in a while. They enjoyed one of these delightful affairs last Wednesday afternoon.

---

Albert Silas, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who was allowed to leave the School a few weeks ago, postcards us from the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, saying that he is having a grand time on a farm near there.

---

A post card from New York City, sent by Clyde Bristow, a former linotype operator in our printing class, stated that he had been spending a week or so in the "Big Town." Clyde says that he was one of the 500,000 people who welcomed Hughes and his fellow fliers upon their return from their jaunt around the world. He said it was a grand celebration.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop force have moved into their new quarters in the Swink-Benson Trades Building. Just now they are busily engaged placing new machinery, benches, etc. We will give a more detailed account of this department in a later issue. Judging from the smiles on the faces of both boys and instructor, we are quite sure they are well pleased with their new home.

---

We recently received a letter from Mrs. E. R. Austin, Henderson, Superintendent of Public Welfare in Vance County, in which she gives a very good report on Melvin Jarrell, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to leave the School last March. Mrs. Austin stated that Melvin is now living with his sister in Lynchburg, Va., and is employed by his brother-in-law, who operates a transfer truck, and she believes he is getting along very nicely.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the opening hymn and Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Tommie Braddock, of Cottage 9, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Grady Wilson, a theological student in the Bob Jones College, Cleveland, Tenn., who read part of the 18th chapter of Isaiah for the Scripture Lesson.

In his talk to the boys Mr. Wilson called special attention to the story of Nicodemus and Jesus as found in the

third chapter of St. John. At the beginning of his talk he asked why it was that this man came to see Jesus by night. Was it because of his high position—that of ruler of the Jews—that he came to see the Master under cover of darkness? It might have been that he was ashamed to be seen talking to the man whom the Jews so thoroughly despised. The world hasn't changed much, said the speaker, for there are many people today who are ashamed to be called followers of Christ, and he urged the boys never to feel ashamed to be called Christians.

Nicodemus told Jesus that he thought he was a great teacher sent from God, also that he believed no man could perform great deeds as he had such done, except God be with him. He told the Master of his own life, but with all that, Jesus answered that in order for a man to see the kingdom of God, he must be born again.

This statement, continued the speaker, certainly caused Nicodemus to think. The greatest tragedy in the world today, is that men do not think. Jesus makes people think today, just as in the case of Nicodemus. If we accept the words of the Savior, thus getting our thoughts in the right direction, we become God's children, and there is great joy in store for us. Worldly friends may desert us, but Jesus, the greatest friend of all, will never go back on us.

In conclusion Mr. Wilson stated that we are living in a dark world of sin. People all about us are living wicked lives, but Jesus has come to lead us safely through to God. He has the same mesage for every one. He simply says "Come, follow me." If we will only accept this invitation and walk along with the Master, we need have no fears as to whether or not we shall eventually find happiness in God's great kingdom above.

---

## LIFE'S OUTLOOK

As one climbs a mountain roadway, and looks off on the landscape through the trees of the forest or from some overtopping crag, at each step he sees more and more of the outlying beauty of field and lake and forest and hill and river, till he reaches the summit, where the whole vast scene opens to the view, and enthuses his soul with delight. So life should be a constant outlook, through the gray mists, through the falling shadows, through the running tears, till he comes to the shining top of life in God Himself, where the fogs lift, and the shadows fall and the view is all undisturbed.—T. B. Romeyn.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending July 24, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(8) Marvin Bridgeman 8
(3) Ivey Eller 7
(8) Clyde Gray 8
(3 Gilbert Hogan 7
(8) Leon Hollifield 8
(8) Edward Johnson 8
(8) Edward Lucas 8
(8) Mack Setzer 8
(3) C. L. Snuggs 3

### COTTAGE No. 1

Rex Allred
(6) Virgil Baugess 7
(4) Henry Cowan 7
Howard Cox
Carroll Dodd
William Haire 6
(3) Preston Yarborough 5

### COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Postell Clark 3
(2) Julius Green 4

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Jewell Barker 4
Earl Barnes 4
(3) Earl Bass 3
Frank Crawford 2
(2) Harold Dodd 2
Coolidge Green
William McRary 6
James Mast 6

### COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Odell Bray 4
William Cherry 5
(3) Hurley Davis 5
(5) Lewis Donaldson 5
(3) James Hancock 5
James Land 5
(6) Van Martin 7
(2) Lloyd Pettus 5
William Surratt 5
(3) Melvin Walters 5
(2) Leo Ward 6
(4) Rollin Wells 5
(2) James Wilhite 5
(2) Cecil Wilson 4

### COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Harold Almond 6
(2) William Brothers 5
(8) Jack McRary 8
Winford Rollins 4
Hubert Walker
(8) Dewey Ware 8
George Wright

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 2
(4) Fletcher Castlebury 6
(3) Robert Dunning 5
Robert Deyton 3
(2) Clinton Keen 3
Canipe Shoe 4

### COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Archie Castlebury 6
(3) William Estes 7
(2) George Green 5
(8) Caleb Hill 8
(3) Hugh Johnson 7
Earthy Strickland 5
(8) William Young 8

### COTTAGE No. 8

John Penninger 2
(2) Charles Presnell 2
Ray Reyonlds
Charles Taylor 6
(7) John Tolbert 7

### COTTAGE No. 9

(5) J. T. Branch 7
(2) James Bunnell 4
(8) Thomas Braddock 8
(3) Clifton Butler 6
Craig Chappel 4
Henry Coward 2
Glenn Emerson
(3) Frank Glover 4
Wilbur Hardin
(6) Eugene Presnell 6
(8) Thomas Wilson 8

Horace Williams 2

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Clyde Adams 2
Junius Brewer 2
Floyd Combs 2
Elbert Head 6
Milford Hodgin 4
(8) Vernon Lamb 8
Jack Norris 3
Clerge Robinette 4
Oscar Smith 4
William R. Williams 4

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 3
(2) Joseph D. Corn 4
(3) Baxter Foster 5
(3) Lawrence Guffey 6
(3) Albert Goodman 6
(2) Earl Hildreth 2
(8) Julius Stevens 8
Henry Smith
(7) Thomas Shaw 7
Wiliam Tobar

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Ben Cooper 5
(2) Max Eaker 5
(5) James Elders 5
(7) Charlton Henry 7
Elbert Hackler 5
(2) Franklin Hensley 4
(4) Lester Jordan 5
Alexander King 5
(4) Thomas Knight 7
(2) William Powell 2
(2) Howard Sanders 5
(7) Carl Singletary 7
(4) William Trantham 6
(4) Ross Young 4

**COTTAGE No. 13**

William Griffin 2
(6) Isaac Hendren 6
(5) Bruce Kersey 5
(5) William Lowe 5
(4) Irvin Medlin 6
(2) Paul McGlammery 4
(4) Alexander Woody 5

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(6) Claude Ashe 7
(3) Raymond Andrews 7
(3) Clyde Barnwell 6
Monte Beck 6
Harry Connell 5
(2) Fred Clark 2
(2) Audie Farthing 6
John Ham
(2) James Kirk 6
Troy Powell 3
(2) John Robbins 5
(2) Paul Shipes 5
(3) Harold Thomas 6
Howard Todd 6
Harvey Walters 5
(2) Junior Woody 4

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin 4
Howard Bobbitt 3
Aldine Duggins 4
Joseph Hyde 2
Roy Helms 3
Beamon Heath 3
Albert Hayes
Caleb Jolly 6
Clarence Lingerfelt 2
Harold Oldham 4
Edward Patrum 3
Paul Ruff 6
Rowland Rufty 4
James Watson 4

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) James Chavis 6
(5) Filmore Oliver 6
Thomas Oxendine 4
(2) Hubert Short 5

---

Some folks won't mind their business,
The reason is, you'll find,
They either have no business,
Or else they have no mind.

—Exchange.

# AIR-CONDITIONED
## COACHES
ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

AUG 9 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 6, 1938 No. 31

Carolina Collection
C. Library

## WELL EDUCATED

Twenty-three of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were college-bred men, nearly all of them graduates, according to "School Life", a publication of the United States Bureau of Education. Harvard was represented by 8; William and Mary by 3; Yale, 3; Cambridge (England), 3; Princeton, 2; "Rhiladelphia", 2; Edinburg, 1; Jesuit College at Rheims, 1. Sixteen others received "excellent" or "classical" education, one of them at Westminster School, London. Two obtained all their formal instruction from tutors; sixteen, including Franklin, Wythe, Roger Sherman, and Robert Morris, had but little schooling.—Exchange.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| OLD CANDLE-BUOYS | By Julia W. Wolfe | 10 |
| THE PRESIDENT WHO WAS BORN IN TWO PLACES | By Legette Blythe | 12 |
| PANAMA AND THE CANAL ZONE | (Selected) | 14 |
| THE NEW SOUTH | (The Roxboro Courier) | 16 |
| BRIEF SKETCHES | By Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman | 17 |
| DOG FEAST | By Caroline Young | 19 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## SUMMER

Star drift and moonshine and fleecy clouds over,
Green hedge and deep shade and fields sweet with clover,
Wind-lyres in treetops that say to each comer,
'Tis joy time. 'Tis bliss time. 'Tis mirth time 'Tis summer.

Grasses in meadows and butterfiies winging,
Robins and swallows and orioles singing,
Insect and brown bee, but every shy hummer
Proclaims to the whole world, 'Tis joy time. 'Tis summer.

Sunlight and blue skies and fragrance of roses,
Girdles and garlands and gardens of posies,
Hearts throbbing gayly as beat of a drummer,
Happy are we, for 'tis summer. 'Tis summer.

—Selected.

## HOW CIVILIZATION ADVANCED

Few realize that some of the greatest inventions originated from accidents or seemingly unimportant sources. All of which proves the majesty of little things. It is impossible to keep the mind stored with the origin of all things, but there are some that should be clearly impressed upon the minds of students. Especially should we know the genesis of developments that have contributed to the advancement of civilization.

For instance printing had its beginning back in the early part of the fiftheenth century in Mainz, Germany. It happened this way. There was one, named Gunsfleisch, a tanner and he had a thrifty wife and a young son who was looked upon by his father as a dreamer.

The wife was an expert in making dyes to color the skins as tanned by her husband. She called her young son to her assistance one day to watch a simmering pot of dye while she attended to some chores around the home. Johannes, the young son, as he watched the pot of dye was whittling German capital letters on blocks of wood. This block fell into the pot of dye. The boy fished it out. It is reasonable to conjecture it was hot. Instantly he flung it on the skins close by. The block turned letter down. When it was removed there was to his astonishment a perfectly printed letter in brilliant purple.

There was a meaning in this accident for the means of printing by movable type had been born in Johannes' mind. Doubtless thoughts of developments came faster than he could satisfactorily adjust. The outcome was that years later printing by movable type was used.

Now herein lies another story. Johannes Genfleisch changed his name by law to Johannes Gutenberg. Having formed a partnership with a man of means a print shop was opened and the printing press by hand was used. On this press was printed the Gutenberg Bible in Mainz, Germany.

Developments have come with time of course but not any have contributed to the wide spread of knowledge as the art of printing. Not only has the printing press advanced the cause of education, but, the advantages offered to an apprentice in a print-shop cannot be surpassed. It is timely to state that the boys who learn to operate the linotype get the fundamentals of an education, and that is more than many realize in schools.

* * * * * * *

## KNOW YOUR MAN

Not a day passes that some major or minor tragedy does not occur on the highway. Frequently the story is written in blood and then again the whole story is one of petty theft following close in the trail of a most generous act. For that very reason owners of automobiles refuse to give "thumbers" a lift. It is wisdom to keep in mind when on the highway that "self preservation is the first law of nature," and it pays to follow the dictates of one's better judgment. Consequently many worthy persons are left to make

theirway the best they can.

The increasing number of hold-ups, thefts and other misdeanors that take place on the highway excites fear making those who realize joy by doing a kindness appear hard, but "safety first" is the consuming thought of those who travel on the highways.

Just lately a man of very meager means was travelling towards Spartanburg, S. C. He was a mechanic, using his talent cleaning and rebuilding type writers. While making his way to the South Carolina city he picked up a thumber through the mercy of his heart. Upon reaching the city the owner of the automobile spent the night in a hotel. The fellow to whom he gave a lift asked permission to sleep in the automobile. Apparently the next morning every thing about the car was intact, but the fellow who slept in the car was never seen again.

The good Samaitan started homeward the next morning. He had the misfortune to have a blow-out. He begun to look for his tools, but not one could be found. So he had to beg for help quite a while before any one would stop to give a helping hand.

From this story it is natural to conjecture that the fellow who bums his way is not worth a continental. Besides the meanest fellow in the world is one who bites the hand that feeds the bread. The world is filled with ingrates. The man who played the good Samaritan comforted himself by saying "well I guess I am fortunate to have my old car." Experience taught this man a lesson. He said "I never again pick up any one who thumbs his way."

* * * * * * *

## MEN OF VISION

The person who never halts but continues to forge to the front even in the face of most trying difficulties usually succeeds. Experience reveals to us that some of the most outstanding citizens, professionally and otherwise, of the nation, suffered from physical handicaps, but their power came from within. There was a vision reinforced by a will to do,—the motivating power that keeps one climbing till the peak of success is reached.

The vascillating person, or the one who waits to ride safely to shore on the wave of misfortunes to others, may for a time enjoy an easy life; but the real characters who have joy build for the future,

they have a vision of the highest ideals and tenaciously hold to the same till the dream is realized. Nothing gives a thrill like success and especially so if the project is for the uplift of humanity.

In reading a book the good and bad points of life are emphasized and it is by comparison we are able to discriminate. It is easy to get an estimate of individuals by contact and observation, and in the same way the personnel of a community is judged.

Lately we have been reading of a project in Albemarle, Stanly County, sponsored by the citizenship of that bustling, busy and most progressive city. The aim this time is play grounds with tennis courts, and swimming pool and bath house at the total cost of $40,629.80. Believe it or not this move upon the part of the city officials speaks louder than words. They place the health and development of their children, the beauty and orderliness of their city above price and reach out for the same.

Having a speaking acquaintance with some of the forebears of the present citizenship nothing more is to be expected than they continue to build upon the foundations laid by men of splendid loyality and courage. The development for the youth means the building of future citizenship. Not a finer investment could be made than to mold a strong and upright character in every child regardless of creed and race.

* * * * * * *

## NOISE

I am encouraged that I am emerging from childhood and savagery because I am growing to dislike noise—children and savages love noise.

When a person habitually talks in a loud voice you can know in what class he belongs; when he plays his radio or phonograph at top volume and leans toward rackety selections, you can know in what class he belongs; when he races his motor just to hear it pop, when he blows his horn ear-shattering in front of somebody's house, or in a line of stalled traffic, when he keeps a barking, yelping, howling dog, you can know in what class he belongs. He'd love to beat with an iron spoon on an old dishpan!—Selected.

The loco weed of Texas has the same unbalacing effect upon the minds and morals of people as the marajuana weed when used in a cigarette. This weed grows wild in Texas. The horses when pastured often eat it and the horses get on a wild spree. The story continues that after a horse once gets under the influence of this weed the habit is formed, and like people who are addicted to dope, they can never be broken from a desire for the effect. The horse that gets the habit is termed a "locoed horse" and has no value. It is impossible to sell a locoed horse. The loco-weed like the marijuana weed has been outlawed and there is trouble for the person who tries to peddle it.

* * * * * * *

The latest is that 12,000,000 women of England have mobilized for defence against air-raids. They have taken training in nursing, motor driving or in other ways of service so as to be prepared when called upon. The organization is known as the "Women's Volunteer Service" and will remain strictly civilian. There will be no uniforms to distinguish them from other citizens.

The press emphasizes that "if Britian can demonstrate to the world its preparedness and its capacity as a free community to organize for its own protection, it will be one of the most effective ways of preserving peace."

Women have always been recognized for their endurance and faithfulness, therefore, they will not i nthis instance be other than loyal to the trust and sustain their reputation as good soldiers. But there are limitations to the physical endurance of women and therein lies the danger. Regardless of conditions they have never failed to show unusual moral courage when acting in defence of their country.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

NOW IS THE TIME

"Pluck sweet flowers while you may,
At eventide or dewy morn,
Surely there will come a day
When you must pluck the thorn.

Do kindly acts at time of need,
Ere the chance be gone;
Thus you will plant the seed
Of deeds now unknown."

---

It is reported that a hen in Iowa is laying eggs the size of marbles. That's carrying crop control too far.

---

In Alaska a woman barber charges $5 for a hair cut. It is evident her patrons like to be trimmed.

---

A columnist is advocating our clothes matching our income. Never! I don't want to be forced to join the mudist colony.

---

If there is one thing that a woman delights in, and glories over, is to find out a sercet before her neighbors have heard of it.

---

People talk a great deal about on which side of their bread is buttered. What difference does it make? If you are eating it, you eat both sides.

---

A man never gets anywhere, or anything, by just sitting down and wishing. Wishes are the butterflies of the imagination. He must work for what he gets.

---

The three R's in the "new deal" may well represent Re-election, Reform and Recovery. It might also represent Repose from Repeated Rousements.

---

There are a great many irritating things in this world that upset people and get them in a frenzy. But they never bother or trouble him or her who are attending strictly to their own business.

---

Secretary of Commerce Roper, speaking of the recession, says, "We have scraped the bottom." But so many bottoms have fallen out that there is very little scraping to do, Monsieur Roper.

---

A farmer in Kansas was so obsessed by the "recession" that he painted his barn blue. Soon thereafer there came along a hurricane and blew his barn away. Guess he is bluer now than ever from so much bluing and blowing.

---

An agriculturist chemist is displaying a dress spun from cottage cheese. I opine that one spun from limberger cheese would make a "stronger" fabric. You could certainly tell, even at a distance, when a woman is wearing one made from this kind of cheese.

---

An Ohio speeder got a laugh when he told the judge he was trying to reach a filling station before his gas ran out. He's not one whit different from a country trying frantically to spend itself back to prosperity before it runs out of money.

---

From now until next November we

may expect to see pictures of candidates in the papers, representing them to be in cow barns, among hay rakes and such things they know nothing about, and probably never saw before. They will be cultivating the farmers and not the lands.

---

Would it not do this country a lot of good to give the old laws a chance? America doesn't need laws to meet new conditions half as much as it needs observance of the old laws. We have too many new laws, too many restrictions, too much legislation designed to give one class advantage over another, with the result that taxes and other barriers adding to the cost of goods and restricting employment are breaking the backs of those who still would make an honest effort to succeed by their own efforts.

At my typewriter again, plunking away with gusto after a most delightful mingling with the N. C. Press Association, in its 66th annual session, in Mayview Manor at Blowing Rock, and the Patterson School boys in the Happy Valley being the guest of Miss Beatrice Cobb, editor and owner of the Morganton News-Herald. I returned greatly refreshed in body and mind, invigorated and inspired. The pleasure I imbided in this sojourn is one of the happiest incidents in my life, and such a gracious hostess! It was characteristic of all of her innumerable successes, in sweetening life for others, and easing it from many of life's burdens. May her gracious friendship gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse to spread their aroma along the toil-worn road of life, and bring cheering music to thousands of her friends.

---

"Who trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation."

—Selected.

# OLD CANDLE-BUOYS

**By Julia W. Wolfe**

Recently we saw a collection of candle-buoys, and we wager not one American in a thousand ever heard of such things. They belong to the greatgrandfather of a pilot who ran a steamboat on the Mississippi River before the government had undertaken the duty of making and lighting the "crossings," where the channel swings over from one bank to the other. Those old river pilots had to devise their own means of finding their way through these difficult and dangerous places. In the daytime it was not hard to do nor on moonlight nights when the landmarks which every pilot knew by heart, could be plainly seen to make the crossing possible. But there were many nights and days so dark and foggy that the shore marks were not visible; then the reefs had to be "candled."

Candling was resorted only on the down trip. Going up the river, the pilot might "feel of the reef with his boat, and if he did not find the best water the first time, he could back off and try again a little to one side or the other, where the soundings showed the deepest water to be. In going down the river, however, that was impossible. The pilot had to find the channel the first time, for if the boat struck, the current would drive her hard on the reef, or else swing her broadside to the bar, and in ten minutes embed her in the very midst of it with tons of drifting sand.

To guard against such a disaster, when nearing Pig's Eye, Beef Slough, or Tremplean Bars, or any of the dozen other bars of equal difficulty, on a dark and rainy night, the pilot stopped the boat at the head of the reef. With two men to row, a mate or watchman to steer, a "cub' 'pilot to manipulate the "candle-buoys" and an old experienced pilot to take soundings the yawl was lowered and permitted to drop down the channel below the steamboat.

After the pilot had determined the best course of taking soundings, the "cub," under his direction, anchored two, three or even four of the candle-bouys, one after the other, in the center of the channel, and then the men let the yawl drop down below the reef where it lay a little outside the channel. Then one of the men swung a lantern, at which signal the pilot on watch came aboard, ahead, steering for the tiny lighthouses and running over them, one by one, until the reef was passed.

The candle-buoys were made of two-inch light pine boards, bevelled for four inches at the "bow," in order to prevent its "diving" as the current passed against it. A tin "sconch" with three legs three or four inches long, was tacked down to the plank. Half of a common tallow candle was placed in each sconce, and after being lighted, an oiled paper chimney with a base corresponding to that of a candlestrick was placed over the light to protect it from the wind. The outer ends of the tin "legs" of the sconce were turned back over the base of the paper chimney to hold it in place, and the buoy was then all ready to be launched.

A hole was bored about six inches

from the end of the plank; through the hole a small cord, some ten or twelve feet in length, was woven and knotted, and to this cord a lump of coal, weighing perhaps ten pounds, was tied. This served as an anchor to hold the buoy in its place in the center of the channel.

Such was the practice seventy-five years ago. Possibly candle-buoys were used later than this, for the government did not hurry in patrolling the Mississippi River until after the Civil War. Now lights are at bad crossings. Pilots do not have to go sounding, and candle-buoys are a thing of the past. These old, crude affairs are to be placed in the Smithsonian Institute.

---

## A DAY AT A TIME

A middle-aged woman with heavy household cares saw the day arrive when she could carry on no longer. The burden become too great. Her strength was waning day after day. Each new day the duties for which she was responsible seemed to mount higher and higher.

One day the physician called, and, seeing how little strength she had, told her she would have to give up for a little while, and she become a patient in a hospital. Only then did she realize how exhausted she was.

When she had been there a few days she thought of her children back home and how it was faring with them. With that thought prominent in her mind she said to the doctor on his next visit, "Doctor, how long will I have to lie here?" The answer was, "Only a day at a time." That was all he said, but in those six short words he taught his patient a needful lesson.

And do they not teach us a lesson?

"How long shall I have to pore over books before I can go out and make some money?"

"How long shall I have to slave in order that I may provide a livelihood for the family?"

"How long shall I have to cook and clean and sew?"

"How long shall I have to bend my back to pick and shovel to build highways?"

"How long shall I have to stand before the flaming fires to create machinery for the world's work?"

It is not a day's work that breaks us, but a week's work, and a month's work, and a year's work, all crowded into one day.

The answer to all of these is the same: "Only a day at a time." That is the Lord's way.—Selected.

# THE PRESIDENT WHO WAS BORN IN TWO PLACES

**By Legette Blythe, in Charlotte Observer**

The recent winning of the Pulitzer prize in biography by Marquis James for his two-volume life of Andrew Jackson revives interest in "the President who was born in two places."

A sign on the end of the railway station down here at Waxhaw, ancient village that in pre-Revloutionary days was the center of the "Waxhaws Settlement," proclaims that Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States and general of the American forces in the War of 1812, was born six miles southwest of this place." It adds that "A marker has been placed and a little plat laid off at this spot by the Daughters of the American Revolution.'

The sign refers to the North Carolina birthplace of Old Hickory. Another sign on a country road that has given place to the new concrete highway a little distance westward refers to the same spot. It is an iron tablet, slanted at a convenient angle for reading, and it declares without apology it is "0.3 Miles to McKamie Cabin Site Birth Place of Andrew Jackson, Seventh President, U. S. A."

Leading away from the marker is a small sandy road that ends in a circle around the "little plat" in the center of which stands a granite marker on which is carved, beneath a carving of a small log cabin, the inscription: "Here was born March 15, 1767, Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States.'

In the base of the marker, carved upon a small slab of white marble, is the explanation that "These stones were part of the original cabin." The inscription refers to the rough stones of which the large base is made. The entire marker is inclosed in an iron fence.

It's all very clear. Any person intrested in history, with the aid of these signs and markers, should without diffculty be able to know when he has reached the birthplace of this famous American.

Yes, it's all very clear up to this point.

But over on the new concrete highway, which though it runs generally north and south at a short distance west of the McKamie marker is in South Carolina, a newly placed iron marker proclaims to the passing motorist that one-fourth of a mile from that point is the place where Jackson himself said he was born. The marker is one of the handsome State of South Carolina markers that are being erected at places of historical interest throughout the Palmetto State. At the top of the marker is the map of South Carolina bordered with luscious vegetables and fruits "all rich in iodine," according to the legend. Below is an arrow pointing "to Birthplace of Andrew Jackson. The Place Where He Himself Said He Was Born One-Fourth of a Mile From Here."

And leading off this new concrete highway is the same country road upon which more than a mile northward stands the McKamie sign. A fourth of a mile along the road and

the motorist comes to another small sign, "Jackson's Birth Place," which points to the rough-hewn granite marker a few paces from the roadway.

This marker explains on one face that it was erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution of York, S. C., to President Jackson as a marker of his birthplace, and adds salient information, and on the other face carries this inscription:

" 'I was born in S. Carolina, as I have been told, at the plantation whereon James Crawford lived, about one mile from the Carolina road Xg. of the Waxhaw Creek." Andrew Jackson to J. H. Witherspoon, August 11, 1824.

"Jackson said in his last will and testament that he was a native of South Carolina.

"This stone stands upon the plantation whereon James Crawford lived. Near the site of the dwelling house, according to the Mills map of 1820."

It's all very clear at the South Carolina side of the line, too.

The trouble is, of course, that the markers are about a mile apart and a mile and a half or more if you go around the road. And on one side of the line, say patriotic South Carolinans, the vegetables—and even the Jimson weeds—are full of iodine, while just across the mythical dividing mark the vegetables and the weeds don't even boast a trace of mercurochrome.

Don't expect this tourist, who has just been reading all the signs and looking at all the birthplaces, to say where Old Hickory was born. In the first place, he doesn't know, and in the second and most important place, he wouldn't say so if he did know—not down in this country.

Marquis James told the story of the two contentions and sided with the South Carolina theory. Other writers have held that, although Jackson thought he was born in South Carolina, he had based his belief upon false information, and was wrong. Dr. Archibald Henderson, in reviewing the Marquis James first valume on Jackson for The Charlotte Observer's book review section, declared James had allowed himself to be misled and had based his decision upon "old wives' tales" that had been shown to be false.

James visited this section before he published the first volume of his life of the seventh president, which he called "The Broder Captain." He was not here long, however, and the proponents of the argument that Jackson was born at the McKamie cabin declare he didn't give enough attention to the study of the various theories about Jackson's place of birth to winnow out the false stories from the authentic ones. Dr. Henderson contended that James had accepted as an indisputable fact a story told by some old women of the neighborhood years ago, a story that historians had demonstrated was pure myth and not even based upon facts that could in any way be established.

James, in his volume, has a map of the Waxhaw region and the country in the vicinity of the two birthplaces. The McKamie cabin site and the Crawford plantation are marked. Those who hold to the view that Old Hickory was born on the North Carolina side of the line have the advantage over the other group in knowing exactly where the McKamie cabin stood, while the proponents of the Crawford plantation birthplace, as the marker suggests, do not know just

where the Crawford house stood.

But down here in the Waxhaw country nobody is disposed to fight the battle of the birthplaces. Those on the North Carolina side generally hold that Jackson was born on that side, and most of those on the South Carolina side, as a general thing, that the Crawford place was the farm upon which he was born. They aren't quarreling, however. After all, it was a long time ago and the folks around here, whether they eat iodined vegetables or just the plain Tar Heel variety, are neighbors.

In fact, some persons even suggest that it makes little difference—except, perhaps, the historians—on which side the line Andrew Jackson was born. The fact that he was born and grew up to be the great old democrat he was they consider of first importance. And there are some who have grown up on the story of Old Hickory and feel they know him personally who concede that maybe he was born in two places, anyway.

After all, old Jack broke a lot of precedents.

---

If you cannot win, make the one ahead break the record.

---

# PANAMA AND THE CANAL ZONE

**(Selected)**

For centuries men have traveled to distant lands seeking new sights and new thrills. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, Phidias' Statue of Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos, or lighthouse, at Alexandria, have all had their day attracting the interest and wonderment of ever-roving sightseers.

The Panama Canal can now compare favorably with these in appeal to the interest and imagination of the traveler. The Pyramids and other "wonders" stand for the mystic past and achievement of bygone ages; the canal is an imperishable tribute to the genius of the present.

When the massive locks and tremendous walls of solid concrete stand before the gaze, and one views the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that had to be overcome in order to bring to completion one of the greatest man-made miracles of the age, the canal can well be classed as on of the "wonders" of the centuries.

The deep cuts through rock and morass and the artifical lakes that connect the Atlantic with the Pacific are enough to make one marvel. The thought that the flowing road pierces the backbone of the continent and that it actually brings into reality the long-dreamed-of "shortest route to India," is enough to stir the emotions of historical interest. In some respects it seems strange that it should

have taken the civilized world over four hundred years after the discovery of the Isthmus by Columbus to realize this dream of a short route. Yet when the colossal nature of the work is taken into consideration, it hushes criticism. The American engineers who undertook and completed this miracle of achievement rightly deserved the plaudits of the world. The endless chain of ships passing through the canal is elegant evidence of its practical value.

As the ship steams up the channel, the tourist is surprised at the beauty and majestic charm of natural scenery and mechanical equipment. Exclamations of surprise, such as "It is more beautiful than I had expected!" are constantly heard from first observers as the steamer moves slowly up the canal toward the first locks. The deep- vivid verdure of islands and hillsides, the colors of flowers amidst the green along the stores, the waving verdure of shoreside banana plantations, each with its palm-thatched house, the purple slopes of the mountains on the Continental Divide that seem to recede mile by mile as the ship advances, the red-roofed military stations, the model, spotless towns in the Canal Zone, and finally the color and bizarre briskness of life in the Spanish cities of Colon and Panama City—all these one can know and feel only by actual passage through the canal.

The fact that the canal brings to the imagination the days of the gold rush, when thousands ventured their all, hoping to reimbruse their empty pureses by a lucky find of gold in the suny land of California, is of historical interest to the student. The old trail across the Isthmus, by which the Spaniards transported the treasures of Peru from Old Panama to Porto Bello for shipment hence to Spain, lies but a short distance from the canal. The Charges River was used by the venturers, as it was easier to paddle their canoes up the current than wade through the mud and dence undergrowth by land. In many places today the steamers cross over the very paths that were used by the buccaneers and gold-hunters. There is a sensation of pride and intense interest to the patriotic American as the ship moves up through canal, for it is the work of Uncle Sam. Here is an artificial waterway which cuts the ridge of two hemispheres. Surely the Panama Canal can, at this period of civilized history, be classed as one of the most beautiful, interesting and noted places in the world.

---

To gain access to the treasure chest of greater wisdom we must possess the right key to its lock. Logically enough, this key is one of right living; for right living is our inducement for right thinking. When we have both of these inscribed upon our ledger of life, we shall have achieved something great.

—The Mentor.

# THE NEW SOUTH

**(The Roxboro Courier)**

Henry Grady, noted journalist and orator, once exclaimed, in an oration, about "the new South," and in that speech, as well as in others and by his journalistic work, helped to bring about a better understanding of the South in the eyes of the North.

Roger W. Babson, economist, visualizes another "new South." Grady lived and worked during a period when cotton was King in the South and tobacco, which now may be rated, if not King, certainly as crown prince was in its infancy.

Babson, on the other hand, while not discounting the good effect that both these crops have had and are having on the economic stability of the South and the country at large, sees industrial development as the hope of the future. He advises youth to "go South," which may be taken as giving expression to the tendency of the "city to farm" movement that has become increasingly apparent with the past few years, since the South is especially argicultural and composed of innumerable small communities such as ours.

Babson, of course, is not simply being philosphical. He has good, sound reasons on which to base his advice, and not the least of them is the discovery by a noted Southern scientist that Southern pine can be used in the manufacture of newsprint with results equal to that obtained when Canadian or other pine is used.

Cotton and tobacco may be the principal money crops of the South now, but as the world comes closer and closer to the point of supplying its own demand, so do we move closer and closer to the point of either trying to seek out a livelihood from a drastically curtailed annual production of the golden weed or else turning our minds, thoughts and activities into new channels of productive living.

Industrial development points the way out of the approaching dilemma, and certain it is that pulpwood will play an important part. Not only newsprint industries, however, are turning their eyes southward. Other manufacturers are doing the same thing. Evidence of this is seen in new plants that have located in our own community and in other sections of North Carolina since the early twenties.

As these enterprises have come into local communities, employing, for the most part, local labor, more and more have young people left the farm for work, more renumerative perhaps, in the "mill". No more do they seek the "big city," with its glamour, its golden opportunity that glitters so brightly from afar off and its promise of untold wealth, a promise that except in rare cases, fades as the last rose of summer before the bitter blast of wintery winds, when adversity comes pounding on the door.

Yes, the advice to "go South" is sound, more sound, perhaps, than Horace Greeley's admonition years ago to "go West," for here is land whose wealth and resources are most prolific. We would add to Mr. Babson's advice another line which is directed to the youth of the South: "Stay where you are and aid in the development of your own section, reaping everlasting benefit to yourself and to posterity."

# BRIEF SKETCHES

## By Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman

A recent visit to Williamsburg was one of the delightful events in my life. To see the place is true enjoyment. The restored buildings, the gift of Mr. Rockefeller, the research work he had done has again brought to light in every detail in buildings restored and gardens remade and china of all kinds copied from bits found from sifted earth of foundations have given reproductions in the same patterns that Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington ate off of at the famous Raleigh Tavern. This place will become the mecca of all tourists in time.

At Yorktown, 15 miles distant stands the monument of victory where the Declaration of Independence was signed. When one thinks of a nation made by brave men then one thinks of states and counties ruled and governed by brave men. Cabarrus county boasts of her merchants, doctors, lawyers, her farmers and leaders in Christian lives that create a well ordered community.

As the years rolled back we learn that General Washington was the guest of Major Martin Phifer and his wife Elizabeth Locke Phifer on his way north.

R. W. Allison was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for fifty years. In 1845 there was a public school system in Caabrrus county and R. W. Allison was the chairman of the board of superintendents and disbursed the money to the teachers. He left valuable manuscripts of the early history of Cabarrus county.

Robert Ross Brown, the grandfather of Mrs. Guy Beaver, in 1845 taught in the public schools. The Yorkes, the Phifers and the Youngs, David Franklin Cannon and J. P. Allison played important parts in the history of the county.

Hezekiah Price Harris was born May 5th, 1799 and died July 1869. His name is inscribed on the tablet at Thunderstruck Bridge, being one of the county commissioners at that time. The late Chas. McDonald was a stockholder with Dr. Harris in the McDonald mill, now the Locke mill. He recalled Dr. Harris in knee breeches and ruffled shirt with a qucue hanging down his back tied with a blue ribbon.

Dr. Harris was known as the good physician and had the greatest funeral ever recorded in Cabarrus county. Richard Sadler Harris, his son, and Benjamin Franklin Rogers were friends of a lifetime, and when death robbed Gibson's Drug store of these men the spirit of fun and wit was gone and never again shall we see their like. Mr. Harris a wit, Mr. Rogers a man of infinite humor and intellectual attainments. The former, was of Scotch-Irish and English ancestry, while Mr. Roger's father came from Antrim in the north of Ireland when seventeen years old and fought in the Revolutionary war.

J. P. Cook made history for Cabarrus county when he established the Jackson Training School The good that men do lives after them and it is gratifying to all people that year after year boys go out from

the Training School to take their place in the world as men.

The late M. H. H. Caldwell has left the most authenticated history of Cabarrus county, and that given to the public by his talented daughter would be a welcome addition in these days to the poor literature advertised to read.

The 19th century gave to Cabarrus county James W. Cannon, the financial genius, J. M. Odell and his son W. R. Odell, both recognized in their church and in financial circles as leaders of men, D. B. Coltrane, who moved here from Missouri in 1888, established the Concord National Bank and was identified with the progress and upbuilding of the Public Schools.

The Hornets Nests of Charlotte and the Black Boys of Cabarrus led to the final surrender at Yorktown. Washington on his way north left no more treasured story to grandchildren than this one. A family left home early to go to Salisbury to see General Washington pass through there, leaving the young daughter at home to look after things. At the breakfast hour a troop of cavalry stopped for their morning meal. Hurriedly and excitedly she served them the meal. Imagine her surprise when she found she had given to Gen. Washington and his staff breakfast. She became the grandmother of Miss Elizabeth Gibson, North Union street. Ask her about it.

---

## THE BLIND BEGGAR

With uncertain step
And clicking cane
He came nigh.
With definite step
And eyes ahead
I passed by—
But which of us was blind,
The poor beggar or I?

—Frances Brown.

# DOG FEAST

**By Caroline Young**

Six o'clock ona damp spring morning, and Chillita Malotte was just beginning the five-mile walk to town to take the county examinations.

Had there been several Malotte children instead of only one she would have taken her turn going to the free Indian school fifty miles away. But when the time had come for her to start to school, her parents thought they couldn't spare her, their dark-eyed, plump Chillita.

They had sent her to the rural school at the foot of Doghead Mountain, where the "prairie" children, mostly white, and a very few of the Indians from the hills went. The first day, Chillita had come home before noon, to declare that she would not go to the school where the children made fun of her and laughed at her Indian hair!

"She does not need to go to school yet," her father had said. "There is much she can learn at home, and in the woods. Books can come later."

Mrs. Malotte had agreed that Chillita was too small to get any good out of school that year, or the next, when it rolled around. By the time she really did start to school, she was eight, tall for her age, and well able to fight her battles, if the need arose.

On the whole, Chillita had enjoyed going to school. Oh, there had been bad times. For instance, one day a white boy named Tom Allen had called her a savage redskin. Another time, she, along with the other Indians in school that term, had been accused half in jest, of eating a dog that had disappeared.

Chillita had a temper, and such things aroused her indignation quickly enough. Usually, however, she was able to hold it under control until school was out, and she could escape into the mountains—the beautiful mountains that made her forget the annoyances of the day.

However, when Tom Allen had brought the charge of dog eating against her and her people, her anger had given way to amusement almost immediately.

"Don't you know, Tom Allen," she had asked with a flashing smile, "that there is no record of dog eating in my tribe? Anyway, an Indian wouldn't steal a dog to eat."

"Why not?" demanded Tom. "It would taste as good as any, wouldn't it?"

"The Indians who ate dog many years ago," explained Chillita patiently, "didn't do it because they liked them. You see, the dog was considered the Indian's best friend, and to invite a white man to a dog feast was a high compliment, and a promise of undying friendship."

Tom and the other white children had been greatly impressed by Chillita's words, not having heard until then, the true meaning of the much ridiculed dog feast, celebrated by some of the western tribes when our country was in its infancy.

And so, because Chillita was strong in mind and body, quick-witted, and friendly in a quiet way, she had become one of the leaders in the school. The white pupils seemed to have al-

most forgotten that she was of another race, until the arrival of Winnie Allen had upset her little world.

Winnie had come last autumn, just in time to start to school. She was Tom's cousin, and was living with her uncle and aunt during the absence of her parents, for some reason. Chillita had never heard just why. At any rate, the first day of school, Winnie had reached the building ahead of Chillita, who arrived to find her leadership ended.

All term, the other pupils, who were younger than Chillita and Winnie, had admired Winnie, her clothes, her curls, her knowledge of the world beyond the mountain country. Chillita had slipped silently into the background, and if attempts had been made to draw her into the circle that revolved around Winnie, they had been ignored.

It didn't matter, Chillita told herself that spring morning as she drew her jacket closer about her slender body, for this was her last year in the country school anyway—that is, if she could pass the county examinations. Her father had promised her a horse for a graduation gift, so that she could ride to the town high school. So, to graduate had become Chillita's burning ambition.

Winnie was going to take the examinations also. Chillita walked a little faster, thinking of Winnie. She hoped to reach the town first, so the Allen car, one of the few automobiles in the community, wouldn't pass her on the road. If Mr. Allen were driving he would very likely ask her to ride, and she didn't wish to ride with Winnie.

Chillita's feet, swift and sure in her shabby, low-heeled oxfords, moved on tirelessly. At last, she rounded the final curve, and the high water tank came into her line of vision. She would make it, she exulted. She wouldn't have to encounter Winnie, after all! But her quick ear caught a sound—yes, it was a motor. Oh, she did hope it wasn't the Allens!

She stepped farther to the side of the road, and glanced neither to the right nor to the left as the vehicle came alongside.

"Want to ride, Chilly?" It was Tom, with Winnie beside him in the front seat.

Winnie leaned forward as if she were going to speak, but Chillita shook her head in swift refusal of the proffered ride.

" 'Tisn't much father. I'd just as soon walk," she told Tom. "Thank you."

"You might as well ride," said Winnie. "You'll get there several minutes ahead, if you do."

"I've plenty of time," Chillita declared, and the car moved on, raising a cloud of dust about the indignant girl.

"You think you're so wonderful!" she addressed the disappearing Winnie. "But I'll show you that I can graduate just as well as you can, for all your fine clothes, and your curly hair and your uncle's car!"

When Chillita reached the school building where the examinations were to be given, it was yet quite early. Winnie was there, and two or three others. Chillita looked at the teacher in charge of the room, and would have admired her if she hadn't reminded her of Winnie. Her hair was like Winnie's except in color. It was short and curly, and her skin had the same sheltered, indoor appearance.

Most of the boys and girls who were

arriving, however, looked more like Chillita, herself. Not as to race, for there were only a few Indians, but their clothing was simple, and their faces were tanned.

When it was time to begin, the teacher smilingly announced that if all had finished their work by three o'clock, the high school glee club would come and entertain them all for a few minutes.

"It should be quite a treat," she said, "but you must not hurry to the extent of damaging your answers. We set the hour at three o'clock so as to give all of you ample time to finish the examinations first."

Chillita wrote rapidly, taking only a few minutes off at noon to eat the lunch she had brought from home. Winnie, she noticed, was gone more than an hour. When she came in, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were circled as if she were very tired. Her pen moved slowly over the paper, as she set to work on the afternoon examinations.

Shortly after two o'clock, Chillita had finished. And she felt sure she would pass. Her great, dark eyes glowed with triumph as she glanced at Winnie, toiling away, her lips drawn into a worried line. Winnie was one of the last to hand in her paper, just at three o'clock.

Chillita watched the door anxiously for the entrance of the high school glee club. These girls who would be her schoolmates next term—what where they like? She thrilled with anticipation as steps sounded in the hall. The teacher went to open the door, and in came the high school girls.

The eager light fled from the Indian girl's eyes, leaving then suddenly somber. Why, these girls were like Winnie, save for the fact that most of them were not so pale. But there was on one of her own race in the group.

When the program was over, Chillita hurried from the building. The Allen car was parked near the entrance to the schoolyard, and Tom was at the wheel. He glanced at Chillita as if he meant to speak, then turned away.

Chillita heard Winnie's eager voice calling to Tom.

"Where were you at noon?" she was saying. "I forgot to bring any money. I hunted and hunted for you! I'm fairly starved!"

Tom's reply was inaudible, but Chillita remembered the tired look on Winnie's face when she had returned that noon, and wished that she had known. She could have shared her sandwiches and apples. There were still some left in the parcel she was carrying. She hoped Winnie wouldn't fail because she had been so tired and hungry. If Tom and his cousin overtook her and asked her to ride, she would not refuse this time. She would offer them the remainder of her lunch to eat on the way home.

But although she did not walk nearly so fast as she had that morning, the Allen car did not appear. It was not in sight, even when Chillita left the highway to take the rough mountain trail that led to her home.

The examinations were held on Saturday. The following Monday, the younger pupils crowded about Winnie, anxious to hear what questions had been asked. For, while Winnie and Chillita were the only ones in the higher grades that year, the others were looking forward eagerly to the

time when they, too, would be planning to graduate.

"I s'pose you'll have a beautiful white dress—and get lots of presents," little Mary Wallace remarked enviously.

"Oh, I suppose so," laughed Winnie. "Father promised me a watch and grandma is sure to send me something very nice."

"What will you get if you pass, Chillita?" inquired Mary, turning to the Indian girl.

"A horse," replied Chillita, her eyes shining. "My father will buy me a horse!"

"A horse!" exclaimed Winnie. "Whatever for? Can you ride?"

The other pupils burst into laughter "A horse! What a funny present!"

The rose-tan of the Indian girl's cheeks deepened at the derisive words of the children, but she stood her ground firmly.

"Yes; I can ride," she remarked to Winnie. "I intend to ride the horse to school in town."

"Are you going to the white school in town?" asked Mary Wallace wonderingly. "And will you have a fine dress for graduation, too?"

"I don't know about a dress," said Chillita, thankful that it was time for the bell, and that the inquisition was over for the present, at least.

As the days passed, Winnie seemed less hopeful. Chillita knew she was worrying about the examinations, because she kept asking the teacher how long it would be before they heard the results, and whether or not she thought Winnie had a chance. And what good, reflected Chillita, would the many promises of graduation gifts do her, if she didn't pass?

"If I pass, and she doesn't," Chillita reasoned, "I'll be a lot more forunate than she."

So, pitying Winnie, she forgot the possible necessity of obtaining a white dress, and the laughter of the pupils at the one gift that had been promised her—the horse which she would ride to school in town.

And then, one Monday, Winnie came to school radiant and smiling, bringing a little slip of paper which she waved exultantly.

"I passed, I passed!" she told the teacher.

The teacher read the slip in an interested manner, and Winnie went on: "Of course I haven't much to spare, but I did pass. I suppose my grades are the lowest in the class."

"Did you pass, Chillita?" inquired one of the pupils standing near by.

"I don't know. I haven't heard."

"Tom called for our mail in town Saturday," said Winnie. "That's how I found out so quickly."

The box on the rural route in which the Malotte family's mail was placed, was three miles distant, but at four o'clock Chillita set forth patiently, trying not to resent the fact that Winnie hadn't asked Tom to asked fo rher notice, too. The neighbors often did that for one another, because of the inconvenience of obtaining mail.

Upon reaching the "mail corner," as it was called, where the Malotte box, along with half a dozen others, was located, Chillita opened it eagerly. But inside was no small white envelope, no paper, no advertisement. Not a thing. The box was empty. Chillita could scarcely believe her eyes. She even felt carefully in the corners to make sure. And then, disappointed and bewildered, she started home.

Why, she asked herself again and

again, hadn't her notice come. She couldn't have failed. She hadn't considered the questions at all difficult. Surely she had answered them better than Winnie, who had passed. But, confident as she was, doubts crept into her mind. Was Winnie smarter than Chillita had thought? Or had the city teachers who graded the papers been unfair? Perhaps they didn't want an Indian girl in the high school next term.

As she opened the door of her home after her six-mile trudge, her mother advanced to meet her.

"Chillita, I have been wondering and wondering about you. It is so late, and I was so anxious for you to read your letter."

"Letter! What letter—where is it?"

"Your father went to the mail corner this morning. We thought you might hear from the examinations."

"I went, after school," said Chillita, managing a smile, as she opened the envelope with shaking fingers. "When I found the box empty, I thought I'd failed. Maybe I have."

But the grades on the slip told her that she had not failed, and she had plenty to spare.

"You passed?" inquired Mrs. Malotte anxiously.

"Yes. What is this?" Another bit of paper remained in the envelope. She read it quickly.

"Class mottos," she explained. "We are to vote for the ones we like best. I guess I won't bother to send in my vote. I don't care what motto is selected."

But, at her mother's insistence, she carried the little slip to school next day, to ask her teacher's advice about the motto.

"They are all good," said the teacher, "but I believe I like the first one best."

"Seek and ye shall find," Chillita read aloud.

"I voted for that one," commented Winnie.

Chillita, however, decided not to vote. She didn't see much meaning in the motto which the teacher and Winnie liked. It really didn't matter, she told herself. The important thing now was to get a dress. It had to be white, and Chillita had never owned a white dress. It seemed silly to buy a dress for which she would have but little use, especially in view of the fact that money was so scarce in the Malotte family.

Her mother thought it could be managed. She purchased material and a pattern in town, and Chillita's mind was at ease when Winnie asked her one day if she had her graduating ohtfiit.

She told her about the dress, a bit triumphantly.

"Do you have white shoes and stockings, too? You must have everything to match, you know. And white underthings."

Chillita looked alarmed. New slippers and stockings, and white underthings! Why, the dress was but a small part of the outfit, according to Winnie!

Chillita's parents came again to the rescue. They were Indians, but they had attended school away from the mountains. They had mingled with the white people. They agreed that their Chillita must look as well as anyone, although they must deny themselves to accomplish it.

And then, school was out. The next Saturday was Commencement Day.

Chillita's parents had planned to

drive the old spring wagon to town, but at the last moment, Mr. Malotte was obliged to assist a neighbor with some work which required his team of horses as well. Mrs. Malotte could not spare the tme to walk back and forth, so Chillita had to go alone.

She set forth barefooted through the woods, carrying her new stockings and slippers. The slippers were the most stylish ones in town, the clerk had said, They were narrow, and pointed, and absurdly high-heeled. Chillita could scarcely stand in them, much less walk, but she loved them becouse she was certain Winnie would have none prettier.

When she reached the highway, she washed her feet in the creek, and put on the thin silk stockings and the slippers, which were really meant for evening wear. The Allens were likely to overtake her, and how she did want Winnie to see that Chillita, the Indian girl could look as fine as she.

But alas for her hopes! Chillita didn't know how to walk slowly and carefully in the spike-heeled shoes. A loose rock—her foot turned, and off snapped the heel!

"Oh!" cried Chillita. "Oh! What shall I do now?"

Her first impulse was to jerk the offending slippers from her feet and scurry through the woods to her home. Let the white girls like Winnie have the commencement to themselves. She, who couldn't walk in high-heeled shoes, had no business to graduate, after all! And she wouldn't go to high school in town! She would stay in the mountains where she belonged.

Her ear caught the sound of a motor. The Allens, probably. She glanced to the side of the road. There was the mountain, with its growth of trees and bushes. It would hide her, if she sought its protection, from curious eyes.

She hesitated, and suddenly she knew that she did not wish to flee into the woods. This was her graduation day—the day for which she and her parents had planned and sacrificed. No matter what her instincts told her, she realized that something higher was bidding her carry on. Life, for her, must not be in avoiding the world beyond the mountains, and girls such as Winnie.

The car was coming nearer. If Tom were at the wheel, he wasn't likely to ask her to ride. And she didn't blame him. She had refused so often, he could not be expected to know that she needed help.

Chillita had but to wait for the car, hail it, and hold up the crippled shoe. They would understand, and in her heart she knew they would be glad to have her ride with them.

Tom was driving. He didn't slow up until he was near enough to see the shoe and Chillita's eager expression. He smiled broadly, and applied the brakes.

"Hi, Chilly! Hop in."

"Hop is right!" cried Chillita. "See what happened, just because I was so vain and silly!"

"I'd rather you'd be a little silly than so frightfully Chilly," laughed Tom. "Win, you ought to know of a place where she can get it fixed."

"Oh, I do!" declared Winnie cordially. "They'll do it while you wait—and if I were you, I'd have them cut the heels down half an inch. They'll be more comfortable. The older girls at home do that. I've never worn high heels, myself."

Chillita, glancing down, saw that

Winnie was wearing neat, white slippers with sensible heels.

"I wish I'd known what kind to buy," said Chillita.

"You should have asked me," commented Winnie. "Can you swim, Chillita?"

"Of course," replied the Indian girl wonderingly.

"Will you teach me this summer? How to ride, and swim, and things? Uncle says I need to be outdoors. He is going to give me a horse, if you will let me ride to town to school with you."

"Then I can help you, too?" marveled Chillita. "Oh, Winnie, it will be such fun to teach you riding, and swmming! And perhaps you will help me with things I don't know. Clothes, and shoes—"

"That will be fun," replied the other. "Tom, why are you driving so fast? We have lots of plans to make, and we'll be in town almost before we know it."

"You've all summer for your plans," Tom answered unfeelingly. "We must get to town in time to have that heel mended, and then we'll invite Chilly to share our dog feast—"

"Tom!" cried Winnie in a shocked voice. "For shame! We have a lovely picnic lunch!"

But Chillita was laughing. "The first thing will be to teach you what a dog feast is, Winnie."

That evening, Mrs. Malotte had many questions to ask about the commencement—the dresses, the speaker, the flowers. And then, from the printed program which Chillita gave her, she read the motto.

"Seek, and ye shall find."

"It is a good motto," declared Chillita, repeating thoughtfully: "Seek, and ye shall find."

---

A Mississippi River steamboat was stopped in the mouth of a tributary stream, owing to the dense fog. An inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was his laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger replied sharply.

"Yes," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't going that way."—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Helen Plyler, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Plyler, of Greensboro, has been visiting her cousin, Miss Elise Boger for the past week.

---

Ernest Strickland, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who has been away from the School three years, spent last Tuesday here. Since leaving the institution, Ernest has been living in Rockingham, where he attends high school, and plays right tackle on the football team He is a husky lad, weighing 240 pounds, and we feel quite sure it would be hard for opposing players to get through his side of the line. Ernest expects to return to high school in the fall.

---

Two members of the Advisory Budget Commission, Messrs. Victor Bryant, of Durham, and J. Benton Stacey, of Raleigh, visited the School last Monday night. This visit had been scheduled for Friday, August 5th, but was moved up to Tuesday, August 2nd, and then again changed to Monday night, August 1st. These changes were made necessary by the coming special session of the State Legislature. The purpose of this visit was to consult with officials of the School and ascertain the estimated needs.

---

We have noticed recently in the daily newspapers that the Jackson Training School is getting considerable credit for the actions of some mighty rough boys who have run afoul of the law. The first item, carried in the Concord Daily Tribune, but copied from another paper, was concerning a James Peadley, and the second one, carrying a High Point date-line, told of the escapades of James F. Godwin. Both of these boys were wanted on serious charges. It was reported in these items that these boys were former inmates of the Jackson Training School, but a thorough search of our records and inquiry among members of the staff who have been employed here many years, failed to disclose that either of them had ever been at this institution.

---

While in Durham last Wednesday, Superintendent Boger and Messrs. J. Lee White and J. C. Fisher, were hailed by a young man standing in front of a jewelry store located on the main street. At first they failed to recognize him, so he introduced himself as Henry Dubois, a former Training School boy, who left the institution more than twenty years ago.

This young man is married and has a family lving in Durham. He has a son, seventeen years old, who graduated from high school this year, and hopes to send him to North Carolina State College, Raleigh, in the fall.

Henry seems to be doing well and is very proud of his family. He extended a cordial invitation to these officials of the School to visit his home and have lunch with him, but they

could not accept, it being necessary that they leave town immediately on urgent business.

---

Mr. Roy Shelton, of the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City, was a visitor at the Training School last Saturday afternoon. He had been spending some time in Raleigh, where he conducted a short course in 4-H Club Work, sponsored by the State Extension Bureau.

Mr. Shelton arrived at the School just in time to see the youngsters enjoy one of their watermelon feasts, after which he spoke to them briefly concerning the new gymnasium and the value of physical training.

Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, he then made a hurried tour of the various departments here, and seemed especially impressed with the new Swink-Benson Trades Building and the vocational training received by the boys. He was most enthusiastic in his praises for the effort the Jackson Training School is making in the reclamation of wayward boys, saying it was one of the very best institutions of its kind he had ever visited.

---

Last Saturday's game between the Kannapolis Juniors and the Training School teams resulted in a victory for the latter by the score of 6 to 5. The Kannapolis boys scored once in the first inning on three successive hits. They marked up four more in the seventh on three hits and four errors. The Training School lads were held scoreless until the sixth frame when four hits and an error produced three runs. A base on balls, a single, an error and a fielder's choice resulted in another score in the seventh. The winning markers were pushed across in the eighth as three singles, a sacrifice and a wild pitch permitted two more runners to dent the platter.

Waldrop was on the mound for the School lads for six innings, holding the visitors to five scattered hits and not allowing a run. Russell assumed the pitching duties in the seventh. Two hits and three errors allowed the Kannapolis boys to register twice. Liske then replaced Russell, and a pair of triples and two errors produced two more counters for the visitors. The score:

| | | | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kannapolis | 1 | 0 | 0 0 0 0 4 0 0 — | 5 | 11 | 4 |
| J. T. S. | 0 | 0 | 0 0 0 3 1 2 x — | 6 | 10 | 4 |

Two-base hits: Howard, J. Kiser. Three-base hits: W. Kiser, J. Kiser. Stolen bases: Waldrop. Struck out: By Waldrop 7; by Liske 2; by Howard 3. Base on balls: Off Waldrop 2; off Howard 2. Hit by pitcher: By Howard (Corn). Umpire—Crooks.

---

A team of baseball players calling themselves the Carolina Weavers, of Concord, boasting an undefeated record for the current season, journeyed to the local ball yard last Wednesday where they struck a snag—said snag being Walter Andrews, who turned in the neatest pitching performance of his career. The game was a five-inning affair by agreement, which is all that kept Andrews from attaining that goal, sought after by all pitchers

—a no-hit, no-run game. In this abbreviated contest the dazzling curves dished out by this young man had the Weavers completely bewildered, not a man reaching first base, and ten batters were retired via the old strike-out route. The other five batters to face Andrews were easy outs, only one ball being knocked to the outfield, a short pop fly to left field.

The Training School boys went to work early in the fray, chalking up three runs in the first inning. Liner led off with a triple, scoring on Warren's single, who came all the way around on two errors by the visiting catcher. Waldrop then singled, stole second, and scored when the second baseman allowed Corn's grounder to get away from him. Another tally was registered in the fourth when Cowan walked, was forced out at second by Liner, who took third when the catcher threw wild in an attempt toss him out stealing, and scored on Johnson's infield single. The score:

| | | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Weavers | 0 0 0 0 0 — | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| J. T. S. | 3 0 0 1 x — | 4 | 5 | 0 |

Three-base hit: Liner. Stolen base: Waldrop. Struck out: By Andrews 10; by Cannupp 3. Base on balls: off Cannupp 5. Umpire—Liske.

---

Dr. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the First Psalm, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Strength and Weakness."

For an example of strength and weakness Dr. Rowan used that familiar Biblical character, Samson, stating this man was a remarkable combination of strength and weakness. We all have our periods of strength and weakness, just as all men have had since the beginning of the world. No one, except Jesus Christ, ever stood out in full strength at all times.

The speaker then told the boys that the secret of Samson's weakness was not due solely to himself; not solely to Delilah; but to his own people, for he called it mutiny when the Israelites gave him over to the Philistines. Then in giving the secret of Samson's strength Dr. Rowan said that it was because of his pledge to be a Nazarite, and his layolty to the Nazaritish vow.

Being a Nazarite meant four things, continued the speaker. There was to be no drinking of wine or any strong intoxicating liquor; A Nazarite was to avoid any unclean and forbidden food; One, to be a Nazarite, was to let his hair grow; and last, he could not expose himself to any contagion. Samson's mother's pledge that he should be a Narazite was one secret of his great strength.

In conclusion Dr. Rowan said the greater reason for Samson's strength was his own loyalty to those Nazarite vows. His strength left him when his hair was cut—not because he no longer had long hair, but because for the time, he was disloyal to that part of his vow. And as the hair grew out again and was no more cut, his strength came back, because he had again proved his loyalty to the vow.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending July 31, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(9) Marvin Bridgeman 9
(4) Ivey Eller 8
(9) Clyde Gray 9
(4) Gilbert Hogan 8
(9) Leon Hollifield 9
(9) Edward Johnson 9
(4) C. L. Snuggs 4

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(7) Virgil Baugess 8
(2) Howard Cox 2
(2) William Haire 7
Horace Journigan 5
Blanchard Moore 5
Fonnie Oliver 4
H. C. Pope 5
Howard Roberts 6
Frank Walker 5

**COTTAGE No. 2**

James Blocker 3
John Capps 6
(3) Postell Clark 4
Samuel Ennis 7
(3) Julius Green 5
Floyd Lane 3
Nick Rochester 8
Oscar Roland 4
Brooks Young 2

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(3) Jewell Barker 5
(2) Coolidge Green 2
(2) James Mast 7
Douglas Matthews 3
(2) William McRary 7
F. E. Mickle 4
Jame C. Robertson 4

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Shelton Anderson 2
(5) Odell Bray 5
Paul Briggs 4
(2) William Cherry 6
(4) Hurley Davis 6
(2) James Land 6
Grover Lett 2
George Newman
Hyress Taylor 2
(4) Melvin Walters 6
(5) Rollin Wells 6
(3) James Wilhite 6
(3) Cecil Wilson 5

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(9) Jack McRary 9
William Kirksey
Richard Palmer 4
(2) Winford Rollins 5
(9) Dewey Ware 9
(2) George Wright 2

**COTTAGE No. 6**

(3) Robert Bryson 3
(5) Fletcher Castlebury 7
Martin Crump 4
(3) Clinton Keen 4
Spencer Lane 5
Charles McCoyle 5
Ray Pitman 3
Jack Sutherland
William Wilson 6
George Wilhite 8
Carl Ward 4

**COTTAGE No. 7**

Paul Angel 5
Cleasper Beasley 8
Carl Breece 8
(4) Archie Castlebury 7
James H. Davis 7
(4) William Estes 8
(3) George Green 6
(9) Caleb Hill 9
(4) Hugh Johnson 8
Ernest Mobley 2
Edmund Moore 6
Marshall Pace 3
J. D. Powell 6
Jack Pyatt 5
(2) Earthy Strickland 6
Loy Stines 5
(9) William Young 9

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) Charles Taylor 7
(8) John Tolbert 8

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(6) J. T. Branch 8
William Brackett 4
Edgar Burnette 5
(4) Clifton Butler 7
James Coleman 7
George Duncan 5
Woodfin Fowler 7
Mark Jones 5
Earl Stamey 5
Thomas Sands 7
Cleveland Suggs 4

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Harold Bryson 4
(4) Baxter Foster 6
(4) Lawrence Guffey 7
(4) Albert Goodman 7
(3) Earl Hildreth 3
(9) Julius Stevens 9
(8) Thomas Shaw 8
John Uptegrove 8

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 4
Allard Brantley 3
(4) Ben Cooper 6
William C. Davis 4
(6) James Elders 6
(3) Max Eaker 6
(2) Elbert Hackler 6
Charlton Henry 8
Franklin Hensley 5
Richard Honeycutt 5
Hubert Holloway 7
S. E. Jones 3
(2) Alexander King 6
Tillman Lyles 7
(3) William Powell 3
James Reavis 6
(3) Howard Sanders 6
Harvey J. Smith 3
(5) William Trantham 7
Leonard Watson 3
Leonard Wood 7
(5) Ross Young 5

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Jack Foster 6
James V. Harvel 4
(7) Isaac Hendren 7
(6) Bruce Kersey 6
Harry Leagon 3
(6) William Lowe 6
(5) Irvin Medlin 7
(3) Paul McGlammery 5
Jordan McIver 5
Thomas R. Pitman 5
(5) Alexander Woody 6

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(4) Clyde Barnwell 7
(3) Audie Farthing 7
(3) James Kirk 7
Feldman Lane 2
(3) John Robbins 6
(4) Harold Thomas 7
(2) Harvey Walters 6

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Leonard Buntin 5
N. A. Efird
(2) Joseph Hyde 3
Hoyt Hollifield 4
(2) Beamon Heath 4
(2) Caleb Jolly 7
Cleo King 2
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 3
(2) Edward Patrum 4
(2) Paul Ruff 7
Ira Settle 4

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(3) James Chavis 7
Reefer Cummings 7
(6) Filmore Oliver 7
Early Oxendine 3
(3) Hubert Short 6

---

Oppose vigorously any inclination to sadness, for the enemy seeks by sadness to make us weary of good works.

—Francis DeSales.

# AIR-CONDITIONED
# COACHES

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

AUG 15 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 13, 1938 No. 32

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THE VOICE OF THE BIRDS

"A little sparrow twittered near my door,
And to my ear
The morning clearer came than e'er before,
And brought me cheer.

" 'Not one of us without our Father's care
Falls to the earth;
Why doubt His fonder care for you who are
Of greater worth?' "

—Selected.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| MARKETS OF MEXICO | By Walter Ed Taylor | 10 |
| SEVEN MILLION BIBLES CIRCULATED IN A YEAR | (Selected) | 15 |
| WHAT THE WORD NEEDS | (Selected) | 18 |
| THE CLUE | By Ruth Gonzer | 19 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| SCHOOL HONOR FOR JULY | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## SUPPOSE WE'RE FREE TO DO AS WE PLEASE!"

"When we get to the big city we can do as we please," said Jack, one of five fellows out for a good time, as their car sped along the road.

"You're right we can," added Fred. "We can go where we like and do what we choose, without being checked up so terribly close as we are at home. How about it, Tom?"

The question was directed to a jolly, robust fellow who loved fun and adventure as much as the rest.

"Of course we can do as we please. There's not much chance of anybody we know seeing us and telling tales. But—"

"But what?" exclaimed Dan, the one who had proposed the trip.

"Just this," said Tom. "I agree we can do as we please, but do we really want to do it?"

"Why not?" sang out a quartet of voices.

"You can't get away from yourself," continued Tom. "I'm more afraid of being ashamed of myself than of anybody learning what I've done. I must live with myself, and I want a decent self to live with."—Selected.

## INASMUCH

The time is fast approaching when Concord will have to equip public playgrounds in different parts of the city. This conclusion is drawn because every day children are running wild on the streets and termed a nuisance when it is no fault of the theirs. Moreover, these children, especially the little negro urchins are dirty, body and clothes, and doubtless they came from shelters and not homes. They must fine outlets for their energy, so the streets and the back lots serve as playgrounds. Neither are there home duties to train hand or mind. They are the victims of inherited conditions.

Consequently they are pushed from pillar to post, no one wants them because they know not the value of property, neither have

they any regard for the rights of others.

By way of suggestion these children, the little blacks, at least, could be assembled at some central point of respective communities and the street sprinkler turned on so as to give them one good bath this hot weather.

It would be a merciful act for some civic organization to make inquiries as to the conditions among the colored urchins who throng the streets. Something should be done towards making them self respecting. This is a call, and a responsibility. A stitch in time saves nine.

Unless something is done to make them feel some one cares, these same children will fill the prisons. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

* * * * * * *

## DOWN BUT NOT OUT

It is refreshing to see people who have met with misfortunes and take them with their chins tilted. This was the feeling after a conversation with a lone woman who had lost her all. While musing upon the past with eyes glued upon the old home she lost she said, "Bigger and smarter people than I went down during the depression, so why worry?" She was taking a pinch of comfort as expressed in the term that "misery loves company."

After telling her sorrows she snatched up her well filled brief and started out with a hope that would characterize a much younger person. She told the truth as to failures among very rich concerns and fabulously rich men. The crash was tragic in every walk of life including the exceedingly wealth. Those of moderate circumstances and the extremely poor suffered alike.

Just lately the death of Samuel Insull whose personal fortune was something like one hundred million was flashed over the wires. He died in a subway station in Paris with twenty-one cents in his pocket. His business collapsed and he and thousands who put their trust and their all in his business and genius went down with him.

The tide of good fortune thrills to the point of a risk. Big businesss involves a terrible responsibility due to the fact a greater number of people are involved. And when a failure comes it is terrible. It is likened unto the incoming waves of a heavy sea wherein the

under tow is too strong and many are lost physically and financially.

If possible to meet such reverses the loser must wear the shield of faith combined with push, pluck and perseverance if a come back is made. It helps to keep as your slogan, you may be down but never admit you are entirely whipped.

* * * * * * *

## ROUGE

Beauty culture today is accepted as an essential and paying business. To the people of the present time it is thought of as something new, but beauty culture is almost as ancient as the human race. A make-up today is a woman's privilege, but the men of ancient times were devotees of the style, using cosmetics with impunity.

Three thousand years ago the reigning beauty of Egypt, Queen Nefertiti, painted her fingernails and toenails red. In a tomb near Ur, the land of Abraham, five thousand years ago, was found a compact of varied colors and a vanity case that belonged to a queen of that country.

Possibly it was the men who first used cosmetics to enhance their looks so as to make their subjects admire them. It may be that they used cosmetics to render then more attractive to the opposite sex.

At the present time a man who adorns his body with coloring is called effeminate, so the habit is solely indulged in by women.

But rouge and other cosmetics are as old as the human race. One of the most interesting discoveries in King Tut-ankhamen's tomb was the noble young king's cosmetic jar. When it was opened the jar still contained a cream which had an odor suggestive of cocoanut, but was later analyzed as an animal fat. In conclusion to the argument we are prone to believe the truth of the old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun."

* * * * * * *

## OPEN THE DOORS TO THE KIDDIES

One never fails to find on the editorial page of the Suffolk News-

Herald expressions pertinent to the local needs or for the betterment of conditions of childhood. We feel that is the mission of a local paper. It should not be altogether political or social, but civic minded and blaze the way for those who do not take the time to think, but would act if some one would show the needs of the cause.

The man or woman who thinks along lines of bettering conditions for childhood is making stronger the very foundation of our nation. In the following the Suffolk editor sees the opportunity for the children of Washington, D. C. to see and realize the joy for an air-conditioned plant. And why not give them that privilege for a short period?

A news item from Washington says somebody ought to be taking advantage of what is described as the largest air-conditioned plant in the world—that noble pile we call the capitol of the United States. It is now being enjoyed by a lot of clerks and a few lawmakers who don't have to be back home fighting for the right to return to enjoy its cooling atmosphere.

Just to make the thing impressive the reporter told newspaper readers something about this mammoth air-conditioned plant. The capitol apparatus can turn out every 24 hours a block of ice 50 feet square and as high as a seven-story building. It cools 11,000,000 gallons of water a day, enough to serve a city of 100,000 people. Yet there it is all going to waste. Not even the squirrels may gambol in its corridors.

It is generally conceded that Washington is a veritable inferno in mid summer months, and from our meagre experience we would say that is not far wrong. It is also conceded that there are thousands of poor children back off the avenues and the rose-tinted streets lined with mansions of the rich, who shelter and droop from the intense heat. How about throwing the doors open to permit some of them to cool their fevered brows when the great men are away on vacation? It would make a lot of extra work for the janitors, but less for the undertakers and grave-diggers, perhaps.

* * * * * * *

## MRE. B. F. ROGERS, A KINDLY, LOYAL FRIEND, PASSES

In the stillness of the night, Tuesday, August 9th, 10 o'clock

P. M., the sad message of the death of one of Concord's landmarks, Mrs. B. F. Rogers, was transmitted over the telephone to her legion of friends. For a moment the message could hardly be accepted as true. Despite her age, eighty-nine years, it was difficult to associate her with death, because of her vital interest in her church, also the civic and social activities of the community.

In the quiet of the night, a most delightful time for pleasant dreams, we surveyed mentally the life of this most estimable and beloved woman, who lived here from the date of adolescence. In the finale of the review, we thought "never yet have we heard from Mrs. Rogers a derogatory criticism of mankind." She naturally loved the beauitful things of life, therefore, always looked for the good and fine elements of humanity to the oblivion of the bad.

She lived quietly in her hospitable home, the throne-seat of womanhood, and in this shrine she lived with the dignity of motherhood, guiding with a postive but gentle demeanor, and proving herself to be at all times the friend of man. Truly, she lived by the side of the road "as the races of men go by," and for each she had a cheering word and kindly smile. She patiently listened to the appeals of the unfortunates and never let her left hand know what the other one did. Some one has said a friend is one who passes in the door when others go out, and this was typical of Mrs. Rogers.

Kindliness, gentleness and loyalty, attributes born from within, were the elements that marked Mrs. Rogers, the type that wears and gets closer to the hearts of people as the years pass and contacts grow more numerous.

Such a life is not lived in vain, but somewhere the footprints of her kind are left upon the sands of time and reflect the glory of correct living throughout generations. Concord has lost a splendid and delightful friend and the entire community is richer for her sojourn in our midst.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

FRIENDS

"A friend is like an old song grown sweeter with the years
A friend is one who shares our joys and and wipes away our tears;
A friend will look for goodness in everything we do,
A friend is one who knows our faults, yet finds our virtues too;
A friend will share a crust of bread, or help to lift a load—
Happy are we who find a few good friends along the road."

---

Some women hesitate to tell their age; and some make a display of their rage.

---

Believe it or knit. Merchants say you can buy a sweater cheaper than you can make one.

---

The mere passing of laws does not obliterate the evils designed to correct. It is the enforcement of the law that accomplishes that result.

---

It is reported that something like 225,000 persons were missing in this country last year. Guess they were hiding from the income tax and tax collectors.

---

Hugh Johnson says the Republican party isn't getting anywhere because it hasn't yet figured out its direction. If it does not find out before 1940, it will then. It will go up, just as it did in 1936.

---

I guess there are very few persons now living who can remember back to the time when the only function a government functioned was to govern. That is a passing strange idea now. We live in a New Age; a New Deal; a New Cosmopolitanism.

---

There was a time when the idea was "a chicken in every pot.' Now the demand seems to be a motor car for every man—and he can run down as many chickens as he desires.

---

Many people complain of the damage termites are doing to their houses. And the Republician party is making complaint of the third termites in their organization. Both are of the hymenoptrous order.

---

Dr. Cartmel, of Montreal, says that Einstein's theory of space is all bunk. Experts disagree on this question. But the average rider knows what it is in a crowded bus, and he has to stand. Space is space then.

---

It is a vain hope in this world that you can get something for nothing. But the idea does not stop a whole lot of people from continually trying, with the result that they have parted with nothing, and received nothing in return.

---

Order marks all of nature's laws for development. Keep moving. The traffic cop keeps people moving in a jam. And there are some people, who, in order to avoid paying their rent, keep moving. This is not conducive to moral ethics.

---

Some people pray for rain, and when it comes in copious showers,

others pray that it may stop for a season. They do not seem to agree on telling the good Lord just how He ought to manage the rain question, and He does it to suit himself. How many thank Him for His blessings?

---

There is not doubt about it. There are plenty of "relief bums" in this country today. A news item tells of a Negro taxi driver who was unable to work for a time because of illness. He obtained $50 from a government relief agency to tide him over. Now he is back at work, and is trying to return the money. When it was pointed to him that he was not legally obligated to do this, he observed that "That was the way I was raised—and that's the way I'm raising my child." Americans can learn a lesson from this Negro taxi driver. Some have come to look on relief as a "profession." They plan to make it their life work. They figure the government, or some one else, owes them a living. I do not mean this as criticism of those people who have turned to relief only as a last resort, and are eager to get off the rolls as soon as opportunity for a relief job comes along. Nor is it a criticism of relief per se. Honest beneficiaries of relief aggressively seek real employment. The hungry must be fed, the homeless sheltered, the clothesless clothed. Professional "relief bums" are a new menace to democratic government. The Negro's statement was news because his attitude was so unusual today. It should be printed on every relief check and public grant.

---

## AN OLD VIRGINIA CUSTOM

The Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Lacey, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, reminds us of a quaint old Virginia colonial custom. In an interesting pamphlet entitled "The Vine out of Egypt," being a study of the extension of the Episcopal Church in this country, Dr. Lacey writes that in colonial Virginia: "Taxes were assessed at service time. Single men were taxed according to their dress, married men according to the dress of their wives." Here is a suggestion to to ardent New Dealers for a fruitful additional source of government revenue. If the tax were applied on the basis and levied at Easter time it would certainly yield a substantial revenue. Or perhaps the church might adopt the scheme and use it as a basis for a missionary assessment.

Seriously, though, Dr. Lacey's pamphlet is a well written and worthwhile presentation of the story of the church in the United States. It is issued by the Forward Movement committee of his parish and shows what can be done by an active local Forward Movement group. —The Living Church.

# MARKETS OF MEXICO

**By Walter Ed Taylor**

If you think of a market as something commonplace, an establishment set up only for the execution of such prosaic business as the mere sale and purchase of goods, then I know that you have never been in a Mexican marketplace. I know that you have never seen a Mexican housewife bargain for seven cabbage leaves to go into the evening soup, and you have never seen the proprietor of a fruit or flower stall arranging his wares in delightful goemetric designs—designs which were ancient when Montezuma reigned. And you have never seen a group of tired shoppers exchanging bits of gossip or singing soft ranchero songs over their midday meal in one of the tiny open-air restaurants which are a part—O, a most important part —of any Mexican market.

Any market in Mexico, whether it be one of the immense markets of Mexico City, or a small country village market, is like a six-ring circus. There is so much going on every simgle minute of the day that the visitor knows from the first that he is not going to be able to see everything. For the average Mexican the market combines a little of the theater, a dash of carnival, social recreation, and general relaxation with the purchase of his daily needs. Going to market is something to be looked forward to with satisfaction, for there Mr. and Mrs. Average Mexican meet their friends for entertainment and general good fun.

The merchants seem to have just as good a time as the customers of a Mexican market. Many of these tradesmen start from their country homes before sunrise in order to have their merchandise at the market for the opening hour. Many carry their goods to market on their backs.

Any street corner in Mexico may become a small market at any time, for nobody knows just when a vender of lace or oranges or candies may arrive and set up business with an amazingly small supply of merchandise. However, the government has set aside market places, and it is at these designated spots that most of the sale of goods is carried on.

Until a few years ago one of the most interesting markets in the Mexican capital was located on the main city square and within a stone's throw of the National Palace. It was an exciting center of trade, known officially as the Volador Market, but popularly called "The Thieves' Market," because it was said that the petty thieves of Mexico City brought their booty there for sale. Citizens who had been robbed were often able to buy back what had been stolen if they visited the Volador a week or two after the robbery.

The Volador Market had been in its old location, just across the square from the great cathedral of Mexico City, since time immemorial, and was a marketplace in Aztec times. Everything sold there was second hand. When the federal government began its program of city beautification a few years ago, the historic Volador was moved and a wide boulevard now crosses the spot where the merchants of second hand and cast-off articles held sway for centuries. Today the

Volador occupies a site about a mile from the old location, and though much reduced in size, still covers a square block. It is still operated exclusively for the sale of used merchandise, and although few travelers visit its overloaded stalls it is a place packed with interest. Mexico's history may be reviewed among the stalls of the Volador for there are articles from every period of the nation's past, including broken bits of artifacts. The artifacts are unearthed in many parts of valley of Mexico, and represent Aztec and pre-Aztec cultures. There are stalls of shoes, books, jewelry, saddles, and a host of other articles. Several of the most interesting stalls are those containing old chandeliers which once adorned the mansions of the rich. Most of these old ligthing fixtures are tarnished and bent but show traces of former glory and are often examples of fine metal work. No doubt some of these fixtures date from the days when Maximilian and Carlotta ruled Mexico, but nobody seems to want them today, and the chandelier merchants do not do a very thriving business.

Another stall of the Volador Market is devoted solely to the sale of old locks and keys, and many of the old keys are eight inches long! A few even date from a time when the architects of Mexico designed doors with keyholes in the shape of some bird or animal, but such interesting keys do not long remain on the market shelves, for they are in demand as curios. One Volador merchant deals only in old brass and copper, and it is said that in his shop collectors have been known to pick up fine old candle-sticks for a few centavos.

The Volador is a fascinating place, but for liveliness it cannot compare with some of the other huge markets of the capital. A block or two off of the Zocalo, or city square, on and near Republic of Argentina Street, is the Merced Market, probably the largest and most interesting center of trade in the city. This is the market of the very poorest residents. A large part of the business of the place is done in the streets, which are closed to traffic and lined with sales stalls. There is also a big building which contains fabulous displays of fruit, furniture, medicinal herbs, cheap jewelry, food and what not. This market is teeming with humanity every day in the week. Here the poor spend to get the most for what little money they have, and every sale is something of a social event—a smiling exchange of courteous phrases culminating at long last in a sale. A Mexican merchant would not think of quoting the price he expects to get for an article, for if he did there would be no reason to have so pleasant an exchange of conversation with his customer.

The poorer a Mexican family is the more dogs it seems to have as family pets, and so countless dogs roam the streets in which Merced Market is located. The canines add to the confusion of the market, and when several suddenly go off in pursuit of an elusive cat, sales stalls are apt to come to earth with a crash. But the cats always get away, the dogs give up the chase, and business resumes as usual, for it takes more than that to ruffle the serenity of a Merxican merchant.

There was a time, less than a century ago, when the Viga canal, one of the many canals which crossed and criss-crossed Mexico City when Cortez first saw it, passed Merced Market.

Then fruit and vegetables and flowers were brought into the city by canal boat and unloaded at the market. But like most of the other canals of the valley of Mexico, the Viga is now filled in and its ancient course is a city street. The Merced Market is so named because it is located on land which was once a part of the estate of the Convent of Merced. Most of the old convent buildings have long since been destroyed, but a part of the main building, built in the time of Cortez, may still be seen. It is crowded and almost forgotten among the newer buildings of the market district, but the beauty of the arches and carvings of the center court remain, a reminder of the storied past in the heart of the bustling present. On the outskirts of the Merced market district is a charming little square faced by the tiny Chapel of Manzanares. Architects call the handsomely carved, rose-colored facade of this little building the finest in Mexico City. Manzanares is the patron saint of the poor, and is the saint to whom laborers pray for work when they are unemployed. The chapel is always filled with worshipers who come to pray or merely to rest beneath the welcome coolness of its beautiful arches.

Not far from Merced Market is Tepito Market, which occupies the site of one of the original Aztec markets or Tianguis. Here the usual wares are to be found, and in addition there is a variety of second hand goods. No second hand article is too worthless for a place in the stalls, and bits of wire, nails, buttons, old perfume bottles and tin cans may be purchased. Even second hand toothbrushes, all washed and ready for use again, are offered for sale and do not lack buyers.

In the arrangement of their wares for display to the public, the Mexicans show their inherent love of good design. Merchants spend hours arranging and rearranging their goods. A man may have only twenty tomatoes to sell, but he arranges them artistically. After being sorted and laid out so carefully, even such commonplace articles as cucumbers, avacadoes, and onions look beautiful.

Strolling troubadors make their way through the markets and play their songs for a few coins, and no matter how poor a Mexican may be he always seems able to dig up a coin or two for a bit of music. There are dancers, too, who will dance at the drop of a hat. Indeed, they do drop their hats, for one of the most popular Mexican folks dances is the Jarabe Tapatio, or "Hat Dance," in which the dancers toss their big sombreros on the ground and dance around them. Political speakers also haunt the markets, and beggars too, are most plentiful. In tented sideshows in the market, short tandas, or musical acts, are presented, an dthe visitor who understands Spanish can get a demonstration of the quaint but robust Mexican folk humor in these tented shows. Unlike American humor, which changes from year to year, the Mexican folk humor has stock characters and situations, and the Mexicans of 1938 laugh as heartily at these characters and old jokes as did the Mexicans of fifty years ago. Some of the characters in the Mexican folk humor can be traced to characters in Aztec legendry.

Totally unlike the hurly-burly of the Tepito and Merced Markets is the atmosphere of the Abelardo L. Rodriguez Market. This new, model market covers an entire block and is named for

one of Mexico's recent presidents. Portions of an old convent have been incorporated into this market, and it is a public building of which any city in the world might be proud. It is an important center of civic activity. On the second floor are government offices and a theater for the presentation of plays by Mexican writers. In this market the Mexicans enjoy fine art while shopping, for the walls and ceilings of the corridors and stairways have been decorated with colorful mural paintings by important young Mexican and American artists. The United States is represented by several frescoes by Marion and Grace Greenwood, and all the paintings, in the market portray the present-day life of the Mexican people.

The colors seen in the fish section of the Rodriguez Market match the vivid colors of the wall paints. Here are displayed fantastic, rainbow-scaled fish brought from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean daily by fast train. There are dazzling red snappers, swordfish, barracuda, and other denizens of the deep, as well as fresh water fish from Chapala, Patzcuaro, and other Mexican lakes. From the canals of Xochimilco come fish less than two inches long, which are a favorite delicacy of the poor, and are wrapped in corn husks for cooking.

Every Mexican market is, in its way, an art museum, for most of the goods displayed is handwork, and every Mexican who does handwork is an artist in his own right. Furniture of hand-carved cedar can be purchased for a song, and hommered metal dishes of fine design are seen on every side. The most commonplace utensils of everyday use are made beautiful in Mexico, and the poorest Mexican housewife picks the pottery dishes for her kitchen with an eye to beauty of line as well as utility. Each market has a corner devoted to the sale of the world famous blue Cuadalajara glassware. The art of making this handblown glass was taught to the Indians of the Guadalajara district by a Spanish priest soon after the conquest. For centuries its manufacture was confined to that place, but today Indians may be seen blowing the blue glass in the vicinity of Mexico City also. No two pieces of this glassware are exactly alike, but each is a minor work of art in itself.

Every day is market day in the big markets of Mexico City, but in the smaller towns market is held only once each week. Each village market is a country fair in itself, with big displays of produce and handwork. In the country markets the Indians may be seen in their regional dress, costumes which seem fantastic to Americans and Europeans, who ape one another so slavishly in matters of dress. Each village or town is noted for some product which it produces better than others, and in the village markets these articles are on display. Sunday is market day in the village of Xochimilco, and the people of that district are noted fo rtheir fine weaving of petates or reed mats. Sunday is also market day in beautiful Taxco, a colonial village noted for its silversmiths. There the finest silver work is displayed, and visitors may watch the artisans at work. Fine scarfs are the pride of the Indians in the vicinity of the village of Ixtapan, and baskets are the important product at Toluca. The Toluca baskets are woven of grass and carry designs which have been handed down from pre-conquest times.

It was in the market in Churubusco on the outskirts of Mexico City that I saw the survival of an ancient custom which is gradually disappearing from modern Mexico. In Aztec days it was the custom to have news of the day sung in the marketplace. After the Spanish came they continued this custom, and some of the news singers became famouc for their attractive manner of delivery. With the spread of printing and newspapers the town criers or singers were no longer necessary as news dispensers, but they did not give up their singing. With no news to relate, they took to composing long ballads, telling of the brave deeds of native heroes. These long song-stories were sung in the market places and became very popular. The ballads are known as corridos, and in the midst of the crowd in the Churubusco market I found a man and his wife singing their corridos to the accompaniment of a guitar. At the completion of each song the woman would pass among the audience selling copies of the words of the ballad for five centavos each. While I listened the singers told the story of the life of brave Pancho Villa, a bandit chief and revolutionary leader of twenty years ago, and as I walked away to anther part of the market I heard the first verses of the life story of popular President Cardenas, present resident of the Mexican "White House." The singers of the age-old corridos are not seen in Mexico often in these modern days, and these singers in the market at Churubusco were survivors of a fast disappearing clan.

---

## FAITH

We need the faith that doth inspire;
That fills the soul with deep desire,
And lights the breast with holy fire;—

That makes the will a force of might
To lift us from a hapless plight,
And drive us ever toward the height;—

The faith that visions better things,
That aids us in our reckonings,
And gives to hope the strength of wings.

Except for faith e'er must we plod
Through endless wastes of stone and clod,
So stark they seem bereft of God.

For gifts of faith, O let us pray!—
For faith alone can point the way
That leads from night unto the day.

—M. H. Thatcher,

# SEVEN MILLION BIBLES CIRCULATED IN A YEAR

**(Selected)**

An annual circulation, throughout the world, of seven million copies of the Scriptures, for the thirteenth successive year, was reported by the American Bible Society at its headquarters, the Bible House, New York City. During 1937, the circulation, totaling 7,328,550 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of the Bible was in 197 languages and dialects, including different systems for the blind. Scriptures in 97 languages were circulated in the United States and in 149 languages by the society's twelve foreign agencies.

1937 was the first full year in which the Bible society operated from its new Bible house. As anticipated, the new location brought the society's work to the attention of many who were unaware of the important place the society occupies in the life of the nation and the world. Among the gains noted was an increase in the number of volumes distributed in the United States.

China, in spite of the fact that for half the year was torn by war, for the sixth successive year reported a distribution of more whole Bibles than ever in her history.

A ten per cent increase, totaling the largest circulation of Scriptures in its history of 41 years, was reported by the Brazil agency of the society.

Marked progress was made in 1937 in the co-operative administration of Bible distribution with the British and Foreign Bible society in South America and the near East. Still more significant were the steps taken in China, where the offices of the American and British societies were united in Shanghai.

The society's distribution in the United States is carried on through ten home districts and four divisions of the colored agency. Notable in the year's distribution was the service rendered by the society to the great Ohio Valley area devastated by the unprecedented floods, where 60,000 volumes were distributed to the sufferers in this stricken section. The service to the men in the civilian conservation corps camps was continued, the chaplains distributing to men who asked for them almost 48,000 Testaments and Bibles furnished free by the society.

In the South Atlantic district, comprising Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina, the society distributed over 4,000 copies of St. Luke and St. John in great primer type for use in adult education classes organized under the works progress administration.

The vast southwestern district, served by the society found during 1937 a growing demand for entire Bibles. Scriptures in this section were distributed in 41 different languages.

The area covered by the four divisions working among the negroes, includes a population which totals almost 12,000,000 people. The outstanding work of the year centered around the cultivation of young people's groups in high schools, colleges and churches. Essay contests enlisted the interest of hundreds, while the estab-

lishment of daily vacation Bible schools met with great success.

Half of the society's twelve foreign agencies are located in the Western Hemisphere. Form its headquarters in Havana is reported an increase in the number of Testaments and Bibles distributed in Mexico, a very definite relaxing of the anti-religious attitude was found, with the result that the sale of whole Bibles exceeded any figure since 1926, the total distribution of Scriptures being 18 per cent above the previous year.

The Republic of Chile has been served since the beginning of 1936 by the British and Foreign Bible society in behalf of the two societies. Here the circulation represents an increase of 64 per cent over that of last year, and eight times the distribution of 1935, the last year of independent work by the two Bibles societies in this country. This is but one indication of the effectiveness of the new arrangements which simplifies and enlarges the work and reduces the cost of doing it.

Uruguay, under the joint work with the British society, reported a circulation figure almost three times that of the previous year.

The year 1937 saw the discontinuance of two of the society's angencies in the Near East and the beginning of the new cooperative arrangement with the British and Foreign Bible society, whereby the entire territory served hitherto by both societies has been divided into two agencies.

In Turkey, one of the higher government schools asked for a small grant of Bibles for its English department. Together with these was included a copy of the Revised Turkish New Testament.

Later, it was discovered that since it was put on the library shelves, this New Testament had been in almost constant circulation among the students, and that there was a small waiting list of those who had signed for the book on its return.

Of the four agencies of the society in the Far East, two are in countries which found themselves plunged into the midst of a tragic and bitter war. Reports from the Philippines and Siam reflect increased distribution.

The first half of 1937 held bright prospects for the Bible cause in China. Before the outbreak of hostilities the work of the British and American Bible societies had been united. Meanwhile, war conditions have amply demonstrated the value of this merger. A Bible society in a war situation must work on both sides of the lines of battle. And there must be added to the peace-time program service to military hospitals, refugee camps and the like.

No damage has been reported to the society's property or the printing plates of the Chinese Scripture. While there is a decrease in the total circulation of the Scriptures, China again reports, for the sixth successive year, more whole Bibles distributed than ever before in her history.

The year found Japan under tension which affected not only the nation in general, but also the Christian forces. Distribution of Scriptures by the society's workers fell off principally because three of the twenty valiant men who served so effectively in 1936, were lost to the work; one by death, and two by conditions arising out of the war.

During 1937, the American Bible society received the manuscript of the Bulu Old Testament for publication.

the New Testament in the Oteetla language used by about 250,000 people living in eastern Congo. This first complete New Testament in this dialect has been published and is now being shipped to the African mission. The revision of St. Luke for the Quechua Indians in Ecuador was completed by Mrs. J. V. Woodward, and approved for printing.

The Samareno Bible, the eighth complete Bible to be published in a dialect of the Philippine Islands, was published on the society's presses in Manila last year and met with a hearty reception. New plates are in the process of production for the Cebuan revision and the revision of the Panayan Bible is in prospect.

Translation work on the new Turkish Bible has been undergoing revisions since it was finished by Dr. F. W. McCallum in 1936. The manuscript is now virtually ready for the printer.

This is the culmination of over 40 years of work by Presbyterian U. S. A missionaries laboring among 600, 000 people living in the French Cameroun.

There was also received from the translator, the Rev. E. B. Stilz, of the Methodist Episcopal South Mission in the Belgian Congo, a translation of

Translation work on the part of missionaries and their helpers brought the number of languages into which the Scriptures have been published past the 1,000 mark. Seventeen new languages were added to the list during the year, making a total of 1,000 languages in which some part of the Bible has been translated.

Two new English books, a new reference Bible and a large-type Testament and Psalms were added to the catalogue of the society's English publications.

The year 1937 was the 103rd year in which the Bible society has served the blind. In the United States, 3,403 embossed volumes of Scriptures in ten languages and systems were distributed. In addition the society's foreign agencies distributed 1,316 volumes, of which 1,135 were in Japanese Braille, supplied by the agency at Tokyo.

The past year saw the first steps taken toward a new form of service in the distribution of the Bible in talking book records. Through the co-operation of the government the entire New Testament and twelve books of the Old Testament are now available in 73 double-faced records. Hitherto the society has limitd its talking book distribution to two special records of Scripture selections.

---

That discipline which corrects the baseness of worldly passion, fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes it with enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity than all the provisions we can make of the goods of fortune.—Blair.

# WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

**(Selected)**

"The State," in a recent editorial, quotes from an article sent to that publication by W. O. Saunders, of Washington, D. C., but formerly of Elizabeth City, in which Mr. Saunders expresses the "hunch" that a religious revival is about due in America.

Here is the statment of Mr. Saunders:

"Right now I have a hunch; a hunch that has taken complete possession of me. That hunch is that America and the world are headed for the greatest religious or spiritual revival in the history of mankind. And this hunch, I might add, is from one who has been a religious outcast and on avowed agnostic for two score years. More: I have never had what is known as 'a religious experience' in all my life. But, with all my skepticism and scorn of organized religion, I have a hunch that we are about due for a new revelation from God that is going to sweep the civilized world and profoundly influence the destiny of all mankind for our everlasting betterment. Politicians have failed us, economists have failed us, the militarists have failed us. In despair we must seek for that divine guidance of which we stand in such imminent and tragic need. Out of this revival may come a new and intelligent devotion to the simple ideology of a Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man, as enunciated by Jesus."

"The State" expresses the beief that Mr. Saunders must be right and adds that a "spiritual awakening would do much toward solving some of the present problems of the world."

Reading the suggestion right after the recent election, we were particularly impressed with its timeliness. In the realm of politics alone, unchristian practices by church members as well as by those who have never professed a religious experience, cry out for a reformation of some sort. Nothing short of a spiritual awakening will cleanse the world of sordiness and greed for money and power.

---

Laugh, for the time is brief,
A thread the length of a span;
Laugh, and be proud to belong
To the old proud pageant of man.

—John Mansfield.

# THE CLUE

## By Ruth Gonzer

Betty Lee Bannerton, seated on a low stool before the long row of green filing cabinets, hummed softly to herself as she picked up letter after letter from the pile on the floor beside her, and filed each one swiftly and efficiently in its proper place.

Outside, a cold wind sent brittle snow-flakes tapping against the window panes, but within the neat modern office it was almost drowsily warm, and quiet except for the fait hiss of the radiators.. Margie, the stenographer, had not come in this morning, so her typewriter stood covered and silent on her desh, and Alice, the biller, was busy with posting just now, so her noisy machine was also still. Even the telephones were mute.

Betty Lee hummed because she was happy, a wee, secret smile on her lips and in her deep brown eyes, while a small foot, neatly shod in new brown suede brogues, kept time to the gay tune. Part of her happiness, of course, was the new outfit she was wearing, the little dark green persey suit, with white Peter-Pan collar and girlish tie, for ti made a beautiful contrast to her fair complexion and dark hair; but her greater happiness was this new job with the Mammoth Optical Goods Company, this easy, congenial work that paid her more than she had ever earned before—twenty dollars—and incidentally meant being near Jimmy Wells, here fiance, who had introduced her here. He was a salesman with an adjoining office.

She did not see him push through the little swinging gate at her left, and looked up startled to see him deside her, a tall, handsome lad neatly dressed in gray tweed. He laughed, but his clear blue eyes regarded her with affection and pride.

"It seems you like the job, Betty Lee."

"Oh, I do!" Her voice was eager.

"That's splendid. Tonight at dinner you must tell me all about it. Mother ashed me to remind you."

"I hadn't forgotten, Jimmy. You'd better go now, I guess."

Her eyes followed his curly head out the door, while her busy hands stuffed a file into the drawer.

Miss Jameson, Betty Lee's superior, came bustling in through the door to Betty's right, and stood watching her a moment. Betty Lee did not look up, but she could picture her there, a short, stout woman with glasses, and a pencil thrust through a dark knot of hair, wearing a black silk dress, high heels, and paper cuff-protectors fastened with rubbed bands. Miss Jameson believed herself an example of impersonal, businesslike efficiency, while in reality she impressed people as being rather soft and womanly, though at times her quick temper mde her seem hard.

"You've been here a week, haven't you, Miss Bannerton?" she asked. "You're catching on very well."

Then, with one of the sudden changes characteristic of her, she asked with feminine impulsiveness,

"Is this spot very noticeable, Betty, where I washed the glue out?"

She smoothed a wet place on her skirt.

"Why, no, I don't think so," Betty

Lee replied. "It's too bad that jar had to fall from on top the file cabinets. I, shouldn't have put it there. I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right, It's just my awkwardnes. Did it spill in the drawer there?"

"Yes, but I wiped it out."

"I see . . . . Well, you're doing fine. Go right ahead."

She clicked over to Alice Evans' desk, and Betty Lee heard her say:

"Margie won't be here today, Miss Evans, and perhaps not tomorrow, either. She has a very severe cold. Do you think you could handle her work until she reutrns?"

There was a brief silence. Then came Alice's voice, timid, hesitant,

"What would I have to do?"

"Just type a few letters from the dictaphone this morning. This afternoon there will be mail to open and sort, and, of course, the telephones must be answered."

There was another silence, and Betty Lee could almost see the half-scared, half-embarrassed look on poor Alice's face. Alice was a plain, quiet little mouse of a girl, who did just as she was told in her plodding way, but no more.

"But I—my own work." she stammered. "This posting—"

"It can wait," said Miss Jameson impatiently. "Now here are some dictaphone records to start with. If you need help, don't be afraid to ask questions."

Betty Lee heard Alice's chair reluctantly pushed back, and the troubled Alice move to Margie's desk, where the morning mail made already a sizable stack. There, however, her courage broke, and she cried in a little panic,

"Oh, I can't, Miss Jameson! I don't know how to do any of these things!"

Miss Jameson, about to go out the door, turned and surveyed Alice scornfully. Betty Lee, glancing up quickly, saw the shamefaced girl lay down the cylinders with shaky hands, and stand there doubtfully. Betty's own heart was pounding hard, thrilled at the temerity of the impulse that seized her, but she spoke quickly, calmly, with a confidence she wished were real. She said eagerly,

"Let me try, Miss Jameson. I think I could do the work!"

There she'd said it. The dle was cast. The hot blood surged away from her face, leaving it cold, and her hands, gripping the sides of her stool, were moist, but she did not actually regret her offer. She felt rather, an extraordinary challenge to endeavor, and a kind of heady exultation that precluded failure; it swept her along, emboldening her to add,

"You see, I once took an optinal course at school, called business science, that teaches office girls to notice and remember as many details as possible about the office, outside of their own work. I've watched Margie at odd moments, and one day when she was doing a little extra work during her lunch hour, I asked her some things. The work is interesting, and I'd love to try it."

Though Miss Jameson's look showed approval and admiration, she hesitated.

"Well, I don't know. You've been here only a week, while Miss Evans—"

A glance at Alice's relieved face, however, decided her.

"We'll see what you can do," she agreed.

Betty Lee put her best efforts into

her work that day. Knowing her limitations, she strived for accuracy rather than speed, but asking questions only when felt it really necessary. She had never taken a real commercial course in high school, just a special brief course in shorthand and typing. The former had proved useless to her; the latter invaluable, in obtaining employment, though her speed was low. Now she ran the records through the dictaphone slowly, typing them carefully, an dfound to her surprise that she had practically finished by noon anyway.

She ate at her desk, however, to gain a little time and look things over, smiling cheerfully at Alice Evans when she looked her way, despite the rather obvious snubbing of that sullen young lady. After lunch she sorted the mail without great difficulty. The telephones were more of a problem, because every question she was called upon to answer differed from the last, and most of them concerned things of which she knew nothing whatever. It was embrassing to be continually calling Miss Jameson, asking, "In what department is Mr. Withers?" or, "Can old binoculars be traded in on new ones?" or, "He insists on talking to the head one here." Alice Evans always smiled knowingly to herself, but Miss Jameson didn't seem to mind at all. At quitting time the latter stopped at Betty Lee's desk.

"The letters you typed were well done," she said. "The mail was also, except for one or two little things that I'll explain tomorrow. Margie's mother just called to say Margie won't be in till Monday, but tomorrow being Saturday, it's only a half day. You don't mind?"

"Oh, no. I'm glad to be of help."

Jimmy Wells was waiting for her in the lobby, and they took a bus to his home on the East Side. Jimmy didn't have a car, because he was saving to buy furniture when they married.

At dinner with Jimmy and his mother, Betty Lee ate hungrily of the delicious casserole Mrs. Wells had prepared. She told them eagerly of the day's adventures, and expanding happily under their smiling admiration, and jovial praise, told herself triumphantly that she was a huge success.

On Sunday morning, Betty Lee awoke to see a feeble beam of winter sunlight touching delicately an asparagus fern in the window of her little room at the Y. W. C. A. With a glance at the clock on the dresser, she rose hastily, and after a brief toilette in the showerroom at the end of the corridor, put on her best dress, navy blue wool, with a silk blouse and tiny jacket. The little girls in her Sunday School class liked to have her look pretty, otherwise she might not have bothered to push a wave into her hair this time.

Somewhere from the back of Betty's mind, where she impatiently kept pushing it, a memory was troubling her, spoiling somehow the pleasurable freedom of the holiday, the happy anticipation of a quiet hour of hymns and Bible stories with her eager-faced little charges, and afterwards with Jimmy, that full peaceful period of mutual worship in the church where they had met and would be married next June.

An unfortunate thing had happened Saturday morning at the office, and Betty Lee's conscience had been whispering disturbing things ever

since. Betty Lee had started right in doing Margie's work, this time confidently, while Alice had been asked to finish the filing Betty Lee had started the day before. Betty Lee glanced from time to time at Alice, who, fancying she had been slighted, was pushing the folders into the rather full drawers with a carelessness that troubled Betty Lee, since she considered herself responsible for the work. She said nothing, however, and an exigency soon arose that took Alice back to her own tasks. Betty Lee herself returned to the filing when she had finished typing letters, and Miss Jameson found her thus engaged around ten o'clock.

"Well," said Miss Jameson, airily, "I see my little busy bird is filing again! I don't know what I'd done without you, Miss Bannerton!"

Betty Lee flushed with pleasure. Poor Betty, not accustomed to such glowing praise, felt her ego lifted among rosy clouds of ambition. She was clever; she was efficient; she was important Didn't everyone think so? Well, then! In a flash she pictured herself in a position of authority, giving orders, kindly but firmly, to other less distinguished, supervising at a high salary. Her little chin went up; her chest went our proudly.

"Thank you!" she replied with absurd gravity.

No wonder Miss Jameson had looked at her curiously! Alone in her room, Betty Lee writhed and groaned inwardly, and hid her face in her hands.

"Conceited prig!" she reproached herself scornfully.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Miss Jameson had asked, "Was Miss Evans of much help?" and at Betty's silence had added, "She didn't seem very eager to help."

'We-ell—" began Betty Lee. She would have liked to tell Miss Jameson about that untidy filing! Her restless fingers, aimlessly pushing down jutting folders in the drawer before her, pulled one out with a "tch!" of mild exasperation.

"Here's a P filed in the M's!" she declared. "Miss Evans is a bit careless!"

"Let me see that!" cried Miss Jameson, with unexpected interest. She extracted a sheet with a large letterhead.

"Do you know I was looking for this folder all yesterday afternoon? I thought I'd mislaid it somewhere in my own office. I'm afraid we're going to lose this big order, as it should have gone out yesterday. The customer is in a hurry, because his expedition starts tomorrow, and he'll buy glasses elsewhere at a higher price rather than delay."

She hurried away, and Betty Lee went on filing. At 12:45, fifteen minutes before quitting time, Miss Jameson asked Betty Lee into her tiny private office. The walls were lined with shelves, on which stood row after row of field glasses, microscopes, telescopes, and other glasses. Miss Jameson scowled, for she was in a bad temper.

"I lost that order," she confided, "due to an inexcusable bit of carelessness. Miss Evans has worked here two years, and should know something about the business; yet instead of rising to an emergency, she forced me to turn to a really new employee for aid. Very well! I am going to let Alice Evans go."

"You mean discharge her?" cried

Betty in distress.

"Exactly so. On your way out tell Miss Evans I wish to see her, and leave that P folder on top of the files."

Betty Lee's mouth opened feebly to intercede for Alice, but Miss Jameson turned from her with such finality that she saw it was useless. Slowly, as one stupefied, she walked out, and delivered the message. A while later, waiting for her street car on the corner, she saw Alice emerge from the building, her face red and streaked from crying.

It had happened then, and it was all her fault! She had caused Alice to lose her job! In vain she told herself that Alice was inefficient, sulky, careless; she could not escape the fact that she had belittled another to exalt herself.

Moreover, the more she thought about it, the less certain she became that Alice was the guilty one. Might not she herself have misfiled that folder? She remembered suddenly the moment when Jimmy had come in to speak to her; in her somewhat flustered state as he left her, she could easily have committed the error. Yes! She must have! No, Alice was really careless; she'd surely done it. Still even careful persons make mistakes—

So her thoughts vacillated, and tortured her incessantly, try as she would to forget. She finished dressing too soon to start, so indifferent to her appearance did she feel this morning, so after making up her cot she turned to one of her favorite amusements, going through her hope-chest. The cedar chest was an extravagant Christmas gift from Jimmy and his mother, but with what delight had she added, from time to time, to the "pretties" within! Here were the cut-work linens she had embroidered herself; there the blue satin negligee with ostrich plume trimming; and this was the precious lace tablecloth from an aunt in far-away California, her last living relative. She fondled the treasures sadly, for today they seemed only what they were, lifeless, material things, eve nthe little red choo-choo train, that she hoped might some day belong to a little boy of her own, had lost interest for her, though she usually played with it, chuckling, as if a child herself. Apathetically she closed the chest, and went down the deserted corridor to the elevator.

She walked to the church, for it was not far. It had a lovely setting; seven churches stood picturesquely around a green, oblong park, giving the deceptive appearance of being an obscure little village far from town. Their varied and beautiful chimes rang out sweet and clear on the still air.

All through the Sunday school period, Betty Lee's mind was detached. Ought she not to confess to Miss Jameson her doubts and suspicions? Yes, but what if Miss Jameson should promptly discharge her, as she probably would in fairness to Alice? The mere thought frightened her. She was an orphan alone in a big city, and jobs were scarce. Of course, there were Jimmy and his mother, but she could hardly ask them to help her very much, and June was a long while off. Moreover, she, as well as Jimmy, was saving to buy furniture for their first little apartment.

On the other hand, Alice too, must be facing some similar problem. Alice had not seemed so well dressed; for all Betty Lee knew she might be supporting an invalid parent, or even

a family!

So the struggle went on. Jimmy called for her and they started down the church aisle, when he, noticing her pale pre-occupations, whispered,

"Is anything the matter, B etty Lee?" but she only shook her head.

The minister had chosen for his sermon the topic, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and Betty thought ironically how fitting it was to her case. Yet, as she listened, peace and strength flowed into her, and she knew what she must do. She was a Christian, and God would take care of His own.

The office was empty and dark when Betty Lee came in Monday morning, but there was a light in Miss Jameson's little den, and Betty Lee went in to her at once, scared but determined.

Miss Jameson heard her non-committally, and then nodded.

"You are right, Miss Bannerton. It was you who filed the folder wrong. Shall I tell you how I know? See, here is a little spot of dried glue on the bottom of the folder. I noticed that spot Saturday, after you had gone, and remembered that I'd spilled glue in the very drawer in which that folder was was filed. Since you always push your folders all the way down, and Alice carelessly thrusts them more to the top, it was not difficult to see who'd really filed it wrong."

Betty Lee stared at her in surprise, and Miss Jameson smiled, proud of her amateur detection.

"As it is its' a good thing you were so conscientious as to tell me what you did, because I thought you knew you'd made the mistake instead of Alice, and I was quite disappointed in you. I see I was wrong. You are an honest girl."

She paused, and Betty Lee quickly asked,

"Then you won't discharge me?"

Miss Jameson laughed.

"Nobody's discharged," she replied. I'll admit I lost my temper, but when I saw an error had been made it went out, p-f-ft! I gave Miss Evans a good talking to, that's all."

Then, her face suddenly becoming grave.

'It was quite a shock to us to learn just before leaving Saturday, that Margie passed away a little before dawn, with pneumonia. Alice was quite grieved about it, poor child, for they were close friends. I let her have the morning off.

'Incidentally, that leaves Margie's job open, and after talking with you this morning, I have decided to make you a proposition. There is not much filing here, any more, and it would be quite possible for a bright girl to combine your job and Margie's. Think it over. If you can do it, your salary will be raised to twenty-five dollars, and more later on."

"Oh, Miss James," cried Betty Lee joyfully, "I don't need to think it over! When do I start?"

---

Guard well thy thought; each thought a seed,
Doth bring forth fruit of love or strife
The thought is the mother of the deed;
Thus do thoughts mould and shape the life.

—C. C. Graves.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys thoroughly enjoyed two watermelon feasts last week and another on Thursday afternoon of this week.

---

Miss Gazzie Lee Turner, of Spartanburg, S. C.; Miss Gwendolyn Turner, of West Palm Beach, Florida; and Harry Turner, of Dallas, Texas, spent the past week-end with their aunt, Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2.

---

Mr. Walker and the boys of the cannery force spent a couple of days this week canning tomatoes. This department has been kept quite busy this season, a good supply of tomatoes and other vegetables having been canned for use next winter.

---

The motion picture, showing Curwood's "God's Country and the Woman" in technicolor, was the feature at the regular weekly show in our auditorium last Thursday night. The story was one of the best this popular writer ever produced, and the picture made a distinct hit with our boys.

---

Thanks to the Cabarrus County Health Department, the boys who have come to the Training School since last year, are now receiving anti-typhoid treatment. Dr. John L. Anderson, the new county health officer, assisted by Mrs. Karl Cline, of that department, gave the second "shot" to 219 boys that Tuesday.

---

Miss Rebecca Carpenter, case-worker, and Miss Lorena Clark, teacher, members of the staff at Barium Springs Orphanage, near Statesville, were visitors at the School one day last week. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited various departments and seemed highly pleased with the work being carried on here.

---

Irvin Moore, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who has been away from the School a little more than seven years, called on friends here the other day. He is now twenty-nine years old and has been married nine years. Irvin tells us that he has been employed as file clerk in the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for the past 18 months. He was on his way back to the capital city after having spent a few days with his mother, who is housekeeper at the Selwyn Hotel, Charlotte.

---

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the first and second chapters of Nehemiah,

and the subject of his talk to the boys was "The Man Who Tried."

At the beginning of his talk Rev Mr. Tuttle pictured a scene about 2400 years ago. It was midnight in a deserted city. The walls that once surrounded this city (Jerusalem) had been about two hundred feet high, but had fallen down. Here and there parts of the walls could be seen standing, but mostly they had crumbled into a bunch of rubbish.

The speaker then drew a mental picture of a man, whom afterwards he called Nehemiah, riding on horseback in and out among the various piles of rubbish. This man was a native of Jerusalem. He was of a race of people who were now captives. He was told the sad story of the fall of the great city of Jerusalem many years before. He went before the king and asked permission to rebuild Jerusalem, and his request was granted. He said he would try, and set out to accomplish this gigantic task.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then stated that there were three kings in that country who were determined to keep Nehemiah from re-building Jerusalem, but he was not to be stopped. He talked to the people, urging them to restore the city to its former place in the world. The work started. These three men started all kinds of false reports against Nehemiah. They had spies to report to the king that he was doing things he should not do, but the king knew Nehemiah and did not believe these tales.

They then tried another scheme. They had their people to stand near the workers on the walls and deride them, but Nehemiah told them to carry on in spite of all the ridicule heaped upon them.

As they saw the work progressing these men decided to make a secret attack on the workmen. When Nehemiah heard this he had the men go to their work armed with swords, and as they went about the business of building the walls, they kept their weapons nearby, making it impossible for their enemies to surprise them, and the attackers gave up the idea.

The next ruse they tried was to send for Nehemiah and his workers to appear before them. Nehemiah, being interested only in the work at hand, could not afford to waste time idly talking, so he refused to confer with them.

In spite of all these handicaps, Nehemiah and his workers made great progress in their labors to re-build the city, and in fifty-two days the walls around Jerusalem had been restored to a height of one hundred feet.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Tuttle told the boys we all ought to be people who really try to do things, never giving up until our task is completed. We should take the same attitude in the work of life. Like Nehemiah, it is our duty to make an honest effort, putting forth every ounce of energy in us, that we might carry the great work of life to the highest peaks of success.

---

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue; to the end we should hear and see more than we speak.

—Socrates.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell 5
Virgil Baugess 3
Howard Baheeler 6
Horace Journigan 5
Ray Reynolds 3

—B—

Paul Briggs 6
Howard Cox 3
Ernest Davis 2
Richard Freeman 4
Clarence Gates 5
Hugh Kennedy 2
Benjamin McCracken 3
Oscar Smith 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Kenneth Conklin 3
William Estes 6
Merritt Gibson 3
William Goins 3
Vincent Hawes 2
William Kirksey 3
Wilfred Land 4
Fonnie Oliver 6
Hubert Short 3
William T. Smith 4
Cleveland Suggs 2
Dewey Ware 6
Ross Young 4

—B—

James Bartlett 5
Charles Batten
Carl Breece 4
Fletcher Castlebury 3
Robert Dellinger
Delphus Dennis 5
Lacy Green
Hubert Holloway 5
Thomas King 2
Douglas Mabry
Canipe Shoe 4
Donald Washam 3
Jones Watson 4
W. J. Wilson 5
Woodrow Wilson 3
Alexander Woody 2
George Worley 4

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Archie Castlebury 4
Herman Cherry 3
Floyd Combs 2
Frank Crawford 6
Ivey Eller 5
Carl Singletary 6
Leo Ward 3
William Wilson 4

—B—

Junius Brewer 6
William Cherry
Henry Coward
Matthew Duffy 2
James Hancock
William Hardin
Donald Holland 2
Edward Murray 4

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Harold Almond 3
Albert Goodman 2
John Robbins 4
Joseph Tucker 3

—B—

Theodore Bowles 7
Harold Bryson 6
James Coleman 7
Baxter Foster 5
Leon Hollifield 4
Robert Keith
Paul Ruff 6
Raymond Sprinkle 4
Earthy Strickland 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Clyde Hoppes 4
Thomas Knight 3

Vernon Lamb
Roland Rufty 5
Richard Thomas 3

—B—

Robert Kinley 2
John Kirkman 3
Bruce Link 3

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Walter Cooper
Charles Davis 5
James H Davis 2
Clyde Hillard
William McRary 3
Harold Walsh

—B—

Hoyt Hollifield 4
Hugh Johnson 2
Julius Stevens 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Shaw 3
Marvin Wilkins 4

—B—

William Brothers
Milford Hodgin 2
Paul Shipes 2
Charles Webb 5
James West 3

---

## BREAD UPON THE WATERS

'Mid the losses and the gains,
'Mid the pleasures and the pains;
'Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat the passage o'er—
We believe it more and more—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep shlipping through our hands,
Jewels gleaming like a spark
Will be hidden in the dark;
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these will never fail—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Some like dust to you and me
Will our earthly treasure be;
But the loving words and deeds
To a soul in bitterest need,
They will unforgotten be.
They will live eternally—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

—Anonymous.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending August 7, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(10) Marvin Bridgeman 10
(5) Ivey Eller 9
(10) Clyde Gray 10
(10) Leon Hollifield 10
(5) Gilbert Hogan 9
(10) Edward Johnson 10
Edward Lucas 9
Mack Setzer 9
(5) C. L. Snuggs 5

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Rex Allred 2
(8) Virgil Baugess 9
Henry Cowan 8
Carroll Dodd 2
Vernon Johnson 3
(2) Blanchard Moore 6
Reece Reynolds 3

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(2) John Capps 7
(2) Samuel Ennis 8
(4) Julius Green 6
(2) Nick Rochester 9

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Lewis Andrews 3
Robert Atwell
(2) Douglas Matthews 4
Claude Terrell 4
(2) John Robertson 5
Fred Vereen 2

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(2) Shelton Anderson 3
(2) Paul Briggs 5
(3) William Cherry 7
Ernest Davis 2
(5) Hurley Davis 7
James Hancock 6
(3) James Land 7
Van Martin 8
Lloyd Pettus 6
William Surratt 6
(5) Melvin Walters 7
Leo Ward 7
(4) James Wilhite 7
(4) Cecil Wilson 6

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Grady Allen 5
William Brothers 5
J. C. Ennis
Donald Holland 3
(2) William Kirksey 2
(10) Jack McRary 10
Paul Lewallan
(2) Richard Palmer 5
(3) Winford Rollins 6
(10) Dewey Ware 10
Ralph Webb 4
(3) George Wright 3

**COTTAGE No. 6**

(4) Robert Bryson 4
(2) Martin Crump 5
Robert Dunning 6
Joseph Tucker 5
(2) Carl Ward 5
Jack West 2
(2) William Wilson 7
Woodrow Wilson 5
(2) George Wilhite 9

**COTTAGE No. 7**

William Beach 5
(2) Cleasper Beasley 9
(2) Carl Breece 9
(5) Archie Castlebury 8
(5) William Estes 9
(4) George Green 7
(10) Caleb Hill 10
(2) Marshall Pace 4
(2) J. D. Powell 7
Dewey Sisk 5
(10) William Young 10

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Howard Baheeler 4
Donald Britt 7
Samuel Everidge 2
(3) Charles Taylor 8

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(7) J. T. Branch 9
James Bunnell 5
Thomas Braddock 9
(2) William Brackett 5
(5) Clifton Butler 8
James Butler 5
(2) James Coleman 8
Craig Chappell 5
Henry Coward 3
(2) George Duncan 6
Glenn Emerson 2
(2) Woodfin Fowler 8
Wilbur Hardin 2
(2) Mark Jones 6
Eugene Presnell 7
(2) Thomas Sands 8
(2) Cleveland Suggs 5
Thomas Wilson 9

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Harold Bryson 5
Joseph D. Corn 5
Joseph Christine 2
(5) Baxter Foster 7
William Furches
(5) Albert Goodman 8
(5) Lawrence Guffey 8
Clyde Hoppes
Allen Honeycutt 2
Ballard Martin
Edward Murray 2
Thelbert Poole
Theodore Rector
(9) Thomas Shaw 9
William Tobar 2
(2) John Uptegrove 9
N. C. Webb

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Alphus Bowman 5
(2) William C. Davis 5
(4) Max Eaker 7
(2) Charlton Henry 9
(2) Franklin Hensley 6
(3) Alexander King 7
Thomas Knight 8
Clarence Mayton 4
(2) James Reavis 7
(4) Howard Sanders 7
(6) William Trantham 8
(2) Leonard Watson 4
(6) Ross Young 6

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 2
Norman Brogden 6
(2) James V. Harvel 5
(7) Bruce Kersey 7
(6) Irvin Medlin 8
(2) Jordan McIver 6
(4) Paul McGlammery 6
(6) Alexander Woody 7

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Claude Ashe 8
Raymond Andrews 8
(5) Clyde Barnwell 8
Monte Beck 7
Harry Connell 6
Fred Clark 3
Delphus Dennis 6
(4) James Kirk 8
Henry McGraw 2
Troy Powell 4
Paul Shipes 6
(5) Harold Thomas 8
Thomas Trantham 2
Jones Watson 3
(3) Harvey Walters 7
J. D. Webster 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) Leonard Buntin 6
Sidney Delbridge 3
Aldine Duggins 5
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 5
Roy Helms 4
(3) Beamon Heath 5
L. M. Hardison 6
(3) Caleb Jolly 8
(3) Clarence Lingerfelt 4
(3) Paul Ruff 8
Rowland Rufty 5
Harold Walsh 5
George Worley

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(4) James Chavis 8
(2) Reefer Cummings 8
(7) Filmore Oliver 8
(2) Early Oxendine 4
Thomas Oxendine 5
Curley Smith 6
(4) Hubert Short 7

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

64

AUG 20 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 20, 1938 No. 33

Carolina Collection
N. C. Library

## DEEDS

I may plant in life's garden,
Whatever I please;
For, each little deed
Is a live, active seed;
Be it pretty and fragrant—
Or, just a mere weed,
Each one will, in time,
Produce its own bloom;
And brighten my life
Or fill it with gloom.

—Mary Storck Adler

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| SPEAK NOT EVIL | By L. C. Baumgarner | 10 |
| PADEREWSKI, SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY | By John Holyday | 11 |
| THE STORY OF FRANCES SLOCUM | By L. F. Scoven | 13 |
| SOME EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY | By Dr. Ellis B. Burgess | 15 |
| A CAN OF SARDINES | By Frank B. McAllister | 20 |
| SILK, SATIN, CALICO | By Clara C. Hornig | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## A RAMBLE

A country road—a hill—a wood—
A silent little solitude,
But peopled thick with creatures of its own—
I take a walk, and climb the hill,
Find a cool shade, and sit me still,
And for a time I seem to be alone.
But soon a cricket far away
Addressed me with his shrill, "Good day,"
And overhead in yonder tree
A squirrel talked so rapidly
I could not understand the words I heard.
And then a rabbit, with his great round eyes,
Looked up at me in great surprise,
Just as, o'erheard, a cunning little bird
Saluted me, in just the sweetest words
That ever came to man from little birds,
And as he jumped upon another limb
He sang to God a lovely little hymn.
It made me realize that God was there,
And filled my heart with joy, my lips with prayer;
And all the earth around was hushed and still
While God was with me on that wooded hill.
And then the squirrel and the little bird
Joined in a prayer, the sweetest ever heard.
And when I came away I felt 'twas good
To meet the little creatures in the wood,
And lay aside, like them, all worldly cares,
And talk with God—my friend as well as theirs.

—Source Unknown.

## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN

Despite the fact the old saying "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the universe," is no longer heard, does not rob woman

of her power. We know that the modern way to care for babies is not to cuddle or rock, therefore, the old cradle with rockers is no longer in vogue. We only see them converted into magazine racks, or something, and preserved as antiques. But woman continues to hold her place as a power behind the throne, unless she wishes to shift it for commercial or social purposes.

We have lately been impressed with the many newspaper comments as to the influence and interest of the wife of Walter P. Chrysler, the industrial giant, in the automotive world, who died within the past few days. By millions she was accepted as a wonderful helpmeet in making the business career of her husband's a wonderful success, and the husband himself has not failed to give his wife credit for all she did. He said, "Della," as he affectionately called her, was unlike the masses of women. "She was my inspiration", was the statement from the husband, giving proof that there was a sweet confidence between the two that made a most happy union.

A woman's power does not rest in her physical strength, but in her spiritual attitude, towards people and business, that when widely diffused smooths out rough places and makes life delightful. History and biography furnish many instances wherein women have contributed to the progress of civilization, and their names have been immortalized.

Not alone in the home, the throne seat of womanhood, has she exerted a far flung influence, but in civic affairs, the church, the school, the orphanages, and in public offices of big business, where loyalty and duty are required and indispensable. She rules with gentleness and a kindly spirit, but with an earnestness, the inborn attributes of the ideal woman. The fellow who discounts the power and influence of woman is devoid of an understanding heart, or perhaps never had the contact of a sweet home, the shrine of motherhood, with the contact and influenct of sisters.

* * * * * * *

## PADEREWSKI OVER RADIO AND IN FILM

Paderewski, the Polish musician, is one of the most versatile men of public affairs. He is a musician, artist, statesman, linguist, chess player, billiard player, bridge player, actor and has many

other accomplishments. He speaks English, French, German, Russian, Polish, and other languages with equal ease.

This is what the editor of the Lutheran published in Philadelphia, says of Paderewski:

We had an experience recently when we "looked and listened" to the great Polish pianist in a program titled "Moonlight Sonata." The picture's setting seemed to us "foreign." The fact that we could sit in an American city and hear the music as clearly as if we were seated in the opera house in which he was playing was in itself a marvelous experience. But when besides the sound of the piano we could see him, the expression of his face, the motions of his hands and the movements of the keys as his fingers struck them, our emotion of amazement was intensified. Nor was the experience of the listener limited to impressions which came from the performer at the piano. From time to time the camera was turned toward the people who were assembled as listeners. One could discern in the expressions of their faces and from their postures of rapt attention something of the penetrating effects of the music which Paderewski was playing. A Hungarian "Rhapsody" of Franz Liszt, his own stately "Minuet," and the famous "Moonlight Sonata" of blind Beethoven aroused emotions the sum of which would not have been greatly exceeded had the artist actually been present.

The editor states the setting was so real that the sensation and effect were precisely the same as if in the same auditorium with the pianist who has immortalized his name by his unfailing courage and loyalty to his people and country. On another page of this issue is a short story of this Polish pianist. He is known as the "Savior of His Country."

* * * * * * *

## YOUTH IN CRIME

The editorial comment of the Mooresville Enterprise as to "youth in crime" gives every evidence of the fact that the writer has observed that the streets and back lots are places where the delinquents become skilled as to the methods of deviltry.

If a child is not engaged in somethng worth while, recreational

or vocational, he finds an outlet for pent-up energies, first in minor misdemeanors that lead to greater offences.

A youth that does not have the proper influence in the home the Enterprise favors the interest of municipalities making possible clean and uplifting recreation. Such places of amusement are cheaper and surely more respectable than a jail sentence. The Mooresville paper advocates proper environment the first two decades of a person's life, but those of Catholic faith believe if they have a child the first seven years they are assured as to the future of any child. The Mooresville Enterprise asks," Is there any suitable explanation and fitting remedy that we may employ in order to correct such conditions?

We have youth in crime because we fail to provide them with proper outlets and upbringing. The association of bad companions, broken homes, poor recreations and street life can all be contributed to the cause of youth in crime. Therefore, the causes behind such a condition must be wiped out. It is noted that the influence of the church and Sunday School, the Boy and Girl scouts, the Y. M. C. A's, 4-H Clubs and other social groups, have a great deal to do with the moral training of youth. Give them the training through the first two decades of their lives and they will generally go straight the rest of their days. We cannot progress or go forward toward law-obedience until we start anew upon a plane of understanding and the education in the all-important field of building again what this country so sadly needs—a reverence and respect for the majesty of our laws.

* * * * * * *

## WE TAKE ALL YOU GIVE US

This little magazine, THE UPLIFT, the mouthpiece of this institution, shies of all public issues, because we believe in every man sticking to his last. Our objective is ti cull from every source the best thoughts, so as to bring this school to high-water mark in reclaiming the wayward boys to fine citizenship. There is much building now going on at the school, such constructions as a splendid and imposing gymnasium and an infirmary. Other improvements will materialize later. The boy is the inspiration of all. This idea can

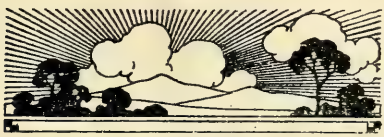
never be obliterated, because it was the plight of a young boy, thirteen years of age, incarcerated and surrounded with the most obnoxious conditions, that inspired such a home as this for boys without a chance.

However, there are times when we will digress slightly after reading articles that rebound to good and a fair deal to humanity. Naturally we hear much about the unemployed and the necessity of relief. In this economic issue there are people, regardless of race, who will abuse every opportunity given, it matters not from what source it comes.

A report is broadcasted that down in the eastern part of the state there are a number on relief who refuse to do such work as gathering peaches in the orchards of that section. Some of these are too lazy to work and others refuse to work because they fear beng "cut off."

In the face of this the following dispatch from the unemployment office in Raleigh is welcomed and endorsed by the general public. Other officials should do likewise!

"More than a dozen Raleigh Negroes have been deprived of their weekly benefit checks temporarily because they refused to take work offered them picking peaches in this secton recently. The cases are to be heard by the distrct deputy to determine whether or not the work was suitable and whether or not they were justified in refusing to do the work at the wages offered. If so, the claimants will be penalized; if not, they will be paid any benefits legally due them."



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### IT CAN BE DONE

"Somebody said it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
That wouldn't say so till he tried."

---

Did you ever notice that people with pretty teeth will laugh a anything?

---

I have known many a man to take a great load off his mind when he has his hair cut.

---

Washington, in the District of Columbia, should be examined every few weeks by insanity experts.

---

When you come to think about it, there are really few, if any, unhappy marriages. The unhappiness comes afterwards.

---

The trouble with some people is the fact that they talk so much that have no time to listen to anything worth while.

---

It is really true that a really good man is somewhat lonesome in this world, because the angels are too far off to keep him company.

---

I am sure the good Lord will provide for people that look unto Him, But I am thinking that He does not like to see a man loafing around, waiting for the provision.

---

It is very seldom that a man can turn a woman's head. But another woman, with a new bonnet, can do the job with neatness, dexterity and dispatch.

---

You can very readily understand why Providence keeps most of us poor, when you see how spoiled and swell-headed a little money can make some people.

---

I notice that a newspaper is offering $3 for the best written love letter. There are some people who would give more than that to get back some they have already written.

---

A Durham coal dealer has a motor truck in which he delivers coal. In the center of the load there is a large, pompous looking hen as if she has her nest in the pile of coal, and she bears this insignia: "Lay in your Coal." Guess the dealer is selling egg coal.

---

I can't help entertaining a severe respect for that science which can instantaneously photograph a flying airplane, but forces a man to sit for four eternal minutes in front of a

camera, his head braced into a pitchfork, and his nerveless eyes staring relentlessly out into the fathomless realms of the undeniable.

---

The other day a prospect went to examine a house on one of Durham's avenues with a view of renting it. The prospect objected to a disagreeable smell that was very perceptible. "Ah," said the realtor, "I'll have to charge you extra for that smell. The mosquitors can't live in it. You will have to pay extra for that advantage."

---

The world has been talking much and wisely here of late about the farmer, but not half enough about the farmer's wife. True, most wives can do their own talking.. And very effectually It is nevertheless important that whatever plans are launched for the enrichment of life in the country should include the one being without whom there would be neither country, nor life.

---

This is the season when hay fever is prevelent. It's causes is summed up as follows: An Ohio editor says that it is caused by kissing grass widows. A Missouri editor says it is caused by a grass widow kissing a fellow in the moonlight. An Iowa editor says it is caused by a fellow kissing his girl while he is feeding hay to a cow. A Kansas editor is of the opinion that it is caused by the fellow missing the girl and kissing the cow. A political editor says it is caused by too much kissing in the key-day of youth. All I can say to all of this is, hat not kissing a Miss is missing a. kiss.

---

I picked up an exchange in the Durham Messenger office the other day and read in it: "The man is yet to be born who can publish a paper to please some people." You are right brother There are some people in this world who are nothing but incarnation of the demon of complaint. No matter in what position they are placed, what blessings are showered upon them, they will complain, because they are different. If they get to Heaven they will complain because St. Peter didn't anounce them with a big flourish of trumpets as he did somebody else. These people think the country editor was made especially for them o wipe their feet upon.

---

Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with never so facetious a reproach, remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer healing.—Osborn.

# SPEAK NOT EVIL

**By L. C. Bumgarner**

The tendency to speak evil one of another in these days is very great. The enemy of souls so capitivates the mouth that evil is often spoken before much is thought of it. But the words spoken cannot be erased from the mind of the hearer. There is a very great difference between speaking lovingly and kindly one of another and speaking evil one of another. One who speaks evil of another does not like for that one to be present when he is speaking evil of him. Secrecy is the desire of all those who indulge in speaking evil of another.

In life's journey we have come across those in the same pathway, whose desires for private conversations, secret fellowship have sometimes caused alarm and very often later on harm to others, serious harm and danger, yea, of loss of influence and were the cause of much misunderstanding. Not all are fathers who profess to be such, neither are all mothers in Israel who seemingly outwardly would take the place as such. No, there are some in this life whose very applause at one moment, when crossed and not given the right of way may suddenly change to misrepresentation and robbing of the influence, even causing untold harm to the offended.

James, the servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, exhorts: "Speak not evil one of another, brethren." How much sorrow and remorse, how much trouble and endless grief is caused by evil speaking. One word of evil spoken against another, may take years of faithful, unswerving labor and sacrifice to overthrow and overcome. Not only that, but it has over and over again caused the discouragement and later even death of the one spoken against.

It is often hard for some people to gain confidence and courage when once they have been undermined by an unwise and thoughtless speaker.

The life of our Lord and Saviour was so different from the lives of those who go about speaking evil of others. His life was a life of tenderness and compassion toward those with whom He came in contact. He lived to bless and encourage those who sought to do the will of His Father. His very words were full of grace. Of Him we read in the word: that the people "wonder ed at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth," Even the Apostles proved their fellowship with Christ by the words which came forth from their lips. This was so manifest that their very enemies "took knowledge of theem, that they had been with Jesus."

Do your words minister grace to those with whom you speay? Be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Scatter words of sunshine and life in the few short days before the Lord's coming, that lives may be sweetened and burdens lifted and souls be made to glorify God through your ministry and words of life.

indirectly, to the death of Paderewski's parrot.

# PADEREWSKI, SAVIOR OF HIS COUNTRY

**By John Holyday, in Fact Digest**

"Your fingers have no feeling for the piano, Ignace. You should take up the flute instead!"

The fourteen-year-old Polish boy looked up at his music teacher.

"The flute!" he said. "Why, that's a child's instrument. One day I shall be hailed as a great pianist."

It was confidence which helped the great Paderewski to become a world-famous pianist. Music did not come easily to him, and even when he gave public recitals he often had to flounder over difficult passages in Grieg, Liszt, and Chopin. But he never lost heart.

"I have much to learn," he told his friends. "But the day of my recognition steadily draws nearer!"

When little more than twenty he decided to marry. He had no money, but this was not the worst of his misfortunes. Within a year of marriage, his young wife died, and his child, though alive, was paralyzed. It was with a sense of relief that he left Poland for Strasbourg, where he had been offered a post as a music teacher.

Quitting his native land at that time was the luckiest thing Paderewski ever did, for in Strasbourg a weathly compatriot, Madame Modjeska, heard him and helped him to move to Vienna, the musical Mecca of Europe.

His first public concert there was an astonishing success. When he played in Paris a few months later the critics hailed him as a genius.

But Paderewski did not lose his head. "I have still much to learn," he declared—and showed that he meant it by practising for seventeen hours a day. At his first London concert, in 1890, the hall was half empty, and the takings amounted to only £10. But he soon convinced London that he was a genius, and followed up his European success with a triumphant tour of America.

Within a few years Paderewski was earning $100,000 a year. He was acclaimed everywhere as the greatest musician in the world.

But strangely, music no longer satisfied him. His thoughts turned toward Poland, his unhappy homeland, then divided between Russia and Germany.

For fighting for Polish independence, Paderewski's father had been imprisoned in Siberia, and Paderewski could not forget . . . .

In 1905, a train in which he was traveling in California was derailed. Officials hurried to his private coach to inquire if he had been hurt. White and shaken, Paderewski answered: "I am quite well. Please attend to the other passengers." But he was not well. His finely balanced temperament had been upset. Shortly afterwards his favorite green parrot, Kiki, died, and he was so grieved that for a time he had to give up playing altogether.

Yet during this enforced exile his mind was by no means inactive. He determined that, if possible, he would re-create Poland as a complete and independent country, and it is true to say that Poland owes her freedom,

How could this be achieved? In Germany and Russia he would have to fight two of the strongest Powers in the world.

It was the Great War that gave Paderewski his big chance. In his home on the edge of Lake Geneva, he completed his plans for the freedom of his beloved country, and organized a legion of Polish volunteers to serve with the Allies.

In America, he was ceaseless in his efforts to raise money for Polish peasant folk impoverished through the war. Foreseeing the outcome of the struggle, he told President Wilson of his plans for an independent Poland.

"My people are a fine and noble-minded people," he said. "Why should they not enjoy the same freedom as the American nation?"

But Paderewski did not have to wait for the Peace Treaty to see his objects achieved. When the German Army deserted in 1918, the Polish people suddenly found themselves without a master, and because freedom was almost incomprehensible to them they looked to Paderewski, who had worked so valiantly for them.

"It is true,' he told his compatriots. "Poland is no longer in slavery. You are free to choose your own government."

The Polish people chose, and Ignace Paderewski, the great pianist, who had once been told ot learn the flute instead, was appointed Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.

He was the chief Polish delegate at the Peace Conference in 1919, and when he returned to Warsaw it was with a map of the new and spacious Poland, agreed upon by all the great Powers of the world.

Small woner that they called him the Liberator.

But meanwhile, another man was gaining power in Poland. We was Marshal Pilsudski, determined to make Poland completely free of a dictatorship. Paderwski could not agree; he wanted a democracy based on the British system. So the struggle between the two men went on for three long years.

Pilsudski suddenly gained supremacy, and Paderewski reluctantly packed his belongings and took refuge in his house on the shores of Lake Geneva.

"I am disappointed," he said. "But if my Poland can preserve her independence, I shall be happy."

So the master returned to his beloved music. For the second time he was aclaimed throughout the world as the greatest living musician. In London he was knighted for his services to the British Legion—but he has never used his title.

In America, he caused a sensation when he refused to give a professional recital before a gathering of diplomats.

"I met these men as equals in 1919," he argued. "How can I hire my services to them?"

Now he spends much of his time behind the walls of his Swiss chalet, perhaps dreaming his dreams of the greater Poland that may arise from the foundations he has laid.

One day Poland may realize the great debt it owes Paderewski, and he will be happy.

---

The finest sport in the world is fighting for the right.

# THE STORY OF FRANCES SLOCUM

**By L. F. Scoven, in Fact Digest**

Indiana, as its name implies, has many a story relating to white man'c encounters with the Indian during pioneer days, but perhaps the most famous of these stories is that of Frances Slocum, the white girl who was captured and reared by, and became one of the famous Miami tribe of Indians. What is now Peru, on the C & O Ry., was the very center of this sad yet beautiful story.

Frances, whom historians refer to as the "White Rose of the Miamis," was kidnapped from her home in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., more than a century ago, while playing with children including her brothers and sisters. There probably is not a story of Indian deviltry which carries more thrill. A Wyoming Indian, skulking in the vicinity of where the children played, noticed the attractive red-haired child of eleven, seized her and carried her into the nearby forest. Her playmates quickly spread the alarm but a search in all Indian cantonments by relatives and sympathetic friends was of no avail. All Indians swore they had not seen her. The girl's parents never ceased their search for their beloved daughter, but she had disappeared as completely as the sun behind a storm cloud. Various clews to her whereabouts led to Niagara Falls and into the camps of the Mohawks and Genessee Indians, and although they proved false, her parents never failed to follow each and every clew.

As history later revealed, Frances apparently lived with several tribes before she finally settled permanently with the Miamis, in what is now Peru. By this time she had grown to young womanhood and had become thoroughly accustomed to the ways of the Indian, and had learned to like them. In fact, the girl from Pennsylvania was fascinated by the wild life, the wigwam, and the roving of Indiana forests in quest of wild game.

She was finally adopted by the Miamis as Ma-con-a-quah, meaning "White Rose of the Miamis," and many were the braves who sought her hand, but She-po-can-ah, Chief of the Miamis, won her. From the union were born two daughters, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa and O-zoh-skin-quah. Both girls reared large families.

Records show that Frances was discovered on September 21, 1837, by one George Washington Ewing, an Indian trader operating among the Miamis. He noticed the woman, recognized she was of the white race, and observed that a part of her index finger was cut off. She told him this was caused by an accident in her early childhood. He was familiar with the Slocum case, and reported to Frances' brothers and sisters back in Pennsylvania, believing he had located her after nearly fifty years of fruitless searching.

Her kin at once traced her to her wigwam, traveling far over rough roads and trails, and after an exchange of questions, which Frances answered with reluctance, they were convinced beyond doubt of her identity. They asked to see her shorn finger, of which they were aware, and inquired if she were not the daughter of Jonathan and Ruth Slocum, of Penn-

sylvania. Frances answered in the affirmative. They begged her to return with them to Pennsylvania, only to hear her reply, "No. These are my people." Many times they returned to her, only to be greeted with the same answer. So Frances lived most of her life with the Miamis, the people of her adoption.

Little did Frances Slocum dream one hundred years ago that she would be the central figure in many historical pageants depicting her life. On September 21, 1937, a colorful pageant was held at Somerset, near Peru, in celebration of the one-hundredth and niversary of her discovery, showing the most eventful part of her life. Her descendants played the major roles.

Frances' grave is four miles southeast of Peru, in what is known as Bundy Cemetery. This is a very interesting spot, for Indians are interred here with lineage back to the prepioneer days of Indiana.

On the streets of Peru one sees the descendants of Frances Slocum. They are proud of their ancestor, and rightfully so. They are highly respected and intelligent citizens, and we of the white race are proud to call them our neighbors and friends. They are privileged to still live on their reservation near Peru, but most of them have become used to the modern ways of the white man and have their own homes in the city.

In memory of Frances, we have the Frances Slocum Trail, a picturesque drive from Peru to the reservation, along the Mississinewa River, and Peru's beautiful natural park, Ma-con-a-quah, named for her. It was in this very park that the Miamis made all of their treaties and held their pow-wows. Also, Miami County, Indiana, of which Peru is the county seat, could scarcely be called by any other name.

Through the very heart of this fascinating historical country runs the C & O Railway. Should you chance to come to Peru, don't be afraid of being scalped, for the Miamis, always a peaceful tribe have thrown away their tomahawks and now drive their automobiles to and from their work in factories and for railroads, and even to their business establishments.

We of the white race feel that the Indian benefited greatly by adopting our ways, but in reviewing the contented past of the Miamis one can hardly deny that we have taken a major portion of their care-free happiness from them. This, of course, was necessary in the interests of progress.

---

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evils which beset humanity, insincerity is the most dangerous.—Selected.

# SOME EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

**By Dr. Ellis B. Burgess, in The Lutheran**

Bancroft, the historian, was right when he said of the Germans in America, "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all their due." The praises of the Puritans of New England and the Cavaliers of Virginia have been sung in every part of the land, but those of the Palatines of New York are rarely heard. Every textbook of history in our public schools has something to say of the Mayflower which landed its precious freight at Plymouth Rock in 1620, but almost nowhere do our children learn of the good ship Globe which anchored in the Hudson River off Quassaick Creek on New Year's Day of 1709, bringing the founders of the city of Newburgh as the advance guard of the great Palatine Immigration of 1710.

Both events have vital signficance in American life; and neither suffers in the presence of the other. The social and political ideals of the American Republic sprang neither from New England nor Virginia, but from these cosmopolitan people who located first in the valleys of the Hudson and the Delaware. It is time, therefore, that the sons of the Palatines of New York began to speak more appreciatively of their honored sires.

In recent months an exceptionally fine book on "Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration" has been published, which every minister would do well to read. Its author is Dr. Walter Allen Knittle of the Department of History of the College of the City of New York. The scholarly care manifested on every page is very pleasing; but we miss the heart of the Palatine himself which only the children of the Palatines can produce. One might read this book and get the impression that Johann Conrad Weiser in his dispute with Governor Hunter was nothing but a "stubborn Dutchman." That he was stubborn we must admit, for it runs in the blood, but that he was nothing more than stubborn, those who know his spirit, especially as we see it revealed in his son and his great-grandson in the building of the nation, can never admit. Future generations will insist that all the virile qualities of the Weiser family be told; and here again it is important that sympathetic minds assist in the telling.

In recent years the School Board of Middleburgh erected a new high school upon the site of the Weiser home in the Schoharie Valley; and this is the tribute they have emblazoned upon a bronze tablet in the central hallway:

In Memory of
Johann Conrad Weiser
Palatine Pioneer, Leader, Diplomat
Soldier and Magistrate
and Founder of Middleburg
(Weiser's Dorf)
1713
Born in Germany 1660
Arrived in New York 1710
Captain in Canadian Expedition, 1711
Palatine Delegate to London and
Imprisoned in Tower, 1719
Returned to Schoharie, 1723
Died and Buried in Tulepehocken, Pa.,
1746

Father of Colonel Conrad Weiser,
Distinguished Indian Interpretor
Erected by the Village of Middleburgh
and the State of New York, 1933.

Two hundred twenty years was a long time to wait for due recognition; but eventually it came. And the probabilities are that two hundred years hence a fuller recognition will be given by the State of New York to that fine contribution made by all her German pioneers.

Who were these Palatines, and what contributions have they made to the social, religious, or business life of the Empire State, that they should be given consideration at such a time as this? They were the people who in large measure were responsible for our happiness, in that they brought so many of our moral, social, and religious ideals to this Western World. Let any man, who is satisfied to think of them as Britain's tar-makers, be content with his opinion; we who are of the blood and spirit know that tar-making for them could never be anything more than the employment of a day.

Not only here, but in every state of the Union where they were welcomed, they made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. When Governor Hunter and Johann Conrad Weiser were through with their quarrel, every Palatine family in the state was found on a farm. That was the basic cause of the trouble Every instinct within them cried out for the soil; and, when they were given an opportunity, well repaid the state for its investment. If there are those who find fault with them for running away from the tar camps of the Hudson in the winter of 1712-1713, there are others who believe that they stuck to the tar camps too long for their own good.

In ten thousand ways, through the years that followed they demonstrated the fact that no harder-working people ever took up lands within this state. When they first established their seven villages in the Schoharie Valley there was but little to encourage them but their own stout hearts; and, when that second settlement was made in the vicinity of Forth Herkimer they had good reason to believe that they were placed there solely as a living buffer between the savages and the older settlements along the Hudson. But they never flinched in the presence of duty. The men performed prodigies of labor in forest and field, an dtheir women were equally energetic. In addition to rearing large families of ten to twelve children, and attending to all duties of the household, they would go out into the fields with their husbands and sons, and wield the heavy German farm implements with arms that never seemed to tire. The children seemed to catch this love of work as a contagion; and a lazy son or daughter was considered a disgrace.

These Palatines built their own houses and barns; they harvested all their own crops without the help of tractors; they made their own furniture; tanned their own leather; made their own boots and shoes; grew their own flax; made their own linens and clothing; raised their own vegetables; baked their own bread; and cured their own meats.

In pioneer days the streams of central New York were full of the finest fish; and in the Adirondacks and Catskills was plenty of game, so that, after the first three or four hard years,

their tables were laden with the most delicious foods of all kinds.

They were great people for pot pies, and they were real pot pies such as the modern factories cannot duplicate. They were fond of pies of every kind, and to this day in the State of Pennsylvania, if you visit a home of the Moravian, Dunkard, or Amish type, you are likely to be served with three kinds of pie for breakfast, with profuse apologies by your hostess that she had not given you more of a choice. And then there was the irresistible dish called Schnitz und Kuoepf, made of dried sweet apples and delicious egg dumplings cooked with bacon. Don't tell me that our German grandmothers were not good cooks; I have sampled too many of their wares to be deceived. And their hospitalities, simple and unaffected, would put the hospitalities of many another more pretentious group to shame.

In Dr. Knittle's book we are told that these fine qualities of the Palatime are as notable in Ireland, where a group of them settled in the days of Queen Anne, as they are in New York. He writes of them: "The Palatine woman is still the typical hard-working German Frau, although she would not recognize the word. They would not think of having a maid and do all the work themselves. Hard-working whether in the household or in the field they are help-meets to the core. They still pickle and preserve large quantities of fruits and vegetables and in this they are the marvel of their neighbors. Frugality has concealed much of their wealth, but that which is evident is sufficient to excite the friendly envy of their neighbors."

So true is this description that I would recognize it as a description of a German mother if I were listening to it for the first time. Such a people any state in this great Republic of the West should delight to honor.

They were not all Germans; so we can be bold in our tribute to their patriotic virtues without stirring resentment. There were many French Huguenots among them, like the Leshers of Clermont, the Rockefellers of Germantown, the Laux of Herkimer County, the Cipperlys of West Sandlake, and the Fieris of Newburgh and Saugerties. And between these French exiles from the land of Richelieu and these Germans from the upper Rhineland, there was such a strong tie of common interest that they lived for a hundred years in this Western World as one people. And the State of New York has never welcomed to her soil a more patriotic group from any land than were these.

When you study the tribute to Johann Conrad Weiser in the Middleburgh High School, you will notice a remarkable portrait of patriotism in the consecutive dates given: "Born in Germany 1660; arrived in New York 1710; Captain in Canadian Expedition 1711." Only one year in America and a captain in her armies of dedefense. It is impossible to discount the patriotism of such a record no matter how many labored explanations may be offered. Palatines have never attempted to explain the fighting courage of the Irish Brigade on Round Top in 1863; and they think it strange that anyone should feel called upon to explain their courage in Queen Anne's War of 1711. In both instances we are dealing with a proud fact in the life of a great people. If the volunteers of 1711 had been the only

soldiers produced by the Palatines we might feel less sensitive on the subject; but the military records of the state will prove that sons of the Palatines were never second to any other group in loyalty to their adopted country. As a schoolboy I was familiar with the story of General Herkimer and the Battle of Oriskany; but for all that I was not fully prepared for an experience on a summer afternoon in 1935 when a Lutheran pastor showed me a granite marker in the old Manheim burial ground containing the names of fifty-one of the members of the congregation who fell in one day at Oriskany for the cause of American freedom. Five men from one Palatine family fell dead together. If these things had happened in New England the story might have been inserted in our high school histories in the place of Paul Revere. While it is not fair to say that these Germans were a warlike people, it is true nevertheless that they were quick to respond to the call of their state in every national crisis. And if the ladies have any ambition to enroll as a Daughter of the American Revolution, or any other patriotic organization with similar restrictions, they should have no difficulty in proving their rights, if they can first prove from a Lutheran church record that they are now "Daughters of the Palatines of New York." The stock is so good that no woman need ever be ashamed of it.

To fear God and love work are the two dominant traits of the Palatine wherever you find him, at home or abroad. Again and again in thirty-nine years of my studies in Palatine life, instances were found of churches built in frontier communities ten years in advance of the coming of the first pastor. God's house was there whenever God's man should visit them. And when their first pastors finally appeared in their cabin homes during the course of summer explorations by the younger men of the East, they were fairly beside thmeslves with joy. Many of you have read the classic story of Professor Ole Rolvaag of St. Olaf College, in which are recited the first visits of Lutheran pastors to the Norwegian settlements of the Dakotas. The attitude of the Palatines toward their first pastors was equally touching. Johannes Stauch, the first president of the Joint Synod of Ohio, and the first Lutheran to preach the Gospel in that state, tells of a certain German settlement whose people had been told of a coming visit, and had prepared the barn floor for services, where the people could make themselves comfortable on the new-mown hay. When the preacher arrived he held a service of German song and then preached a sermon of usual length, that is, about one and a half hours, and then pronounced the benediction. To his amazement no one made any start to get up from the hay after the service, so he inquired of one of the older men what it meant and was told that the people had been deprived of the preaching of the Gospel so long that they hoped he would not be offended if they asked for a second sermon. And after the second sermon of equal length had been preached, reluctantly and slowly the people started for their homes. The simple-heartedness of this action was atrue reflection of the inner life of the people. It was as easy for them to believe everything that was written in the Bible as it is for many of the present generation not to believe it. The same simplicity

of faith shown by the people of Ohio to Pastor Stauch was shown by the Palatines of New York in the welcome accorded Pastor Joshua Kockerthal in 1710 and Pastor William Christopher Berkemeyer in 1725; Pastor Peter Nicholas Sommer in 1743; and Pastor Johann Friedrich Ries in 1751. In the eyes of these people the visit of a pastor was like the visitation of an angel from heaven with whom they would have shared the last loaf of bread in their larders. And even to this day, in almost any of the twenty-two old churches of the United Lutheran Synod of New York, founded by Palatines before the Revolutionary War, you will sense that same deep faith in the mercies of God that marked the spiritual life of their predecessors. And where the Church of our day may have lost this simple faith, it has lost one of the essential qualities of a conquering Church.

It is said of the early Palatines that one of the principal articles of furniture in every home was a little red shelf on which lay a copy of Luther's Bible, a copy of the smaller Catechism, and occasionally a copy of John Arndt's Wahres Christentum and Paradies Gaertlein. No matter how busy they might be in seed time or harvest, they always had time to pray. Morning and evening they knelt with their children on the dusty earthen floor of their cabins, and prayed to the God of their fathers to remember them in mercy in their new home. And if such things are unknown among us the advantage rests with them and not with us. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" (Proverbs 14: 3). "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth" (Psalm 145:18).

---

## DON'TS—ABOUT SWIMMING

Don't swim on a full stomach. Wait at least two hours after eating.

Don't swim if overheated.

Don't swim until exhausted.

Don't swim if you have heart trouble.

Don't struggle if caught in a swift current or undertow. The force of the current will bring you to the surface again.

Don't wade into the water with the arms above the head. You will not be ready to stroke in case you step into a hole.

Don't dive without accurate knowledge of the depth of the water.—Selected.

# A CAN OF SARDINES

**By Frank B. McAllister**

Sardine is not the name of any particular variety of fish. A sardine in fact is any small fish with weak bones and rich flesh that is capable of being preserved in oil. The name comes from the Island of Sardinia in the Mediterranean where little fishes were first put up in this way. In different parts of the world different varietles of fish become sardines.

In the Mediterranean the pilchard is selected, for this fish sticks to warm water. In the colder waters of Norway and Sweden fishermen catch the bristling and the sprat for canning as sardines. The sardine industry of Maine depends on the herring, or sperling as it is sometimes called. In fact, all sardines belong to the herring family and only an expert can distinguish them as to appearance and taste.

Herrings have a way of moving in schools and coming back each year to the same shoal water, which makes it simpler for the fishermen to encircle them with great weirs or nets. Sometimes, they come in numbers so great as actually to darken the water. Where the depth is greater they may be discovered by a pale, bluish glow some distance under the surface.

One of the most important members of a crew of herring fishermen is the "looker," a man who does his work in the dead of night, preferably a moonless night and one as dark as possible. He rows his dory about, thumping his feet on the bottom and pounding his oars against he locks. Herring are sensitive to vibration and register their objection to the thumping and pounding by violent agitation that betrays their presence a few feet below the surface. Other signs the "looker" sees are flecks of foam on wave caps, and sometimes hundreds of marauding dogfish are about, or flocks of screaming, darting gulls.

When a school is sighted the seine is carried out in a power boat and gradually and stealthily the school is encircled. In a single haul of the net there may be several thousand bushels of fish. Now, a larger boat comes along and stout fishermen with dipper nets take up about three bushels at a time from the squirming mass, dropping them on the deck of the carrier.

The fish vary in size, but only the small ones can be used. The canner must have fish that are "fives" or "sixes", or smaller. The size names come from the number that can be fitted into the can. The fish are first put into pickling tanks where they remain in brine till the foreman of the factory says they are "right." Then, there is a first cooking in steam at about 212 degrees Farenheit, for about fifeen minutes, during which the fish lose weight. In small trays and on a conyeyor the fish now travel between rows of girls who snip off the heads with scissors and fit the product four, five, or siz into boxes, discarding all broken fish, and placing every one "bright side" up.

Sealers now put covers on the cans, just the right amount of oil—or, it may be, tomato sauce—having been discharged into each can. A sealing machine stamps the covers on airtight.

The cans are now placed in great retorts, steel cylinders ten feet tall and

three feet in diameter, where they are cooked for an hour at 200 degrees Farenheit. When one of these retorts is full 6,700 cans of sardines are enclosed. The cans go through a cleansing solution and into racks for cooling, after which they are ready to be packed in cartons for shipment. Now, the course is to your grocer, and from him to your table.

Profits from the canneries are, of course, comparatively uniform. With those who catch the raw supplies in the ocean it is a case of "fishermen's luck.'" Sometimes, the supplies are scarce and hard to find. But in good years the profits to the head of a crew may be as much as five or six thousand dollars. In such cases the little herrings are indeed "silver from the sea." In this industry there are in the state of Maine alone twenty-six canneries, giving employment to 6,000 men and women and taking the catches of 700 fishermen and 250 boatmen. The invested capital in plants and canneries is about $5,000,000.

---

## OTHERWHERE

There is a place called Otherwhere,
And Otherwhere may lie
Where waves roll in to kiss the beach
Or mountains pierce the sky.
It may be set in valleys rich,
Or lost in gardens fair,
For many men of many minds
Journey to Otherwhere.

And you shall seek the mountain peak,
And he shall sail the sea—
For you, the rest above the clouds,
While valleys shelter me!
It isn't how or where to go,
Nor what we do when there—
It's just the sense of recompense
In going . . . Otherwhere.

To leave behind the grist and grind—
To leave them where they are;
To follow dreams and fancies through
And live them on a star;
And when we've been to Otherwhere
And seen its pleasures wane,
To feel vacation's greatest joy
Is coming home again!

—Henry Edward Warner.

# "SILK, SATIN, CALICO—"

**By Clara Cordelia Hornig**

Jeanne counted slowly. "Calico wins! Now, if it had only been rags, there would have been something picturesque about it. But Calico!" She shook her head and laughed.

"Calico, for what and when and where?" Her roomate stopped conjugating irregular French verbs long enough to ask. "Seems to me that rhyme was always used in connection with wedding gowns, wasn't it? You don't need to choose a bridal gown, because I can't afford a bridesmaid frock, and I'm going to be in the procession when you start the magic march! Still, if you are only wearing calico—"

"Oh, no, sweetheart. This catches me worse than it does you. It's the senior farewell that's worrying me. I saw Rose Bradley's dress today—soft yellow, like a daffodil, the kind that I have wanted ever since I was nine or ten!"

"You would look three times as pretty as Rose will in it."

"Thanks. Now go on and say that virtue is its own excuse for being, as well as beauty, but that doesn't bring in beautiful clothes. And did you see Madge Kennedy's? Silver chiffon with tiny brilliants in the bodice? Annabelle I haven't a thing to wear! My old blue crepe decided to go to pieces, and my white one is split. I have school dresses, nothing else except a brown flannel. And my pocketbook is so bare that Mother Hubbard's cupboard would feel ashamed of itself for complaining!"

She sat down on the couch, drew her legs under her, and laughed.

"But it isn't funny, is it?" Annabelle asked.

"Oh, yes, it is!" The dark eyes were actually merry. "For a whole semester I have worked on the place cards and verses for the banquet, and now the blue crepe split the day before! Honestly, I don't mind not going. Think of all the things the blue crepe and the white crepe saw me through. I can't blame them now, can I?"

"Well, my dress is black crepe de chine and I wanted a new one,too—"

"Be glad that it's faithful to the last, honey. You look adorable in black and my corals and rose will add the last gay touch! They simply have to go to that party with some one."

The French book slid to the floor, and Annabelle watched Jeanne curiously.

"You are the funniest girl! I actually think you are enjoying yourself right now. Why couldn't we be poor enough to wear red bandanas around our heads and crimson petticoats and maybe green ribbons—"

"And yellow waists, and necklaces with beads as red as the ballons that little boys sail in the park in the spring, and the fires around which the gypsies dance, and red and white peppermint sticks and whatever else can be red, and bracelets with queer yellow jewels like honey that bees gathered a thousand years ago, and green ones like idols' eyes, only more sparkly—"

Annabelle interrupted. "Oh, that would be splendid! But to be poor

and respectable, that's what hurts! I hate dumb, cover-upish sort of clothes."

Annabelle turned to watch the campus that shimmered a little in the moonlight as though someone had upset a box of shining memories among the trees.

"I'm sorry," she said impulsively. "I didn't mean to complain when you can't go at all. But what about the garden party and faculty tea and president's reception and—"

"I think Cinderella had a bettertime imaging them than she had when she went to the ball, because she had to keep one eye on the clock all the time, and then there was that slipper accident—"

"But it brought her the prince!"

"Still, if she had had a hole in her stocking, think what it might have meant! And he might have bumped into her at the market some day. Don't worry about me. I'm quite all right!"

Before Annabelle could answer, there was a knock at the door, and more girls came four of them, trailing negligees, laughing, whispering as they entered.

"Here, I just made this fudge. Eat it while I talk, because we all need sweetening now," Rose began. "It's my Great-aunt Johanna. She's coming to commencement!"

"Rose invited her because she thought she would send a check, and she accepted. The check will pay her railroad fare instead," Madge explained.

"The wire just came, and she comes tomorrow afternoon, and she's old-fashioned as something from your grandmother's hope chest," Rose took up the lament. "And she adores movies! Two and three a day. And tomorrow night the party—"

Jeanne sat up very straight, a little, glowing light dawning in her eyes, as though someone had lighted a small, golden candle and placed it inside, wind blown and uncertain at first and then steady, as the flame persisted.

"Then I'll have someone to go with me tomorrow night! I'm crazy to see that show!" She hoped that they wouldn't remember how she hated movies.

"Show? But the senior farewell—"

"I'm not going. I can't, really, so I thought of a show, and now the fairy godmother appeared on the stage. Leave your aunt to me, and don the yellow dress, my dear."

She was stubborn when they protested, although Rose pleaded most.

"Like fun you are going to take her! If you had a great-aunt, do you think I would want to have her put off on me? Any day I'll take her along, or leave her at the show, or—"

"Has she ever been away from home before the boy stood on the home very far, before?"

"That's the pity of it! She's stayed on a farm always, and she won't know how to do a thing. But if you want her—"

"I do! And I'll meet her at dinner and keep her with me."

After the girls had gone the candlelight in her eyes grew dimmer. "I know what you are thinking, Annabelle. That I should make a little ball of my courage and toss it to the moon, and go as I am in a classroom dress, but the ball is all gray and drab tonight and won't bounce. I can't go and be pitied, but I don't

mind not going. And there's Aunt Johanna!"...

"Have you gone to many movies?" Jeanne asked the little old lady that night.

"Only four in my life, but I've always wanted to. I live in the country, you know, where we don't have many. But I read about them in a movie book every month. I have to keep it hidden, because the neighbors might not understand." She was such a wistful little old lady that Jenne wanted to cry. Instead, she put her firm hand on the two toil scarred ones and nodded. "One day the president of the Ladies' Aid came to call, and I had to put a copy under the carpet to keep her from seeing it. I knew she would look at every thing that she could find. You know, when you can't do things yourself, you have to imagine them through someone else. That's the way I looked at this commencement. If I couldn't graduate, I'd do it through Rose."

Jeanne had put away some money for commencement roses, for she could go to the exercises with the faded dress hidden securely under the black robe. And, after all, there would be always roses in somebody's garden! She spoke quickly.

"Aunt Johanna, did you ever eat a chocolate fudge sundale, all goody with whipped cream and nuts and marshmallows and fudge and fruit? I'm starving for one, and they make delicious things across the street at the 'The Doughnut.'"

"I've always wanted one, but have never been where I could get them," the woman confessed, and her eyes smiled gaily, gladly, like two violet-blue flowers that had suddenly decided to blossom again....

"It's been the most beautiful day of my life, almost," she said when she and Jeanne parted after the show. "And now could I ask you one more thing? I brought a little gift for Rose, but it might not be right. Could you come over in the morning and see?"

Jeanne pretended not to hear the girls when they came home. Now that the deed was done, she did not want sympathy. The moon was spilling silver dreams across the campus, elusive, glamorous, fragrant, and the stars were silver jewels caught on the highest branches of the tree and down the road the ghosts of all her college days followed the song of a troubadour into the shining night. But cinderell—She didn't want to cry. She wanted to be brave! Anyone could be brave, if she made up her mind that she would be!

"Phil Gordon kept asking about you and wanted to come for you," someone told her trying to be comforting. "We told him you had movieitis, and he thought we said laryngitis, and I bet he'll send flowers."

She murmured sleepily, and her eyes were hurting again.

"But there was somebody's cousin there, so we fixed things for him," someone who wasn't comforting interrupted.

She felt better when morning came, and she remembered Aunt Johanna, who had never had a glimpse of the golden gates that hid the promised land.

"Could you—would you—" The old lady was trying to ask her something, she knew, but her eyes insisted on watching the clothes on the bed. A gay rose, linen dress; a little shining red one with a golden

girdle; one that was white with a shoulder flower of colors, as many as Joseph's coat had known.

"Rose is so lovely and so lucky," she told the woman. "Is this what you brought her?"

The tired, gray head nodded. "But she has so many thing,s she doesn't need them and she wouldn't want them, maybe. I thought it would be fun getting her the things I couldn't have and seeing her wear them. That's why I came. I saved all year for it. But she has clothes for every party already. If you could take them, and let me see you wear them, it would be—it would be better than a movie book!"

"But—but—"

"Nobody would ever know. And I want somebody to wear them, and Rose wouldn't. And you understand so well. Please!"

"Oh, my dear, will I wear them?" Suddenly her arms were around the stooped form, and the two were crying together, the girl who had not had a party dress and the woman who had received hers long after the clock had struck the midnight hour. "They are the most beautiful clothes in the whole world, and you shall go with me to everything, and—"

"That was the best chocolate sundae that was ever made," Aunt Johanna interrupted happily. "And now, do you think we have enough time to get another before lunch?"

---

## THE DREAMS AHEAD

What would we do in this world of ours,
  Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
  No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
  Stretching far into the years;
And ever climbs with a hopeful soul,
  With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
  Through the strife of ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to wormwood's cup,
  And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate;
  To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of truce with Fate
  In constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
  To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life,
  The dreams—and faith—and love!

—Edwin Carlisle Litsey.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The dry weather and cut-worms have played havoc with our late corn crop. We happen to have quite a large acreage planted in this crop, with prospects of a very poor yield.

---

The extremely hot and dry weather is having a very bad effect on the vegetable gardens at the School. If these conditions continue for many more days, we cannot hope to have fresh vegetables for our tables.

---

Work on our infirmary and gymnasium, new buildings now under construction, is going along nicely. Both buildings are now under roofs and the inside work being hurried toward completion. These structures, when finished, will fill a long-felt need at the Training School.

---

Mrs. J. Dale Stentz, of Waynesville, superintendent of public welfare in Haywood County, accompanied by her daughter, Jane, and Miss Hester Anne Withers, were visitors at the School last Monday. Miss Stentz and Miss Withers called at The Uplift office and the other vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

---

Robert Ferguson, formerly of Cottage No. 1, was a visitor at the School the other day. Shortly after being paroled in 1925, Robert joined the United State Army, spending about fourteen months in the service. He is now married and lives in High Point, where he is employed as an express truck driver. As he had just stopped at the School to deliver some express, Robert did not have much time to look up old friends here, but seemed delighted to have been able to make even a brief visit.

---

During the past week our mowers have been kept pretty busy, starting on the large crop of lespedeza to be gathered this Fall. This crop covers more than two hundred acres and is especially fine at this writng. We hope it can all be harvested before being ruined by the parching sun, such as has really been "bearing down" for quite some time.

---

Joseph Jennings, twenty years old, who left here about four years ago, returned to his old haunts last Saturday afternoon. He is now living at Elizabeth City, where he has been employed in the Avalon Hosiery Mill for the past eight months. Before going to work in the mill, Joe was engaged in masonry work. He has also served two years in the United States Army since leaving the School. Joe tells us that he is happily married and is getting along well. While here he was a member of the group in Cottage No. 2.

---

Lurren Kinney, age 18, visited us last Sunday and Monday. This lad, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 9, left the School in February 1937, returning to his home in Asheboro, where he entered the tenth grade in the public school. During the vacation period he is working in a drug store, but expects to finish high school and enter college. Lurren thinks the Training School has been a great help to him. While here he attended

church with the boys, and seemed very glad to be back among his old friends for a while.

---

Ramsey Glasgow, of Winston-Salem, a former member of our printing class, called on friends at the School last Tuesday afternoon. After leaving the institution in 1928, Ramsey served a four-year enlistment in the United State Marine Corps; he then secured employment as driver of an armored express truck, which position he held for several years. At the present time he is operating a filling station near Lexington. Ramsey is now twenty-seven year old and has been married four years. Mrs. Glasgow accompanied him on his recent visit here.

---

Our office force has been very busy for the past two weeks in making plans and filling out forms for applications for Federal Emergency Relief funds, to be used in building a swimming pool; making additions to the laundry; the erection of a cannery, poultry houses, calf barn, etc. All forms have been properly filled out and forwarded to the regional headquarters in Atlanta. It is hoped that all of our projects will be approved and work on same will soon be underway. Several trips to Raleigh were made by officals of the School in the interest of these proposed improvements to our plant.

---

Everett Bell, of Gastonia and Sidi Threatt, of Monroe, both former Training School boys, stopped in to see us the other day. Bell has been away from the School about two years. He is now helping his uncle on a farm in Gaston County. Threatt, who left us about a year ago, has part time employment in his mother's cafe, in a livery stable and on a farm. He lacks just a few days of being seventeen years old and was recently turned down for enrollment in a C C C camp. Bell also tried to enroll in the same unit, but was refused admission because of a bad cold. Both boys were in good spirit, and stated that they expect to be on hand for another try at the C C C next October.

---

Mr. John J. Barnhardt, prominent textile executive and churchman, of Concord, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Mr. Barnhardt delivered the invocation, after which he presented Dr. W. H. Frazier, president of Queens-Chicora College, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon, whose subject was "Meeting and Overcoming Present Temptations," taking his text from the Book of Daniel, concerning the story of the three young men who were thrown into the fiery furnace because they refused to bow down to the idol. He brought out the fact that these three young Hebrews resolved to do what was right even in the face of the probabllity of being burned to death.

The chief points in this story as given by the speaker were: (1) Do right, right off the bat. These Hebrew boys did not wait to decide what to do. They knew what was the right thing to do, and did not hesitate to do it. Satan likes to have us argue with him, for then he has a better chance to persuade us to do wrong. So, it is much better to give him no time at all to even give an argument for doing wrong. (2) Do right even before we

know the consequence of doing so. The boys did not know the Lord was going to send an angel down to keep them from harm in the blazing furnace until they were inside, and the keeper came down to care for them. The speaker then said, "I have never had anything go against me when I was in the right. The Lord seemed to say that He was just closing the door in one place in order to open it in another."

In conclusion Dr. Frazier reminded us that the boy of today is the man of tomorrow, and the man of tomorrow is going to be just what we make the boy of today. What a man does is determined by what he is; his character is absolutely necessary, so he urged that we see well to the building of good characters.

---

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

Week Ending August 14, 1938

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(11) Marvin Bridgeman 11
Carrol Clark
Clifton Davis
(6) Ivey Eller 10
(11) Clyde Gray 11
(6) Gilbert Hogan 10
(11) Leon Hollifield 11
(11) Edward Johnson 11
James Kissiah
(2) Edward Lucas 10
(2) Mack Setzer 10
(6) C. L. Snuggs 6

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(2) Rex Allred 3
(9) Virgil Baugess 10
(2) Henry Cowan 9
Howard Cox 3
(2) Carroll Dodd 3
Eugene Edwards 2
Horace Journigan 6
Bruce Link 4
(3) Blanchard Moore 7
Fonnie Oliver 5
H. C. Pope 6
Howard Roberts 7

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(2) Lewis Andrews 4
Kenneth Conklin 2
Coolidge Green 3
James Mast 8
William McRary 8
(3) John C. Robertson 6
Jerome W Wiggins 3
Earl Weeks 6

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(3) Shelton Anderson 4
James Bartlett 2
(2) Ernest Davis 3
Lewis Donaldson 6
(4) James Land 8
(2) Van Martin 9
Hubert McCoy 5
George Newman 2
(2) Lloyd Pettus 7
Hyress Taylor 3
(2) Leo Ward 8
Rollin Wells 7
(5) James Wilhite 8
(5) Cecil Wilson 7

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(2) Grady Allen 6
Grover Gibby
Burman Holland
(11) Jack McRary 11

Joseph Mobley 2
(3) Richard Palmer 6
(4) Winford Rollins 7
Elmer Talbert
Ned Waldrop 3
(4) George Wright 4
(2) Ralph Webb 5
Marvin Wilkins 2
(11) Dewey Ware 11

**COTTAGE No. 6**

(3) Martin Crump 6
Fletcher Castlebury 8
Robert Dellinger 4
(2) Robert Dunning 7
Columbus Hamilton
Leo Hamilton
Thomas Hamilton 2
Roscoe Honeycutt 2
Clinton Keen 5
Spencer Lane 6
Randall D. Peeler 3
Joseph Tucker 6
(3) George Wilhite 10
(3) William Wilson 8
(2) Woodrow Wilson 6

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(2) William Beach 6
(3) Cleasper Beasley 10
(3) Carl Breece 10
(6) Archie Castlebury 9
James H. Davis 8
(6) William Estes 10
(5) George Green 8
Robert Hampton 4
(11) Caleb Hill 11
Hugh Johnson 9
Robert Lawrence 2
Elmer Maples 5
Edmund Moore 7
(3) Marshal Pace 5
(3) J. D Powell 8
Earthy Strickland 7
Loy Stines 6
(11) William Young 11

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) Samuel Everidge 3
Wilfred Land 2
Ray Reynolds 2
John Tolbert 9
Charles Webb

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(8) J. T. Branch 10
(2) James Bunnell 6
(2) Thomas Braddock 10
(3) William Brackett 6
Edgar Burnett 6
Roy Butner
(3) James Coleman 9
(2) Henry Coward 4
(3) George Duncan 7
(3) Woodfin Fowler 9
(2) Eugene Presnell 8
Earl Stamey 6
(3) Cleveland Suggs 6
Horace Williams 3
(2) Thomas Wilson 10

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Junius Brewer 3
Ralph Carver
Elbert Head 7
Milford Hodgins 5
Thomas King 3
Torrence Ware 3
William R. Williams 5

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(6) Lawrence Guffey 9
(6) Albert Goodman 9
Earl Hildreth 4
William Hudgins 2
Julius Stevens 10
(2) N. C. Webb 2

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 3
(3) Alphus Bowman 6
Allard Brantley 4
Ben Cooper 7
(3) William C Davis 6
James Elders 7
(5) Max Eaker 8
Joseph Hall 6
Elbert Hackler 7
(3) Charlton Henry 10
(3) Franklin Hensley 7
Richard Honeycutt 6
Hubert Holloway 8
Lester Jordan 6
Alexander King 8
Thomas Knight 9
Tillman Lyles 8
(2) Clarence Mayton 5
William Powell 4
(3) James Reavis 8
Carl Singletary 8
(7) William Trantham 9
George Tolson 5
Leonard Wood 8
(7) Ross Young 7

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(2) Norman Brodgen 7
(3) James V. Harvel 6
Vincent Hawes 2
Issac Hendren 8
(8) Bruce Kersey 8
Harry Leagon 4
William Lowe 7
Douglas Mabry
(5) Paul McGlammery 7
Garland McPhail
Marshal White 2
(7) Alexander Woody 8

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Claude Ashe 9
(6) Clyde Barnwell 9
(2) Harry Connell 7
(2) Delphus Dennis 7
Audie Farthing 8
(5) James Kirk 9
John Robbins 7
(6) Harold Thomas 9
Garfield Walker 4
(4) Harvey Walters 8
Junior Woody 5

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Howard Bobbitt 4
(2) Aldine Duggins 6
N. A Efird 2
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 6
(4) Beamon Heath 6
(2) L. M. Hardison 5
William Hawkins 7
(4) Caleb Jolly 9
Cleo King 3
Robert Kinley 4
(4) Clarence Lingerfelt 5
James McGinnis 3
Benjamin McCracken
(4) Paul Ruff 9
(2) Rowland Rufty 6
Harold Walsh 6
James Watson 5

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(5) James Chavis 9
(3) Reefer Cummings 9
(8) Filmore Oliver 9
(3) Early Oxendine 5
(2) Thomas Oxendine 6
(2) Curley Smith 7
(5) Hubert Short 8

---

## PERSONALITY

Personality is the sum total of our habitual acts, so integrated and organized as to give a reasonable continuity of prominence to the self.

Personality is not conferred but achieved. It is a product of an inherent capacity plus repeated acts which finally become habit or the typical self.

There is scientific basis for the concept of personality as an entity with some degree of inherent power of choice and self-determination. It is therefore possible to shape personality in any chosen direction. The home, the school, the church, teachers and friends may develop situations that can challenge responses out of which desirable habit-forms may come.

The familiar proverb may be restated to read, "Sow a thought, reap a act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a personality."—Epworth Herald.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

Ep 364


# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 27, 1938 No. 34


## HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men
Above the sordidness of life—
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.
Though many deeds that others do
Seem foolishness, and sinful, too,
Were I to take another's place
I could not fill it with such grace.
And who am I to criticise
What I perceive with my dull eyes?
I'll hold my candle high, and then,
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men.

—Grace Noll Crowell


—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| TEN YEARS' SERVICE AT THE ORPHANAGE | (The Orphans' Friend) | 10 |
| GERMAN YOUTHFUL DELINQUENCY CUT BY VOCATIONAL TRAINING | By Professor Meyer | 12 |
| DRUGS OF THE BIBLE | By Harden H. Holden | 17 |
| WEARERS OF THE ERMINE | By Dorothy Herbst | 19 |
| NO FOOTSTEPS BACKWARD | By Eva J. DeMarsh | 20 |
| MANGANESE | By Leonora Sill Ashton | 21 |
| THE HONOR ROLL | By Frances Becker | 22 |
| WHY NOT LOOK IT UP? | By Emma Gary Wallace | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## ACROSS THE STREET

Cross the street:
You never know
But what the beggar passing there
May be a King, with gifts to share—
Gifts to set your heart aglow.
You never know.

Cross the street:
You never know
But what the little child you see
May someday rich and famous be—
But now he's crying, and his need
Is for your help, so help. Indeed,
You never know
But what someday,
Lonely down some distant way,
Your child may tread a rocky road
And some kind friend may share his load.
You never know.

Cross the street:
You never know
But what the friend who's there today,
Tomorrow may have moved away—
Today's the day to do—
It's still your privilege to
Advance
For this may be your final chance—
Your soul, tonight, to God may go,
You never know!

—M. Hooe, in Sunshine Magazine.

## HEALTH CONSCIOUS

Dr Carl Reynolds, a member of the State Board of Health, took advantage of the opportunity when addressing an assembly of teach-

ers and told them to stress the value of hygiene, or the science of preserving health. In his address he suggested that there should be required of all school children previous to enrollment, a certificate of their physical condition similar to a life insurance examination, so that all children be immunized against communicable diseases before matriculation.

Dr. Reynolds realizes the necessity of making children health conscious. The schools are more crowded, and with this the duties of the teacher are greater, so it is impossible to give anything but mass instruction along with a little individual attention. Moreover, children come closer together in the class-room, and on busses, where there is danger of contagious diseases. So to have your child checked over before entering school is a stitch in time. You not only safeguard the health of your own child but the child of your neighbor.

A lot of responsibilty rests with the parents, but the teacher has enjoyed superior advantages compared to the majority of parents so in a way the teacher is a wonderful factor in spreading the gospel of good health. Few ever think that the child transmits to parents of meager advantages just the things learned in school. So the teacher in a way does more extensive work than in the school room. Her ability as a teacher and her standard of morale extends to millions of homes for generations.

* * * * * * *

## A VACATION IS A LIFE SAVER

There are few points of interest, relative to making conditions better, that escape the attention of the federal government. The many news items concerning wage earners are proof of the pudding, and naturally the public at large gets informed.

Lately, a general survey of wage earners has been made by Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, so as to have an estimate of how many of this class receive pay by law while on a much needed vacation. The number of wage earners in the United States is estimated to be 4,000,000 and of that number 800,000 according to law receive compensation during their holiday. We know a vacation is necessary if a business is operated successfully, and there are

few wage earners who are able to vacation if their salary is discontinued at that time.

The old adage "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is true. To run continuously in the same grooves in a business way, see the same people every day without a change of scene or any recreation is enough to make a laggard of any one. Recreation means what it says—recreate your enthusiasm, your vim, your optimism and determination to give better service in the future. Moreover, the change works for the good of the employee and employer. It brings about a better understanding between the two.

The United States government has not yet become cognizant of this phase of interest to the wage earner. The proposition is left to the discretion of state officials and the philanthrophy of managers of big business. But from a nation wide survey the information is that many countries by law give holidays with pay. These are Austria, Brazil, China, Denmark, Chechoslovakia, Finland, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Latavia, Lithuania, Luxenburg, Mexico, Panama, Roumania, Salvador, Spain, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland, Urguay, and Yugoslavia.

* * * * * * *

## INTEREST IN HUMANITY CONTINUES

The remark is often made that people of the world today are hard, selfish and greedy, thinking only of their personal affairs. But there are exceptions to all rules. Also, these expressions are made due to the fact we are not looking for the good and beneficent contributions to humanity.

For instance, in 1919, a crowd of civic-minded citizens of St. Louis, Missouri, held a meeting in an uncompleted and unused theatre, and devised plans to launch the St. Louis Municipal Theatre. And with that a new era of entertainment was created, and "alone in its greatness", the fame of this institution has spread throughout the world

There are ten thousand seats available every night. Of this number seventeen hundred are free, and during the season thirty thousand reserved seats are distributed to under privileged children.

The large stage 90 by 115 is flanked by two 70 feet oak trees making a background of sylvan beauty. The entire effect is a thing of beauty, giving to the underprivileged child something to thnk about

other than their home environments and hardships of life. Drudgery, bad sanitation, and a brawl from morning to night will not only give an inferiority complex, but inspire to crime to get some of the better things of life.

This Municipal Opera is managed under a charter which precludes any possible profit to those who sponsored the cause.

Another pleasing story is that of the two Rust brothers, John and Mack, who invented the cotton picker. They are trying to plan some way to have a foundation fund so as to put this machine on the market, and not have it exploited by big business concerns for a fortune.

These two men know the life of a cotton picker. They realize the meager wage for crawling day in and day out down the cotton rows in all kinds of weather to gather cotton. This machine will pick as much in one eight hour day as eighty men and women can pick in the same time.

They are thinking about how many people this machine will deprive of jobs. Eighty and one-half million people make a living in the South picking cotton. And they are our poorest people, living from hand to mouth.

These trained men in the school of hardest experience are not willing to exploit at the expense of the suffering. They can make millions, but refuse to take it. So they are trying to organize a Rust Foundation so as to distribute the wealth accumulated back to those deprived of a livelihood by the invention. This shows that all men are not greedy, but proves that few feel that an interest in humanity is worth more than an interest in big business. As long as such examples of humanity are held up before us there is little reason to be discouraged.

* * * * * * *

## A FINE EXAMPLE

Douglas Corrigan, the 31-year-old flying mechanic who hopped over the Atlantic in his $900 old plane, did an unusual thing when he refused a glass of "Irish whiskey" and took instead a glass of cool water. His refusal was not offensive in the least. In a most courteous manner to those who wished to do him honor, he said, "Thanks, I don't drink; give me a glass of water." The refusal was

the same as if sitting at a banquet table where a most delectable menu was being served. If there were something on the menu one did not like, why partake of the same because others did? And why should one do things because it is considered smart? Today there is little individuality. The masses are followers and not leaders. Reflected glory is a momentary thrill, but the man who thinks deliberately and wisely is the one who makes history worth recording.

* * * * * * *

## MAPS OF OLD

The Fact Digest carries a page on "Maps" of Middle Ages. The thought is that the maps of that period of history showed the location of Paradise on the earth. The heavenly kingdom had a position to agree with its importance—at the top of the map. To indicate its location the map usually bore a picture of Eden. Since that date of map-making, wars and rumors of wars have changed the typography of the entire nation, so it is difficult to find even the location of Paradise upon earth. After all Paradise is an indwelling of the spirit of the Master, so it is an individual affair, either inborn or to be cultivated.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

THE LITTLE THINGS

"A little bit of smiling
And a little sunny chat,
A little bit of courage
To a comrade slipping back;
It's not the biggest things that count
And make the biggest show,
It's the little things that people do,
That makes this old world go."

---

Many a housekeeper has learned that chain stores keep link sausage as well as butcher shops.

---

If people were as good as many of them think they are, this world would be a finer place in which to live.

---

Many a woman has been run down by a woman with an automobile. And many have been run down by one who never owned a car.

---

A lot of people take a great delight to visit the Orient, far away, when they can stay at home and see the Accident—if they own an automobile.

---

A Congresswoman asserts that "Women are just as important as men." I knew it all the time, but the women are continually looking about for the important man.

---

Of course I am in favor of sound money. Who isn't? I like to hear the jingle of dollars, halfs, quarters, dimes an even nickels. It will put any one on their metal.

---

Sooner or later the people of the world will understand the necessity of having some power, or group of powers, strong enough to enforce peace. The future progress of the world demands some combination in restraint of warfare. Intelligence insists that there must be law and order in the world and a penalty that will deter evil-doers.

---

The fellow who said there was nothing sure but death and taxes made a mistake. He should have included bill collectors. Now going in debt in the right sort of way, for the right sort of things, is a good idea as a rule. It helps a fellow to help himself and to use and enjoy the good things while paying for them a little at a time. A liberal use of common sense can make credit and installment buying a blessing instead of a nightmare. Strychnine, you know, is a tonic and stimulant and will help cure certain diseases, but it will kill a person awful quick when taken in the wrong size doses. Credit is that way, too. It can either kill or cure, just depends on how you use it.

---

What has become of that ancient boast of American freemen that their chief civic concern was to protect their right to a free and uncoerced ballot, and to see that that ballot was honestly counted? Boss Tweed was the mani-

pulator of things political in New York years ago. Boss Tweed has been a long time dead, but modern electioneering tricksters the country over—and some in North Carolina—have made vast improvement on the corrupt practices that were supposed to have been destroyed forever with his imprisonment and death. In contrast with present day excesses, Boss Tweed's methods were of piker quality. And the authorities either wink at or excuse his successors on the score that the offending is done by their own rascally partisans.

---

Recently I have visited around somewhat, among friends, in different parts of the state. Homes where the merry prattle of children are welcome music to a father's ear and the wife's bliss a crowning benediction of all. Homes where the table, with its snowy white cloth and many delicacies formed a picture of comfort in itself. Homes where the sunlight of happiness and cheer gladdened every nook and corner. Homes where the hand of kindness wove bright and lasting threads in the fabric of memory. What a strange power is memory! It compacts itself into everything; into a tasty, into an odor, into a color; and suddenly out of these as they touch our senses it leads forth its vivid panorama of the past, lovely or awful, sweet or sad. How needful that memory's hand be beautiful with holiness as she distills life's scenes into them all, that the beings that start out of them suddenly, uncontrolled by us, be angels that cheer, and not demons that mock. Our visits have been delightful ones. I've had kindly greets and words of cheer and encouragement. As the late beloved Henry Blount used to say, "Shafts like these are golden, and make the world brighter and sweeter."

---

## LAW OF COMPENSATION

All of us frequently hear men kicking because they are required to do tasks which are not included in their regular duties, tasks for which they think others are getting the credit.

This is a mistake.

Don't be afraid of anyone taking credit that belongs to you. In the first place they can't do it for long, and in the second place unearned credit is dangerous.

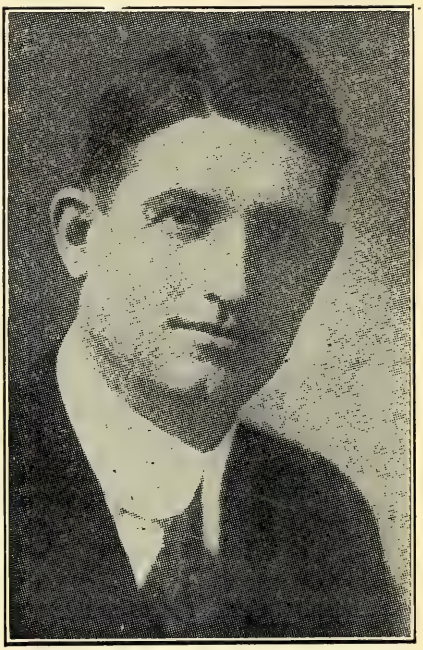
A man may win a promotion on the reputation for doing things which he can't do, but he won't hold the job very long. This is where you will come in and get both the job and the credit.

Always remember that there is a law of compensation which operates just as faithfully as gravitation, and that victory goes at last where it ought to, and that this is just as true of individuals as of nations.—Selected.

# TEN YEARS' SERVICE AT THE ORPHANAGE

**(The Orphans' Friend)**

Superintendent Creasy K. Proctor at the end of July 31st of this year, rounded out an even decade of service to the Oxford Orphanage, and with the beginning of August 1st initiates a new year. Many things have happened since that important August of 1928, both within and without the institution. The larger part of the ten years' service was rendered during a depression of unusual length and compass, followed by a repression, the tail of which is still in sight. These ten years have been fateful ones in the lives of every man, and the effects in the business world have been cataclysmic. From the vast opulence of the years behind 1928 the country fell into slimmer and slimmer and more uncertain days, yet the story of the Orphanage through the trying period has been one of progress. Problems there have been, with plenty of headaches in finance, but they have been taken in stride and squarely met.



**CREASY K. PROCTOR**
Superintendent Oxford Orphanage

The Superintendent of the Orphanage has held tenure under so wise and capable a Board of Directors that the institution has been piloted in lean times not only in a manner to be kept out of debt, but vast improvements have been made, which is a remarkable and almost incredible record.

In the last decade the Orphanage has been departmentalized. Every department is budgeted. The Superintendent is daily in position to see how things run along, and necessary improvements have been made to meet the exigencies of the times.

Great strides have been made in the handling, the care, the training, the feeding of the children. Workers are selected from the types of men and women particularly fitted to assume their several responsibilities. Diet, sanitation, psychology — everything bearing on child life—is under constant consideration.

Superintendent Proctor insists that

our children should have as good teachers, as good counsellors, as good contacts of all kinds, as the entrants into any college or hospital. The environment must be of the best, thinks he, and he sees to it that this be the case. His staff, as hereinbefore said, is handpicked. He delegates to them the authority necessary to do their jobs and he expects them to do them. The larger number of the workers who contact the children have had college training; some of them are graduates with post-graduate degrees..

Brother Proctor is practically on the job twenty-four a day, for he is always ready to spring to action the minute needed, no matter the hour of day or night. A hundred times a day he asks worker or student, "Everything going right?" The answer invariably is, "Yes, sir"; and the reply is "Good," accompanied by a smile. There are times when the even tenor of the way is broken by some unusual incident, but it is the rare exception that proves the rule. There is a working princple at the Orphanage that the best way to meet emergency is before it happens—then it does not happen. This is why the affairs of the Institution continuously run along in good order.

Brother Proctor not only knows every child by name and the place whence he or she came, he knows the boy or girl through personality of the child. Regularly pupils from youngest to oldest, are called into the Superintendent's office, not to be "bawled out" or "told", but for vis-a-vis talks about what the pupils think, what are his or her aspirations, what the problems, if any.

It has been said by some discerning person with respect to the methods of the late "Storney" Webb, of Tennessee, who performed prodigies with the child mind, that a log with Storney at one end of it and a boy at the other end, constituted the finest sort of school; the personal touch. Superintendent Protcor constantly studies the child both as an individual and as a member of a group and harmonizes these sometimes baffling relations. When necessary or desirable for the good of the child, he can make it open its heart to him like nobody's business. He not only keeps a friendly eye on the pupil here, but he also projects it into the woman-to-be or the man-to-be as a citizen; the welfare of the child and the weal of the State abide in his thought.

Brother Proctor credits workers and children as being "sharers" of the responsibility in sustaining an even flow of affairs. The word share is one of his most frequently used words. He rates all as co-workers in the real meaning of the term.

Everybody under the big oak is devoted to the Superintendent, and it is a happy and contented family he has about him as he enters a new and most auspicious decade of service. All for one, one for all, the Orphanage runs merrily along.

---

Life is an sorrow—therefore you must know what mark to aim at, how to use the bow; then draw it to the head, and let it go.—Henry Van Dyke.

# GERMAN YOUTHFUL DELINQUENCY CUT BY VOCATIONAL TRAINING

**By Professor Meyer, in Charlotte Observer**

The compulsory school attendance law requires that every child in Germany, who is physically and mentally capable, must complete eight grades of school which brings the youth to the 14th year. Then a decision is made either to go to a high school or enter some trade as an apprentice. There are two types of high schools, one industrial and the other preparory for the university.

At the 18th year the boy enters the Laba service for six months and this is followed by two years of compulsory military training which brings him to 20 and a half years of age. After this period he either goes back to his trade and enters as a worker or begins his university career.

In the case of the girl the Laba service, at the present time, is compulsory only for those who plan to go to a university and is voluntary for others. A general compulsory law for all girls is to be expected at any time. If she does not attend the university then her educational training may end at 14 and she can go into industrial high school or remain at home.

This article will describe two phases of the educational process which have to do with training in the industrial arts and which are not practiced in the United States. They are unique to us and hence interesting to survey—the first, the system of apprenticeship, training, and the second, the Laba service.

In view of Germany's position as a processing and exporting nation skilled workers have long been in demand. As a consequence vocational training of juvenile developed early and has progressed to a point beyond that reacher in most countries.

Since the present regime came into power this interest has been greatly increased under the demands of the Four Year Plan. If the plan is built on economic self-sufficiency then the total man power must be brought into economic value and hence the call becomes an urgent one for every boy and every girl to do a job and do it well.

At present there is a scarcity of skilled laborers. The question is no longer asked, "where may we find a job?" but the nation is asking, "where can we find enough skilled workers to do special jobs?" This condition has aided in renewed efforts along the lines of apprenticeship training.

Two other factors have helped to create the situation, namely compulsory laba and military service plus the trends toward easy careers in party organizations. In the case of the latter, the party, which is the government today, has extensive organizations along social, economic and political lines and is constantly increasing its power and influence. Many young men and women have been drawn into this field and hence given up the idea of ever becoming a skilled worker.

It has been necessary, therefore, for the government to take a definite stand to remedy this condition, not by eliminating the above men-

tioned forces, but by stimulating the vocational field and glorifying propaganda.

There are numerous ways in which the Reich is renewing vocational interest—through the frame work of vocational schools, the Bureau of Employment and Unemployment Insurance, and special activities within the Laba Front and Hitler Youth Organization.

The system of apprenticeship training however, is the most extensive and productive in the nation and is a highly developed, strictly regulated social and economic relationship undertaken by employers and young workers under party supervision.

Apprenticeship is one of the oldest and most important devises used in developing man power into training workmanship. It has come down through the ages, but with the gradual advance of educational methods has given way to the school and left the workshop. The system, however, was never completely abandoned in Germany and it was easy to take the foundation existing in 1933 and build upon it the vast program going on at the present time.

Today there are rigid laws based on experiences regarding: 1. obligations of employer to employes, 2. duties of both, 3. system of apprenticeship wages, and 4. a plan of time com pletion. These laws are applied to every field of work and meet the specialized conditions of each.

There are apprenticeships in every known art or work, from house service to the most highly skilled engineer. They are also to be found, but a limited degree, among the professions. The time period generally calls for from two to four years service before the individual is awarded the position of a master worker.

Let's take a few practical illusstations of the plan. The chauffeur who drove the car that we used to visit a number of youth hostels told us about his daughter who is seventeen years of age, and is an apprentice in a jewelry shop. There she does ordinary clerkship work and the length of service in this particular category is for three years. She goes to work as any other wage earner in the shop and her hours and regulations are similar. The pay is generally very small and in this case is about five dollars a month for the first six months and then there are gradual increases each half year until the amount reaches about twenty dollars a month. This meager sum is recompensed by the fact that the owner is giving the girl an opportunity to master a trade and the period is thought of as one of probation and trial.

Another illustration is of a hotel porter's son who is fifteen years of age and has entered an airplane factory. The factory takes on about a dozen apprentices each year and they continue work on this basis for three years. The hours are regulated and the pay is somewhat higher than in the case given above. Should the lad be unusually successful he may become a junior mechanic at the end of the apprenticeship period.

At the present time there is much need for workers in the rearmament trades, especially the iron and metal industries, building and allied trades. Every factory where more than ten men are employed is required to register and, according to the number of employes, the plant must accept a per cent of apprentices. If the

equipment is not available then a sum of money is paid to the government to pay the expenses of apprentices in this field at some industrial school. In this way every concern is called on to aid in the trading program and many private small businesses and households utilize the plan.

Each year the Laba Front, in cooperation with the Social Bureau of the Hitler Youth, puts on a nationwide series of industrial contests in every field of apprenticeships. The purpose is to encourage expertness in the performance of work and to raise standards of instruction given by the employers and teachers. Every boy and girl between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one who is an apprentice can enter the contest and there are special competitions for those in industrial schools.

The contests begin in the local area and are preliminary in nature. Winners then go to the districts and these winners in turn to the final national meet.

There are no entrance fees and all expenses of the participants are paid by the Laba Front and Hitler Youth organizations. The administration is in the hands of the Laba Front which selects boards of specially qualified persons such as vocational teachers, youth welfare workers, artisians, industrial employers and employes. These people conduct the examinations and act as judges on a voluntary basis. Uniform regulations are set down for grading the papers and conducting other procedures.

The activity consists of the performance of some job characteristic of the occupation. In addition to this the worker must respond to inquiries of a political and social nature and demonstrate ability in certain sports. A composition is also required relating to his field of interest. There are degrees of advancement and these fall into four categories of tests ranging form the simplest for beginners to expert levels.

This year the final contest was held in Hamburg and I attended it and witnessed the competitions for three days. There were about seven thousand district winners from nearly three million preliminiary participants. They were brought to the city for a week with all expenses paid and they came from all parts of the Reich and represented all types of population.

More than one thousand five hundred trades and professions were represented. Textile workers, miners, cooks chemists, bankers, barbers, house servants, druggists, farmers and every conceivable type of worker were present. There were many social events for the group and numerous party gatherings. At the opening session the crowd was estimated at close to 90,000.

The national winners are brought to Berlin each year and on May Day are presented to the Fuehrer. This constitutes the prize. Then they are honored at the May Day celebration sponsored by the party. This year the event was held in the Lust Garden and was in the nature of a folk festival and a "going away" party for the Fuehrer who was leaving the next day to visit Mussolini in Italy.

The night before was devoted to community singing on the part of the crowd of over eighty thousand and there were many special types of folk dancing by native groups

brought to Berlin for the occasion.

On May day the events started with a gigantic youth celebration in the Olympic Stadium in which more than 150,000 youths participated. Then at noon there was a Laba party demonstration in the Lust Garden with more than 90,000 present. Throughout the day band concerts were given and at night a huge torch light parade was held with the number in the line of march estimated to be over fifty thousand. Similar festival occasions took place on a much smaller scale in practically every community of Germany.

An interesting feature of the contests lies in the fact that from the preliminary meet to the final event demonstrations are given showing the general and specific mistakes made by the contestants and then a follow-up demonstration how it should and can be done. This appeared to be a most constructive procedure and was very stimutating to observe.

The Reich is definitely aiming to meet the demands for skilled workers and there are other programs functioning along this line. Together it is believed that many good results will follow and that the future will be marked with a rise in vocational satisfaction on the part of the citizenship in general.

Every able bodied male youth in Germany enters the Laba Service when he becomes eighteen years of age. The service is compulsory and for a period of six months duration. It precedes the compulsory military training period of two years.

The general objectives were given as four in number: 1. to teach every man how to do some type of manual labor and to dignify work; 2. the relief and abolition of unemployment; 3. opportunity to spread the National Socialist doctrines; and 4. physical improvement of the nation's citizens.

The young men are brought together from all parts of the Reich and placed in camps. There are thousands of the camps dotted throughout the whole nation. They come from every walk of life and one real emphasis is to break down class lines.

We visited a number of the locations outlying Berlin. Here the work was mainly on two projects—reforestation and irrigation. The effort is to promote types of manual labor in healthy rural surroundings which in turn are most profitable for the nation and its people.

In 1932 the Service achieved more than 26,500,000 days of work while last year (1937) it achieved more than 90,000,000 days with an average of over 350,000 men. The work consists mainly of four types—amelioration of land, road building and improvement, forestry work and settlement work. It is claimed by leadership, that they have enough work ahead to use an average of 500,000 men for twenty years and this is the basis of the future program.

The camps are of the temporary type for they must be moved from year to year as projects are completed. The living quarters are of army type and the camp is organized and administered in army fashion. The men do their own housekeepng and the day begins early with duties throughout most of the time. Little stress is given to physical recreation as such. Three hours a week are allotted for

gymnastics and sports of various kinds and five hours for simple military drills and maneuvers.

These camps are doing an enormous job for the nation. The work cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

At the present time the Service is not compulsory for all young women. Those girls who are seventeen years of age and plan to enter a university are compelled to do Laba Service for twenty-six weeks. Others may enter on a voluntary basis, but this is not encouraged at the present time, due to a lack of housing facilities and finances. It is expected that within a few years there will be a nation-wide system for all young women between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five.

It is very natural to ask the question why this Service is compulsory only for the university girl. Leadership states that it has been done to educate the girl for her future duties as housewife and mother and to have the girl from the upper strata of society know how the other half lives.

The girls are concentrated in groups of twenty to forty in a building erected in some well populated rural area. Here they have home headquarters and go out each day to give six hours of work to some neighboring farmer or peasant. The work is generally along three lines: household economics, social welfare and rural work.

While in headquarters they keep house and have some free time. Periods are devoted to a study of National Socialism and there are specific hours for physical education and instruction in the household arts.

As far as I could observe there appears to be satisfaction with this procedure on the part of those young ladies. They are more or less wedded to the philosophy and therefore find the program to their liking.

There are many fine points in this Laba Service program and statistics are overwhelming in illustrating its worth.

These two forces in the vocational life of youth can do much to promote a national spirit of planned economy and social life. The forces are indelibly tied in and closely allied with the whole scheme of totalitarian statecraft and is set in the pattern of creating this type of personality.

Youth is busy and there is little time for delinquency. The juvenile court and its sphere of interest is at a minimum today. Youth is working, is being moulded into a healthy physical frame and has a job ahead to be done. There can be little objection to either project. There can be much of constructive value to be gained for individual growth and social welfare.

---

Those slanderers who carry about and who listen to accusations, should be hanged, if so it could be my decision—the carriers by their tongues and the listeners by their ears.—Plantus.

# DRUGS OF THE BIBLE

By Harlen H. Holden

### Flax

In the Book of Exodus we come across the mention of this important drug. Flax is a plant that has been cultivated from the very earliest periods of the world's history and was especially prized by the Egyptians. It is an annual, with slender stalks, two to three feet high, bearing showy blue flowers. Its stalks produce strong fibers from which linen is made, while its seeds are used in medicine and for the production of linseed oil.

The manufacture of linen is an extremely ancient art, one in which the Egyptians attained an unusual proficiency. For them, linen weaving was a profitable industry, providing occupation for a large number of persons. Judging from the representations that have been preserved on the walls of the tombs and temples, the weaving implements were comparatively crude, but cloth of a very fine quality was produced with them. So delicate were certain fabrics that they were decribed as "woven air" and formed a large part of their export trade to Arabia and India.

Linen garments were to be desired above all others. In a hot climate such as Egypt's, they were fresh, cool, comfortable, and had a tendency to keep the body clean. Although the poor people often wore cotton or wool, linen was the fabric chosen for the garments of the wealthy and the robes of the priests. Great quantities were also employed in wrapping the mummies of the dead. Wool was never used for this purpose because of a belief that it tended to breed worms which would destroy the body. Bandages one thousand yards long were sometimes used.

During their exile in Egypt, the care of large fields of flax, as well as wheat and barley, became the principal occupation of the Israelites. The straw was used as a fuel for heating the brick kilns, the tending of which was also a task of these slaves. These menial chores so irked the Israelites that they finally broke their bonds under the leadership of Moses and Aaron and escaped to Palestine.

Though the Israelites hated cultivating flax for the Egyptians, they evidently did not mind cultivating it for themselves, for soon large fields of blue were seen waving in Palestine. Egypt had left her influence. Linen was the chief fabric in the furnishings of the tabernacle and the proper material for the robes of the priests. While the fields were cultivated by the men, the weaving was largely the work of the women of the household.

Flaxseed is a small brown seed, mucilagious, oily, and slightly sweet to the taste. It is sometimes chewed for its laxative and lubricant qualities. Linseed oil, made from the pressed seed, is often given to livestock as a laxative but the dose is too large for human consumption. The ground flaxseed is perhaps the most familiar to us today as it is frequently used as a poultice to draw out inflammation.

### Almond

In the Book of Exodus we read of the Israelites' escape from bondage, and here Aaron's rod plays an import-

ant role. A great many sermons have been preached from the texts which cite the wonderful miracles wrought by Aaron before the great Pharaoh of Egypt. When Aaron lifted up his rod he brought forth pestilences to frighten and harass the monarch into freeing them. Pharaoh was finally forced to agree and the Hebrew people began their long march across the wilderness.

The rod which Aaron carried was a branch of the almond tree. This we learn in the Book of Numbers where it says, "And it came to pass, that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness; and behold, the rod of Aaron was budded, and brought forth blossoms, and yielded almonds."

The Hebrew word for almond is luz, which means "to hasten." It was so called since it was a forerunner of spring. It is one of the first trees to blossom (January or February) in Palestine. The blossoms appear even before the leaves, and so for these several reasons the almond has always been an emblem of the divine forwardness in bringing God's promise to pass.

There are two kinds of almond the bitter and the sweet. They look alike, but the sweet almond has a pink floower while the bitter has a white flower. The blossoms are beautiful and as Beverly Nichols in his book, "No Place Like Home," says, "They had a lyric beauty as they foamed and sparkled against the arid rock-like fountains. Were they pink or silver? It was impossible to say. When one is close to them," he continues, "they seem not only beautiful but of rare kindliness. The petals compose themselves into a smile of the most ingenuous gaiety and good nature." As there are no leaves on the branches when it blossoms, the whole tree appears as a mass of white. Soon after blossoming, the delicate petals begin to fall in soft, snowy showers on the ground under the trees and their place is taken by the young fruit; and at the same time, the young leaves begin to open.

The fruit resembles a peach, but is rather tough and pulpy, and therefore inedible. When ripe, the fruit cracks open, exposing the nut. The nut of the sweet almond is edible and has always been a favorite luxury of the Orientals, while that of the bitter almond poisonous. Strangely enough, however, it is the bitter or poisonous almond that is used to prepare the almond extract that we use for flavoring delicious cakes, puddings, and candies. The quantity of bitter almond oil present in the extract, however, is so slight as not to constitute a poisonous dose.

For medicinal purpose an oil is extracted from the nut of the sweet almond and is used externally as a soothing application to the skin and internally as the vehicle of other drugs and compounds.

On festival days the Jews still carry their rods of almond with them to the synagogue.

---

Let thy heart be without words rather than thy words without heart.—Bunyan.

# WEARERS OF THE ERMINE

**By Dorothy Herbst**

During medieval times only royal persons were permitted to wear ermine. When increase of population made it necessary for rulers of growing nations to establish a uniform justice by the appointment of circuit judges who represented the King, the relationship between the King and the judge was evinced by the use of ermine for the lining of judicial robes. Since this fur was also regarded as a symbol of purity, it furnished a satisfying token of that integrity which must forever be associated with the faithful administration of justice. For this reason, the fur has remained in use as a symbol of judicial authority, as well as of majesty. So, when we speak of the ermine, we may be thinking of a King, of a learned judge, —or only of a weasel.

The weasel has the distinction of being the first wearer of this beautiful fur. He is the favorite child for which Mother Nature provides this loveliest of winter coats.

The ermine-bearing weasel was first taken in the tundra of Northern Russia and Siberia. There, on the treeless plains that are covered with deep snow throughout many months of the year, a white coat offered the one form of winter protection from enemies that a small animal could make use of. After the New World was discovered, a further supply of ermine was found in Northern Canada where a similar environment had produced a similar animal possessing the same power to change its color with the coming of snow.

If the familiar black-footed ferret, with his reputation as a chicken-thief, is the only American weasel of your acquaintance, you will be interested to know that our own Rocky Mountain states boast at least three species of weasel which bear the white badge of majesty and purity throughout the long winter of high altitudes.

These three have slender, graceful bodies, varying between ten and sixteen inches in length, and are just as adept as their less beautiful relations at squeezing through any tiny hole the mountain farmer may have overlooked. Besides the stolen chickens, they eat mice, chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits and prairie dogs. They do not hesitate to attack animals almost as large as themselves. Perhaps, the advantage given by protective coloration has developed this striking courage. In summer the fur is a lovely mahogany-brown color, but when winter comes they grow new coats—white except for the dashing black tail-tip characteristic of ermine.

With all his faults, the weasel is considered beneficial to man and is welcome in the mountain parks the people of the United States have provided as a refuge for their animal friends, as well as for themselves. Here you may make his acquaintance if you have the patience to seek him. But unless you go on snow-shoes in winter, you are not likely to catch him wearing the precious mantle of royalty.

# NO FOOTSTEPS BACKWARD

**By Eva J. DeMarsh**

"I'll type it again." Eagerly Norma reached for the offending manuscript.

"No!" shortly and decisively.

Surprised and chagrined, the girl drew back.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hall," went on Mr. Fargo, "but we have no time for doing things over again." And, at his words, Norma realized with regret that her days with the Fargo Engineering Company were numbered. Ruefully she turned.

"I shall be glad to recommend you —on general principles," said Mr. Fargo, not undinkly. After all, the girl had her good points and might make good elsewhere.

Alone in her room, Norma fought things out. She was hasty and careless, and she was inclined to "go off at half-cock," as a former employer had phrased a previous reprimand. That, however, was because she was nervous and overly anxious to please. Speed! The necessity of that had been drilled into her at business college. Speed, however, was not all.

Norma secured another position—one with a busy young lawyer—and for a time, she remembered her late employer's words. Carefully she hought things out beforehand, and with care she prepared all papers. There came a day, however, When Mrs. Owen, who had charge of office detail, was absent and to Norma fell the unwanted task of clearing a desk full of work on her own initiative. At first she got along beautifully. Then as she became weary and Mr. Markham urged greater haste, old habits reasserted themselves and she made a mess of what she was doing.

"How do you suppose I'm ever going to make anything of that?" inquired Mr. Markham, holding up an especially muddled paper.

Norma flushed. "I—I'm sorry, Mr. Markham," she faltered. "I'll stay in from lunch and do it again."

"Nothing doing," snapped Mr. Markham. "Put on your hat and ask Miss Allen to step over. You may dictate to her from your notes—straight, mind you."

Norma's new assistant proved more than capable, and, in due season, the papers were finished. Somewhat timidly, yet with confidence, Norma took them to her employer.

"Fine," said Mr. Markham. "But you don't know how near you came to losing your job," he added. "I see, however, that, after all, you have brains and judgment, so I'm going to give you one more chance. Mrs. Owens does not expect to return. I have decided to try you in her stead, while, Miss Allen takes up the duties to which you have been accustomed. Mind, however, there must be no footsteps backward. Pretty good advice and that none to long, so why repeat? that," he added, turning to Miss Hall. "We have but one life to live We may not relive our lives, but we may, however, retrieve our errors and see to it that others profit by our mistake. Onward and upward! The only worth while course to pursue. Even our world, you know, neither stands still nor retraces its steps." And with a nod, Mr. Markham was gone.

# MANGANESE

**By Leonora Sill Ashton**

The metal manganese is like certain people, who, though very quiet, take an important part in the affairs of the world. While great results depend upon its use in various quarters, very few outside of the circle of scientific experimenters know much about it.

The name manganese is taken from the Latin word "magnes," meaning a magnet. The metal is of a grayish-white color, with a reddish tinge. It is not magnetic as its name would signify, but it rusts like iron. The ore is found in many minerals, only rarely in its pure state. When discovered in this last fashion, manganese is soft. When, as is generally the case, it is found in connection with other ores, it is hard and brittle.

Manganese has been in use in small quantities since the time of the ancient Egyptians who used it in the making of glass. It has been put to the same purpose in later ages in the making of glass and of paints. Large amounts of it for our present day world were not produced until the last half of the nineteenth century.

Today a large portion of the world consumption of manganese, ninety-two per cent we are told, takes place in the manufacture of steel. From razors to locomotives manganese must enter every object formed of this substance. It is essential to steel formations, because the addition of it in considerable quantities into smelting steel disperses all air bubbles and blow holes, and so builds up the resistance of the steel, making it less porous than it otherwise would be, and increasing its hardness and strength.

As someone has expressed it, manganese gives to steel the ability to "take it."

This metal is put to other uses in a smaller way. It is included in the formulas for making iodine and chlorine. It is used in leather and photographic developers. Its salts are necessary ingredients in the manufacture of certain disinfectants and sterilizing agents.

"Permagnates," as manganese salts are called, are important for lumber preservation and for the bleaching of different textiles and fabrics.

Last, but by no means least, manganese dioxide is used in dry cell electric batteries, which make possible many of the electrical conveniences of everyday life.

Not long ago a scientist, writing on this subject said that many an explorer and many a resident on remote farms far from transmission lines, could thank the presence of manganese in dry cells for such luxuries as flashlights and radio reception.

It is impossible to ascertain how much manganese is available in the world today, for relatively few of the countries of the world have actively exploited their native supplies.

Twenty states in the Union report that they have deposits of manganese within their borders. Within the last two years, fourteen of these states have produced the metal from mines. The five leading states in this list are Montana, Virginia, Arkansas, Minnesota, and Michigan.

Production of managanese ore is so small in this country, however, compared to the demand for it in our great steel industries, that we are obliged to depend upon other countries for our supply. The United States imports almost thirteen times as much of this uncommon ore as she produces.

---

Circumstances are the nails on which the weak hang their failures, and with which the strong build their success.

---

# THE HONOR ROLL

**By Frances Becker**

All yesterday afternoon the sky had been saddening with the gathering storm. Now in the early morning the sun glowed dully with malignant smoldering behind a bank of clouds, and the first thin wavering flakes of snow were already drifting through the hushed air.

Jim settled his chin a little deeper into the scant comfort of the cotton collar on his denim jacket, and thrust his bare, red—and not too clean—hands into the overalls' pockets for warmth. He walked briskly up the first half of the ascent from the narrow fertile river valley to the level mesa. The road was wide here, and well graded; but presently it gave place to the old road, which was narrow, steep, and deep with gravel. So far had the fitful energy and determination of Jim's father carried him in last summer's resolution to build a road "out" that could be traversed by cars. Then he might hope to go back and forth with something more time-saving than the team of scraggy ponies and the rickety buckboard, though how he would ever manage to buy a car, he hadn't planned. The Dale family was poor with the poverty of misspent effort and discouraged shiftlessness.

When he reached the flat sweep of the gray prairie, Jim hunched his shoulders against the storm and faced resolutely the long two-mile walk to school. He stumbled over salt bumps that his poor short-sighted eyes could not see, or perhaps did not se beecause they were looking in anticipation of that bit of blackboard on the south wall of the schoolroom which had been reserved for an elaborate and carefully drawned roll of honor. His name would go on there first—alphabetically—and he could choose his own color of chalk! He meant to ask for yellow, the brightest, cheeriest gold in the box.

A keen little wind pierced his thin garments with chill touch, but he did not turn back, as last year he would have done, to the old log ranch house where two stoves always glowed with warmth from the fuel that he himself cut. Had she not said, his adored "teacher," that, if you wish to form a habit deeply and securely, you must never let an exception occur till that

habit is such a part of your life that you do it without thinking? Who would have believed that any of the Dale children would get into the habit of going to school regularly, and of being on time, too. They were the despair of all previous teachers at District 5, those dull, unkempt, irresponsible Dale children. Yet only yesterday 'teacher" had said to him with her charming smile, "Just one more morning, boy, and then you will have been present and on time every day for a whole month, and your name will be on the honor roll! You won't let anything happen to make you late tomorrow, will you?"

His mother had scolded this morning. and fretted because he would not stay home, as the children were used to doing in winter, but went on stubbornly and insufficiently clad, into the first storm of the bitter Wyoming winter. But Jennie had had to give in to her mother's wishes, and was huddled in the corner behind the kitchen stove sobbing disconsolately. She, too, was charmed by that fine young girl who had come recently to teach the children of these ranch dwellers. She, too, was to have had her name on the honor roll this last day of the month. But Jennie had no warm coat, and no mittens, and her shoe soles were ready to break through. The mother's protective instinct had warned her to keep the frail little girl at home.

Jim, with is head bent to the storm, had plodded about half the way over the bleak mesa. He could not see the little white box of a school house, for the snow had thickened about him till it dimmed the day. From a distance he could hear the voices of the school-bound children, their shouts rising unnaturally loud in the quiet air.

Several times Jim looked behind him, peering into the swirling gloom with his weak eyes. It seemed he heard something,—but he could see nothing, till presently she overtook him,—little Jennie, panting and sobbing that he should wait for her. Querulous, fussy Jennie reminded one of a half-starved sparrow; but she and Jim were comrades, bound by the strong bond of common ambition and a common resolution. They had with only a vague understanding formed a partnership to carry out the first maxim that "teacher" had explained to them was necessary in forming a new habit: to launch themselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible. They had encouraged each other in the resolve to attend school regularly and punctually . Certainly someone in the Dale family needed strength of character, and it was a real inspiration that prompted the new teacher to explain to the children how habits are formed and how important they are.

Jim was glad to see his sister, for he was not selfish. Then dismaying realizations swept over him. "I just sneaked out and came anyway," Jennie panted.

"Doesn't mother know?" Jennie shook her head and tied a little tighted the old-fashioned "fascinator" that framed her thin face. (This all happened some years ago, and if you don't know what that particular headdress is like, ask your mother if she ever saw one.)

Jim knew what he'd have to do. All his foundation for the habit of being punctual and reliable might fall away, as when you have carefully wound up a ball of string, and then drop it, and it becomes loose and tangled, and harder to fix then ever. Mayber, he thought

sadly, he would never get so near the shining goal again.

He drew from under his jacket the tattered 'rithmetic and the reader that he and Jennie used together, and gave them to her with the command to get to school as fast as her feet would move. Then he took the backward track as fast as his own legs would carry him. He must tell his mother where Jennie was. She would be frightened at her absence, and she could not leave the baby and the other small children to walk out searching in the storm. His father was away on another of his fruitless trading ventures.

The mother was relieved to know what had become of Jennie, and yet threatened to spank her for disobedience, so Jim had to spend precious minutes in the warm old kitchen, explaining and wheedling and begging off for his sister. In the end he won, and she let him go again. Once she called him back to complain that Jennie had no lunch.

"She can have mine," he said briefly. It wasn't much of a lunch at that.

He ran much as he could on the way back. The last half mile it seemed that his lungs were starved for air, and his tongue licked greedily at the stinging snow flakes that were sweet on his lips. Perhaps he could make it before nine o'clock.

But he didn't make it. When he opened the school room door he heard Jennie's triumphant shrill voice making first choice of yellow, the brightest, cheeriest gold in the box.

He sank into his seat, hot with violent exercise and with the shame of having failed "teacher" when she had asked him especially.

But "teacher" had an understanding heart and considerable wisdom. She closed the morning exercise with another little talk about the psychology of habit, using as a text: "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitors exercise every day." That is, try every day to do some kind thing that you do not have to do, so that when the time of dire need comes you may meet it with strength and endurance.

She meant it for Jim personally, and encouraged him, and told him that though he had failed at an important time in forming his habit of being punctual, by his very self-denial and his power of will he was helping to lay for himself the foundations of a house upon the rock.

The boy got out his slate and began happily and with much squeaking of pencil and straining of eyes to inscribe upon it his 'rithmetic problems.

Don't you wonder if Jim got his name on the honor roll for attendance the next month?

---

A fellow who is always waiting to take advantage of an opportunity is really waiting to carry a sob story to a good-natured friend.—Exchange.

# WHY NOT LOOK IT UP?

**By Emma Gary Wallace**

We often hear something spoken of or see something referred to in our reading about which we are not quite sure. It may not be possible at the moment to stop and look up that which is not clear to us, but we can keep it in mind or make a note of it and at our earliest convenience follow the facts to their source.

The practice comes to be a habit and aids us greatly in accumulating a fund of exact information.

A group of young people, both boys and girls, friends of Margery Dean, were assembled in her home for a pleasant evening. Some neighbors came in and were welcomed by Margery's father and mother. So the number present was made up of younger and older folk.

One of the boys took a small book out of his pocket and gaily inquired: "Who wants to play school? I'll be the teacher and ask the questions."

As everyone seemed agreeable, Ted started. The answers were in the back of the book, so that any doubtful point could be cleared up at once. in three minutes everyone was intensely interested, for Ted was asking questions which everyone ought to know.

The questions were so worded as to permit of brief and simple answers as, "Who said, 'I came, I saw, I conquered'?" "Who was the author of 'On the Road to Mandalay'?" "Who wrote, and in what poem occur the words, 'What is so rare as a day in June'?" "Who launched more than two thousand ships?" And many others.

It was immediately noticable that some were able to answer almost every question correctly and promptly, while others sat silent, looking bewildered.

Sally hadn't answered a single question as yet. When the query was put, "What public building in New York City is guarded by lions?" someanswered, "The public library," and at last Sally burst out eagerly, "My daddy saw those lions fed when he was in New York!" Sally couldn't understand why everyone was so amused.

The conversation became animated. Five people present had been abroad. Three of them had been around the world, and interesting reminiscences of information were forthcoming.

Margery went to a bookcase and brought out several books which showed splendid illustrations of places that were mentioned in the questions, places which she had seen—Westminster Abbey, the Taj Mahal, and other famous places.

When Margery finished school, she was surprised to be asked to interview the proprietor of the finest bookstore in the city. This gentlemen happened to be a guest in Margery's home on the exening mentioned above. His purpose in sending for her was to offer her a fine position in his organization.

"I learned something about you that evening," he remarked pleasantly. "which I have not forgotten. In reality, I have been waiting for you to finish school and hoping you would like to come into this position I am going to offer you.

"I learned that night that you have been using your mind intelligently,

evidently since childhood, and that you have accumulated facts which you can recall at will. When you were fortunate enough to be able to travel as you did with your aunt and uncle, you saw the worth-while and outstanding things around you. I should like you to come into our book department with the idea of later being placed in charge of it."

Margery's face was shining.

"Oh,I'd just love to do it," she returned, "if you think I can—and I'll do my best."

Later it was Sally who said: "Well, of all things! Margery is the luckiest girl I ever saw—just out of school and she has tumbled right into a marvelous position! She didn't even apply for it. Mr. Faulkner, proprietor of the business, sent for her. I can't imagine anything like that happening to me!"

Why not make it a point to be informed?

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. W. E. Long, of McEwen, Tennessee, who represents the Simpson Nursery Company, Monticello, Florida, spent last Monday morning at the School, during which time he visited the various departments. He seemed very much pleased with the School and its work.

Messrs. R. H. Barringer, of Mount Pleasant and E. M. Sloan, of Concord, members of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the School last Monday. They were escorted through the several departments by Superintendent Boger, thus giving them an opportunity to see the manner in which the work is being carried on here.

Dr. L. E. Buie, of the dental department of the State Board of Health, is making his annual visit to the School. He set up his office in the school building last Monday morning for the last time, for by the time another year rolls around he will be located in the new infirmary now under construction. Most boys dread going to a dentist, but it's different when the genial "Doc" Buie is on the job, for during the several years he has been conducting clinics at the School, he has become a prime favorite with our lads and has made many friends among the members of the staff of workers.

The most recent addition to the School's farming equipment is a new Farmall tractor, with mowing machine attachment, purchased a few days ago, and it has been kept busy cutting our lespedeza crop. With this addition to the mowing implements already on hand, it is hoped that we may be able to gather this fine crop of hay before it is damaged by adverse weather conditions.

The motion picture attraction in the School auditorium last Thursday night was a Metro-Goldwyn production, "Our Relations", together with a short comedy. This regular weekly feature adds much to the boys' pleasure, and we are very grateful to our

friends among the distributing agencies in Charlotte for making it possible for the youngsters to enjoy these programs.

---

The following boys were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon: Charles Cole, of Cottage No. 1; W J. Wilson, of Cottage No. 2; Bobby Bryson, of Cottage No. 6; Jesse Overby and Theodore Rector, of Cottage No. 11; Carl Moose, of Cottage No. 13. The lads were taken to the Gastonia institution for observation, having been previously treated there during the past few months.

---

We are again indebted to our good friends in Kannapolis for a fine musical program. Instead of the regular session of our Sunday school last Sunday morning, it was our happy privilege to listen to a most delightful program, rendered by the Kannapolis Junior Concert Band. This splendid organization, under the very capable leadership of Phil Separk, is one of the best junior musical groups in this section of the state. For a little more than an hour our boys were thrilled with a fine program consisting of stirring marches, difficult overtures and popular and novelty numbers. There are about forty members of the band, and the fine manner in which they rendered the various selections speaks well for the musical ability of each individual member and also reflects much credit on Mr. Separk, the director. The program was as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| March | "Cabarrus" | Janie P. Wagoner |
| Overture | "Calif of Bagdad" | Boreldieu |
| Waltz | "Will You Remember?" | Romberg |
| Novelty | "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" | Yoder |
| Operatic Selection | Minuet in E Flat | Mozart |
| Novelty | "London Suite" | Vail |
| Serenade | "La Paloma" | Yadier |
| Overture | "Witch of Endor" | Hildreth |
| March | "Shennandoah" | Galdman |

We were more than delighted to have this fine band appear on our stage, and wish to take this opportunity to express the gratitude of both boys and officials of the School for this musical treat, and assure them at the same time of a most cordial welcome whenever they find it convenient to visit us again.

---

Hayes Creary, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who has been away from the School since 1932, called on us last Monday. He has recently completed a four years' period of enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, two and one-half years of which was spent in foreign service. For the past eighteen months the unit to which he belonged was stationed in Shanghai, China. Hayes has been in direct touch with the Chino-Jap war now in progress, having been quartered at the International Settlement in Shanghai, and told of many interesting experiences as Uncle Sam's "devil dogs" watched these two forces fight it out.

This young man was quite proud of his honorable discharge from the service, and well he might be, for in giv- an account of splendid service, it stated that he was a young man of excellent character, the most priceless of all human possessions.

Hayes is a well-developed young man, and has a good bearing and fine personality, and his many friends here were glad to see him. At present he feels that he will try to locate employment in the States rather than re-enlist in the Marines. He is now

spending some time with relatives in Kinston.

---

The Sunday School at this institution is one of the features of the training the boys receive here, and we are passing on to our readers the following line of instruction on "Being Loyal," as carried on in one of our primary grades during the past quarter:

We have been learning in our Sunday School class how to be loyal. Some characters in the Bible have taught us that. Those characters are: Mary, Joshua, and Caleb.

Mary teaches us how to be loyal by giving the best we have. Mary had sweet smelling ointment that cost three hundred pence. She could have sold it and given the money to the poor. She could have kept it for herself, because it was the best she had. But she gave it to Christ, because she loved Him better than her own self. We can give Jesus our lives—the best that we have.

Joshua became a leader after Moses died, and led his people to the promised land. After they got there Joshua was afraid his people would be like the enemies and worshop idols. Therefore, he called them all together, and asked them who they were going to serve. Joshua said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." His people then promised to worship and serve God, too, because they remembered how God had helped them in the wilderness. Joshua was loyal because he chose to serve the Lord and led his people to serve and worship the Lord, too.

Another way we can be loyal is by depending on God. Caleb did that very thing. He depended on God when he was trying to take the land that Moses and God had promised should be his. Caleb was eighty-five years old. Uusually people that old are feeble, but at that age Caleb asked Joshua to let him fight for the land that had been promised him. He said he knew he could take it with God's help. As a result of Caleb's faith in God, he won the land from his enemies. If we should do our best and then ask and depend on God to do what we can not do, our efforts would more often be successful.

So, to be loyal to God, we must give the best we have to Christ; and serve and worship God and lead others to serve and worship God, too; and last of all, we must depend on God to do what we can not do.

To be loyal to any cause we should give our best to a well chosen, worthwhile cause, and then depend on God to help us make that cause successful.

---

## ROMANTIC

While boating on the bay at midnight,
I saw the ocean's arm
Steal gently round a neck of land
To keep its shoulder warm.
This made me jealous as could be,
It really made me sore;
And so I paddled toward the land,
And closely hugged the shore.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

Week Ending August 21, 1938

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Carrol Clark 2
(2) Clifton Davis 2
(7) Ivey Eller 11
(12) Clyde Gray 12
(7) Gilbert Hogan 11
(12) Leon Hollifield 12
(12) Edward Johnson 12
(2) James Kissiah 2
(3) Edward Lucas 11
(3) Mack Setzer 11
(7) C. L. Snuggs 7

### COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Rex Allred 4
(10) Virgil Baugess 11
(3) Henry Cowan 10
(3) Carroll Dodd 4
Edgar Harrellson
Vernon Johnson 4
(4) Blanchard Moore 8
Reece Reynolds 4
(2) Howard Roberts 8

### COTTAGE No. 2

Arthur Craft 4
William Downes
Julius Green 7
Nick Rochester 10

### COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 5
James Boone
(2) Coolidge Green 4
(2) William McRary 9
F. E. Mickle 5
James Mast 9
Douglas Matthews 5
George Shaver 5
William T. Smith 4
(4) John Robertson 7

### COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Shelton Anderson 5
Wesley Beaver 4
William Cherry 8
(2) Lewis Donaldson 7
James Hancock 7
John King 5
(2) Hubert McCoy 6
(3) Lloyd Pettus 8
William Surratt 7
Melvin Walters 8
(2) Rollin Wells 8
(6) James Wilhite 9
(6) Cecil Wilson 8

### COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Grady Allen 7
Theodore Bowles
William Brothers 6
J. C. Branton 4
Lindsey Dunn
J. C Ennis 2
Monroe Flinchum
(2) Grover Gibby 2
(2) Burman Holland 2
Donald Holland 4
Robert Jordan 3
William Kirksey 3
Paul Lewallan 2
McCree Mabe
(2) Joseph Mobley 3
(12) Jack McRary 12
James Page 2
(4) Richard Palmer 7
(5) Winford Rollins 8
Eugene Smith
Richard Singletary 3
(2) Elmer Talbert 2
Fred Tolbert
Hubert Walker 2
(2) Ned Waldrop 4
(12) Dewey Ware 12
(3) Ralph Webb 6
(2) Marvin Wilkins 3
(5) George Wright 5

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 9
(3) Robert Dunning 8
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 3
(2) Clinton Keen 6

(2) Randall D. Peeler 4
George Wilhite 11

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(3) William Beach 7
(4) Cleasper Beasley 11
(4) Carl Breece 11
(7) Archie Castlebury 10
(7) William Estes 11
Blaine Griffin 6
(6) George Green 9
(12) Caleb Hill 12
Raymond Hughes 2
(2) Hugh Johnson 10
(2) Elmer Maples 6
(2) Edmund Moore 8
(4) Marshall Pace 6
(4) J. D. Powell 9
(2) Earthy Strickland 8
William Tester 5
Joseph Wheeler 3
(12) William Young 12

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Edward McCain 4
John Penninger 3
(2) John Tolbert 10
Charles Taylor 9
(2) Charles Webb 2

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood 4
(4) William Brackett 7
(2) Edgar Burnett 7
Clifton Butler 9
(2) Roy Butner 2
(4) James Coleman 10
(3) Henry Coward 5
(4) George Duncan 8
(4) Woodfin Fowler 10
Wilbur Hardin 3
Osper Howell
Mark Jones 7
(3) Eugene Presnell 9
(2) Earl Stamey 7
(4) Cleveland Suggs 7
Luther Wilson 6

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Baxter Foster 8
(7) Lawrence Guffey 10
(2) Earl Hildreth 5
Edward Murray 3
Thomas Shaw 10
(2) Julius Stevens 11
John Uptegrove 10

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Burl Allen 4
(2) James Elders 8
(2) Joseph Hall 7
(4) Franklin Hensley 8
(2) Richard Honeycutt 7
(2) Alexander King 9
(2) Thomas Knight 10
(3) Clarence Mayton 6
(4) James Reavis 9
(2) Carl Singletary 9
Leonard Watson 5
(2) Leonard Wood 9
(8) Ross Young 8

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Norman Brogden 8
(2) Issac Hendren 9
(9) Bruce Kersey 9
Irvin Medlin 9
Jordan McIver 7
(6) Paul McGlammery 8
(8) Alexander Woody 9

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(3) Claude Ashe 10
Raymond Andrews 9
(7) Clyde Barnwell 10
Monte Beck 8
(3) Delphus Dennis 8
(2) Audie Farthing 9
Marvin King
Paul Shipes 7
(7) Harold Thomas 10

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(3) Aldine Duggins 7
Clarence Gates 2
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 7
Dallas Holder 3
Joseph Hyde 4
(2) Robert Kinley 5
(5) Clarence Lingerfelt 6
(2) Benjamin McCracken 2
(2) James McGinnis 4
(5) Paul Ruff 10
(3) Rowland Rufty 7
(2) Harold Walsh 7

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(6) James Chavis 10
(4) Reefer Cummings 10
(9) Filmore Oliver 10
(4) Early Oxendine 6
(3) Thomas Oxendine 7

# SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

## VIRGINIA SEASHORE EXCURSION
## NORFOLK, VA.

**FRIDAY and SATURDAY, SEPT. 2 and 3, 1938**

Round trip fare from Concord, N. C.

## $3.00

**Tickets Good In Coaches Only**

Round trip tickets sold for all regular trains (Except trains 37 and 38) Sept. 2nd and 3rd—final limit Sept. 5th, 1938.

**Daylight Or Night Trip Both Directions**

Don't miss this opportunity to spend the week-end and Labor Day at Virginia seashore resorts. Good fishing, sparkling Chesapeake Bay. Sea outings. Ocean View, Virginia Beach, Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe and many other outings.

**No Baggage Checked — No Stopovers**

Round trip tickets also on sale at all stations, Blacksburg to Reidsville, Salisbury, Taylorsville, Asheville, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, North Wilkesboro and intermediate stations. Round trip fare from all stations $3.00.

**CONSULT TICKET AGENTS**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

364

SEP 2 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 3, 1938 No. 35

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THE DAY AND THE WORK

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.
Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting: is has waited through ages for you.

—Edwin Markham.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE SPONGE FISHERS OF FLORIDA | By Adrian Anderson | 10 |
| FOR FOOD AND GOLF BALLS | By Charles Doubleyou | 14 |
| SCENES OF CONCORD'S PAST | By Mrs. Ada R. Gorman | 10 |
| THE VALUE OF MILK IN THE HUMAN DIET | By A. C. Kimery | 18 |
| "THE LOST COLONY" | (Morganton News-Herald) | 21 |
| CAROLINA COACH COMPANY BEEN OPERATING THIRTEEN YEARS | (Stanley News and Press) | 23 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## A LABOR DAY GREETING

To you who labor beside tall, dirty stack;
To you who toil in dirt, and grime, and soot, and black;
To you who labor to machine's sullen roar,
Making wanted things of wood, of stone, of ore;

To you, who on the far-reaching, winding trail
Of wooden cross-tie and of gleaming rail,
Bring from far beyond the horizon's gray
These wanted things we use from day to day;

To you sweaty men who toil in fearsome mines;
To you agile devils of transmission lines;
To you stevedore, and to you who drive the bus,
Our greetings, as you toil for the rest of us.

To you who make, or bring o'er land and sea,
Luxury or necessity—whate'er it be;
To you who sweat and toil by day, by night,
'Neath blazing sun or by weak electric light;

To you of factory; to you of the soil;
To you of the mills; to all who toil
That we may enjoy earth's varied treasures,
Things for our well-being, or our pleasures.

We salute you, our humble friend and neighbor,
On this, the day dedicated to labor,
And honor you for smoothing out life's hard way,
And wish you lots of luck this Labor Day.

—Selected.

## A PRAYER FOR THE LABORER

Heavenly Father, we bring to Thee this day the toilers of the world; those who struggle at the hard tasks of this social order.

We pray for them with confidence, knowing that the heart of infinite love, the mind of infinite understanding, is surcharged with sympathy for their needs and appreciation of their place in the coming kingdom of peace. For Thou didst elect to reveal Thyself to men in the form and service of a working man; the hand that was nailed to the Cross was the hand of a carpenter. How grateful we are for this kinship. May it be real today to the world's workers. Give them joy in their work and peace in their hearts. Curb the selfishness, the materialism, the irreverence, the unrighteousness among them, and give them leaders who fear God and regard the eternal interests of man. Bring, O Lord, the just and righteous settlement of every dispute between employer and employed. Let the motive of profit be secondary to the motive of service. Hasten the dawning of the day when the industrial world shall be a part of the kingdom of God, dominated by the ideals and purposes of Christ, and an agency in the furtherance of his will. This we ask in the spirit of Christ. Amen.—Elmer T. Clark.

* * * * * * *

## SCHOOL DAYS SOON

It will not be so very long till nearly one million children will begin to find their way to the school room. They have enjoyed either a most profitable vacation or one spent in loafing the streets to the detriment of their bodies and souls.

The school house in many instances serves as a safe refuge for children, sheltering them from the first pitfalls of sin that eventually lead to crime. These institutions exert a far flung influence due to the fact that many parents work to provide the necessities of life so as to keep soul and body together.

It is quite noticable that during the school term few children are seen on the streets. Lately while riding with a teacher on congested streets of one of North Carolina's largest cities this condition was emphasized as to the number of boys seen in groups and each reflected the environments of their homes.

The teacher took in the situation. She remarked, "those boys are the problems of the teacher within a few days." The teacher is expected to straighten them out and inspire to higher ideals after several months of riotous living." She concluded saying, "few

realize that the composite picture of school room and teachers means a great responsibility." The church and the home we understand, hold a most valuable place in molding childhood, but the school has the child of broken and indigent homes, they are legion, therefore, the job of the teacher is twofold, molding anew by precept and example.

Charity and Children, a paper that emphasizes child welfare, states editorially that the hope of this country is not heard in the tramp of the feet of the United States army, which is now just about one million men, as it starts to battle, but heard in the tramp of the feet of the million children as they start towards the school house.

The destiny of this country is not in an army camp but is in the schoolhouse. The laughter of children going to school is far more reassuring than the blare of trumpets. We therefore take off our hat to the million children as they don their book satchels and start on another year's march towards a wider knowledge.

* * * * * * *

## BELK'S NEW STORE

The opening of Belk's new store, Charlotte, recently was a red letter day for that institution of high purpose and splendid service, especially to the ladies of surrounding communities. The store, one of the finest and best equipped in the Carolinas, would do credit to any city elsewhere.

The entire structure in plans, furnishings and decorations, complete in every appointment, is in reality a dream of beauty. The entire enterprise reflects the vision and courage of the founder, W. H. Belk, a prince of merchants in North Carolina, whose goal has always been the highest standards of merchandise, fair dealings with his fellowman and courteous service.

Since there has been more than passing interest in the opening of the largest department store in the Carolinas, and for Charlotte a wonderful asset, congratulations are in order to Mr. Belk and associates in the completion and opening of this store that stands as a monument to the man of vision and faith in his people. It is will—force of purpose that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on doing or being. One of Napoleon's maxims

was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination". Mr. Belk also has shown what a powerful and determined will can accomplish.

* * * * * * *

## THE REAL HOME

In his inspiring book, "Efficient Living," Edward Earl Puriton outlines his definition of a real home. Here are the highlights:

A real home is a gymnasium. The ideal of a healthy body is the first one that should be given a child.

A real home is a lighthouse. A lighthouse reveals the breakers ahead, and shows a clear way past them.

A real home is a playground. Beware of the house where you "dassen't frolic"—there mischief is brewing for someone.

A real home is a workshop. Pity the boy without a kit of tools, or the girl without a sewing basket. They haven't learned the fun of doing things—and there is no fun like that.

A real home is a forum. Honest, open discussion of life's great problems belongs originally and primarily in the family circle.

A real home is a secret society Loyalty to one's family should mean keeping silent on family matters—just this and nothing more.

A real home is a health resort. Mothers are the natural physicians.

A real home is a co-operative league. Households flourish in peace where the interest of each is made the interest of all.

A real home is a business concern. Order is a housewife's hobby. But order without system is a harness without the horse.

A real home is a haven of refuge. The world does this for us all: it makes us hunger for a loving sympathy and calming, soothing touch.

A real home is a temple of worship.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * *

## WHAT TO DO IN HOT WEATHER

Dr. G. M. Cooper of the State Board of Health gives timely tips to be observed in hot weather. These are "Do-Nots" that if observed

will very likely help one to keep well, and at the same time save a doctor's bill:

Let us try the "Do Nots" first.

Do not:

Over eat

Drink too much ice water.

Worry—Particularly about the hot weather.

Indulge in too much mental or physical activity.

Drink alcoholics of any kind.

Take trips unless urgent to places hotter than your own homes.

Now for a few "Do's:"

Wear comfortable suitable clothing.

Cultivate a cheerful disposition.

The last named, "Keep Cheerful" is sound advice at any time and in all kinds of weather.

* * * * * * *

## PROFANITY

With hosts of people profanity becomes a part of every conversation. In fact it is a habit, and a habit is as much a part of a person as the limbs of the body. They are used unconsciously. The excuse usually rendered by those who have the habit is "I was not conscious that I used a profane word."

This is how Chrysostos, one of the Church Fathers, managed. He laid down a rule for checking this habit. He said, "Whenever thou shalt find thyself to have let slip an oath, punish thyself for it by missing the next meal." The desperate attempts that have been made to put a stop to it only go to show how prevalent it is and how difficult to master.

Father Chrysostis perhaps was an epicurean, used to the good things to eat that were both satisfying and delicious He thoroughly understood how he would feel to be denied a good meal. This punishment would work fine in the life of childhood, but to mete out such to adults would take a squd of officers to meet the emergency.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

REFLECTION

"I am not the football of chance,
Nor am I predestined to woe,
Something within and divine
Tells me this can not be so.

Life, love, and truth are of God,
His is the one perfect plan,
To love and protect every one
And see his reflection in man."

---

In taking a whole lot of things for granted, you will often find that some of them are not granted.

---

We are told that man was created a little lower than the angels. And from present observations he seems to be staying lower.

---

A psychologist says, "The average man needs some one to tell him what to do." Let him get married and those needs will be dispatched.

---

A newspaper columnist says, "The world needs law." The world has plenty of law. What it really needs is Peace, Serenity, Tranquillity.

---

Some people think that the horn of plenty is the instrument that makes the swing music. Instead of being a cornucopia it is a kind of cornet.

---

A paragrapher asks: "If the ladies of 1900 wore bathing suits, what do the modern beach beauties wear?" A smile and just enough to suit bathing.

---

An Illinois judge has ruled that babies have a legal right to cry. Certainly they have. It's safety valve for an illegally adjusted safety pin. It's an o-pin-ionated ruling.

---

"What men know about women is very little," is a sentence in a newspaper aticle. And what women know about men is enough to make them walk in the straight and narrow path.

---

Those people who are always complaining that they are not getting enough, are generally the ones who do not give enough. This old world has a way of giving in return what it receives.

---

More than 2,000 women act as crop reporters, according to the Crop Reporting Board of the United States Department of Agriculture. That many women ought to give pretty "fair" reports of crops.

---

The government farm program does not seem to be cognizant of the fact that we have the biggest and best weeds this summer than ever before. Something ought to be done about it. Plow them under, eh?

---

A lot of old folks were worried about the younger generation going half crazy over swing music until the new governor of Texas proved that what it really took to sway the masses was good old mountain music.

---

There are American citizens who seek government relief instead of work; and there are others who will not work when given a chance. Yet these same people will go out and buy

an automobile. They are bound to "gas" about something.

---

Calvin Coolidge once remarked that "No person was ever honored for what he received; honor has been the reward for what he gave." The world has a peculiar idea of values. Service is what it requires, and its returns are based on what we give.

---

Winter or summer, a human being's breath is always 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, which is normal body temperature, we are told. But I have come in contact with some breaths that were a perfect simoon, and almost knocked me down. They were whis-keyed too high.

---

I never did take any stock in all the talk they are having about life beginning at 40—or any other age, except at birth. The fact of the matter is, life begins every morning. It is an open door to a new born world. It challenges all of us to make the best of it. It is better for us to forget yesterday and live only in and for today. Today is the only time we have, and we can't figure on all of that.

About this time of the year everybody is struck by the beautiful North Carolina weather. Cometh on the season when the mornings are cool and crisp, when the sun rises and shines with unwonted brilliancy through the clean and crystal air from the mountain tops to ocean strands, and the observer is endowed with life and aspiration. Before noon the atmosphere is slighty tinged with haziness and the yellow sunlight bathes the earth in a sort of dreamy quietude, until Old Sol gets ready for the close of the day, and makes this the grandest and most glorious scene upon the world's stage as the curtain of night falls upon the last act. The clouds in the western heavens are tinted with the finest colors artists ever conceived. The hues change from shade to shade with such even regularity that it is scarcely recognized, or a sunbeam bursts through a rift of cloud with dazzling brilliancy and then fades slowly away until it is gone forever. Is it any wonder people write beautifully of beautiful North Carolina, the paradise of the farmer, the lover of the beautiful delights to roam?

---

"I wonder oft from day to day
How true I am in every way.
And with a sigh I always know
I still have higher roads to go."

—Selected.

# THE SPONGE FISHERS OF FLORIDA

**By Adrian Anderson**

On the west coast of Florida, nestled on the banks of the winding Anclote River, is one of America's most curious and picturesque villages. It is the famous Greek Sponge Colony of Tarpon Springs, the largest sponge market i nthe world, and the only settlement of its kind on the mainland of North America. Here in a setting of sand and sea and gently undulating palms has been transplanted a colorful, adventurous trade, one that was centuries old when Christ walked among men.

All the Old World charm of a typical Greek village is present here. Shop windows and store fronts bear Greek characters and symbols undecipherable to American eyes. Swarthy, smiling Greeks, frequently bareheaded, sometimes barefooted, walk the streets; old men sit in the shade smoking long Turkish pipes with six-foot tube and bowl of water, while from the Byzantine cathedral, intoned by rich, throaty Greek voices, come the ageless chants of the ancient Greek Church.

Upon the placid waters of the snug, land-locked harbor, during the off-season and upon festival days, ride about eighty vessels of heavy tonnage, mostly large schooners, and about 200 and 300 smaller auxiliary craft. Taut, shining, amply seaworthy with their pointed ends and high bows and sterns, they bear upon their hulls the melodious Hellenic names.

Here thrives an industry and a mode of living with an ancient and a worthy heritage. Three hundred years or more before the birth of Christ, the Egyptians and the Phoenicians brought to Greece sponges cast up upon their shores by the waves of the Mediterranean Sea; and the Greeks, quick to realize the value of these strange, wonderful creations, began to wade and to dive for them along the coasts of Greece and the Greek islands, thereby establishing a new, a thrilling and a lucrative trade.

In a measure history repeated itself in the establishment of this strange but highly useful trade in the New World. In the early part of the nineteenth century the natives of the Bahamas discovered sponges washed up upon their shores and brought them to their neighbors, the settlers of Key West, who were thus moved to fish for them along their own island coasts. From there the trade spread to Tarpon Springs, now the undisputed sponge capital of the world.

Four times a year, after Easter, Apostles' Day, the Ascension, and the Epiphany, (for these people are deeply religious and observe faithfully their sacred days) the fleet puts out to sea. Each large vessel carries several smaller boats, and together they constitute an "outfit." As the fleet moves through Anclote Inlet, past the lighthouse that guards their harbor, and out to the open sea, it presents a beautiful and moving sight. Under the brilliant semi-tropical sunlight the ultramarine of the boats matches precisely the blue of the Gulf waters.

To the north and to the south, in a combined area of no less than 9,500 square miles lie the sponge beds of the

Gulf of Mexico, now the greatest sponge-producing region known in the entire world. The most favored beds lie within a radius of from fifty to one hundred miles from Anclote lighthouse.

The approximate region where the men want to work being reached, each outfit seeks out its own field of operation. The sponge bars are located by sounding with a lead or by towing a small hooked affair known as a grapnel, lashed in such a manner as to trip when fouled. If the bed is found to be suitable in size, the site is marked by a buoy and a diver equipped to descend. While much of the equipment and the boats, save for their added motive power, is much the same as that used by the original Greek sponge fishers two thousand years ago, the diving suits are of the most modern design.

The diver dresses in heavy woolen underclothing and stockings, and thoroughly soaps his hands and wrists to permit the pulling on of the rubber cuffs and to secure closer contact into the wrists. He is then helped into his suit of double waterproof cotton, the breast, back and shoulder plate inserted into the top of his suit, weighted leather shoes, brass soled and tipped, strapped on his feet, the pump started, and finally the helmet fitted into place. Front and back weights are then attached, hose brought up under the left arm and lashed to the waist, and the life line fastened tightly around the body under the arms.

Thus attired in an outfit exceeding two hundred pounds in weight, the diver is assisted to the side of the vessel, where he either jumps into the sea or climbs down a ladder. At the bottom of the ocean the diver wanders where he will, and the boat must follow him. He presses forward on the water and walks with ease in long, leaping strides, sometimes covering as much as six or eight miles in a single hour.

The sponges do not grow on sand or mud, rarely upon grass, but are generally found growing like lichens upon rocks, in fissures, clefts, crevices, miniature precipices and overhanging ledges. Of the countless varieties to be found in Gulf waters only four kinds possess any commercial value, and these the diver must choose from out of the undersea jungle, as he makes his way among the thousands of strange and curious creatures that inhabit the warm, semi-tropical waters.

As the diver locates the desired sponges he tears them loose from the rocks and places them in his bag, a large-mouthed affair quite like the old-style carpet bag. When the bag is full he signals the boat by pulling on his life line, and it is drawn up and an empty one sent down. In moderate depths, not over sixty feet, he generally works about two hours and then rests two hours while another diver relieves him. If the depth is greater he must work less, in great depths sometimes not over five or six minutes.

Above, two men work in shifts to pump the life-giving air he must receive with a steady, unremitting regularity, while a third man keeps constant watch at the life line, to make sure that it is kept clear and that the signals of the diver are instantly obeyed. On deck the air hose is guarded with jealous care. It is a living presence, that hose, and must never be stepped upon or shoved about, nor must anything be carried over it, lest

the object fall upon the soft rubber and bruise it.

To anyone not familiar with the appearance of the living sponge, fresh from the sea, the contents of the diver's bag would yield a truly amazing surprise. The creature (for it is really animal life of a very low order) has no resemblance to the sponge as we know it in stores and in our homes. It is a solid, slimy-feeling body, similar in appearance of the living sponge, fresh in color from light grayish yellow through a range of browns to black. It is covered with a skin or membrane and a large part of the interior is filled with a soft, fleshy substance. This substance must be removed and the remaining skeleton thoroughly cleansed and dried before the sponge can be offered for sale.

The sponges are placed on deck, "roots" downward, and killed by treading under the bare feet of the crew, after which they are suspended over the side of the vessel to macerate. They are then washed on deck in tubs of sea water and strung on rope yarns and partially dried.

As the men work, motor launches ply back and forth between the fleet and the home port, relieving the boats of their sponges and bringing letters and supplies from home. Several months the fishermen may remain out of sight of land, out of touch with civilization, sometimes glimpsing a passing ship, occasionally noting the friendly drone of a Coast Guard seaplane that has come out to see if all is well, Squalls, and even light hurricanes, that chase other little craft to cover, find the sponge fleet unmoved until its catch has been made. Some times the Weather Bureau, noting the approach of a more than casual hurricane, speeds a plane to the fleet with a supply of yellow hurricane-warning streamers attached to buoyant wood blocks. Flying low over the boats, the aviator drops the warnings and the boats head for the Florida shore.

At night, after the day's work is done, the men amuse themselves with games, playing upon mandolins and other musical instruments and singing. They are a peaceful, happy, lot, and if occasionally they engage in heated arguments, they seldom, if ever, come to blows.

As the sponges arrive at Tarpon Springs they are carried into the Sponge Exchange, a vast structure of brick, with wide, open, cement court surrounded on three sides by numberless storerooms, and into these the sponges are stowed to await the time of auction. Here at intervals gather a multitude of buyers from many parts of the country to bid on the four commercial varieties of sponges offered for their selection, judging their value on points of color, size, shape, softness, fineness, toughness, durability, resiliency, absorptiveness and many other details. The proceeds of the sales are divided among the members of each outfit, each share being proportioned according to the type of work done by the individual, the divers receiving the larger shares. The annual yield of the auctions averages about three-quarters of a million dollars.

These fishermen cherish a deep love of home, and always manage to return to port to celebrate Christmas, New Year, Easter, and all the other holidays and festival days that loom so large upon their calendar. On these special days the little colony becomes one of the most joyful places on earth,

and everyone, old and young, attired in the finest their wardrobe provides, turns out to celebrate. Chief among their festival days is the Feast of Epiphany or Greek Cross Day. Like most of their holidays, it is one of great religious significance, commemorating, as it does, the baptism of Christ. The day, which falls on the sixth of January, finds every vessel in the harbor flying the Greek and American colors, and decorated from stem to stern with multitudinous flags and bunting From the waterside pavilion, all through the colony to the Church of St. Nicholas, the streets are beflagged and begarlanded according to gala-day Greek traditions, and St. Nicholas itself is a blaze of decorations beyond all imaging.

At daybreak begin the ceremonies at St. Nicholas, marked by the burning of thousands of candles, purchased by worshipers and lighted as they enter the church. At noon the service ends, and a beautiful and picturesque parade to the bayou begins, lavishly robed churchmen leading the way. Along the line of march no less than 10,000 visitors watch, drawn from many parts of the country by the fame of this colorful Old World celebration. Meanwhile, in small boats near the shore, a dozen or more splendid youths of the finest Hellenic type wait to participate in the supreme moment of the celebration.

At the water's edge the archbishop reads the Gospel in Greek, followed by an interpeter who renders it in the English tongue, a white dove is released over the waters, signifying the Holy Spirit, and the archbishop casts a golden cross into the depths, symbolizing the baptism of Christ and blessing the waters to insure the safety of calm seas for all seafarers. In that instant the waiting lads plunge after the golden crucifix, a few moments of suspense, and the fortunate youth who has recovered the cross comes up from the water to receive the blessing of the archbishop. Becoming by this act "the hero of the day," he goes about from one Greek residence to another gathering a collection for Greek charities. The ceremony is followed by feasting and rejoicing throughout the colony.

In the little more than thirty years since these Greek fishermen emigated from their native land to establish this useful and picturesque trade in the New World they have grown in understanding and appreciation of their adopted country until they can well be numbered among the finest and most patriotic citizens of our land. They are a happy-hearted people, peaceful and law-abiding beyond the ordinary. Their hard and dangerous trade has yielded them a modest measure of wealth, most of which they have wisely invested in homes, in orange groves and in other properties of lasting worth.

The Greek Sponge Colony of Tarpon Springs is more than a strange and picturesque place. It is a fine, progressive community.

---

Little minds are wounded too much by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.—Selected.

# FOR FOOD AND GOLF BALLS

**By Charles Doubleyou**

Mother nature's most delectable contribution to the food of man—that is the estimate placed upon honey. Busy little honey bees produce something like 600,000,000 pounds of it yearly in the United States. Not all of this respectable quanity is for the benefit of mankind, however; the greater portion of it—placed at 430,000,000 pounds—is consumed by the bees themselves. This leaves an average of about a pound and a third for our country's 13,000,000 population.

This residue of honey is not all disposed of in cakes, confectionery, medicines (particularly cough syrups and cough drops), and in surreptitious raiding of the honey jar. About a carload of pure honey is used each year in this country in the manufacture of golf balls. A dab of honey in the center of a golf ball is the reason why a golfer makes a hole in one or fails to shoot it over the bunker.

The ancients, possessing no other form of sweetening, placed a high value on the importance of honey. To the Hebrews, honey symbolized abundance; the land to which they were being led out of bondage in Egypt by Moses was described as flowing with milk and honey. There are many allusions to honey in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and particular mention is made of the flavor of the honey, from thyme, produced in the region of Mt. Hymettus in Greece. The ancient Egyptians used honey as an embalming material.

Today, cream or fresh butter, together with honey, and consumed either with or without bread, is a favorite dish of the Arabs. In India, a mixture of honey and milk is a respectful offering to a guest. It is likewise customary to present this concoction to a bridegroom on his arrival at the home of the bride's father. In the Orient, and somewhat less so in Europe, honey is used extensively instead of sugar for making cakes, candies and in preserving fruits.

To provide this delectable product, nature placed nectar within flowers and taught the bee to extract it and then to convert it to a pleasing and nutritious food—honey. For honey is nutritious; it is an energy food like cane sugar, and has high percentage of carbohydrates. In addition, it contains mineral salts and other materials needed by the human body. On many tables, particularly on farms where it is produced, honey replaces sugar and syrups. It is largely used instead of sugar in modifying milk for infants. Honey possesses mildly laxative properties.

The flavor and color of honey vary according to the flower and locality from which the nectar is obtained. The bee, incidentally, first exhausts all the nectar from one kind of flower in its working district—hardly ever more than two miles from its hive—before proceeding to another kind of flower. Alfalfa, orange blossoms, sage, and white and sweet clover all supply an excellent, light-colored honey. Nectar from buckwheat and the tulip tree produces a dark-colored honey. Often, honey produced from the nectar of various flowers in different parts of the country may be blend-

ed to produce a flavor that will appeal to the housewife.

The leading states in honey production are California, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Texas. Canada produces a larger per capita volume of honey than does the United States Germany, France, Spain, Holland and Belgium are the leading honey-producing countries of Europe.

Almost coincident with the first settlers in New England was the honey bee, native of the eastern hemisphere, where beekeeping is an ancient occupation, introduced to the western world. Swarms of these bees escaped. They found the forest wilderness most favorable for their environment and the hollow trees ideal for their peculiar social life. Many a white pioneer who settled in the woods, guided by the flight of the bees, was lucky enough to find a bee tree. The rule of those pioneers days as to the honey and the tree itself was, finders-keepers. A good tree often yielded from fifty to one hundred pounds of honey, a veritable manna from heaven at a time when other forms of sweetening were unobtainable.

---

## SMILING

We sat in a street car gazing into twenty faces burdened or sad or sullen. A mother came in with a little boy of three or four. He was a perfect picture of physical beauty. His little face was radiant. Suddenly he began to laugh. Gradually the men and women in the car began to thaw out, and after a while the whole company was smiling. The atmosphere of the car had changed. That little boy had wrought a transformation. It hurt some of them to wrinkle up their faces into a smile, but after they practised a little they liked it. What is more interesting than the study of faces, the masterpieces of form and expression? Character chisels the countenance. The more godlike men become the more pleasing their countenances become. The more degraded men become in character the more repulsive they become in appearance. This may be seen in individuals as well as in families, communities and nations. Jonathan Brierly well said: "The two legitimate facial artists are nature without and soul within. From the fresh air and honest sunlight does nature extract her coloring, and there is no artifical compound that compares with it. But the finer touches, those that divinise a countenance, come from within. We have only begun to realize the artistic possibility of character."—Watchman-Examiner.

# SCENES OF CONCORD'S PAST

**By Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, in Concord Daily Tribune**

When you rest in an easy chair and dream of the past or reminisce with a friend of the years that are gone, the men who did their part in the building of Concord rise up like Banquos' ghost—on they come. Dr. Bikle the educator, whose imprint was strongly impressed upon the generration in which he lived—A man of honor, "and not once in all his long and useful career did he ever bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning."

Dr. Robert S. Young whose life was an answer to the sick persons' call day and night—died in the prime of manhood and left a vacancy never filled. So God loves a shining mark.

Mr. Robert Foard, the merchant prince of the past. Mr. P. B. Fetzer, a man of civic pride. To him we are indebted for the water works system in Concord. Mr. W. G. Means, a lawyer, once the mayor of the town. His brother Col. Paul B. Means, a representative in the State Senate. Shakespeare Harris, one of the most famous scouts in the Confederate war—the pride of Concord and the pride of the South. Mr. John B. Sherrill, editor of The Tribune, whose paper ranked first with the dailies of North Carolina now carried on by his son William Sherrill. Judge W. J. Montgomery came from Montgomery county. The old home place of colonial design is one of the landmarks there today. He practiced law in Concord many years, elected judge and served until his death. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of his nephew Judge John Oglesby who graced the position with dignity, truth and justice. Judge Montgomery always quoted the Bible in the court room. His friend and associate Hal Puryear said of him: "He could get out a claim and delivery for a bull calf and prove it by the Bible." Life is not all work; there must be the play and I think Mr. Hal Puryear brought that element into the lives of many who knew him. A lawyer—a man of ease, and kindness, and a heart of gold, irascible, quick to argue and impossible to convince even to so slight a thing as a cup of coffee. His sister, Mrs. Gibson, one morning at the breakfast table, said "Brother, will you have tea or coffee?" "Just give me either one." "But, brother, I wish you to tell me what you will have." "Now," he said "you are trying to put the responsibility on me." Always in the front rank with harmless artillery, he stood his ground unconvinced and though defeated, he would argue still. He was the friend of little boys he taught them to hunt, to shoot, to fish, and always in a sportsmanlike way and told them wonderful stories. Are not these the things that inculcate the highest principles in manhood and how many boys, now grown to men, look back upon him as the hero of their young life?

Mr James C. Gibson was the clerk of the court here for thirty-five years. He was beloved by all men in the county, and it can be said of him, that like Abou Ben Adhem's dream, "His name led all the rest." The late Mr. Caleb Swink and his brother Billy Swink rank with the best citizens of Cabarrus. From boyhood they strug-

gled and worked for the best life had to offer and they attained to dignity of position in their church and community. Dr. H. C. Herring, though not native born, moved from Sampson county and practiced dentistry. He became affiliated with the people by his jokes and humoroos jests. He was without mercy when the joke was to his advantage. Answering a call at the door, a man asked for bread. "I am a boarder here myself," he replied, and closed the door gently.

Of this generation the late A Jones Yorke and Aubrey Hoover were men of whom it can be written: "Write them as one who loves his fellow men." The governing of our town under the watchful and executive Ray Hoover the sheriff is assurance of safety to all citizens, and a source of pride that one so worthy fills the office. The late Mr. Bill Anthony collected and has preserved in scrap book from volumes recounting the minutest details of the history of Concord. If we had a small museum where the history and treasures of the past could be on display, what a pride in the past and incentive for the future it would hold for the townspeople.

---

## A NEW WORD

The extreme heat wave that has swept over the country has been the occasion for coining a new word—humiture. "Time Magazine" defines humiture as a combination of temperature and humidity, computed by adding the readings for both and dividing by two. It appeared first in the weather column of the Newark "Evening Times."

Virginia Woolf, well-known English authoress, said that the Americans are doing what the Elizabethans did—they are coming new words, making the language adapt itself to their needs. Most Englishmen, however, thinks H. L. Mencken, are extremely critical of what they term "Americanisms," and think "slanguage" often a more apt term than language. Words like "hobo," "dead-beat," "rubber-neck," "rude," "cinch" and "live-wire" still need to be interpreted to the English reading public. But whether our erstwhile Mother country likes it or not, America will keep coining words to enrich, if not the English language the American language.—Smithfield Herald.

# THE VALUE OF MILK IN THE HUMAN DIET

By A. C. Kimery, Extension Dairy, N. C. State College.

Milk is not a recent discovery, neither is it something concocted by science, but it is the first food in importance among all the foods made use of by mankind. It is the oldest food and the one and only one which has been found to be absolutely indispensable, not only to the life of man, but to all other mammal life as well. It is a food that has no substitute in the diet of the young, and without which they die. I do not find on record a single child that has lived more than a few days after his birth without having received milk in some form from some source, either the natural one, or an unnatural one. In America nearly sixty percent of the children are raised unnaturally on cow's milk. In view of this, it is easy to understand that the milk producing cow plays a tremendous part in the very beginning of the life of our people.

It is not possible to raise a child, a calf, a pig, or even a puppy dog, without milk from some source, either a natural source or an unnatural one. When milk is thought of in this connection, then one begins to realize its importance to the animal life of the world. If it were possible to take milk from all sources out of the world, the earth would be depopulated in one generation, because solely upon milk all mammal life must depend for its first food.

Some years ago Professor Oscar Erf, of the Ohio State University tried in every possible way to get calves to live and grow without milk. These calves were given every food that could be suggested as a possible one to take the place of milk. Every single calf that received no milk died in a very few days after its birth, simply because of the fact that no food except milk can nourish the very young.

Dr. E. V. McCollum, of John Hopkins University, found the same thing to be true with reference to rats and other small animals, and he further states that cow's milk has been the greatest single factor in the advancement of man from a stage of barbarism to his present state of civilization.

This is a very natural question in the face of the facts known about milk. It has been known for ages that the young could not survive without milk, but it could only be explained by saying that milk was the food provided by nature for the nourishment of the young. It was formerly believed that the proteins, fats and carbohydrates, together with mineral matter constituted all the essential parts of a food, but some recent discoveries along this line made by Dr. E. V. McCollum of John Hopkins University, and others have thrown new light on the subject and opened up a new field of knowledge about foods. He finds that besides the already known constituents of foods, there are at least three other very essential ones, which he has called vitamines. It has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that these vitamines are

absolutely essential to human life. It is the vitamin constituent found in the fat in the milk of mammal animals that the young child must have or else it dies. This particular vitamin is known as the fat soluble one since it seems to be dissolved in, or at least closely associated with milk fat.

It is found in a few other foods in limited quantities, but the nature of all the other foods in which it is found is such that they cannot be eaten in sufficient quantities and digested by the very young, and therefore the vitamin content is not available for their use. The other two very essential vitamines are also found in milk and are known as the water soluble ones. Investigation shows conclusively that without these vitamines animal life cannot exist. In addition to these three there are two other more or less essential vitamines—one of them found in milk and the other widely distributed in the various cereals.

Besides being the only food that can stimulate and start the young child to grow, milk is also an important and essential food for the use of a child during its growing period. In order that the bones can properly grow and develop, a good supply of lime and phosphorus must be available in the food. These minerals are found in milk in just the form best adapted to the use of a growing boy or girl for bone building. Without a good supply of whole milk and sunshine the bones fail to develop and a disease known as rickets is generally the result, in which the bones often bend under the strain of trying to carry the load of fat and muscle placed on a weak and insufficient bony structure. When this condition of the body is brought about, tuberculosis and other diseases very often take hold.

Not only is milk a valuable and indispensable food to promote growth, but being the perfect food that it is, it enables the grown person as well as the child to keep up the body vigor and thus be better able to resist and throw off the various disease germs, which we come in contact with daily. Good physicians invariably prescribe milk as the chief food for people who are suffering from tuberculosis, because they know that the most nourishing food possible must be supplied, and that at the same time it must be a food easily digested. Milk meets these requirements as no other food does. If it is so valuable as a means to arrest the disease, it is certainly reasonable to suppose that it will at all times help the body to resist the attack of the disease.

In sections where milk is neglected in the diet a great number of people are found suffering from pellagra. This disease is rarely, if ever, found among people who consume an abundance of milk.

The United States as a whole consumes about one pint of whole milk per person per day. Thirteen of our southern states taken together—consume less than one third of one pint per person per day. What are some of the results? The South has a very high death rate for tuberculosis and pellagra, due to physicians tell us, to a great extent to a scanty milk supply.

During the recent war when young men were being drafted in to the army, from all parts of the country, it was found that a larger percent of young men in Southern states were un-

fit for military service, because of physical reasons, than was the case in other sections of the country. A great part of this is traceable to undernourished bodies during the growing period, and the undernourishment was chiefly due to a lack of milk. The child that grows up without a good supply of milk will be undernourished, and is destined to be a partial cripple either physically or mentally, and possibly both.

There are thousands of boys and girls in the schools all over this country who are dull, listless and inefficient because they are not given a diet in which milk is used freely. The child whose breakfast is made up chiefly of meats and bread, washed into the stomach with coffee or tea, cannot do good school work that day and ought not be expected to. The children who do the best school work are invariably the ones that are the best nourished and good nourishment is impossible without a reasonable amount of milk in the diet.

In the whole history of the world, no nation has ever amounted to much, as measured by its literature, learning, art and its contribution to civilization, that did not have milk cows and consequently plenty of milk as a part of the food for its people. The nation that has been a world power in any era of history has always been a nation of milk drinking people. If this is true of the nations, and it is, it may be true among the states of a nation, or it may be true to a greater or less degree with respect to the families and individuals that compose a state.

Because milk is not chewed, people are prone to think of it as a beverage to satisfy thirst and not as a food. It isn't beverage, but instead is a real food in every sense of the world. As an aid to banishing the beverage idea from the mind, it might be remembered that a quart of whole sweet milk is equal in energy food value to either of the following amounts of food: Two pounds of fish, four fifths of a pound of pork, three-quarters of a pound of steak, or eight eggs of average size.

It is nothing less than criminal to deny the growing child an abundant supply of wholesome sweet milk; to deny it is to cripple the body and weaken the mind, thus paving the way for a career that can never be what it might have been.

Let us, as intelligent North Carolinians strive to so raise our children that they may grow into stronger people than their parents, and thus be better able to battle for their place in the world. This can only be brought about by proper nourishment, and proper nourishment is impossible without milk.

Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, Richard Byrd, Nurmi, and practically all great men, were heavy milk drinkers. Milk is a prominent article of diet in our hospitals and on the training tables of our athletes.

The ideal food must be quick to digest, easy to assimilate and rich in nutrition. Milk is such a food.

---

"Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you.

# "THE LOST COLONY"

## (Morganton News-Herald)

Every North Carolinian should see "The Lost Colony," colorful pageant which is doing so much to give Roanoke Island and the story of Virginia Dare, first white child born in America, their rightful place in history. From Morganton it is a long, hard trip to Manteo, but all who have witnessed the portrayal of the tragic story of Sir Walter Raleigh's unsuccessful attempts to plant a colony on Roanoke Island are agreed that it is more than worth the effort. Too much praise cannot be given all who had a hand in the production and in bringing it to its present state of perfection—D. B. Fearing, president of the historical association and general manager of the pageant, Paul Green, North Carolina playwright, who wrote the lines and has directed the presentation, Lamar Stringfield, another gifted North Carolinian who furnished the musical scores, Ben Dixon MacNeill, who has helped to publicize it and scores of others including, of course the choir and actors, who are contributing individually and collectively to the success of the pageant.

The government agencies and their directors, whose financial aid and ideas made possible the out-door theatre with its appropriate stage equipment and background, have played a major part in bringing about the materialization of a wonderful vision.

While the present participants are due full credit for their accomplishments—and there is enough credit for all—the small group of native Roanoke Islanders who originated the idea of presenting in play and pageant the story of Virginia Dare every year on the anniversary of her birth, August 18th, should not be overlooked in the success now attending the presentation. Miss Mabel Evans, who was for years county superintendent of the schools of Dare county, members of the Fearing, Meekins and other local families should be accredited with the early play-writing and acting of the beautiful story and with keeping alive the interest that has culminated in the magnifiicent drama now being presented.

Even wihtout the pageant Roanoke Island is a fascinating and intriguing spot— unsurpassed for a vacation, delightfully "different" and restful. It has a wealth of possibilities for development as one of the State's most inviting playgrounds and will doubtless rival the Smoky Mountain Park in attracting visitors from other States and its natural attractions and historical significance become more widely known. In our opinion the advertising division of the State Department of Conservation and Development has no greater asset now than "The Lost Colony" and its continuation from year to year deserves every encouragement. There is reason to believe that it can be established as an annual event widening its scope of interest and appeal. Roanoke Island can become to North Carolina what Aberammergau is to Bavaria in Europe.

One of the surprising observations that can be made of the reactions of the majority of people who have wit-

nessed the pageant either this year or last or both, is that they want to go back—in many cases go again and again and seem never to tire. It has all the appealing theatrical elements—marvelous acting, inspiring music, comedy, tragedy, etc. Add to these the fact that it is presented in and open-air theatre, where all the seats are "good," where the cool, fresh air from the sound, just back of the stage, make for the comfort of the audience, and little is left to be desired. The deeply religious nature of the colonists is emphasized to good effect in the theme of the play, giving it a wholesome influence. Few fail to be deeply moved by the effective and masterful presentation of this first chapter in North Carolina's history "The Lost Colony." We repeat that every North Carolinian who can do so should go to Manteo to see it.

---

## PLAY THE GAME

Life is a game with a glorious prize,
If we can only play it right.
It is give and take, build and break
And often ends in a fight;
But he surely wins who honestly tries
(Regardless of wealth or fame),
He can never despair who plays it fair—
How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win
In the manner you think you're due?
Do you sneer at the man in case that he can
And does do better than you?
Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?
Do you laugh though you pull up lame?
Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?
How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!
Whatever your cherished goal;
Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,
And you dare—to your very soul!
Do something more than make a noise;
Let your purpose leap into flame
As you plunge with a cry, "I shall do or die,"
Then you will be playing the game.

—Selected.

# CAROLINA COACH COMPANY BEEN OPERATING THIRTEEN YEARS

**(Stanly News and Press)**

The Carolina Coach company began operations in Raleigh May 20, 1925, with the purchase of rights between Raleigh and Greensboro via Durham, between Raleigh and Fayetteville via Dunn, Raleigh to Rock Mount via Nashville, and from Raleigh to Wilson. In 1927 the Carolina Coach company purchased operating rights between Durham and Chapel Hill and one year later, in 1928, purchased operating rights between Rocky Mount and Norfolk, Va. In 1929 with the purchase of the Southern Coach company between Charlotte and Greensboro via Salisbury, the operation was extended from Raleigh to Charlotte via Greensboro. In 1933 with the purchase of the Charlotte-Raleigh bus line which operated via Sanford and Albemarle an alternate route was obtained between Raleigh and Charlotte, thereby giving passengers the preference of two routes between these main North Carolina cities.

The main office of the Carolina Coach company is located in Raleigh at 510 East Davie street. H. H. Hearn, is general manager; W. G. Humphrey, traffic manager, and H. H. Hearn, Jr., assistant traffic manager of the company.

In 1935 the North Carolina Utilities commission granted Carolina Coach company rights to operate from Raleigh to Greensboro via Chapel Hill, thus giving the public two alternate routes between Raleigh and Greensboro. It was in the same year that Carolina Coach company was granted rights between Raleigh and Richmond, Va., via Oxford and Chase City, Va., and in 1937 rights were purchased from Rocky Mount to Richmond, thus giving the public two alternate routes Raleigh and Richmond. Through an operating agreement with the Norfolk Southern Bus corporation buses of Carolina Coach company operate over the franchise of that company into Norfolk via Edenton and Elizabeth City, thereby giving the public two alternate routes from Raleigh to Norfolk. Thus, beginning in 1925 with only 266 route miles and in a short term of 12 years, the Carolina Coach company has grown into an organization operating 53 buses approximately 325,000 miles every month and transporting approximately 110,000 passengers every month.

The Carolina Coach company has the newest available equipment and operated the first chair-car buses on the highways of North Carolina. Incidentally, these are the largest buses in the State in that they have a seating capacity of 42 persons.

During the past 12 months the Carolina Coach company pioneered an entirely new type coach in North Carolina of all-metal construction, with the motor relocated under the floor in the center of the bus, making for a low center of gravity, and distributing the weight of the motor between the rear and front wheels, eliminating motor noise and fumes. The baggage is carried inside the bus with the passengers. The windows

are the largest ever placed in an intercity motor coach. The seats were designed for use in air liners.

Each bus is thoroughly cleaned daily before going out on its run. Every driver is carefully picked and given intensive traiing before being allowed to operate a bus. Through this rigid inspection of equipment and careful selection and training of drivers Carolina Coach company has a record of over 8 years and over 6, 500,000 passengers transported without a single passenger fatality. "We are justly proud of this record," one of the officials of the company proclaimed.

Carolina Coach company has during the past 12 months opened new terminals at Burlington, Concord, Chapel Hill, Williamston and Richmond, Va., and will during the next 12 months join in building new terminals in Raleigh Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte.

---

## SUMMER VISITORS

The story is told about a young man making his first visit to a big city. His city cousins looked forward to having some fun at his expense. In their opinion the young man had a thing or two to learn; they were going to teach him.

When he arrived at the great railroad station, his relatives were there to receive him. The welcome was very cordial, but he noticed that the cousins seemed almost too eager to show him the sights. It didn't take them long to point out the size of the station, the traffic of the streets, the crowded sidewalks and stores, the tall structures, and the general business of everything. Even the thickness of the telephone directory was mentioned.

He was getting the idea that his city cousins were trying to make him feel small. He refused to shrink. They were disappointed. He didn't gaze in open-mouthed wonder and admiration at the unaccustomed sights. Finally they decided to ask him why he could not properly appreciate the metropolis. The young man, who had been making observations and comparisons with his little home town, had an answer ready for them: "You have only a city full of big things and many people, but in my home town we have neighbors."

City boys and girls should not feel too important when they spend a week or two of their summer vacation in a small town. The fact that their home is in a big city does not make them superior in any way, and it is neither smart nor kind to be boastful. The important thing is to appreciate the good points of both and to be a good and intelligently loyal citizen to your own community.—Young Lutheran Messenger.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

The grove to the right of the Cannon Memorial Building has been greatly improved in appearance by the trimming of large oak trees and taking out others which were interferring with the growth of some of the finer ones. Mr. Yorke has been in charge of this work.

---

Our pear trees are flourishing better than usual this year and the largest yield of fruit ever gathered from them has been picked during the past few days. The pears have been stored away in order that they may finish ripening before being issued to the cottages.

---

The WPA project, that of re-binding and repairing books for the Training School, is still being carried on. More than one hundred books were returned and placed in our library this week. This work is being done by a group of ladies under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Concord.

---

The mowers have been going at top speed this week and the results of work of same can be seen by the large quantity of hay that has been stored in barns and numerous huge stacks. The weather has been unusually dry while this work has been carried on and the hay has been put away in excellent condition.

A beautiful picture was brought to the School the other day by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, of Concord. It was the gift of Mrs. Fannie Yorke, of Charlotte. The picture shows a tiger in crouching position, as if ready to pounce upon his prey. It was hung in the library, adding much to the appearance of the room and the pleasure of the youngsters.

---

With so much hay to be harvested, corn to be cut and shocked, peas to be picked and vegetables to be gathered, too much work piled up on our outside forces. In answer to a call for help, the boys of two schol rooms were pressed into service to help out in this emergency, partially brought on by extremely dry weather, making it necessary to gather some of the crops in order to keep them from being a total loss.

---

Thomas Oxendine, of the Indian Cottage; Charles Cole, of Cottage No: 1; and Theodore Rector, of Cottage No. 11; were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for observation and treatment one day this week. All of these boys were reported as being very much improved, with the exception of Tommy, who is suffering from an old bone infection which has been giving him considerable trouble lately. The boys were returned to the School the same day.

Olive Davis, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who left the School in 1925, was a visitor here last Tuesday. Shortly after leaving the institution Olive attended the Chicago Art Institute, where he completed a six months' course. He then returned to Durham and was employed for some time as clerk in the Malborne Hotel and other hotels in that city. Olive next turned to window decorating and show-card writing, which he followed until taking a position with the North Carolina Highway Commission a little more than four years ago. At present he is employed in the division paint shop maintained by the department, located in Wilson, where he is engaged in painting highway signs. In addition to his work with the highway department, Davis does quite a bit of oil portrait work. He had several letters with him from persons for whom he had painted portraits, and they spoke very highly of his ability along that line.

This young man is now thirty years old and seems to be getting along very well. He was glad to renew old acquaintances here, and spent quite some time indulging in his pet hobby, that of taking pictures, both moving and still, as he went through the various departments of the School.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon program at the Training School last Sunday. Following the usual opening exercises, he presented Rev. Donald F. Haynes, pastor of the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Charlotte, who is quite a traveler, as the speaker of the afternoon. He told the boys of many interesting places in South America.

Rev. Mr. Haynes tok us all on a 12,000 mile journey in the thirty minutes that he spoke to us. He pictured a city of beautiful marble palaces, paved streets, windows of plate glass and engravings, no vehicles (for there is no need for such in that place), no street cars, no electric lights nor gas lights, and yet a place where the population amounts to 5,000. This city, he said, is one of three such cities in Buenos Aires, South America.

The speaker related that at the beginning of his visit to the City of the Dead, he first saw a small chapel, just about as large as one wing of our auditorium. He decided to see just what happened in this small chapel, and did not have to wait long before a funeral procession came in. No ladies attend the funeral services in this chapel, no matter how close kin the deceased may be. The bier is hurried into the chapel; a priest, dressed in his long priestly robe, which he wears all the time, rushes from a little room in the back, reads hurriedly many words in Latin, some of which are not audible; at that part of the service he uses some of the Holy Water which he held in his right hand, speaks a few more audible words, and rushes back into the small room. During the six minutes that the speaker remained in the chapel he saw three complete funerel services.

This City of the Dead, said Rev. Mr. Haynes, is divided into three sections. One is where the rich are buried and is made up of beautiful marble palaces—a palace for the home of each dead person. The second section is very much like the grave-yards in this country. Here the middle

class persons are buried. The third section looks like one of our post-offices—a place in the wall where huge post-office boxes may be rented for the burial of the deceased. Ground cannot be bought in this city. All must be rented.

Let us suppose that a rich person should die, continued the speaker. One of the marble palaces is rented for burial. After several years a depression comes, and the relatives are unable to pay the rent. The body is carried from its marble palace and given a grave in the middle-class section of the City. Here it remains for some time until the priest finds that the relatives are again unable to pay the rent, even that charged in the cheaper section of the City. The body is moved again and carried to one of the post-office boxes, and given a number for marking. This box has a small hole in it where flowers may be placed as tribute to the dead. The body remains in this box until the relatives fail to make payment for even this cheaper space, and upon their failure to pay for same, it is taken from this resting place, cast over the walls of the City, where it remains until it is completely decayed and disappears.

Rev. Mr. Haynes then stated there are two things to be learned from such a place as this City of the Dead. The Church has a monopoly on these graveyards in South America, all three of these Cities belonging to the same church, and vast amounts of money are collected each year from renting the graves. First of all, we should be extremely happy to be Americans, away from such customs and monoplies as these. It is one of our great blessings to be Americans in America.

Second: Each of us is dead in one of two ways. Ephesians 2:1 states that we may be dead in trespasses and sins, through disobedience. In 1 Peter 2:24 we learn that we may be dead to sins to live in righteousness—we may have lost our taste for or enjoyment of sin. John 14: 15 and 23 tells how God can tell to which class we belong. "If ye love me, keep my commandments"—not just learn them or talk about them, but really keep them, and "If a man love me, he will keep my words." Naturally the better way to be dead is to be dead to sin, and lose all our taste for those things which are evil. The man lost to sin is the better, happier man, and is the one for us to choose to be like.

---

## TELL HIM SO

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with pleasure
If you only tell him so.
If a deed however humble,
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
Seek him out and tell him so.

—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending August 28, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Carrol Clark 3
(3) Clifton Davis 3
(8) Ivey Eller 12
(13) Clyde Gray 13
(8) Gilbert Hogan 12
(13) Leon Hollifield 13
(13) Edward Johnson 13
(3) James Kissiah 3
(4) Edward Lucas 12
(4) Mack Setzer 12
(8) C. L. Snuggs 8

### COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Rex Allred 5
(4) Carroll Dodd 5
Eugene Edwards 4
Horace Journigan 7
Fonnie Oliver 6
H. C. Pope 7
(2) Reece Reynolds 5
(3) Howard Roberts 9
Frank Walker 6

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 2
James Blocker 4
William Burnette
(2) Arthur Craft 5
(2) William Downes 2
J. T. Godwin 2
(2) Julius Green 8
Robert Keith
Floyd Lane 4
Thurman Lynn
(2) Nick Rochester 11
Oscar Roland 5
Brooks Young 3

### COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Atwell 2
Jewell Barker 6
(2) Earl Barnes 6
(2) James Boone 2
Kenneth Conklin 3
(3) Coolidge Green 5
A. C. LeMar 3
(3) William McRary 10
(2) James Mast 10
(5) John Roberston 8
Jerome Wiggins 4
Earl Weeks 7

### COTTAGE No. 4

Paul Briggs 6
(2) William Cherry 9
Ernest Davis 4
(2) John King 6
Grover Lett 3
Van Martin 10
J. W. McRorrie
George Newman 3
Fred Pardon
(4) Lloyd Pettus 9
George Speer 3
(2) William Surratt 8
(2) Melvin Walters 9
(3) Rollin Wells 9
(7) James Wilhite 10
(7) Cecil Wilson 9

### COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Grady Allen 8
(2) Theodore Bowles 2
(2) William Brothers 7
(2) J. C Branton 5
(2) Lindsey Dunn 2
(2) Monroe Flinchum 2
(3) Grover Gibby 3
(2) McCree Mabe 2
(13) Jack McRary 13
(5) Richard Palmer 8
(6) Winford Rollins 9
(2) Eugene Smith 2
(2) Richard Singletary 4
(2) Fred Tolbert 2
(2) Hubert Walker 3
(13) Dewey Ware 13
(4) Ralph Webb 7

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 5
(3) Roscoe Honeycutt 4
(3) Clinton Keen 7

Spencer Lane 7
Joseph Tucker 7

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(5) Cleasper Beasley 12
(8) Archie Castlebury 11
James H. Davis 9
(8) William Estes 12
(13) Caleb Hill 13
Robert Hampton 5
(3) Hugh Johnson 11
(3) Elmer Maples 7
(3) Edmund Moore 9
(5) J. D. Powell 10
Jack Pyatt 6
Loy Stines 7
(13) William Young 13

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Donald Britt 8
J. B. Devlin
Samuel Everidge 4
Clyde Hillard
Winfred Land 3
(2) Charles Taylor 10
(3) John Tolbert 11
Walker Warr 5

**COTTAGE No. 9**

J. T. Branch 11
James Bunnell 7
(3) Edgar Burnette 8
(2) Clifton Butler 10
(3) Roy Butner 3
(4) Henry Coward 6
(5) George Duncan 9
(5) Woodfin Fowler 11
(4) Eugene Presnell 10
(3) Earl Stamey 8
(5) Cleveland Suggs 8
Thomas Sands 9
(2) Luther Wilson 7
Thomas Wilson 11

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Junius Brewer 4
Floyd Combs 3
Jack Haney
Milford Hodgin 6
Vernon Lamb 9
William Peeden 3
Clerge Robinette 5
Torence Ware 4

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 6
(2) Baxter Foster 9
(8) Lawrence Guffey 11
Albert Goodman 10
(3) Earl Hildreth 6
William Hudgins 3
Henry Smith 2
(2) Thomas Shaw 11
(2) John Uptegrove 11
N. C. Webb 3

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Burl Allen 5
Alphus Bowman 7
Allard Brantley 5
Ben Cooper 8
William C. Davis 7
(3) James Elders 9
Max Eaker 9
(3) Joseph Hall 8
Elbert Hackler 8
Charlton Henry 11
(5) Franklin Hensley 9
(3) Richard Honeycutt 8
Hubert Holloway 9
S. E. Jones 4
Alexander King 10
(3) Thomas Knight 11
Tilman Lyles 9
(4) Clarence Mayton 7
William Powell 5
(5) James Reavis 10
Howard Sanders 8
(3) Carl Singletary 10
William Trantham 10
(2) Leonard Watson 6
(3) Leonard Wood 10
(9) Ross Young 9

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(4) Norman Brogden 9
James V. Harvel 7
George Hedrick 2
(3) Isaac Hendren 10
(2) Irvin Medlin 10
Garland McPhail 2
(2) Jordan McIver 8
(7) Paul McGlammery 9
Marshall White 3
Alexander Woody 10

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(4) Claude Ashe 11
(8) Clyde Barnwell 11
John Church
Harry Connell 8
(4) Delphus Dennis 9
(3) Audie Farthing 10
James Kirk 10

(2) Joseph Hyde 5
L. M. Hardison 6
William Hawkins 8
(3) Robert Kinley 6
(6) Clarence Lingerfelt 7
(6) Paul Ruff 11
(4) Rowland Rufty 8
Ira Settle 5
James Watson 6

INDIAN COTTAGE

(7) James Chavis 11
(10) Filmore Oliver 11
(4) Thomas Oxendine 8
Hubert Short 9
Curley Smith 8
Feldman Lane 3
Henry McGraw 3
John Robbins 8
(2) Paul Shipes 8
(8) Harold Thomas 11
Howard Todd 7
Garfield Walker 5
Jones Watson 4
Harvey Walters 9
J. D. Webster 3
Junior Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 15

Leonard Buntin 7
Sidney Delbridge 4
(4) Aldine Duggins 8
(4) Hoyt Hollifield 8

---

## CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER

It was announced recently in the Suffolk News-Herald that the people of Suffolk had made it possible to install a course of religious education in the Suffolk public schools this session. This was done through public contributions of many individuals after an intensive campaign of ten days. Employment of a capable instructor completes the work the week-day religious education council undertook.

As the public has been told, this phase of public education is no longer an experiment. Wherever it has been undertaken it met all expectations so well so that the movement is spreading. In a few years the probabilities are it will be universal throughout the public schools of the nation. It is believed that it will supply something that has been lacking in public education.

Some one has said that a person deserves no credit for having performed a duty or a worthwhile service. But so many of us fail to do either even when the opportunity presents itself that those who rise to it are deserving of praise.

The News-Herald, therefore, congratulates those who conceived the idea here as well as those whose untiring energies brought it to fruition. We feel that all who contributed to the fund as well as those who garnered it have performed a high public service to the community which will bring to it a better citizenship and a richer and fuller life.

—Suffolk News-Herald.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1938 No. 36

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## DON'T BE CONCEITED

"Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all round, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone
Will learn, in school of tribulation,
The folly of his expectation."—Selected

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| BALTIMORE'S HISTORIC SHRINES | By Lloyd M. Keller | 10 |
| ITALIANS DREAM OF LEGEND OF ICARUS | (Selected) | 12 |
| A UNIQUE BOYS' SCHOOL IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING | By Old Hurrygraph | 14 |
| DRUGS OF THE BIBLE | By Harlen H. Holden | 16 |
| PRECIOUS STONES THROUGH THE AGES | By Harry K. Hobart | 19 |
| THE LAST FLOWER | By V. M. Garstin | 23 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

In these days of unrest and uncertainties, those who cultivate calmness and self-possession will live longer and enjoy life better. Hence, someone has collated a number of precepts to pratice, as follows:

Learn to like what doesn't cost much.

Learn to like reading, conversation, music.

Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.

Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing, hiking.

Learn to like life for its own sake.

Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as a Chinese.

Learn to like to work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.

Learn to like the song of the birds, the companionship of dogs, and laughter and gaiety of children.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile.

Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of rain on roof and windows and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinions of others.—Sunshine Magazine.

## THE POOR BOY'S CHANCE

This is what The Cumberland Times has to say of the poor boy's chance:

"A school teacher of long experience remarked the other day that he believed the poor has the best chance in the world of the future. The son of the fortunate family, he said, may feel that if he has bad luck the family money will take care of him. That is not an attitude that makes a young man anxious to learn or try hard to win promotion.

The poor man's son, said the teacher, knows he depends solely

on himself. If he is any good at all, he will hustle. This will tend to make him successful. Of course many boys who start with nothing get discouraged and decide to drift along with the crowd. The world has a place and will recognize all who try to make the best of themselves."

It is evident that the editor feels that a poor boy has the advantage in every respect over the youngster who has inherited an independnt fortune without either exercising his brain or muscle. The old adage that necessity is the mother of inventions has never failed. Take for example such names from the comman class of laborers as Cook, the navigator, Burns, the poet, Ben Johnson, the son of a bricklayer, Andrew Johnson, a tailor, the seventh president, Cardinal Wolsey and DeFoe sons of a butcher, Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter and countless others who came to the top in spite of misfortunes.

To read the biographies of men of such eminence truly gives inspiration to the poor boy of today. Notwithstanding the comparitively adverse circumstances in early life of men named here they achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the ecercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased.

* * * * * * *

## SAFETY

There is much today written and by word expressed about safety, but nothing done about impressing upon the minds of the public that we are our brother's keeper. To sit at a vantage point and see the narrow escapes from tragedies makes one feel that "God truly takes care of fools and children." We have lapsed into silence, because when mentioned to officials the reply is "there is nothing we can do about it." And that is where we resort to the spring board, so to speak.

But lately the State of North Carolina has, but definitely, placed on the supplemental list of books for use a series of readers, beginning with the first grade and carrying through the sixth grade, which deal in simple terms with the rudiments of safety in all walks of life.

When the children who have studied these books reach maturity they will contribute much to safety and saving lives on the highway as well as in every other activity involving others.

All of this is in line with the more ancient doctrine: "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

* * * * * * *

## HAWAIIAN STUDENTS KNOW THEIR GEOGRAPHY

The information through the press is that students of University of Hawaii, in Honululu, know their United States geography better than some American students. The Hawaiian University paper, Ka Leo a Hawaii, tells briefly the results of a test given by Dr. J. Edward Hoffmeister, visiting professor of geology of University of Rochester. Dr. Hoffmeister handed out to the Hawaiian students blank maps of the United States. The average score, he announced was better than the average score for a similar test conducted at the University of Rochester.

That would not have been true in the yesteryears when old Maury's Geography was taught prior to the days of mass education. The public schools of the United States are so large and crowded till it is impossible to give individual attention. But prior to this time the four Maury Geographies, First Second, Third and the Physical Geography, when finished by a student of the old schools, it was impossible to phase a youngster with any question, political, physical or concerning capitals of the states and their boundary lines.

A pupil who did not know the division of the states and capitals, the different ranges of mountains, the highest peaks, the rivers and their sources was not considered as grounded in the fundamentals of an education. But system now is accepted as more important than thoroughness. " 'Tis true and pity 'tis true."

* * * * * * *

## CAPTAIN ASHE

After ninety-seven years of loyalty and faithful service to his state, Captain Ashe, a historian of note has passed to his reward.

Throughout his long life he never faltered, but with varying changes of each era he measured up to the demands of the times with the spirit of courage and faith in the future that marked his colorful career.

As an evidence of the high esteem and regard in which he was held by the citizenship at large he was accepted as the "grand old man" of the great commonwealth that he labored for faithfully. His interest did not run in grooves, but was state wide, neither was it for personal gain, but for the growth and development of all interests that would rebound for the good of humanity.

The state mourns the passing of this venerable and versatile citizen. Captain Ashe by his liberal contributions to the well-being of North Carolina has left a record of fine ideals that will immortalize his name.

* * * * * * *

Statistics reveal that 25,000 people commit suicide annually in the United States. The figures also tell that eighteen men of every thousand to five women in evry thousand are victims of self destruction. All classes furnish a quota, but the percentage of suicides among the negro race is much lower than with the whites. There are 11,000,000 negroes in the United States, yet, only 500 of them commit suicide within a year. Suicide usually is caused by despair and worry.

Recently a negro explained the difference in "worry" between the white race and the black. He said the whites sit and think and think until frenzied, while the blacks sit and think and pretty soon they go to sleep.

Some noted psychiatrist warns against too serious a life. Yet, some humorists even after affording a world of fun for an audience have been known to have fits of deprewsion. To run in prosaic grooves, without diverion, eats out the moral stamina. Mankind, requires inward strength,—spiritual enrichment and physical development if the emergencies of today are to be endured. The spirit of greed, caused by the ultimate desire to keep up with "neighbor" most frequently leads to a frenzy and the curtain falls upon a physical collapse.

## VALUE OF HOME

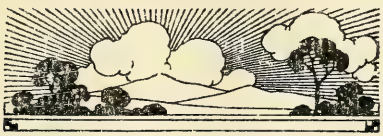
If America is to remain what her founders hoped—a model and beacon for all mankind—then race hatred, jealousies as to creeds must cease, and all groups work in unison for the benefit of the people as a whole.

For such a sentiment to prevail the presides of the old homesteads have to be re-establishhed—why? Because it is there the child gathers his first and strongest impressions. There the facts become transformed into ideas and it is there habits are hardened into convictions. The American home is the cornerstone of the nation. Its value can not be discredited.

* * * * * * *

About 500 Confederate soldiers gathered at Columbia, S. C., to celebrate the 48th anniversary. To this thin gray line, we doff our hats. While feeble physicially they have lost none of their courage, and with the advancing years they show a surpreme loyalty to the Southland.

These reunions mean joy to these men. They meet old comrades and revel in reviewing the past and exchanging experiences. Such trips with their old comrades starts a train of thoughts that keeps them from being lonely as the evening shadows lengthen.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

THE WORK OF LIFE

"Give me, dear God, I pray,
A place that I can fill,
Where I may humbly serve
And do Thy perfect will.

"Give me, dear God, I pray,
....An understanding heart,
That I may do today
My true and and useful part."

---

A happy home is the place where the wife does as she pleases, and the husband does as pleases her.

---

A lot of people never know what they want until they know they can't get it, and then they want it all the more.

---

Labor Day, last Monday, was a misnomer to the 10,000,000 or so who can't find jobs, even for one day. Then comes on Thanksgiving Day.

---

In the last few years the "new movement on foot" turned out to be the thumbing of their transportation. Even now, thumb succeed, and some do not.

---

I see that prominent men are telling what ten books helped them most. But I also see that they forget to give credit to the pocket-book and the bank-book.

---

We hear a great deal about prosperity, and other things, being around the corner. Why doesn't somebody go around the corner, see what is congregated there and tell us about it?

---

It is certainly true that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." For instance the man who recently married a woman who threw a rolling pin 140 feet. She must have taken lessons under Maggie Jiggs.

---

In the WPA road projects there are far too many men too feeble to work, and have to resort to leaning on a shovel handle. They ought to give the shovels something to do, and not let them idle their time away.

---

An astronomer says the moon is liable to explode any minute and blow the world to smithereens. From what the moon sees going on in this old world I would not be a bit surprised that there is not something in this prediction.

---

Automobile accident prevention, so far as it concerns the human element, is a personal, individual matter—and each individual has to really want to drive safely at all times before he can analyse his driving errors and correct them.

---

W. S. Knudsen, president of General Motors, says, "We can't make progress until fear is overcome by curiosity." Well, we ought to progress from now on, as people are curious to know what General Motors will do to people's pocket-books when they put out the new model cars.

---

A New York physician says the best possible treatment is to tell the patient jokes. Take the case of a person suffering with an attack of

acute appendicitis. I suppose the right thing to do would be to tell him such an amusing joke that would make him split his side laughing. That would be a joke on appendicitis.

---

The speed mania has gotten hold of the race. We want to return from somewhere before we arrive. So we discard everything that does not beat the past. Folks thought folks were crazy when the automobile began to race the country roads. Now that is too entirely slow. We resort to airplanes. We must get there instantly. Man tries to keep up with the speed any one else sets The fit can keep the pace. Those who have any sort of handicap are almost sure to be overtaxed in the rush of speed. Most people can keep up for a time. It's the evelasting beating your own record that kills.

---

It seems that the country is getting into a muddle over who shall be our law makers. The primaries the country over, and in North Carolina, have produced some very sour fruit. The fact is, there are some silly laws. We have sent some silly voters to the polls to elect silly law makers. What else can you expect? But since the laws are the laws, we as citizens, are bound by all that's decent to live up to them. Ridiculing the law or announcing your disrespect for it does not give you the right to disregard it. You have a right to work for its repeal. You have no right to take the law into your own hands.

---

## DOG LANGUAGE

Live and learn. They say there's nothing new under the sun but at least every once in a while some new information comes to light, or at least presents itself in a new light. Did you know that dogs have a "vocabulary?" Dr. Wilfred J. Funk, famous lexicographer, who incidentally publishes dictionaries and is supposed to be an authority on words announces that discovery that the average pet dog knows and responds to a vocabulary of about sixty words, and that the erudition of other dogs ranges from an acquaintance with ten or more words on the part of a self-taught, under-privileged, roving, street dog to a recognition of at least 250 different words by highly-trained and sophisticated trick dogs. This all sounds pretty good for the dogs. In fact, Dr. Funk says the sixty-word vocabulary of the average dog is about equal to that of an eighteen-months-old baby. But how many full-grown human beings with all their supposedly superior advantages know and can distinguish as many as sixty different words or meanings in the variegated yippings, mutterings and barks that make up a dog's language?

—Morganton News-Herald.

# BALTIMORE'S HISTORIC SHRINES

**By Lloyd M. Keller**

### The Flag House

Early in September 1814, British Men-of-War steamed up the Chesapeake Bay to take the port of Baltimore while a land force launched an attack against the defenders of Baltimore at North Point. General John Stricker, commanding the American forces at North Point, and Commodore Joshua Barney of the forces at Fort McHenry commissioned Mary Young Pickersgill, who lived at Pratt and Albemarle Streets, to make a huge American Flag 36x29 feet to fly over Fort McHenry so that the approaching British might see it from afar.

September 13, 1814, the British tried unsuccessfully from daybreak to daybreak to capture Fort McHenry. This largest battle flag that ever flew over fort or field survived "the bombs bursting in air" and proudly waved in the breeze as "the flag was still there" when the British men-of-war withdrew the following morning as both land and water attacks had been repulsed by the city's defenders.

The home of Mary Young Pickersgill at Pratt and Albemarle Streets is known today as "The Flag House." This house which displays a number of relics and objects of significant historic associations is open to the public.

### Fort McHenry

Fort McHenry occupies the site of Whetstone Point which was first fortified in 1776 to repel an unsuccessful attack by a British man-of-war, Otter. In 1798 citizens of Baltimore built the present fort on this site and later named it Fort McHenry after a Baltimorean, James McHenry, who was secretary of war in 1796. The attack on Baltimore in 1814 was in the same nature of a reprisal for the destructive work of Baltimore privateersmen who had captured 250 British ships during the War of 1812. Some of these captures had been boldly made in the English Channel.

During the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British September 13, 1814, which cooled the British enthusiasm for the second war with the States, Francis Scott Key, a Baltimore lawyer, visited the British frigate, Surprise, in an effort to effect the release of his friend Dr. Beans. The British, before realease was assured, sent Key to his own vessel to await the outcome of the attack on Baltimore.

Toward the morning of September 14, the attack died down. When the rain of rockets and bombs ceased, the flag could no longer be seen flying from the fort. In his anxiety to know whether the flag still waved victoriously over the Fort, Key, under the excitement of the day and night attack, wrote the "Star Spangled Banner." The anthem was subsequently printed and sung to the tune of "Anachreon in Heaven," a popular song in the inns and taverns of the city at that time.

### Francis Scott Key Manuscript

An interesting part of the Walters Art Museum at Mount Vernon Place is the Key Gallery. Here may be seen the original manuscript of "The

Star Spangled Banner," written on the back of a letter by Francis Scott Key aboard a vessel in Baltimore Harbor. This relic was purchased in 1934 for the Walters Art Gallery at a Manhattaan auction for $24,000.

The Francis Scott Key Monument may be seen at Eutaw Place.

---

## BUILDING

Souls are built as temples are;
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone.
Then the courses, frame to bear,
Lift the cloistered pillars fair;
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are;
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are;
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries;
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done;
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are;
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand can make or mar;—
For souls are built as temples are.

—Susan Coolidge.

# ITALIANS DREAM OF LEGEND OF ICARUS

**(Selected)**

A group of Italian engineers and aviation enthusiasts, convinced the legend of carus some day will be come a reality, is trying to develop an apparatus which will enable man to fly with his own muscular power.

Next spring the institute of human muscular flight, which records and analyzes the experiments of the group, will hold a derby to check up on recent progress. Prizes of from $50 to $250 will be offered for the most successful models and actual flights, if any.

The Royal Italian Aeronautical Union has offered a permanent prize of $5,000 for the Italian who develops a practical apparatus. The city of Turin has added $500 and the institute hopes to augment this by popular subscription.

Experience with gliders has shown that a motorless plane may be kept aloft for extended periods by skillflul maneuvering to take advantage of air currents.

Clem Sohn, the American "bird man", who was killed while putting on his act in France more than a year ago, demonstrated the possibility of human being controlling a parachute dive by bat-like wings attached to the arms and legs.

A "cycleplane" invented by an Italo-American, Enea Bossi, employe of a Philadelphia airplane factory, has made flights lasting more than a minute. The plane resembles an ordinary cabin glider with the addition of two propellers driven by a geared apparatus which the pilot operates with his feet like a bicycle.

The Italian experimenters, howevr, are pretty well sold on the idea that muscular flight must discard the airplane type of construction with fixed wings and propellers. It is too heavy, they say, and unadapted to the limitation of human strength.

The musculaar fliers learn their lessons from nature, by watching the flight of birds and insects. They analyze the flying of domesticated pigeons, measuring their horsepower and comparing it weight for weight with that produced by the average man. They keep flies and mosquitoes in captivity until they become so fatigued by their efforts to escape that their wing action slows down and may be studied with the naked eye.

One experimenter, Colonel Alberto Bettica, is working on a set of wings weighing about 55 pounds, which he believes may be made to support in the air a man weighing 150 pounds for indefinite periods.

In this apparatus the wings would be hinged by a resilient substance which would permit them to move like the wings of a bird. The pilot would be suspended below in a kind of trapeze seat, swinging himself to and fro by pulling on ropes attached to the undersides of the wings.

The pilot's swinging motions would provide the motive power to activate the wings. Colonel Bettica believes in this way the flier would be able to direct his flight from one favorable air current to another, controlling his

course and at the same time conserving his energy. His big problem is how to get his winged man into the air in the first place.

---

## FAMOUS TREES IN NORTH CAROLINA

If you are interested in trees it will be interesting to you to learn that fourteen trees in North Carolina have won national fame by being listed in "Famous Trees," a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The publication also describes in interesting detail the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, a 4,000-acre tract of virgin timber near Lake Santeelah in the Nantahala National Forest area. In this forest some of the most magnificent trees in the United States may be found.

Our information is that our own "Council Oak" is one of the famous fourteen, but if it is not it should by all means be made the fifteenth. In the exchange in which we saw the reference mention was made of the following:

Blackbeard's Oak. at Oriental, a giant that is associated with Edward Teach, the pirate who came to be known as Blackbeard; the noted cypress of New Bern which served as the council tree of patriot leaders; the Battleground Oak where General Greene is reputed to have tied his horse during the battle of Guilford Courthouse; the Henry Clay Oak, under which the famed Whig statesman is said to have written his famous letter opposing the annexation of Texas; Tory Oak, at Wilkesboro, on which four Tories are said to have been hanged during the Revolution; Eagle's Nest long leaf pine in Dare county which bears the letter "C," indicating, acording to belief, that the "Lost Colony" moved to Croatan; the New Garden Oak at Guilford College, and the Davie Poplar at the University of North Carolina.

Trees are more like individuals, to our way of thinking, than any other form of plant life. Remarking on our famous trees the Winston-Salem Journal observes that "These stout old trees which have weathered the decades, even the centuries, help to mark the course of history in North Carolina and reveal the important bearing of historic events in this state upon the development of the entire nation. From the standpoint of plant life and conservation they have equal importance and meaning, for they reveal the kindliness of the climate and soil in North Carolina to trees and plants and the vast possibilities which properly conserved forests offer the commonwealth."

—News-Herald.

# A UNIQUE BOYS' SCHOOL IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING

**By Old Hurrygraph**

The Patterson School for boys is located in the beautiful Yadkin Valley —commonly called the "Happy Valley —in Caldwell county. Nature is lavish in her gifts bestowed upon it's setting.

As is well-known, the ancestral estate of 1,300 acres, an old colonial home, was bequeathed to the Episcopal church, by the late beloved Hon. Samuel Legerwood Patterson—who was the Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina,—and his wife, for the founding of a vocational and agricultural school for boys. It now has over 1,500 acres.

### School Named for Donor

The school opened for business about 1909, several years after the death of Mr. Patterson and his wife. The school and the postoffice Legerwood, were named for the donor. Dr. Taylor was the first superintendent, and the institution opened in a very primitive way, but the idea took root from the very first, and began to grow in interest. In about two years Dr. Taylor resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. Hugh A. Dobbin, a very devout Christian and expert farmer. The farm had somewhat deteriorated. Under the skillful management of Mr. Dobbin and his school boys, and his successful farming experience, it was brought up to a high state of cultivation Its crops were the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders, and produced all the food necessary for the needs of the teachers and pupils. Its pupils soon numbered some forty or more, which increased as the years passed until it's capacity was overtaxed, and boys had to be turned away. Two brick buildings were erected.

### A Visitor for 17 Years

As a warm friend of the school, having visited it for 17 years in succession, I have seen the interest manifested and the development of a worthwhile institution. On a visit this summer I was glad to see that the entire place had stepped up on a higher plane. The grounds improved, buildings had been repainted, desirable changes made in many instances. There was an air of thrift, go and do enveloping the entire place. The boys were enthusiastic in their farm work, and happily contented.

### Mr. Dobbin Resigned

Mr. Dobbin, who for 28 years or more had pioneered the school through sunshine and storm from a humble beginning, resigned and retired to a quiet home farm life after more than one-fourth of a century of his life had been given to training hundreds of youths in the way of intelligence and righteous living as carefully as he would train the young plants on the farm. He has turned out some fine specimens of Christian gentlemen, who will rise up and call him blessed.

### The New Superintendent

Mr. George F. Wiese succeeded Mr. Dobbin, some two years ago, and the school is now in a new era of progress. It has stepped out in front in

the march of progress—up higher—in the march of educational achievements. On the 25th of last July the school was placed on the accredited list of the State. From an humble beginning,—which Mr. and Mrs. Patterson builded better than they thought for—it is now a great educational oak, under the shade of which hundreds of boys have received the lore of life, and become a blessing to humanity.

### A Trained Teacher

Mr. Wiese's training, both in the Dubose and as a member of the Church Army, peculiarly fits him to carry on the two-fold purpose of this school—vocational training and inculcation of religious living among its boys. He fits in the scheme of things like a cameo in the setting of a ring. There are now 32 boys there, healthy, lusty, youths, full of ambition, and the number will probably be augmented to 50 when the fall term is fully on. The curriculum is from 6th grade to preparation for college. Fine work they are doing—in studies and on the farm. Faculty, superior in ability.

### Land is a Trust

Mr. Wiese holds there is one possession of man which does not give place to any other—the land. It may be neglected, it may be laid waste; but it remains The Patterson School boys are taught that the land is a trust from God Himself. It is a fundamental duty to take care of it, to see that it is protected in the right way.

The school is aided in its high purposes by generous friends. There are many things it yet needs to make it more perfect. Are you one of its interested friends to give poor boys a chance? Put in an oar and help to push it on.

---

## THE VACATION TREK

And now the annual vacation trek is on. Hundreds of thousands of Americans have left their happy homes for a few weeks, joining the jostling, noisy crowds at famous resorts, fighting their way through traffic jams, like docile lambs letting themselves be fleeced by those who prey on tourist traffic. Others are wise enough to hide themselves away to wilderness solitudes where they may fish and consort with nature and fight insects and creeping things by day and by night. There are a thousand different ways of spending a vacation. And when the vacationers return hom there is not one who will not tell his neighbors that he has had a grand time, while in his own heart he must admit to himself that the grandest part of it was getting back to the solid and inexpensive comforts of home. At that, everybody ought to have a vacation just so that he might appreciate home all the more.—Selected.

# DRUGS OF THE BIBLE

By Harlen H. Holden

PART II

### Coriander Seed

Coriander seed is mentioned only twice, and that in connection with manna. "The manna was as coriander seed and the color thereof as the color of bdellium" (Numbers 11: 7). We do not know what "bdellium" was, and we never see manna any more, but coriander is still common.

Coriander is an umbelliferous plant. By umbelliferous we mean a plant whose flower-cluster has a number of pedicels which radiate like the stays of an umbrella. You no doubt have all seen dill either growing wild, in cultivated gardens or in the kitchen before it goes into the jars with cucumbers to make dill pickles; and have noticed the umbrella-shaped top. Coriander very closely resembles dill in shape, and they belong to the same botantical family.

The plant was cultivated extensively in Palestine in Old Testament times and still is. Its principal habitat is Asia, but it is so abundantly used that it has been adopted by many lands.

Coriander seed has a warm, aromatic taste and is used principally as a flavoring agent in cakes and meats. The little round seeds you so often find in sausage meat that give it a hot, spicy flavor is coriander seed.

In medicine, an oil is made by pressing the seeds. The oil is administered in small doses of two or three drops for stomachic trouble to relieve flatulence. It was commonly used in this way in Bible times, but modern medicine has discovered so many drugs of greater value that oil of coriander seed is seldom used now. The seeds also contain malic acid and tannin which can be chemically extracted and have a variety of medicinal uses.

### Gum Arabic

When the tribes of Israel neared the Promised Land they stopped at a place they called Shittim, a desolate valley on the edge of the wilderness. It was so called because here they found a large grove of shittim trees, which today are known as acacia trees.

The trunk and branches of these trees closely resemble those of the apple tree. The trees grow to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. The branches are stiff and thorny and are frequently used in the Sudan and Northeastern Africa, where they are abundant, to make thorn fences for corralling animals. Its wood is heavy, exceedingly hard, and of fine grain. When the Israelites built the ark in which to carry the stones of the covenant, they chose the acacia wood because it is not generally attacked by insects and was therefore eminently suited for furniture in a climate where the ravages of insects are unusually destructive. The acacia wood was used to make the tables and other furniture used in the tabernacle. These trees were numerous in ancient times and even now after extensive cutting they are still found in large groves. They make excellent charcoal, the principal fuel of the Arabs and Egyptains, and so are in constant demand.

Besides the wood, so valuable for its durability, the tree yields the famous gum arabic in considerable quantities. The Egyptains used gum arabic in making their paint colors as far back as 2000 B. C., and it has had an uninterrupted use since then. It has been an article of commerce since the first century A. D.

Gum arabic is an exudate of the acacia tree. Gum picking starts in the summer after the rains cease. Tapping time is determined by the temperature. Hot weather causes the leaves to wilt and fall, and the season then begins. Natives cut off the lower branches, then nick the tree with an axe. They cut under the bark but not into the wood, then lift the edges of the nick, pulling one up, and the other down, until the bark breaks. The gum exudes, if the weather is hot, and in three to four weeks it is ready to collect. The tapping has been done by the men, but the gum that forms in spots along the wound is collected by the women.

About 5,000 tons of gum arabic is used in this country annually by various industries. It is used in lithography, purification of liquors, and the manufacture of matches as well as pharmaceutical specialties. Its chief use in pharmacy is in the making of pills. Gum arabic is a mucliaginous substance and is mixed with various other drugs and rolled into pills.

It was from the valley of Shittim that Moses sent out the spies to find out what the Promised Land was like and to see what sort of people inhabited it. When they returned they brought with them many of the fruits they found there. The Israelites found Palestine a land flowing not only with milk and honey but a land of fig trees, pomegranates, and olives.

## FIGS

"In those days," says the Book of II Kings 20: 1-8, "Hezekiah was sick unto death. The prophet Isaiah came to him and said, 'Set thy house in order; for thou shalt die.' Hezekiah turned his face to the wall and prayed unto the Lord, 'I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which was good in thy sight.' Then Hezekiah wept sore. It came to pass, before Isaiah was gone into the middle court, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, 'Turn again, and tell Hezekiah I God have seen his tears and will heal him and will add fifteen years to his days.' Isaiah returned to Hezekiah and said, 'Take a lump of figs,' and they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."

It is evident from this description that figs were commonly used in Bible times as a poultice for drawing out the inflammation in boils and other ulcerous sores.

The fig tree, cultivated everywhere in the Holy Land, is frequently mentioned in the Bible. It is a tree of moderate size, seldom attaining a height of fifteen feet, but its spreading branches often form a circle with a diameter of twenty-five to thirty feet. They are habitually planted near houses, and the people sit in their shade and that of the vines which grow over the trellises.

The branches are straggling and naked in winter, but when the rains cease in the spring of the year small green knobs begin to appear at the ends of the twigs. These are the young fruits. The leaf-bud now ex-

pands, and the new pale green leaves soon overshadow the little figs. The fruit does not ripen until several months later, but any tree with leaves on should have young fruit at least or it will be barren for the season.

When Jesus came to the fig tree near Bethany just before the passover, the "time of (ripe) figs was not yet." It was in late March or early April, and from a distance he could see leaves on the tree, and so, walking up to the tree, he expected to find young fruit. Finding leaves and no fruit, it immediately suggested a moral lesson to Jesus and He condemned the tree as a deceiver The ripeness of the fruit was not the point. It was condemned because it had nothing but leaves.

Figs are seldom used today as a poultice, but everyone knows of their wonderful laxative properties. They are especially suitable for children, and consequently a syrup of figs is still a standard item on the shelf of every drug store.

---

## FOR SAFE BICYCLE RIDING

Do not weave in and out of traffic, or cut cornerwise across corners.

Ride on the side with automobiles and obey their traffic rules. Be especially careful at street crossings, also at highway and railroad crossings.

Do not ride fast in traffic.

Keep your bicycle in safe condition.

When riding at night carry a light in front and either a light or reflector on the rear of your bicycle.

Keep both hands on the handle bars except when you lift one to signal before you turn or stop.

Do not try to show off.

Ride near the curb, or at the edge of the road.

Do not take hold of cars or trucks to be pulled along.

Form the habit of looking out for automobiles.

Look out for cars about to back from parking places.

Do not carry a person or large package on your bicycle.

Ride only on streets and roads where traffic is light.

Be careful about wet, slippery spots on the pavement.

Learn to ride well before you ride where there is danger.

Do not dash into the street from driveways or from behind cars or other obstructions.

Always ride carefully.

Memorize these instructions. Enjoy your bicycle, but remember that 810 people, mostly boys and girls, were killed, and over 35,000 injured last year by bicycles. These accidents were usually the result of carelessness.—A. L. Potter.

# PRECIOUS STONES THROUGH THE AGES

By Harry K. Hobart

If we consider the stories of the precious stones, their study will lead us far back to the time when the world was young. We will learn much of the most romantic part of the history of the human race as well as much that is of great importance and interest.

Even before there was any recorded history we find evidences of humanity's love for, and interest in, what we call precious stones. Some of the greatest romances of the world have been written around the stories of lost or stolen jewels; and throughout all time many crimes have been committed for the sake of gaining possession of priceless jewels. The search for these precious stones has often been the prime mover in men's exploration of the far corners of the earth and in the discovery of new lands.

Possibly the first collection of jewels was made by some observant cave man and his beauty-loving mate, for certainly the love of precious stones began as a love of beauty rather than as greed for wealth. The commercial exploitation of precious stones is the result of an artificial value created by their beauty, their scarcity and their strange lasting qualities. The rosy glow of a ruby, the radiating rainbows of a diamond or the shining green of an emerald present to us the perfect appeal of beauty in light; and their lasting quality is clearly brought out by the fact that a jewel in a queen's crown may last untouched by time for thousands of years after the queen who wore the crown has passed into dust and been forgotten. This fact is especially intriguing to the mind of a race that craves immortality; and it is not strange that men began very early to make collections of precious stones.

In many of the old books of Egypt we find references made to different ones of the well-known precious stones; and Old Testament writers make frequent note of the use of jewels both in royal robes and in Temple equipment. Certain stones were given symbolic significance by God in His Word. In the New Testament, in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, we find a list of the precious stones which will adorn the walls and gates of the Holy City, according to the vision given to Saint John.

It is not known exactly when the cutting and engraving of gems was first begun but well-cut gems belonging to the old Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and other ancient civilizations are still to be found in museums and in private collections, some of them bearing dates hundreds of years before the coming of Christ. Notable among collections of ancient jewels are those reently discovered in Mexico and Central America; well-cut and preserved stones belonging to the ancient Mayan civiliztaion about which we really know very little. Some day we may find a cipher on some old bit of carved stone that will make the history of these

vanished people much clearer to us; and again we may be thankful for the history which has been preserved to us, even though we cannot yet read it, through the engraver's art and precious stones.

These early engravers used this medium to illustrate mythology, history, and customs of ancient people; and in some instances these engraved gems carry the only potrraits we have of the famous characters of ancient history. Also they have preserved for us the signatures of kings and princes and wise men who have left their impression on the story of humanity's struggle through the ages. It is not so far back in the record of time that very few people could read or write, and that governments made no provision for the carrying and the safe delivery of mail. The governments had no stamps so everyone of wealth and importance owned a signet ring with his individual seal engraved on a bit of precious stone. The individual seal was to those people the same as our private signatures are to us; and a man's signet of seal was one of his most prized possessions.

In the Bible story of Daniel we read that King Darius sealed the lion's den with his own signet; and again we read in the Bible how Queen Jezebel stole the seal of King Ahab and used it to sign false documents about the sale of a vineyard. In Roman history we read how Hannibal took the seal of a Roman general, Marcellus, and almost captured a town by this bit of trickery. This also shows us that forgery is an ancient sin.

Some of the most beautiful and most graphic descriptions in all literature are to be found in Bible notes about precious stones; and among these colorful word pictures is that in the book of Exodus which describes the breastplate of the high priest Aaron. This breastplate was eight inches square and was set with twelve precious stones, each one of them engraved with the name of one of the twelve tribes of Israel. Legends and superstitions about the virtue and value of these twelve stones in the breastplate of the high priest have persisted in various forms from Aaron's day to ours. All those legends and superstitions about the virtue and value of birthstones may be traced back to the wearing of the twelve stones in the breastplate of the high priest.

The early historians, Jerome and Josephus, both mention the connection between the stones in the high priest's breastulate and the months of the Jewish year; and the order in which the stones in the breastplate and the twelve foundation stones of the Holy City are given in the book of Revelations is supposed to have set the order for the wearing of birthstones as they are worn today. It used to be that people tried to own all of the twelve stones so that they could always choose the stone thaat fitted the months as they came along, but later it became the custom to take the stone of the month of your birth and wear that stone all the year.

Beset by superstition as is the general idea of wearing birthstones for good luck, the subject when studied gives us a good deal of history, some very worth-while information and an insight into the beginnings of some highly developed modern sciences. Evidently our ancestors must have observed the effects of sunlight and color on human health; and because they believed that precious stones were stored sunlight they treasured

them and considered them to hold magic powers of health and blessing. There is no doubt that the order of wearing them may be traced back to the stones in the breastplate of the high priest, but some confusion has grown out of the changing names and descriptions of the stones as these passed through the translations from one language to another; and change in the calendar of the year has also disturbed the sequence of birthstones so that not all the lists are exactly alike. They are so nearly the same, though, that there is no doubt as to where they originated.

Among the precious stones are usually included the diamond, ruby, sapphire, spinel, topaz beryl, emerald, tourmaline, hyacinth and zircon. There are other stones which are ranked as gems. The term gem is strictly applicable only to such hard and precious stones as have been worked by engraving. When the engraved design is sunk in the stone the gem forms an intaglio, signet or seal; and when the subject is in relief the gem is a cameo. From the gem-engraver's point of view, the most important stones are carnelian, sard, chrysoprase, plasma, bloodstone, jasper, agate and onyx. The balanced stone, generally called onyx, is used as the principal material for cameo-engraving.

The principal stones known to the ancients were: Carnelian and its more transparent variety the sard, in common use in the days of Plato; the chalcedony, used for seals and reliefs; the onyx, or nail stone, described by Pliny; the sardonyx, a variety of onyx, having black, blue, white and red colors, used for cameos and vases; the agate, considered a charm against scorpions and spiders, used for whetstones, and as a talisman by athletes; numerous varieties of the jasper, green, blood-red, yellow, black, mottled of porcelain, and even blue, employed as signet by the Romans; garnets, or red hyacinths, principally in use during the latter days of the Roman Empire; the carbuncles, supposed by some to be the name given by the ancients to the ruby; the jacinth, a yellow variety of the garnet, used for signets; the emerald supposed to be a green ruby; the beryl, used at an early period for engraving; the amethyst, used for intaglios at all periods; the sapphirus, supposed by some to be lapis lazuli; the anthrax, supposed to be the ruby; the topaz, a name given by the ancients to a green stone found in the island of Cytis in the Red Sea; the green tourmaline; the obsidian; and the opal, the largest of which then known was the size of a hazelnut.

There are famous collections of precious stones and also some well-known stones. Most of these fall among the diamond variety. Perhaps the best known are the Kohinoor, owned by the British royal family and taken from India, and the Orloff diamond, bought by Catherine the second of Russia, and said to have once belonged to the Shah of Persia. Other famous diamonds are: the Hope diamond, the Regent, the De Beers and the Tiffany; all these diamonds being over 125 carets each.

The largest and in many respects the most remarkable diamond ever found was discovered in 1905 in the Premier mine at Praetoria, South Africa. This stone is known as the Cullinan diamond after the name of its finder and weighed 3024 and three quarter carats and measured 4 inches

by 2.5 inches by 1.25 inches. It showed five cleavage planes indicating that it is only a part of a still larger stone. Its value has been etsimated at five million dollars. It was cut into nine jewels and placed among the English crown jewels.

From these bits of information we may see how fascinating the study of precious stones is.

---

## HENRY FORD AND PEANUTS

When Mr. Ford visited the Berry School near Rome, Ga., Miss Martha Berry, the founder of the school begged of him a dime—one single silver dime. Then Miss Berry bought peanuts with the dime and planted the peanuts and when Mr. Ford later returned to the school she showed him the revenue which came from the dime's worth of peanuts. Mr. Ford was so impressed that he gave her a building for the school; then later he gave her a whole group of buildings.

While in the Seminary at Louisville we were pastor of a village church in which there lived a Kentucky farmer who had several boys. He said he gave each boy a jack-knife and watched to see what he did with the knife. If he had a care for the knife, he then gave him a calf and if he cared for the calf, he would then give him a horse and if he had proper care for his horse, he would then give him a farm with implements and stock.

The wise father was simply watching his boys to see if they would do their best with what they had. He knew that a farm could be run through with almost as easily as a jack-knife could be thrown away and he would let the knife and calf and horse prove the quality of the boy before he was entrusted with a farm.

We reckon Mr. Ford's dime's worth of peanuts and the farmer giving his boy a jack-knife came close to illustrating what our Lord meant by the parable of the talents. Those who improved their talents were given others and the one who buried his talent, that he had was taken away from him. It is a bit of practical philosophy as true as truth itself, that what men do not use they lose. And all men possessed of great wealth who do not use it in the right way are certain to be held responsible for the sin of omission. The fact is they will all lose it at last.

For all one has held in his cold dead hand is what he has given away.—The Alabama Baptist.

# THE LAST FLOWER

**By V. M. Garstin**

An African sun rode a cloudless sky. The small white homestead seemed sunk in gloom beneath its thatched roof. An atmosphere of complete depression hung over fields; even the small terrier stretched on the wide veranda lay with listless head between his paws. Beside him a figure lolled in a deck-chair staring at the glistening veld with discontented eyes. Young as he was, and handsome, though his face was marred by the sullen look that sat somewhat unwillingly on his clear-cut features.

Jack Kennedy shifted irritably in his chair. Wags, the nondescript terrier, lifted an expectant head—perhaps there might be a walk—but his master regarded him moodily, and he dropped back dejectedly. Presently Kennedy began to talk; anything was better than this hopeless silence, and his thoughts needed airing.

"What's the use?" he muttered, his eyes moving restlessly across the weed-choked paths to the hills beyond. "I'll never do any good here—nothing will grow except weeds. Might as well pull out and go on the tramp—chuck in the sponge—admit that I've failed. What's it matter anyway? Nobody will know, nobody will care!" His laugh was bitter. I might have made good if—" He lapsed into futile speculation

A butterfly held the sunlight on brilliant wings as it inspected what once had been worthy of a visit. Not a flower raised a welcoming head. Then quite suddenly the flash of colour swooped down between the weeds and settled on a tiny white daisy struggling desperately to uphold its miserable position—the last pathetic blossom.

Idly the man in the chair watched the dainty creature. With a swift movement of irritation Jack Kennedy rose to his feet and went indoors. He would leave everything—the rats could have the lot as far as he was concerned. He collected a few necssaries and tied them up in a bundle. Not bothering to close the door he strode from the house without so much as a backward glance. And behind him the faithful Wags followed at a discreet distance.

Old Jantjie straightened his back and lifted the crownless hat from his head. His black face gleamed with perspiration, and he wiped the drops with the back of his hand. The diminutive figure beside him raised his topee showing the damp brown curls clinging to the small freckled face.

With the utmost seriousness William Johnson Forsyth emulated every action of old Janjie. Side by side they leaned on their spades.

Bill broke the silence first.

"Do you know the Our Father?"

Jantjie looked down at him interrogatively.

"It's a prayer," Bill explained, adding proudly: "I can say it. Shall I?"

Without waiting for Jantjie's reply, he clasped his grimy hands and recited the prayer from beginning to end.

"World without end—Amen! I say it well, don't I?"

His companion nodded thoughtfully. "Very well, little master. But old Jantjie does not understand what it is

you say, or why you say it."

"But you say prayers, don't you?" Bill's voice was shrill. "Didn't your mother teach you when you were little?" The child's eyes travelled over his companion. "Or were you always old?"

There was a smile on the black face as he answered:

"Old Janjie was once a piccanin, little master, a very long time ago."

"Well, then you must have learnt some. Else how did you talk to God?"

Janjie's face cleared. "So you speak of Tagati? Is that how the white people do it?"

Bill nodded. "We say prayers. I know a lot—some for the morning and some for the evening."

"Haven't you any prayers, Jantjie?" he inquired.

To his surprise the native pointed "These are old Jantjie's."

"Flowers?" Bill asked in amazement. "How can they be prayers?"

"Why not? They speak for those who do not know the way."

William Johnson Forsyth pondered this idea in silence for a moment.

"Some pray for hope, those you find will grow more easily. They die last, little master. Daisies, you call them."

"Daisies!" echoed Bill. "They grow wild."

The old eyes travelled round the tiny garden. No one could make flowers grow like old Jantjie. The child's voice broke in on his thoughts.

"Mummy says it's because you love them so much that they come up well for you."

"Flowers know, Master Bill. When you dig with anger, anger grows—weeds you call them. When you dig with no heart nothing comes, there's no strength to push through the earth. Only the daisy will come where there is no will to work which makes the earth sad."

But Bill did not hear the end of the sentence. At the bottom of the garden near an old tree stood the dearest little terrier, head cocked, waiting for a game. With a whoop of delight the small boy threw down the spade and lept towards it. Old Jantjie went with him. It would be cool under the branches.

Bill pulled up short. A strange man was sitting under the tree, and on his face was the most curious expression. He did not seem to see the small figure, his eyes were looking far beyond, silently the little boy turned to retreat, when the short sharp bark of delight from the dog recalled the man to his surroundings. He smiled, his face lighting up as he held out a hand to the child.

"Thank you, Bill," he said softly.

William Johnson Forsyth regarded him in surprise. Jack Kenedy laughed suddenly, a full throated hearty laugh. Wags rolled over in delight. Jantjie raised a hand in salute. Bill's eyes went to the bundle.

"Are you going or coming?" he asked with interest.

Jack Kennedy rose to his feet, and there was a new light in his eyes.

"I was going, but I've changed my mind. I'm coming back."

"Why?" Bill squatted down beside Wags.

The white man looked at old Jantjie.

"I'm going to see if I can find a daisy in my garden."

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. George Richmond, of Concord, recently donated a number of magazines for the use of our boys. This good lady has been doing this for a number of years, and we are most grateful for her kindly interest in the boys of the Training School.

---

Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rochingham, who is vice-chairman of our Board of Trustees, called at the School last Thursday morning. This visit was for the purpose of discussing with Superintendent Boger several matters of importance pertaining to the work of the School.

---

Allen Wilson, a former member of our printing glass, who returned to his home in Burlington two months ago, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. He has been working in a department store since leaving us, but says he expects to enter high school next week, having successfully passed the examinations which will enable him to enter the tenth grade.

---

have joy and peace, we should be only too glad to give him every ounce of loyalty that is in us. While we can never repay the sacrific he made for us, we can at least be loyal to his teachings and help to carry out his work here among men. By thus having been loyal to Christ, when we stand before him at last, it will be our happy privilege to hear from his own lips, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

---

With all the cloudy weather, thunder and lightning that has been noticeable in this vicinity during the past few weeks, very little rain has fallen, and our late vegetables are suffering greatly, the ground being so very hard and dry that not even turnips, which have been sown several times, will sprout. In neighboring sections of the county quite a bit of rain has fallen. We have no idea why the weather man has passed us up so completely, but unless we soon have some rain, nearly all the fall crops will be a total loss.

---

Wiley Green, a former member of the family of Cottage No. 13, who left the School two years ago, was a visitor here last Thursday afternoon. Upon leaving here he went to work for Mr. Orville Green, on a farm near North Wilkesboro, and has been with him ever since. He spends part of the time working on the farm and at other times is engaged in driving a truck, taking the produce to market. When visiting the School he was hauling a load of apples and Irish potatoes. Wiley informed us that he was married last Saturday, his wife being the daughter of his employer.

---

Mr. C. D. Kaiser, of Columbia, South Carolina, a tree expert, has been with for the past few days. For several years he has been treating a number of trees on our campus, and

they are showing considerable improvement. We are very much interested in keeping these trees in good condition as they are located on the campus at points where they are very useful as well as ornamental. Mr. Kaiser, who received his early training with the Davey Tree Surgery Company, has been working in the two Carolinas for the past twelve years and has the reputation of being one of the best tree "doctors" in this section of the country.

---

Last Wednesday afternoon we received a telegram from the PWA regional director, H. T. Cole, Atlana, Ga., announcing a grant of $18,685.00, the federal government's 45 per cent, of the amount necessary for the erection of a swimming pool at the School, costing around $34,521.00; and a dairy barn to cost $7,272.00 Instructions were further given that immediate steps be taken for completing plans for these projects. We were all happy to receive this notice and are eagerly looking forward to the erection of an up-to-date swimming pool at the School.

A donation from individuals, whose identity will be announced later, made possible the 55 per cent of the cost necessary to secure the grant from the government.

---

William Beard, of Chester, Pa., formerly of Cottage No. 7 and a member of the laundry force, who left the School January 26, 1927, called on old friends here on Thursday of last week. He was accompanied by his wife and brother-in-law.

Upon leaving the School Bill secured employment in Henderson, as a clerk in a grocery store operated by his uncle, where he remained about two years. He then worked on a farm for one year. His next move was to go to Chester, Pa., getting a job as machinist's helper in a large shipyard; after two years he was promoted to a position known among steel workers as "handy man"; at the end of another two-year period he was made a second-class machinist; in two more years he was made a first-class machinist; and at the present time he is the foreman of a group of twenty-five workers.

Bill has been married a little more than three years and is the proud father of a daughter, fourteen months old. He stated that he was very well pleased with his work and present location and was going to do his very best to go as high as possible in his chosen profession.

In conversation with officials of the School, Bill stated that he certainly was glad he had been sent to the Training School, for here it was that he really found himself and decided to make the best of his opportunities.

---

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scritpure Lesson he read the story of Jesus' raising Lazarus from the dead, as found in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

At the beginning of his interesting talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that his subject would be "Loyalty," taking as his text John 11:16—"Then said Thomas, which is

called Didymus, unto his fellow disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him." The speaker called attention to the fact that while Thomas at one time doubted the Master, he also had his better moments, as is shown in the text, where he expresses himself as even being willing to die with Jesus. He knew it would be dangerous for Jesus and his disciples to go up into the town of Bethany, for the Jews there were bitter toward them, yet he did not hesitate to say "Let us go."

The speaker then called attention to the contrast between this declaration of genuine loyalty on the part of Thomas, to the actions of Judas a short time thereafter, when he betrayed the Master for the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver. Was it any wonder that the traitor, Judas, became remorseful and went out and hanged himself?

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then spoke of layalty in the present day, citing the following examples of how it shows up in the daily lives of men: (1) This thing called loyalty shows in our colleges. While the students may admit that other educational institutions are very good, they always give their loyalty and love to their alma mater. (2) Then we have a man's loyalty to his family. Of course there are other families whose members may be as good as any to be found in our own, but we cannot help feeling that our first duties and obligations are to the people of our own households. (3) Loyalty is a most important factor in church work. Other churches and denominations are fine, but without the loyal support of the members of our own church, the work of that church will fail, hence we owe allegiance to that church first, last and always.

Loyalty is a constant thing, continued the speaker, it is something that must last if it is to be worth anything. Loyalty doesn't only come in a moment of danger, but in all walks of life every day of the year. We owe it to our homes, churches, schools, etc., to stand by when things are not going so well. Fair weather friends are not worth anything. They are with us, apparently, when everything is running smoothly, but in times of need they turn their backs to us. They are not loyal friends. Those who pretend to be friendly when we are riding the crest, quite often are far from being loyal when we go down under the waves.

The speaker spoke briefly of the story of Ruth and Naomi, pointing out that Ruth's decision was a great lesson in loyalty. He also stated that no matter where we are or what sort of work we are trying to carry on, where loyalty does not abide there will be found discord, and where loyalty and unselfishness are working together among men, there will be found perfect harmony.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then said we should always be loyal to our better selves, and to show how sometimes a person might be under the control of his better self, while at other times his evil self was in command of his life and actions, he referred to the interesting story by Stevenson, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

In conclusion the speaker said that we should be loyal to Jesus at all times, because of the fact that he gave his life for us. Since he died that it might be possible for us to

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending September 4, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Ivey Eller 13
(14) Clyde Gray 14
(9) Gilbert Hogan 13
(14) Leon Hollifield 14
(14) Edward Johnson 14
(4) James Kissiah 4
(5) Edward Lucas 13
(5) Mack Setzer 13
(9) C. L. Snuggs 9

### COTTAGE No. 1

(5) Rex Allred 6
Henry Cowan 11
(5) Carroll Dodd 6
Edgar Harrellson 2
Blanchard Moore 9
(2) Fonnie Oliver 7
(3) Reece Reynolds 6
(4) Howard Roberts 10
(2) Frank Walker 7

### COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Norton Barnes 3
(2) J. T. Godwin 3
(3) Julius Green 9
(2) Floyd Lane 5
(3) Nick Rochester 12
(2) Oscar Roland 6
(2) Brooks Young 4

### COTTAGE No. 3

(3) James Boone 3
Harold Dodd 3
(4) William McRary 11
(6) John Robertson 9
Claude Terrell 5

### COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Grady Allen 9
(3) William Brothers 8
(3) Monroe Flinchum 3
(4) Grover Gibby 4
Burman Holland 3
Paul Lewallan 3
(14) Jack McRary 14
(3) McCree Mabe 3
James Page 3
(6) Richard Palmer 9
(7) Winford Rollins 10
(3) Eugene Smith 3
(3) Richard Singletary 5
Ned Waldrop 5
(14) Dewey Ware 14
(5) Ralph Webb 8
George Wright 6

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 6
Fletcher Castlebury 10
Martin Crump 7
Robert Deyton 4
Robert Dunning 9
(4) Roscoe Honeycutt 5
Canipe Shoe 5
James C. Wiggins 3

### COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 8
(6) Cleasper Beasley 13
Carl Breece 12
(9) Archie Castlebury 12
(2) James H. Davis 10
(9) William Estes 13
Blaine Griffin 7
(2) Robert Hampton 6
(14) Caleb Hill 14
Raymond Hughes 3
(4) Hugh Johnson 12
Robert Lawrence 3
(4) Elmer Maples 8
Ernest Mobley 3
(4) Edmund Moore 10
Marshall Pace 7
(6) J. D. Powell 11
Graham Sykes 6
Dewey Sisk 6
(2) Loy Stines 8
Earthy Strickland 9
William Tester 6

Joseph Wheeler 4
Ed Woody
(14) William Young 14

COTTAGE No. 8

Howard Baheeler 5
(2) Don Britt 9
Floyd Crabtree
Charles Davis
(2) J. B. Devlin 2
(2) Samuel Everidge 5
Howard Griffin
(2) Clyde Hillard 2
Lonnie Holleman 2
Junius Holleman
William Jerrell
(2) Winfred Land 4
Harvey Ledford 3
Edward J. Lucas 4
Joseph Linville
Edward McCain 5
John Penninger 4
Norman Parker 2
Charles Presnell 3
Ray Reynolds 3
Harvey Smith
(3) Charles Taylor 11
(4) John Tolbert 12
Charles Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Clarence Baker
(2) J. T. Branch 12
(2) James Bunnell 8
(4) Edgar Burnette 9
James Butler 6
(3) Clifton Butler 11
(4) Roy Butner 4
(4) Carrol Clark 4
(5) Henry Coward 7
(6) George Duncan 10
Frank Glover 5
Mark Jones 8
(5) Eugene Presnell 11
(4) Earl Stamey 9
(2) Thomas Wilson 12
Horace Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 5
(2) Floyd Combs 4
Elbert Head 8
Thomas King 4
(2) William Peeden 4
(2) Torrence Ware 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Baxter Foster 10
(9) Lawrence Guffey 12
(4) Earl Hildreth 7
(2) William Hudgins 4
Julius Stevens 12
(3) Thomas Shaw 12
(3) John Uptegrove 12

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Burl Allen 6
(2) Alphus Bowan 8
(2) Allard Brantley 6
(2) Ben Cooper 9
(2) William C. Davis 8
(2) Max Eaker 10
(4) James Elders 10
(4) Joseph Hall 9
(2) Elbert Hackler 9
(2) Charlton Henry 12
(6) Franklin Hensley 10
(4) Richard Honeycutt 9
(2) Hubert Holloway 10
(2) S. E. Jones 5
(2) Alexander King 11
(4) Thomas Knight 12
(2) Tillman Lyles 12
(5) Clarence Mayton 8
(2) William Powell 6
(6) James Reavis 11
(2) Howard Sanders 9
(4) Carl Singletary 11
(2) William Trantham 11
(3) Leonard Watson 7
(4) Leonard Wood 11
(10) Ross Young 10

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) James V. Harvel 8
(8) Paul McGlammery 10
(2) Marshall White 4
(2) Alexander Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 14

(9) Clyde Barnwell 12
(5) Delphus Dennis 10
(4) Audie Farthing 11
(2) James Kirk 11
(2) Feldman Lane 4
(2) Henry McGraw 4
Fred McGlammery 6
Richard Patton 3
(2) John Robbins 9
(2) J. D. Webster 4
(9) Harold Thomas 12
Thomas Trantham 3

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Sidney Delbridge 5
(4) Clifton Davis 4
(5) Hoyt Hollifield 9
Albert Hayes 2
(3) Joseph Hyde 6
(4) Robert Kinley 7
(7) Paul Ruff 12
(2) Ira Settle 6
Brown Stanley

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(8) James Chavis 12
Reefer Cummings 11
(11) Filmore Oliver 12
Early Oxendine 7
(5) Thomas Oxendine 9
(2) Curley Smith 9
(2) Hubert Short 10

---

## THE SELF-HURT OF SEIF-PITY

To learn the lessons life would teach, to profit by them, to be made finer as a personality, to be made perfect by suffering —that is what it is to turn life into an experience of genuine value.

Self-pity breaks down the mind, poisons the soul, undermines the health of the body, prevents right relations with other people, and destroys the happiness both of the individual who permits it to take hold of him and of those who have to live with him. There is perhaps no more disintegrating emotion to be found in the whole roster than self-pity.

Many a case that comes to a physician in the guise of physical breakdown is primarily little more than self-pity. In cases in which some specific malady is actually present, it can be the attitude of the spirit that keeps the malady present, and makes it worse. That is why there is a mental aspect of medicine and why it s being increasingly recognized and included in the treatment of sickness.

It seems a bit surprising that it has taken the medical profession so long to realize that, when a man is sick, the whole man is sick and needs treatment. Not only merely does his stomach or his circulatory system need attention, but also the part of him that thinks and feels disappointment and resentment and humiliation.

Men and women are something more than physical and chemical organisms needing to be toned up and put in repair. They are even more than harassed strugglers needing composition of family difficulties. They may need medicine. Certainly they need insight and vision. Let's give it to them when we can. —The Alabama Baptist.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1938 No. 37

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## AUTUMN

A mist on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfield,
And the wild geese sailing high.
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod,
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

—W. H. Carruth.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| MUSIC'S PLACE IN POLAND AND RUSSIA | By Aletha M. Bonner | 10 |
| SEATS OF THE MIGHTY | By Sara M. Perry | 13 |
| CHOOSING A VOCATION | By Mary H. S. Hayes | 15 |
| POOR MAN'S COW | By Charles Doubleyou | 17 |
| ON A FERRYBOAT | By Frank B. McAllister | 19 |
| THE GOVERNOR WHO WED HIS SERVANT | By Gilbert Patten, in Masonic Messenger | 21 |
| PLAN CHILDREN'S BOADING HOMES | (Selected) | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 23 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## ONE YEAR TO LIVE

If I had but one year to live;
One year to help; one year to give;
One year to love; one year to bless;
One year of better things to stress;
One year to sing; one year to smile;
To brighten earth a little while;
One year to sing my Maker's praise;
One year to fill with work my days;
One year to strive for a reward
When I should stand before my Lord,
I think that I would spend each day,
In just the very self-same way
That I do now. For from afar
The call may come to cross the bar
At any time, and I must be
Prepared to meet Eternity.

So if I have a year to live,
Or just one day in which to give
A pleasant smile, a helping hand,
A mind that tries to understand
A fellow-creature when in need,
'Tis one with me. I take no heed,
But try to live each blessed day
In just a plain, unselfish way.

—Mary Davis Reed.

## THE FUTURE OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

We are happy to record that the advantages of the Jackson Training School for the building of young manhood is constantly measuring up to the demands. We have lately made reference to the new Gymnasium and Infirmary,—companion pieces in safeguarding the

health of the boys,—and they are just about completed. In these two the physical development will be emphasized, also in each hygiene and sanitation will be taught by precept and example.

In the trail of these two valuable additions comes the good news that the school has received a very substantial grant from PWA. This PWA money pays for 45 percent of the cost of a dairy barn and swimming pool,—vital acquisitions, these buildings we hope will very soon be in the course of construction. Moreover, the residue, 55 per cent, of the cost of the swimming pool will be supplemented by an individual familiar with the work of the school. This person has supreme faith that the investment will give dividends of splendid manhood.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is not the largest school of its kind in the States—there are others with over a thousand boys —but this institution is recognized as one of the best equipped for service when the new buildings begin to function.

The name of the donor to finance balance on the swimming pool is yet a secret. But the name of the philanthropist, the scion of a man whose life was full of good works, will when given be no surprise, because as a business man of large affairs is head of a corporation that comes as near having a soul as any we know.
Such contributions enrich the soul of the donor. This man is obsessed with the thought that it is better to make a life than simple to make a living. The man of vision builds not for the present generation, but for the those who are leaders in the future.

* * * * * * *

## THE QUINTS

The Quintuplets have surely been kept before the foot lights. Recently two hundred and fifty American and Canadian scientist assembled to place these precious, little girls—Yvonne, Cecile, Emile, Annette and Marie—of same heredity, under the microscope. The diagnosis showed they were normal physically, mentally and a strong resemblance prevailed in form and coloring. The survey of the scientists so far showed up most satisfactorily.

The next question in the minds of the noted scientist is environment and contact so that the children develop socially. To place the children in a public school is entirely out of the question, because

they would be the object of curious eyes wherever they went. The opinion of famous experts in child welfare is that to develop a well rounded person the rough and tumble of mixed groups is needed. Without that contact the child gets an ego or a "high-hatty" air that retards progress in meeting emergencies. To be a good mixer is a wonderful assect in both the business and social world.

After taking all things in consideration a private school upon the estate of the Dionne children will be conducted and other children received so there will be a complete school life. These children are worth one half a million in their own names so the school problem will be easily adjusted.

The life of the Quintuplets safely guarded by Dr. Allen,—once accepted as a back country doctor, but today is the most widely known practitioner in America—has been all along a moving story of human interest. No children in the world have attracted such a wide spread attention, and neither did any child begin life under such handicaps and develop as they have. But the world, with Dr. Defoe as the guiding spirit in the care of the babies, contributed most generously something to keep the tiny spark of life in each baby till the danger line was passed. To have lived under such handicaps has been accepted as a miracle.

* * * * * * *

## GREETINGS TO EDITOR PRESS DEATON

Editor Press Deaton of the Mooresville Enterprise established a paper in Mooresville 39 years ago and by constant and conscientious attention has succeeded. The people of this immediate community are not surprised, because they know that Editor Deaton is a tireless, honest and courageous fellow with an ambition to continue till he reached his goal.

The citizens of Concord are proud to claim Mr. Deaton as a son of Cabarrus. He spent his boyhood and much of his young manhood days in Concord. He first felt the influence of the printer's ink while reporter for the Concord Standard. He then proved himself to be a loyal friend and faithful to every charge entrusted to him.

We doff our cap to Mr. Deaton and trust that success may continue to follow him in every walk of life. To him and his co-workers, we send greetings and best wishes for many more years of usefulness

to his community and the state at large. Any business that pulsates with the sout of mankind never fails, success is the reward.

* * * * * * *

## HUMBLE TOIL

It is more than strange, as editorially stated in Young Folks, that so many persons are ashamed of their humble beginnings. They do not care to have these mentioned in the presence of those who have always had plenty and who were never compelled to perform menial service.

If we were well enough acquainted with the past and present leaders of our country, it may be we should find that very few of them were born and reared with a silver spoon in their mouths.

You must know that though Abraham Lincoln became one of the truly great men of the world, his name can never be mentioned without recalling to our minds the poverty and the hard labor of his early years. In a speech the President once made in New Haven, he said: "I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, hauling rails, at work on a flat-boat—just what might happen to any poor man's." It is not the great, but the would-be great, who want to forget their humble origin and the lowly and very unpretentious kind of work they had to do in their earlier years.

It seems to me that just as soon as we are eager to forget the rock whence we were hewn, and the pit out of which we were digged, that moment the glory of our nation begins to fade.

It cannot be news to any of us to learn from our most careful historians that our humble folk, the folk who perform our common tasks, have been and always will be the backbone of our nation. That is not setting class against class; it is only giving credit to those who desrve it.

* * * * * * *

## CLIPPED FROM "FACT DIGEST"

Digitalis, which is not only a heart stimulant but one of the greatest heart remedies known to medicine, was discovered by an old English woman who was curious about herbs. One day she was

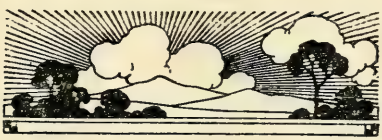
experimenting with foxglove and found that it aided sufferers from heart ailments. Foxglove, an herb, is the source from which digitalis is obtained.

In Europe, some scientists have developed apparatus which has detected electrical currents in the heart as long as half an hour after apparent death from lethal gases, such as carbon monoxide and coal gas.

In the lower forms of animal life, no heart is found. This organ first becomes pronounced in some of the higher worms as a slight expansion of one of the blood vessels. This heart is very crude, and pumps blood first to the right and then to the left, giving the impression that it has no particular direction but merely keeps the blood moving.

A rocking bed has been invented to aid sufferes from heart ailments. This bed alternately raises the head and feet of the patient, thus helping to circulate the blood and relieve the strain on the heart.

One of the greatest herbs collectors of the United States is Mr. Tom Greer of Caldwell County, N. C. He furnished herbs to the medical laboratories of Cincinnati—among the largest laboratories of the United States.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### GOOD NEW DAYS

"There is no going back.....Why bind
Your swift pace with a phantom fetter?
Forget the good old days behind,
Go on, and make the new days better."

---

Second thoughts are best when you put them first in speaking.

---

I guess politicians figure on a landside, is why they put so much dirt to their campaigns.

---

Some people never forgive an enemy until after they have gotten even with him.

---

When a wife asks her husband to listen to reason, it is a sure sign that she is going to do the reasoning.

---

You never lose anything by sticking to your principles—if you've got any.

---

A Durham tot got mad the other day and was heard to say: "I wish I was bigger, so I could get madder."

---

A man has developed a great amount of magnanimity when he can listen to his wife and the radio at the same time.

---

We talk about people having "wheels in their head." That may be so, but with a good many the balance wheel seems to be missing.

---

The people who are too smart for their own good are those who lose a lot time telling other people how smart they are.

When a man is determined to do wrong and be sinful, it isn't his conscience that troubles him—it is the fear of being found out.

---

It is said that Mussolini and Hitler neither one likes the smoke of cigaretts. What a blessing it would be if they only had the same dislike to the smoke of battlefields.

---

A young man in Durham starting out with a girl to whom he was paying marked attention, said: "Let's take a buss." "Oh, my," she said, "I never kiss men I'm not engaged to."

---

"The well-to-do worry more than the poor," a psychologist says. I am not surprised at that. Why should the poor worry? About everything that could happen to the poor has already happened.

---

To say this is a young people's world is a gross mistake. Yet the idea has swept the country like a hurricane, with as much suddenness and about as much damage. Following in its wake has come the literaure of various plans of old-age pensions. The aged and needy deserve to be provided for, but it is a mistake to create the impression that a person is too old to be useful. Looking back over the list of the world's greatest men and women we find many writers, painters, inventors, statesmen, and business men who did not show their greatness until they were old. One must live before he can be worthy of any great achievement One must know work and study, love and loss,

success and failure before he has learned the art of living. To say a person is old just when he is ready to begin to live is ridiculous. Where would our civilization be today if every man and woman of the past had folded their hands at 60 and said complacently: "I'm old, let the young folks take charge!"

---

Not many years ago I knew a father of a young son. This young man was about to enter upon a business adventure about which he was fearful. The father, a failure himself, gave his son a lot of advice. The boy listened. As we left I said, "Bill, what do you think about what he advised?" He quickly replied. "Dad is giving me the line of reasoning that he has always followed. He is a failure. His ideas must be wrong. I'm going to elsewhere for counsel." He went to one of the most prominent men in town, and most successful. I asked him what advice this man had given him. He told me. He said this friend told him: "What you are planning is a speculation. It is a gamble. You have little money and that is the time you should gamble—when you have everything to gain and but little to lose. But don't gamble it all. Take some of this money for this venture and save some for another. You may lose on the first. You may lose on the second. But if you follow men who are successful, eventually you too should succeed. It is the way all successful men start, who have made their money through their own courage and their own determination to win."

---

The spinsters of England expect their country to do its duty. Since fortune has not favored them with a man as a natural supporter, they have begun a crusade which thus expresses itself vocally and vigorously: "Pensions for spinsters at fifty-five." For years the "forgotten class" of England, these unwed women have, through their leader, Florence White, imposed vivid remembrance of themselves upon the public in a surprisingly short time. And now, in a characteristically feminine way, they ask for special consideration, saying: "While sixty-five is a fair pension age for men, it is just ten years too late for women, since, under modern labor conditions, women workers cannot keep the pace as long as men can." This is the background of their slogan, and they have 10,000 spinsters organized and active to convince Parliament and the public mind. Moreover, they are likely to succed in their project, for it is carefully calculated that England has 800,000 women who will likely never be married, and of these 175,000 at present are between fifty-five and sixty-five years old.

—Selected.

# MUSIC'S PLACE IN POLAND AND RUSSIA

**By Aletha M. Bonner**

Let us turn back the pages of Father Time's history to the year 1574. The place is Cracow, Poland. Here is being held an elaborate reception at the ropal palace, in honor of Henry III, of Anjou, who has recently been placed on the Polish throne.

The ascendancy of the French prince has been marked by magnificent ceremonials, terminating in this great reception at the castle, where, amid much pomp and splendor, the nobles and ladies, the high ecclesiastical dignitaries and all officials of the realm are assembled.

In the course of the evening festivity there is a grand promenade, at which time the distinguished guests march in procession past the throne, to the sounds of stately music. The men in full dress, the ladies gorgeously gowned, present a colorful picture, rendered all the more effective by the dignity of the musical scoring to such a scene.

The music, played by the court orchestra, to this impressive pageant was in triple rhythm of elaborate form. So perfectly did it conform to the firm tread of the men and the graceful step of the women that the music movement was set apart as a court processional, to be used for such royal occasions. Later it was given the name of palonaise, or promenade march.

In this same century, the sixteenth, the peasant folk of the old province of Mazovia, or Masovia, originated a narrative form of song, with the story acted out in gay gestures and lilting step. Such a vocal movement of rustic jollity was given the name of mazurka, being derived from the word "mazur," which means, " a native of the Mazoivan country."

The vocal refrain to this movement was later omitted, yet in instrumental form its characteristics remained the same, with the happy abandon of carefree existence emphasizing its every note.

Thus were born, in extreme stratas of society—high and low—two musical forms of contrasting beauty and charm. There was still another type of musical utterance to be heard in the land. Poland in this period of her history was one of the foremost countries of Gentral Europe. Then came wars from without, fightings within. Unable to stand before combined and continuous invasions, the proud spirit of the nation bowed to the inevitable, as the last remnant of independence was taken away. It was during these dark days of oppression that music's voice was again lifted, this time in songs of wistful sweetness and tunes tinged with the melancholy of turbulent times.

American sympathies were with Poland in her hours of bondage, sympathies rendered all the more sincere because of military services rendered by two Polish patriots, Count Casimir Pulaski, and Thaddeus Kosciusko, in our own Revolutionary War. Even the military skill of men like Pulaski and Kosciusko could not free

their country from the invading armies of more powerful nations; yet let it be said to the credit of the Polish people that

Through darkest years of strife,
With war and bloodshed rife,
They guarded their art life
With zealous care;

as well as held fast to the traditions and customs of the country despite alien practices and policies.

At this critical period of national distress is recorded the birth of Frederic Chopin (1809-1849), a native son who was destined to bless the entire world with compositions of melodic richness and harmonic brilliancy; who, as a master pianist, proved to be the pre-eminent interpreter of the colorful music of his day.

To speak further of the writings of Chopin is to mention his great love of country; a love which prompted him to pour out his musical soul in tonal passages of patriotic fervor. However, he did not limit himself to one particular form of expression, as his melody messages were varied and covered all phases of national life. He it was who developed many of the folk-rhythms from mere dance forms into glowing tone pictures of classic charm.

Revering past artists and patriots, Poland has also honored her more contemporary children of achievement. With the dawning again of her Day of Independence, in 1919, following the World War, she chose for her leader, not a king, but her native-born son, the world-famous piano vituoso, composer and statesman, Ignaz Jan Paderewski. As Premier of Poland he served his country as he has ever served his art—nobly and loyally. Perhaps no person is so well known and loved in Warsaw, the capital city, as is this patriot-pianist who was also once a student, and later the director of the Warsaw Conservatory. Other significant workers in Polish musical development through the years have been Tausig, the Scharwenka brothers, Leschetizky, Wieniawski, Sembrich, the de Reszke brothers, Stokowski, and Josef Hofmann. Again, in varied fields of kindred art and science, sons and daughters have wone distinction. Helen Modjeska in dramatic art; Madame Curie (co-discoverer of radium) in scientific research; Josef Conrad and Henry Sienkiewicz in literature—the last-named the autor of the famous "Quo Vadis."

Between one capital, Warsaw, and another, Moscow, Russia, a distance of some seven hundred miles intervenes. The cities are linked together by excellent aerial, automobile, and railroad routes. These stretch over widespread plains, where Poland gets its name, (the word Polski meaning plain). They wind through tiny villages of thatched onestoried buildings, through Cracow, the former Polish capital (1320-1698, and birthplace of the formerly mentioned Hofmann, concert pianist, composer and educator now living in America.

The journey is an impressive one as it wends its way northeastward across the Polish country. Soon the steppes of Russia are reached. Then Moscow looms into view, the "mother city" of all the Russias, with a history dating back to the twelfth century, with music playing an important part among all classes and centuries of the recorded past.

It is interesting to know that Old

Russia received its earliest church music from Byzantium (Constantinople) in the tenth century. The wife of Vladimir, the czar who introduced Christianity into his country, had a group of singers called "The Czarina's Choir." They wrote their songs by means of various crude notes, without lines, and certain of the ancient manuscripts are now rare treasures in the archives at Moscow.

Along with religious musical expression, which wielded so profound an influence, came the heart-songs of the people. An enormous collection of them, for every outstanding event of life from birth to death, was voiced by the Russians in song. Oppression, struggle, despair, joy, love, liberty—all found musical interpretation. One folk-mode with which the world at large is particularly familiar is the minor-toned melody known as "The Song of the Volga Boatmen," a song said to have originated with the burlaks (serfs) who sang at their strenuous work of drawing heavily loaded barges up the river.

The first collection of Russian folk music dates from 1770. It was published at Saint Petersburg, a northern city, founded in 1703 by the renowned ruler, Peter the Great, who, eight years later, established the city as his capital.

In 1917 Moscow became the capital. St. Petersburg was given the name of "Petrograd," with a still later change in 1934 to "Leningrad," in honor of Lenin, Though changed in name, the city continues to remain the center of musical culture.

Here it was, in earlier years, that one of Russia's greatest and most versatile musicians, Anton Rubinstein, founded the Imperial Conservatory of Music. Here were educated talented young Russias, who later gained fame in the world of art. This group includes the names of Tchaikowsky, Arensky, Rimsky-Korsakov, DePachmann, Rachmaninoff, and others who have won honors in the field of creative writing and concert performance.

Like Poland, Russia has had "periods of trouble," with the political pulse-beat of the nation quickened to flaring throbs through revolutionary activity. The monarchical government was overthrown at the close of the World War, and independent states formed from the old empire. With the impetus gained from such new life and legislation, a brighter note, a happier theme song is sounding today. From the torch of musical inspiration, held so high by the early fathers, will be lighted the fires of genius of generations to come. Thus music, with its charm and harmonizing influence, will continue to bless and serve humanity.

---

Eighty-five years ago, aluminum was a rare metal—as costly as gold. It was quoted at $545 a pound. Today, thanks to developments characterizing a notable half century, it costs about twenty cents a pound.—Selected.

# SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

**By Sara M. Perry**

Seats of the mighty meant just that in the long-ago times for only those in power, the mighty ones, sat upon chairs.

Archeologists say that they deem the finding of a chair to be far more important than almost any other thing they might unearth, when digging in ancient ruins.

Our knowledge of chairs of very remote times is got almost entirely from paintings, sculpture and measurements.

A few actual examples are in existence. One, an arm chair in a most remarkable state of preservation, found in a tomb in the Valley of the Kings, is astonishing like the chairs that came into style about the time of Napoleon.

The earliest Greek chair had a back, but stood straight both back and front. It was most uncomfortable looking ineed. This chair was used by kings about six centuries before Christ.

One the frieze of the Parthenon the main figure is seated on a square chair having a back and very thick legs; and it is ornamented with winged sphinxes and the feet of animals.

The chair that is typical of ancient Rome is of marble, and is also adorned with sphinxes. To sit on a chair in those far gone times was to sit on a throne.

No other piece of furniture has been so closely connected with the prosperity of the world; no other piece has been so close an index of the luxury that peoples enjoyed and wanted, as the chair.

Before 1500, chairs were a rarity. Benches and stools were the only seats used by those not connected with the "mighty."

Chairs have been classified, always, according to their maker, their material, their purpose, and their structure. In the history of chairs interest centers first in the maker, his style and period. The size, shape and sturdiness of chairs has varied with the fashion of the day. When women wore huge hoop skirts and the men wore beruffled shirts and long trailing coattails, the chairs had to be made to accomodate these, bulky fashions. Chair backs were so made that the men's coattails would not be rumpled, and so the women's hoop-skirts could have space to be spread out gracefully. As style changed so the style in chairs changed, and more delicate designs, with cane bottom and back, were the style. And about that time is the first time that designers began to think of chairs as comfortable resting places. And the real comfort of the chair became the first consideration of the designers.

The real age of chairs came when the great craftsman, Chippendale, began to turn his attention to making them. He began by seeking to combine beauty and comfort in chair designing. Mahogany had just been introduced into the furniture-making shops, and Chippendale set the style in furniture, especially in chairs, even to this very day.

There were many who worked with Chippendale, some who came after him, but only Phyfe, in America, gain-

ed a lasting renown. He was able to take the beauty of Chippendale and combine it with his own master artistry, and make designs that were considered, by great experts, to surpass even the best of Chippendale's own.

It is most interesting that one of the very oldest chairs, a Roman chair, is almost identical with what we know as the camp chair, or folding chair. The swivel chair is very old, having been used in most acient times.

The fiddle-back chair marked the beginning of the idea of designing chairs to give comfort especially to women. And the very design was taken from the lovely urns that were being brought over from China, and so popular in the clipper ship days of romance.

And so it was that a "set was made, one for the master of the home, one for the mistress. George Washington bought such a set, and today the comfortable, high-back armchair that we know is "the Martha Washington chair."

It was, without doubt, this same chair, introduced as a "woman's chair," that inspired the song that great-great-grandma sang: "The Old Armchair."

The rocking chair is strictly an American invention. Its design was taken from the Dutch cradle, an indispensable article of furniture found in old pioneer homes.

---

## WINDOW BOXES

Window boxes spilling
  Geranium reds
And petunia purples
  From their velvet beds
On a drab street
  That constantly drowses
Make her little house
  Brighter than most houses.

Window boxes nodding
  Courage and cheer
From her heart now
  In this sober year
Gladden the passer-by,
  Lifting his head,
Coaxing the tragedy
  Out of his tread!

—Elaine V. Emans.

# CHOOSING A VOCATION

**By Mary H. S. Hayes**

The problem which young people faec in choosing a job or career has never been so difficult as at the present time. If you had been born about a hundred years ago, you wouldn't have had a very difficult task deciding what to do, because there were so few general types of work. You might have become a banker, tradesman, farmer, minister, teacher, or doctor. You might have succeeded to your fathers small, independent business. Merely a handful of you would have had to wonder whether or not you should go to college, as this was a privilege possessed only by those who had considerable money, and there were almost no colleges for young women.

But today all this has changed. The specialization of all phases of our working life has, for example, displaced the family doctor and given us a doctor for almost every type of ailment; has displaced the general mechanic by the expert in radio, automobiles, or airplanes; and has displaced the old-fashioned general store by the huge department store which requires that its employees become specialists in one line of buying and selling.

Moreover, new inventions and new ways of doing things are constantly doing away with certain vocations and creating entirely new ones which demand a different type of training. How, then, in the face of such a varying and complex situation, are young people to choose a job which is not only in line with their interests and aptitudes but also has a promising future?

For some years there has been a growing realization that this question of choosing a job must be approached from an objective and scientific viewpoint. It is not a matter that should be left to chance or whim; for, when handled in this fashion, young people too often find themselves in jobs which they don't like and aren't fitted for. Besides the unhappiness and loss of time and energy involved, the loss to industry itself in training young people only to have them leave within a year is tremendous. Steps have therefore been taken to develop experts in the field of vocational guidance to advise young people on this very difficult question.

A more thorough and personal service to those young persons who are puzzled about what vocation to enter is provided through the individual guidance or consultation centers which have been established in some cities. At these centers young job seekers can receive help from counselors in evaluating their talents and preferences and can learn about possible as well as suitable lines of employment which are open to applicants.

These counselors register young people for private employment and attempt to find them jobs for which they are fitted. By keeping constantly in touch with private employers, the counselors have been able to find a large number of openings which were filled from the list of those who had applied to them for jobs.

If you do not know where to begin in searching for a job, it is well to

remember that every large community throughout the country has Federal or state employment offices which offer their services to all people free of sharge. Register at one of these offices immediately. If you do not know the address of the nearest office, write the Director of the State Employment Service at the capitol of your state and he will gladly furnish you with the correct address.

Don't be discouraged if you don't land a job immediately upon registering at an employment office or when applying directly to some company, store, or shop. That is not necessarily a reflection upon your brains or ability. For, while employment conditions have been steadily improving in recent months, jobs—particularly for inexperienced and untrained young people—are still scarce. Naturally your chances of getting a job will be better if you have been trained in some field or fields of work; so that if you have had no job training, find out what vocational training facilities are available in your community and make the most of them.

Remember, too, that the big organizations do not necessarily provide the best jobs. There are just as many jobs in small businesses, industries, and shops, where the chances of advancement for young people of ability are sometimes greater because workers are not so likely to become lost as in big organizations. Sometimes, also, you will have a better opportunity to learn phases of the business when it is small and you will receive more individual training.

We have discovered that many young job-seekers, impressed by the idea of a white collar position, apply for jobs of this type, no matter what their qualifications. But don't be misled by the false prestige and glamor that surrounds such professions as those of law and medicine.

It is far better to be a good mechanic than a poor doctor. However great respect we may customarily hold for a doctor, the life of a patient may be lost if the mechanic bungles his job and the automobile breaks down while bringing the doctor to the hospital to perform an emergency operation. It is equally true that an incompetent doctor (who might have made an excellent mechanic) is probably an even greater menace to society than the bungling mechanic.

All well-done and productive work is dignified and honoraable. If you pick your job in terms of your ability to do it, you will be happy; and you will also be a useful and respected member of society.

---

## SOURCES OF CALCIUM

Milk is the best source of calcium we have, particularly for children, the standard of one quart per day ensuring an adequate supply.

Some of the foods richest in calcium are these: Egg yolk, turnip tops, almonds, molasses, figs, Swiss chard, cauliflower, clams, dandelion greens, maple syrup, buttermilk, cocoa.

—Selected.

# POOR MAN'S COW

**By Charles Doubleyou**

Although reliable statistics on the subject are not available, it is not improbable that, throughout the world, more people are nourished by the liquid product of what has humorously been termed the "poor man's cow"—the goat—than by the actual cow herself.

In this country milk means cow's milk. The same is true abroad in centers of compact population. But in many of the sparsely settled rural sections, the goat shares with the cow the all-important function of providing this excellent food. While in many parts of the world where the mode of living is practiced pretty much as it was a thousand years ago, particularly among nomadic peoples, the cow is actually unknown. Large herds of milk goats are found in many parts of Europe, especially in the Balkan countries, in Asia, and in northern Africa.

It has been asserted, moreover, that, considering its size and the relatively small amount of food it requires, the goat gives a proportionately larger quantity of milk than does the cow. But on the other hand, it is conceded that for large-scale production of milk, as required by our vast centers of poulation, the goat is inferior to the cow.

Not all breeds of goats are equal for milking purposes, just as not all cows are Jerseys or Holsteins. The quantity likewise varies. A couple of quarts daily for a period of about six months in the years earns a goat the reputation of a good average milker. Many of the best breeds, however, yield as many as four quarts daily for a period of from six to nine months. Although goats live to a ripe age, they are considered old, for commercial purposes, at from six to eight years.

To one accustomed to cow's milk, the milk of the goat has that slightly different flavor that may make it objectionable. The reverse is equally true of those who taste cow's milk after being accustomed to that of the goat. As an example, during the World War it was necessary to maintain herd of goats near the fighting lines in France, to furnish milk for natives of northern Africa who were serving France.

Goat's milk is very rich and nutritious. Being more easily digested than cow's milk, it is in many cases recommended for sickly infants, as well as for consumptive patients. In parts of Europe it is much used for cheese making.

Although, as already stated, the word milk generally signifies cow's milk in the United States, the use of goat's milk is gradually increasing. In 1904, a consignment of twenty-six goats was imported into the United States from Switzerland, where there are no less than sixteen recognized breeds of milk goats. This was probably the nucleus of our increasing number of milk goats, thriving well in several states, and particularly in the Southwest and Far West where there are large populations of Spanish blood. In some of the suburbs of Los Angeles, for example, it is a common sight to see a few goats browsing

in the back yards.

The milk goat is prolific. There are seldom less than two at a birth, and occasionally as many as four. They may breed as often as three times in two years.

The flesh of the young goat is edible, and by many is considered choice. The hide makes a high grade leather. Morocco, used so much in the binding of books, is a goat-skin product. The horns are made into handles for knives and other implements and utensils. The fat goes into candle-making. The wool of certain long-haired breeds, particularly the Angora, is extremely valuable.

---

## PROGRESS

Celebrating their tercentenary, the selected men of the town of Hampton, N. H., have exonerated Eunice "Goody" Cole of the charge of witchcraft after, a year ago, restoring her citizenship. The record of "Goody's" imprisonment was destroyed as a feature of the celebration.

The 1938 citizens of Hampton had their little joke at the expense of frightened ancestors of the year 1656, when witch-hunting was a grim chase and "Goody" Cole their quarry.

Somehow, the joke seems to be on 1938 rather than 1656.

In the minds of the 1656 Hamptonians, witches were fearful creatures capable of inflicting all manner of evil. "Goody" was fortunate that she was just confined. She might have fared much worse at a later date. For example:

This week's issue of the Virginia Gazette records that one hundred thirteen years later, June 1, 1769, four were executed at Williamsburg in accordance with the law of that date. The convicted, condemned and executed, and the crimes for which the colony exacted the death sentences were: William Jones (alias Richard Chapman) from Southampton, and James Biggers from Bedford, for horse stealing: John Derby (alias Derby Finn) from Westmoreland, for picking pockets; Robert McMaehen, from Augusta, for murder. And, one hundred sixty-nine years still later, in Philadelphia, August, 1938, four men were "baked" simply for complaining of their food. You are reading the horrible details as they are now being brought to light.

That's progress: 1656—imprisonment for witchcraft; 1769—hanging for picking pockets and stealing horses; 1938—baked in live steam for complaining of food.

Now just on whom is the "joke"?—Suffolk News-Herald.

# ON A FERRYBOAT

**By Frank B. McAllister**

What fun it is to ride on a ferryboat! The trip may be short, but there is generally a lot to see, and little chance of seasickness. A boy once described a ferryboat as a small ship that makes a round trip without turning 'round.

The description is true enough as regards many of the craft that ply back and forth in our harbors and inland waters. These travel only short distances and they can go equally well in either direction.

The first ferries, when our country was young, were simply rowboats, and their passengers were few. We read of a certain William Jensen who made a living by rowing passengers across the Hudson River from Manhattan to the Jersey shore as early as 1661. As business grew he used larger boats and got help from small sails also. The oars became long sweeps, and stout men were hired to pull on them.

Before long there were larger ferries made of scows lashed together catamaran fashion, as in the boats used by natives in the south seas. Paddle wheels were called into play, and power to turn them came from horses plodding on a treadmill. On ferries of this type a hundred passengers and half a dozen horses and wagons could be carried.

In many parts of the world the current of rivers is made to propel the ferries. By means of a trolley wheel the boat is attached to a cable suspended across the river. This method is used on some of the southern rivers of the United States, especially in the region of the Ozark Mountains. There are also some famous ferries in Austria operated by the current of the Danube River. By changing the angle of the boat a trip in either direction is possible.

After Robert Fulton's historic trip in the Clermont in 1807, steam, of course, gradually became king on all American waterways. Ferryboats now became larger, swifter, and more regular on their schedules. Some of the boats plying today in New York harbor, for instance, are big and stout enough to go to sea. Twenty-nine ferry lines today serve the great and restless public of Greater New York, carrying each year more than 100,000, 000 foot passengers and more than 000 foot passengers and more than 15,000,000 vehicles.

Most wonderful of all are the ferthes,e the boy stood on the burning ries that carry railway cars. Some o fthese, such as the Florida East Coast, that hauls trains the nienty miles between Key West and Havana, have much the appearance of ocean liners. They are stout steel ships built for the roughest kind of service.

Today a freight car can be loaded on one of the islands of the Caribbean and its cargo left undisturbed until it reaches, let us say, one of the cities of Americas far West.

Competition of air craft today is keen, such as those big airships that operate between San Francisco and Oakland. But even the biggest of the flying boats cannot carry freight cars. And it is a remarkable fact that even the opening of great bridges,

like the George Washington bridge, and huge tunnels, like the Holland tunnel in New York, have not decreased the traffic of the ferries, but rather increased. It will apparently be a long time before the busy ferries are outmoded in the harbors and on the rivers of the United States.

---

## REPUTATION AND CHARACTER

The circumstances amid which you live determine your reputation; the truth you believe determines your character.

Reputation is what you are supposed to be; character is what you are.

Reputation is the photograph; character is the face.

Reputation is a manufactured thing, rolled and plated and hammered and brazed and bolted; character is a growth.

Reputation comes over one from without; character grows up from within.

Reputation is what you have when you come to a new community; character is what you have when you go away.

Your reputation is learned in an hour; your character does not come to light for a year.

Reputation is made in a moment; character is built in a life time.

Reputation grows like a mushroom; character grows like the oak.

Reputation goes like the mushroom; character lasts like eternity.

A single newspaper report gives you your reputation; a life of toil gives you your character.

If you want to get a position, you need a reputation, if you want to keep it, you need a character.

Reputation makes you rich or makes you poor, character makes you happy or makes you miserable.

Reputation is what men say about you on your tombstone; character is what the angels say about before the throne of God.

Reputation is the basis of the temporal judgment of men; character is the basis of eternal judgment of God.

—William Hersey Davis

# THE GOVERNOR WHO WED HIS SERVANT

**By Gilbert Patten Brown, in Masonic Messenger**

Benning Wentworth was born in Portsmouth, N. H., July 24, 1696, son of Lieut. John and Sarah Wentworth and grandson of Samuel and Mary Benning Wentworth. He was graduated from Harward in 1715, was a representative in the General Assembly, appointde King's Councilor in 1734, and when New Hampshire was granted a separate provincial government, was appointed its first Governor, serving until 1762. He was granted patents of land in New Hampshire and Southern Vermont under authority of the Crown and came into collision with the Governor of New York, who accused him of encroaching on the colony of New York. He gave the 500 acres of land on which Dartmouth College was erected, and the town of Bennington, N. H., was named in his honor. He was twice married, first to Abigail, daughter of John Buck of Boston and second to Martha Hilton, his housekeeper, whose memory is preserved in Longfellow's "Lady Wentworth." He died at Portsmouth, October 14, 1770.

The story of his second marriage is that the Governor proposed marriage to a young woman of Portsmouth. This lady saw in him only a goutly old man and preferred to marry a young mechanic of the town. His second wife is first introduced to us while carrying a pail of water along the street. Her feet are bare and her dress scarcely covers her decently. The sharp-tongued landlady of the Earl of Halifax Inn calls to her from the doorway, "You Pat! You Pat! You ought to be ashamed to be seen on the street!" She replied: "No matter how I look. I shall ride in my chariot yet."

The next we see of Martha Hilton she is in the kitchen of the Governor's mansion at Little Harbor. One day the Governor gave a splendid entertainment. Among his guests was Rev. Arthur Brown, rector of the Episcopal Church After dinner was served the Governor whispered to a servant who went out. Presently Martha appeared richly dressed and all the guests looked up in admiration of the beautiful girl. The Governor crossed over to where Martha stood and said to the rector, "I want you to marry me." "To whom?" asked the rector. "To this lady," replied the Governor, taking Martha's hand. The ceremony was performed and thus Martha's answer to the landlady of the Halifax Inn came true.

---

"A wise man is he who thinks he knows little and hungers for more."—Selected.

# PLAN CHILDREN'S BOARDING HOMES

**(Selected)**

Boarding homes for the care of from one to four children will be designated in Burke county as part of the state-wide child welfare program, it was learned from Miss Edwina McDowell, child welfare worker for the county.

Since 1931 the Legislature has appropriated funds to be spent annually for the care of dependent children in boarding homes, the cost of which is borne on a 50-50 basis by State and county.

Thus far, Burke county has not taken advantage of this opportunity, but plans are now being made to place children in homes where wholesome atmosphere prevails and where a more normal development is possible, Miss McDowell indicated.

The placing of children in homes will largely be temporary assistance, every effort being made to rehabilitate the child's own home to the point that the child can be returned there.

Only the number of children that can be adequately cared for will be placed in one home, the maximum in any case being four.

A boarding home is defined as a "family boarding home in which foster parents are paid for their services—and by services is not meant merely food and shelter but such personal care and training as a child should receive in his own home."

Of course, Miss McDowell said, boarding homes must meet certain standards, after which they can be licensed by the State board of charities and public welfare, for which there is no fee.

The rate of board varies with the age of the child, and families are designed who have the welfare of the child at heart rather than any financial motive.

Continuing, Miss McDowell said: "Although there are licensed Boarding Homes in many counties throughout the State, such a home has never been established in Burke county. There are many children in the county who are in dire need of this type of care. Among these are orphans who have no relatives able to care for them, foundlings or abandoned children with no known relatives, children from unfit homes, children with serious health problems, etc. A thorough study of each child and his family is made before placement in a boarding home. If there are persons in the county who are interested in establishing a boarding home for children they should make application through the local Department of Public Welfare.

---

Religion does not consist in negatives, in stopping this sin and stopping that. The perfect character can never be produced with a pruning knife.—Drummond.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Several workers brought the terracing machine owned by the Cabarrus County Soil Conservation Association out to the School the other day. They built several thousand feet of terraces on our recently mown hay fields.

---

Mr. J. T. Barnes, of Raleigh, supervisor of the division for crippled children, State Board of Health, was a visitor at the School one day last week. He was shown through the various departments by Superintendent Boger.

---

The chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show, held in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Rainbow on the River," featuring Davy Breen, the boy singing star. It was a fine picture and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

---

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs to the dairy barn. The front corner posts and sills had been partially destroyed by termites and immediate repairs had to be made. The damage done by these pests was more serious than could be seen upon the surface.

---

In going about the campus we frequently notice some of the boys arrayed in football togs—a sign that early fall practice is now under way. The first casualty of the season occurred last week, when Norman Parker, of Cottage No. 8, sustained a broken leg. The latest reports on this lad were that he was getting along nicely.

---

Quite a number of our friends from Charlotte, Concord, Kannapolis, Harrisburg, Mt. Pleasant and other places have been visiting our farm quite frequently lately. The reason for these visits is that the dove-hunting season is now on. We hear quite a bit of shooting going on, especially in early morning, and, knowing the ability of some of these marksmen, feel quite sure a goodly-sized number of birds must have been bagged.

---

Realizing that our readers may be tired of statements in these columns concerning hay-making, we cannot refrain from stating that our farm forces are stil doing that kind of work. The barns have been filled and eighty-one stacks of fine lespedeza hay have been built nearby. Some of this hay is being baled, about 1500 bales having been made to date. Our other outside forces are quite busy filling silos and discing and plowing for fall seeding.

---

Craven Pait, twenty-seven years old, of Lumberton, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School in 1926, called on friends here the other day. Upon

being paroled, Craven returned to his home in Lumberton where he attended the public schools, completing the tenth grade. He then went to work in his father's service station, staying there about two years. For the next year he was employed as salesman for the Crescent Candy Company, Wilmington. He spent the next fire years working in a tobacco re-drying plant. The next two years found him in a CCC camp near White Lake. A little more than year ago he secured employment in an ice cream parlor in Bladensboro, where he still works.

---

The following telegram was received here last Tuesday afternoon:

Sept. 13, 1938
Atlanta, Ga.

"Public Works Administrator Ickes announces allotment of your docket No. N. C. 1448 Concord, Training School Buildings Grant $6,615.00. Complete plans and specifications so as to get construction under way as soon as possible. Formal offer follows.
(Signed) H. T. Cole Regional Director
for the Administrator."

The above grant will be used to make additions to our laundry; provide a new cannery, poultry houses and hay barns for the farm and dairy.

---

Messrs. Bob Connell and A. L. Weaver, accountants from the State Auditor's office, Raleigh, spent several days at the School this week. While here they visited the various departments and both stated that they were greatly pleased with the manner in which they are functioning. They gave their opinion that the prices given on the production of the departments such as milk, vegetables, printed material, laundry work, bakery, etc., were normal prices, and were not placed above what could be done in local markets.

These gentlemen arrived at the School on Monday morning and left Thursday afternoon, after having audited the numerous accounts and records carried at the School. By having completed their work in such a short time it is needless to say they found everything in satisfactory condition.

---

Rev. I. Harding Huges, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his talk to the boys was "Streamlined Lives."

Rev, Mr. Hughes first spoke of how everything in this day has to be streamlined in order to be up to date. He then explained to the boys how we can make our lives streamlined—just as sometimes old locomotives are covered over to get rid of little parts that hinder the rapid progress of the train. In this same way we can get rid of the things that hinder rapid progress in our lives. He then mentioned several ways in which we can make our lives more streamlined, as follows:

(1) Get an education when opportunity for getting one comes.

(2) Keep our bodies healthy all along the journey of life or they will eventually wear out.

(3) Obey our parents and the laws of the country. We can't disobey at home and expect to continue to get away with disregarding the laws of the country.

(4) We can't afford to be too self-satisfied or conceited. That will sooner or later be a great hindrance to our rapid progress.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes informed us that one good thing about Christian people is that just as soon as one decides to streamline his life, there will be many friends to help us get rid of these obstacles that tend to hold him back from smooth progress.

---

## IN SUCH AN AGE

To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leaning nations look
Where men speak strong for brotherhood
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.
O, thrilling age!
O, willing age!
When steel and stone and rail and rod
Welcome the utterance of God
A trump to shout his wonder through
Proclaiming all that man can do.

To be alive in such an age!
To live in it!
To give in it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees,
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind:
Breathe the world-thought do the world-deed,
Think highly of thy brother's need.
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part—
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

—Angela Morgan.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell 6
Virgil Baugess 4
Howard Baheeler 7
Ray Reynolds 4

—B—

Paul Briggs 7
Leo Hamilton
Fred McGlammery
Oscar Smith 4

SECOND GRADE

—A—

J. T. Branch 4
Kenneth Conklin 4
Lewis Donaldson 6
William Estes 7
William Goins 4
Blaine Griffin 6
Lawrence Guffey 5
Vincent Hawes 3
Felix Littlejohn 5
Van Martin 5
Fonnie Oliver 7
Hubert Short 4
William T. Smith 5
Cleveland Suggs 3
Charles Taylor 4
Dewey Ware 7
Ross Young 5
Alexander Woody 3

—B—

James Bartlett 6
Edward Batten
Carl Breece 5
Robert Bryson 4
Fletcher Castlebury 4
Robert Dellinger 2
Delphus Dennis 6
Lacy Green 2
Thomas King 3
Charles McCoyle
Ray Pitman 2
Canipe Shoe 5
Jones Watson 5
Woodrow Wilson 4
George Worley 5

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Archie Castlebury 5
Herman Cherry 4
Floyd Combs 3
Frank Crawford 7
Ivey Eller 6
William Hardin 2
Bruce Kersey 3
Jack Mathis
Edward Murray 5
Claude Terrell
Elmer Talbert 3

—B—

Junius Brewer 7
William Cherry 2
Henry Coward 2
James Hancock 2
Clarence Mayton 4
Blanchard Moore 2
Jack Sutherland
Hubert Walker
Leo Ward 4

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Andrews 6
Theodore Bowles 8
James Coleman 8
Robert Keith 2
Thomas R. Pitman 6

—B—

George Duncan 6
Baxter Foster 6
Beamon Heath 5
John Robbins 5
Charles Smith
Eugene Smith 4
Raymond Sprinkle 5
Joseph Tucker 4
Thomas Wilson 4

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Clyde Hoppes 5

John Kirkman 4
Thomas Knight 4
Vernon Lamb 2

—B—

Roy Helms
Robert Kinley 3
Bruce Link 4
Jordan McIver
Rowland Rufty 6

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Charles Davis 6
Hoyt Hollifield 5
James Howard 2

—B—

James H. Davis 3
James V. Harvell 2
Harold Walsh 5

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Shaw 4
Harvey Walters 5
Charles Webb 6

—B—

Caleb Hill 4

---

## VISION FOR LEADERSHIP

A tribe of Indians had no contact with the outside world. The old chief, before he died, chose the young man who was to be chief after him and he said, "See yonder peak, you will climb that mountain and each one bring back something to show how far he has climbed." By and by one young man came back. He said, "O chief, I have travelled to where the fields end, and I have brought back a grain of wheat."

The chief said to him, "Go shoot the arrow, and wrestle with the wild ox, and strengthen thyself." Another said, "O chief, I have travelled beyond the fields of grain, and I have brought back this last branch of the last tree." The chief replied to this one as he had to the first.

Then another lad said, "O chief, I have travelled past the cultivated fields, through the trees, and came to a place where there was no living thing and it was cold, and I was afraid. I have brought this stone." He received the same reply as the first.

So during the long day the young men kept coming back, some with one thing and some another, until it grew dark. The last man burst into the circle by the fire. His face was shining. He said, "O chief, I travelled beyond the fields and the trees until I came to the snow, and I struggled through the snow to the mountain peak. I have brought back nothing, but I have seen the Sea." The old chief said, "My people, this is the young man who will be chief when I am gone. He is worthy to lead you. He has seen a vision."—New Chronicle.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

**The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938**

**Week Ending September 11, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(15) Clyde Gray 15
(10) Gilbert Hogan 14
(15) Leon Hollifield 15
(15) Edward Johnson 15
(5) James Kissiah 5
(6) Edward Lucas 14
(6) Mack Setzer 14
(10) C. L. Snuggs 10

### COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Henry Cowan 12
Howard Cox 4
Eugene Edwards 5
Horace Journigan 8
(3) Fonnie Oliver 8
H. C. Pope 8
(5) Howard Roberts 11
Robert Watts 4
R. L. Young

### COTTAGE No. 2

William Burnette 2
John Capps 8
William Downes 3
(3) Oscar Roland 7
Landreth Sims

### COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Atwell 3
Jewell Barker 7
Wayne Collins
Coolidge Green 6
Douglas Matthews 6
Harley Matthews 3
(5) William McRary 12
(7) John C. Robertson 10
(2) Claude Terrell 6
Earl Weeks 8
Jerome W. Wiggins 5

### COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 3
James Land 9
Van Martin 11
Ivan Morrozoff
Lloyd Pettus 10
Hyress Taylor 4
Melvin Walters 10
Rollin Wells 10
James Wilhite 11

### COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Grady Allen 10
(4) William Brothers 9
J. C. Branton 6
(5) Grover Gibby 5
Robert Jordan 4
(2) Paul Lewallan 4
(15) Jack McRary 15
Joseph Mobley 4
(2) James Page 4
(7) Richard Palmer 10
(2) Ned Waldrop 6
(15) Dewey Ware 15
(6) Ralph Webb 9

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Martin Crump 8
(2) Robert Dunning 10
Columbus Hamilton 2
Thomas Hamilton 3
George Wilhite 12

### COTTAGE No. 7

(7) Cleasper Beasley 14
(2) Carl Breece 13
(3) James H. Davis 11
(10) William Estes 14
George Green 10
(15) Caleb Hill 15
(5) Edmund Moore 11
(2) Marshall Pace 8
(2) Dewey Sisk 7
(2) Earthy Strickland 10
(3) Loy Stines 9
(2) Joseph Wheeler 5
(2) Edd Woody 2
(15) William Young 15

### COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Donald Britt 10
(2) Floyd Crabtree 2
(3) J. B. Devlin 3

(3) Samuel Everidge 6
(2) Howard Griffin 2
(2) Harvey Ledford 4
(2) Edward McCain 6
(2) John Penninger 5
(5) John Tolbert 13
(4) Charles Taylor 12
Walker Warr 6

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(3) James Bunnell 9
(5) Edgar Burnette 10
(4) Clifton Butler 12
(5) Roy Butner 5
(5) Carrol Clark 5
(6) Henry Coward 8
James Coleman 11
(7) George Duncan 11
Woodfin Fowler 12
(2) Frank Glover 6
(2) Mark Jones 9
(6) Eugene Presnell 12
Lonnie Roberts 3
(5) Earl Stamey 10
Cleveland Suggs 9
(3) Thomas Wilson 13
(2) Horace Williams 5

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen 3
Harold Bryson 7
Joseph Corn 6
(4) Baxter Foster 11
(10) Lawrence Guffey 13
Albert Goodman 11
(5) Earl Hildreth 8
Clyde Hoppes 2
Edward Murary 4
(2) Julius Stevens 13
(4) Thomas Shaw 13
(4) John Uptegrove 13

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(5) Burl Allen 7
(3) Alphus Bowman 9
(3) Allard Brantley 7
(3) Ben Cooper 10
(3) William C. Davis 9
(5) James Elders 11
(3) Max Eaker 11
(3) Charlton Henry 13
(7) Frank Hensley 11
(3) Hubert Holloway 11
(3) Alexander King 12
(5) Thomas Knight 13
(3) Tillman Lyles 11
(6) Clarence Mayton 9
(3) William Powell 7
(7) James Reavis 12
(3) Howard Sanders 10
(5) Carl Singletary 12
(3) William Trantham 12
George Tolson 6
(4) Leonard Watson 8
(5) Leonard Wood 12
(11) Ross Young 11

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Arthur Ashley 3
Jack Foster 7
William Griffin 3
William Lowe 8
Jordan McIver 9
Douglas Mabry 2
(3) Marshall White 5
(3) Alexander Woody 12

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Raymond Andrews 12
Monte Beck 9
John Church 2
(6) Delphus Dennis 11
(5) Audie Farthing 12
(3) James Kirk 12
(3) Feldman Lane 5
(3) Henry McGraw 5
(2) Fred McGlammery 7
Troy Powell 5
Paul Shipes 9
Howard Todd 8
(10) Harold Thomas 13
Harvey Walters 10

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin 8
Aldine Duggins 9
(5) Clifton Davis 5
N. A. Efird 3
(2) Albert Hayes 3
(6) Hoyt Hollifield 10
(4) Joseph Hyde 7
Beamon Heath 7
L. M. Hardison 7
(5) Robert Kinley 8
James McGinnis 5
Benjamin McCracken 3
(8) Paul Ruff 13
Rowland Rufty 9
(3) Ira Settle 7
Harold Walsh 8
James Watson 7

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(9) James Chavis 13
(2) Reefer Cummings 12
(12) Filmore Oliver 13
(2) Early Oxendine 8
(3) Curley Smith 10

---

## THE INVISIBLE LEADER

A Colonel in the Austrian Imperial army was ordered to march against a little town in the Tyrol and lay siege to it. The place was small and unlikely to put up any great resistance, so the Colonel was somewhat mystified by the remark of a prisoner, "You will never take that town," he said, "they have an Invincible Leader." To make assurance doubly sure, the Colonel doubled his preparations.

As the troops decended the pass through the Alps they noted with surprise that the cattle were still grazing in the valley and that men, women and children were working in the fields. They smiled and greeted the soldiers with friendly words. The Colonel suspected a trap, but could see no sign of it.

The Austrians rode into the town, up the cobbled streets and into the market square. Women and children greeted them as they passed and the small boys danced admiringly round the soldiers, making them feel as though this was a glorious parade for their special amusement.

Completely mystified, they rode up to the Town Hall. No sign of a cannon or a soldier in the place. Instead there appeared a white-haired man wearing the insignia of a mayor, and followed by ten men in simple peasant's costume. They walked down the steps, completely undismayed by the array of armed force before them. The old man walked up to the Colonel and held out his hand. "Welcome brother." he cried.

"Where are your soldiers?" the Colonel demanded.

"Soldiers?" replied the old mayor. "Why, we have none," and looked rather as though he had been asked, "Where are your giants?"

But we have come to take the town."

"No one will stop you."

"Are there none to fight?"

The old man's face lit up with a rare smile.

"No, there is no one here to fight," he said. "We have chosen Christ for our Leader, and he taught men another way."

The Colonel admitted defeat. He could not order his men to fire on smiling women and children, and he and his troops departed, leaving the town unmolested. Later he reported to headquarters that the town had offered unassailable resistance.

—The New Chronicle.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

SEP 24 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 24, 1938 No. 38

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## OUR MOVING HOUSE

Our car is like a little house
When we go out to ride;
We close the doors, and there we are,
Snug as a bug inside.
The seats are chairs, we have a rug,
A light to turn at night,
And up in front a cupboard with
A door to shut it tight.
We have a stove to keep us warm,
A radio that sings
Our cozy moving house is full
Of homey little things.

—Anne M. Halladay.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| LISTEN TO THIS OLD FOGY | By Justice Timberline | 10 |
| JAMES HUNTLEY | (The Monroe Enquirer) | 13 |
| ABOUT STAINED GLASS | By Herbert Spiers | 15 |
| GEORGE WASHINGTON LAYS A CORNERSTONE | By Herbert Hollander | 18 |
| SHE CALLED IT "RADIUM" | By Dorothy F. Bortz | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## AN "IF" FOR YOUTH

If you can live as youth today is living
And keep your feet at such a dizzy pace;
If you can greet life's subtleties with candor
And turn toward all its cares a smiling face;
If you can feel the pulse of youthful vigor
Beat in your veins and yet yourself subdue;
If you can see untruth knee-deep about you
And still to God and home and self be true;
If you can cross the brimming flood of folly
And dip not from the stream to quench your thirst;
If you can note life's changing scale of values
And still in your own life keep first things first;
If you can feel the urge to disobedience
Yet yield yourself to consciences rigid rule;
If you can leave untouched the fruit forbidden
And daily learn in virtue's humble school;
If you can play the game of life with honor
And, losing, be inspired to strive the more;
If you can teach men how to live life better
The world will beat a foot-path to your door.

—Exchange.

## EDUCATE—BUT HEALTH FIRST

The Ladies Home Journal has started to find out how the American women are thinking along certain lines. The nation-wide survey of the Journal carries subjects with questions. The subjects, some of them, are marriage, divorce, morals and religion. The last subject submitted is medicine. The 37,000,000 women of the nation are asked what they think about the costs of doctors and hospitalizations.

After reading the questions and the answers from women of the

four corners of the country the survey reveals that a very large per cent of the women feel the charges are prohibitive to the indigent, especially during this economic era. And they are heartily in favor of some play whereby, for about three dollars a week, a medical organization empowered to act would take care of cost of doctors and hospitals. Unless some such plan is adopted they agree that with the increasing number of the helpless class there will exist untold suffering, or a miserable existence with physical handicaps will follow.

Moreover, the Journal states that the medical profession understands fully the nation has serious health problems and admit they have not been met. With an advanced knowledge of science they know better than any layman that a sick person is a liability and not an asset.

A life dependent upon others, without comfort or hope, holds little attraction. The strength of a nation depends upon the health of the people. The shiftless will always be with us, and they are the responsibility of individuals or organizations, but with an organization to finance affairs when illness comes the burden will not only be lightened upon communities, but we will have done a Christian duty—a service to suffering humanity.

We provide schools for all classes, high and low, rich and poor, so why not take a step further and try to insure a sound mind within a sound body. There are times when we become overly zealouse about some things and forget the real essentials. From observation and experience we could cite families after years of thrift and frugal living that have been left with very little because of illness and the enormous expense attached with the hope of restoring health.

* * * * * * *

## WILLIAM H. GIBSON

Concord gives up one of its best citizens in the claim of death upon W. H. Gibson. He was a son of Cabarrus, having spent his childhood and young manhood in the midst of relatives and friends who admired and loved him. Like his noble forebears he was gentle in manner, humble in spirit, sympathetic, charitable and kind, but at all times showed the courage of his convictions if the test came.

Mr. Gibson's friends knew that he had been in declining health

covering a period of years, but when the end came the news was none the less a shock, leaving many sorrowing hearts. His passing leaves vacant in many circles and numerous hearts a place that will long remain unfilled. Throughout life his step was gentle, his voice was soft, but beneath it all radiated a humor that made people feel that within beat a big heart filled with love for his fellowman.

He was recognized for his interests in all activities for the betterment of the community, also for his stright-forward business relationship with those he touched, receiving in return esteem and high respect for his simple, manly virtues of truth and honesty. This little magazine, the voice of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, takes this means of expressing deep sympathy for the bereaved home that will feel the loss of a devoted husband and father.

* * * * * * *

## HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE

Ten rules are given in the Chesepeake and Ohio, Pere Marquette Magazine, relative to getting along with people. To have a smooth, even spirit is a most essential asset, especially so if an executive in public affairs. The grouch, or "none mightier thanI" sooner or later rides to a fall. The following, if practiced, will smooth out many rough places for the individual in private life, and ease many a headache for the executive of public affairs:

1. Keep skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice. How you say it often counts more than what you say.

2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you.

3. Never let an opportunty pass to say a kind and encouraging word to or about somebody. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.

4. Be interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. Make merry with those that rejoice; with those who weep, mourn. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as one of importance.

5. Be careful. Keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

Hide your pains, worries and disappointments under a smile. Laugh at good stories and learn to tell them.

6. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Discuss, but not argue. It is a mark of superior minds to disagree and yet be friendly.

7. Let your virtues, if you have any, speak for themselves, and refuse to talk of another's vices. Discourage gossip. Make it a rule to say nothing of another unless it is something good.

8. Be careful of another's feeling. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort, and may hurt where least expected.

9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about you. Simply live that nobody will believe them. Disordered nerves and a bad digestion are a cmomon cause of backbiting.

10. Don't be too anxious about your dues. Do your work, be patient and keep your disposition sweet, forget self, and you will be rewarded.

* * * * * * *

## HANDICRAFT

It is not often a genius receives recognition at home. But young Huntley of Monroe has proven an exception to the rule. He is wonderfully gifted in handicraft, a talent that other youths possess, but the opportunity is not given for development.

The first work of young James H. Huntley was a minature Nissen wagon, used widely by families in the yesteryears for travelling long distances, and a replica in minature of the ornate Napoleonic coach. Young Huntley while a student of North Carolina State College entered his pieces of art at the Engineers Fair purposely designed to display the handicraft of the students. On this occasion Governor Hoey was attracted by the skill and genius of Huntley.

Prior to this the last state legislature made an appropriation for a suitable memorial to Col. Fred E. Olds who for many years was state historian. The historical commission after serious consideration decided upon a permanent exhibit of early models of transportation as most appropriate.

To make a long story short it is enough to say that the exhibits

of Huntley at the Fair attracted much attention, and the job of making early transportation models for the Fred Olds memorial kas given him. Young Huntley is an exception to the class,—"a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own home."

In this week's issue of the Uplift is a short story of Huntley's accomplishments, showing the skill and genius of the young fellow and his devotion to his calling.

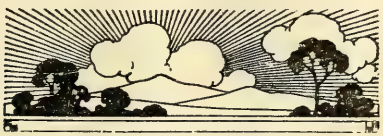
* * * * * * *

## BENJAMITES

Estimates as to the number of left handed people in the world vary. However, it is accepted that approximately 40 per cent of the people in the United States are left handed. In the by-gone-days when the child was found to be left handed an effort was made to make the child use the right hand for every thing. Today people have a different understanding, thinking to change what nature has done is detrimental to the child.

An exchange thinks a child should not be forced from left to right handedness. For the reason it causes physical and mental disabilities. After the change some cases have been observed as subnornal, and when changed back to left handedness an improvement appears. Also left handed people tend to read from right to left rather than from left to right.

The right eye of left handed people is stronger than the left, causing them frequently to transpose letters, such as saw for was and so on. A left handed person is classified as belonging to the tribe of Benjamin.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

SOMEBODY SMILED

"A friend is blue, a heart is sad,
Do not withhold your smile,
It may be all that's needed
To make a life worth while;
Gray skies grow blue and storm clouds bright
The sun is undefiled,
And broken hearts are new again
Because somebody smiled."

---

When a man lives up to his wife's expectations, he is about the busiest person you will find in this old world.

---

The man who thinks the world owes him a living is finding it pretty hard in these times making his collections.

---

What a blessed thing it is—and something we should be thankful for—that we cannot see ourselves as others see us.

---

Isn't it a rather singular thing, that every one who goes on a fool's errand, never returns to tell us what success he had.

---

A liberal is now considered one who can devise some scheme whereby he can spend several million dollars of the government's money.

---

Announcement is made of the discovery of a process for making champagne in 60 days flat. Why putting it flat? That's what it will do for you, if you drink enough of it, and no sham pain about it.

---

A college, nameless in this column, has honored itself by awarding an honorary degree to Charlie McCarthy. Blockhead! But I guess Charlie has more notoriety than the college that thus honored him.

---

An eastern farmer reports that lightning stripped the trunk of one of his apple trees shortly after insects had attacked the fruit. Fortunanately, however, the bark was worse than the blight.

---

Be neighborly, but beware of the vice of "neighboring." Your neighbor may enjoy a visit with you now and then, but don't wear out the seat of your pants on his easy chair because he gives you the glad hand. Give him a chance to appreciate you by staying at home long enough to get acquainted with your own people. There are folks who get thick as mush with you upon the slightest encouragement, and you get sick of them as soon as you do of a mush diet. It is a good thing to be on a friendly footing with your neighbor, and it is to your advantage to have the relationship as pleasant as possible, but draw the line at the point where friendliness may become a nuisance to either of you. "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house lest he weary of thee, and so hate thee," said a wise man of old.

---

There are a great many hot heads in this world. They are found in every place—in every country under the sun. "Go not forth hastily to strive." Be the last in the quarrel and, like the man whose quarrel is just, you are thrice armed. It takes two to make a quarrel, usually two

fools. Three-fourths of the difference among men can be adjusted with the exercise of forbearance and business sense. It never pays to quarrel, whether you win or lose. It never seems to dawn on some men how ridiculous they can make themselves by "touchiness." Show people that you will not be led by the nose by every fool that throws stones at you or shakes a red flag in your face. Every time you lose your temper and fly off the handle you are are dissipating moral force. Don't throw away your self-control any more than you would your money.

---

With September come the most delightful three successive months in the year. All through my life I have taken the seasons as they came—winter, spring, summer and autumn—taking heat and cold in their natural order. I have been very familiar with all kinds of weather annoyances as well as pleasures, and have found autumn altogether the most enjoyable and the loveliest and most colorful. A poet has called autumn 'the melancholy days." They are anything but malancholy with their bright and cheering tints so gorgeously spread by nature's landscape artists. Surely the season for outdoor travel and the study of nature—the harvest season—when the highways offer the greatest attractions on the mountains, over the plains and in the valleys. I find many who do not agree with me in this—particularly women, most of whom dread the winter, dislike being housed up, and do not welcome rainy days. But I love it all, and look into the future with pleasurable anticipations, not usually popular with old men.

---

## MIND EROSION

Every human being is endowed with a limited and precious stock of attention-power; and life today is such that—unless the individual is singularly obstinate and cunning—this power of mind may easily be dissipated or conventionalized by endless competitive demands. By newspapers, by electric lights, by telephone, by radio, by moving pictures, by airplane and motor car and church and school and state, by a thousand appeals, admonitions, the mind is assailed and distracted. We hear a good deal about the agricultural problem of soil erosion; hillsides denuded of fertile soil by the actions of streams, or great regions of Middle Western richness scoured off by dust storms. Surely not less serious is the matter of mind erosion; the dust storms of daily excitement and of continual triviality can easily blow away the sensitive topsoil of the spirit.—Christopher Morley.

# LISTEN TO THIS OLD FOGY!

**By Justus Timberline**

"Old fashioned" is a good stick to beat a dog with, maybe. And dogs may be afraid of it, but I'm not.

I think I know the difference between old fashioned and antiquated. Stage coaches are antiguated—they belong to a past age. But the human cargo they used to carry is still with us; old fashioned, yet not out of date.

As I see it, a thing becomes antiquated when men devise something else which better serves the same purpose. A thing can become old fashioned when it is temporarily displaced by something less useful. "Old fashioned" has nothing to do with real value, except, in some cases, to increase it.

Take education, now; it is a subject astonishingly affected by fashion. For many years one sort of education has been dubbed old fashioned, and many teachers have deserted it for a new and shining thing called "efficiency."

It is old fashioned to memorize "Thanatopsis," or the nineteenth Psalm, or the Gettysburg Address, or Hamlet's Soliloquy, or Bible verses. What's the use of them? We must be utilitarian—what a word!

But some great educators are lamenting that today's schools turn out so many illiterate graduates. They know a lot of tricks with chemicals and short cuts in arithmetic, and they can play funny instruments, but they can't spell, or punctuate, or speak grammatically, or get interested in any conversation or writing above the level of a picture paper or a comic strip.

My pastor told me once that even the young preachers have been "bitten by this utilitarian bug," as he phrased it. He told me how he put a class of theological students through a Bible quiz, and two-thirds of them did not make a passing grade.

Then he tried 'em on the great literature of the world. He says he'd hate to have me tell in public how many more than half the class had never read any of it, except what was required in their high school courses of six or seven years before the day he quizzed 'em.

I don't want men and women of today to bother with really antiquated devices. I don't ask my friends to read Will Garleton or Mary J. Holmes or T. DeWitt Talmage. And I don't insist that we'd be better off by going back to homespun and the old oaken bucket and the spring roads of my farm memories.

But I know some things that are so old fashioned they're coming back, like the women's hats of this spring; only with a deal better excuse.

And among these are a few of the old fashioned virtues, for lack of which this present world is in a terrible way.

Like making a promise and sticking to it when it hurts. Like finding more satisfaction in powers than in power; in ability than in authority. Like preferring music to jungle yowls and janglings. Like thinking of home as something besides a transfer point between dates. Like being at home in the world instead of being a tourist in it.

All of which proves me something or other, I know. But though I'll not be here to enjoy it, the laugh will one day be on those who now laugh at me and my kind

A "hot" song of last fall is by this time as alluring as a last Sunday's pancake. But the old fashioned "Messiah" is going to be sung this Easter, for the millionth time or so; and our church will be jammed with up-to-date people to hear it.

---

## SPANISH WAR VETERANS IN ANNUAL REUNION

Camp Edward Hill, Spanish War Veterans, met here last Thursday, August 25, in their 19th annual session. This camp was organized in Mooresville in 1920, when their first meeting was held. The camp was named for Edward P. Hill, who was captain of Company L., First Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, War with Spain. At the first meeting there were 28 members of the company present after 21 years at that time, and on August 25, there were ten of that same company here. There were twenty-five veterans and members of their families in attendance and several specially invited guests, among the latter being Mr. Glenn Kistler and Mrs. Kistler and Captain and Mrs. R. R. Morrison.

A musical program under the direction of Miss Catherine Moore and a special series of dances by little Miss Betty Mallard preceded the business meeting. John Bostian, of Kannapolis, a member of old Company L was made commander, E. M. Hicks of Statesville, first lieutenant, J. Blick Alexander of Moorseville, second lieutenant, Harry P. Deaton, secretary-treasurer.

Short addresses were made by Rev. K. D. Stukenbrok of Catawba; Dr. Paul Caldwell, of New York; James N. Byan of Spencer; Commander Glenn Kistler of the American Legion Post No. 66 of this city; and Captain R. R. Morrison.

The customary picnic dinner was served late in the afternoon by the ladies of Prospect church.

Then ten members present of old Company L were Lieutenant E. T. Goldston of Kannapolis; W. H. Trice of Lexington and Spencer; George Blewster of Hanes; Horace W. Russell, Jimmie I. Barger, John L. Bostain of Kannapolis; Clarence W. Brown, of Statesville; Walter R. Cox, of Greensboro; J. Blick Alexander and Harry P. Deaton of Mooresville.—Mooresville Enterprise.

JAMES H. HUNTLEY

Monroe, North Carolina

# JAMES HUNTLEY BUILDING MODELS HISTORIC MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION

**(The Monroe Enquirer)**

In the same little workshop where he spent many long, arduous hours in mastering the art of handicraft, James H. Huntley, 20-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Millard Huntley, is engaged in serious work—the reward of his patience and natural skill.

The last state Legislature made an appropriation for a suitable memorial to Colonel Fred E. Olds, for many years state historian. After much thought about the matter, the state Historical Commission finally decided that a permanent exhibit of models of early methods of transportation would be the thing. Then they began casting about for someone who could do the work. That's where James came in.

Several months previous to that time N. C. State college promoted an Engineer's Fair to exhibit the fine work being done by the students. As his exhibit, the Monroe boy, who entered the college last Fall, put on display his splendid model of a Napoleanic coach, which had won for him second prize in the nation-wide contest sponsored by the Fisher Body company. The coach, which took an estimated 3,000 hours to build, is exact in every detail. Every piece of metal was molded from the dies which the boy made himself. The fine silk and velvet upholstering was sewn in the smallest detail. In fact, it is difficult to describe the beauty and workmanship that is in the model and only a first hand view will suffice.

At any rate, the exhibit was so outstanding at the Fair that Governor Clyde Hoey, after seeing it, asked to meet the owner. So impressed was the governor that when the Historical Commission was seeking someone to build the models he suggested that young Huntley be interviewed. He was and he landed the job.

The first model that he completed was that of the covered Nissen wagon which was used widely by families traveling long distances many years ago. James says that over half the work is in planning and that with a good set of plans the actual working time can be cut in half by avoiding errors. He first studies the original of the vehicle he is to reproduce, making minute measurements and then taking pictures in order to get the general effect. After his plans are drawn he goes to work in cutting out the various pieces, making dies, etc. Finally he assembles the model. If it turns out well, he immediately tears down the model and paints each piece separately. It doesn't look good any other way, he says. After you have handicraft tools, and James values his less than $100, there is very little expense to this kind of work. But then there is the matter of time—and if you value that at anything it is very expensive. James likes his work and never gets exasperated when something goes wrong.

"If anything goes wrong," he said "its because I planned it that way."

He is now working on a stage coach model, the type which traveled between Winston-Salem and High Point in the 1860s. But he will hardly complete it before he has to return to State college where he begins his sophomore year. The exhibit does not have to be completed until June 30, 1939, and James is confident he will get under the wire before the deadline falls.

In addition to these, he will build models of a Wright biplane, 1903 model, the one that made the flight at Kitty Hawk; a mail coach, called the Hattie Butner type; and an early sail boat. The exhibit will probably be housed in the new office building that is being erected in Raleigh.

Professor Vaughn, young Huntley's professor in mechanical engineering at State, says that the Monroe boy possesses exceptional talent and should go far in his chosen field. James is very much wrapped up in his work and is very happy that he got the contract for building the memorial exhibit for two reasons:First, it is quite an honor and, second, he will earn enough money to pay his way through State this year.

---

## "A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MEDICINE"

If you'd like to be a doctor, to cure human ills,
Roll a bunch of sympathy in sunshine coated pills;
Concoct a pleasant tonic of cheeriness and mirth,
And smiles and friendly greetings for all you know on earth.

Mix up a hearty bracer of friendship, love, and trust,
Good wishes for the thoughtless and desire to be just;
Do up a lot of capsules of good-will to fellowman—
Prescribe them for the weary as often as you can.

Prepare a healing ointment of forgiveness bright and pure—
For many pains and heartaches it is a speedy cure.
Compound a soothing syrup of help and charity
And give just as frequently as it may needed be.

The lame will grow more nimble, the weak will soon grow strong,
If you direct your doses "to be taken with a song"
Just dump them from your pill bags for every case your hear,
And chronic growls and grouches will shortly disappear.

Not those alone of strangers or friends of which I tell,
But all of the aches and ailments you call your own as well,
Will vanish like the dewdrops before the morning sun,
And Christ, the Master Healer, will call your work well done.

—Exchange.

# ABOUT STAINED GLASS

**By Herbert Spiers**

There is a story attributed to Flavius Josephus, that glass was first discovered by some Israelites who had set fire to a woods. The terrific heat this generated melted the sand, which poured down the mountainside, crystallizing into what we now know as glass.

A more common story of the discovery of glass is ascribed to Pliny, who relates that some Phoenician sailors (about 2,000 B. C.) were shipwrecked on a fine white sandy beach in Assyria. One day after breaking up their campfire, they discovered that a great quantity of sand had melted, which upon cooling formed into a flat, brittle but translucent mass. It seems the hearth of alkali taken from their deserted ship, in which the fire was built, had acted as a flux. It is much in this same fashion that glass is produced today.

Colored glass was made in ancient Greece and Rome, for early histories tell us of jeweled thrones and palaces of gems, many of which have been recovered from ruins and found to be of glass. The Egyptians are known to have mixed glass imitations with real gems in their trading with other nations. In the Bysantine temples of early centuries, windows were formed of colored lumps of glass held in place by plaster and stone. These crude bindings were later supplanted by the narrower metal strips, allowing for greater freedom of design. The steps leading to these developments abound with interesting and thrilling tales, such as the story of the Roman architect who was beheaded because he had discovered a formula for making malleable glass.

The earliest examples of stained glass in existence today are the sixth century windows in St. Sophia's, Constantinople. The finest example, for those who have learned to look at and revel in colored glass, are the famed eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth century windows of Chartres Cathedral in France.

As a guide to a correct understanding and evaluation of stained glass it would be well to clear up a common misapprehension regarding the term itself. Used in its literal sense, we might say it has to do with a silver stain, applied to the back of the glass, which when fired comes out a beautiful transparent yellow. In this connection there is a fourteenth century legend concerning Blessed James of Ulm, who just as he heard a visitation order, unwittingly dropped a loose button from his clothes on to a piece of white glass as it was about to go into the kiln. The silver-tin alloy of that button spotted the glass a brilliant yellow. And so by accident, was this important adjunct to the glass man's palette discovered (although this story has oft been disputed). It was now possible to obtain two colors on a single piece of glass and this was put to valuable use in the fifteenth and sixteen centuries' demand for blazonry and escutcheons.

But to use the term "stained glass" in its general sense, what we actually mean is colored class, i. e., glass mixed with the pigment in manufacture, cut into small pieces, painted, fired and

leaded together to form a pattern or design. In other words, the correct term would be "stained and painted glass." Glass that isn't painted should rightfully be called leaded glass or leaded colored glass. However, there have been some good stained glass windows made with very little paint, tiny pieces of glass and broad leads, making up for the deficiency.

The painting of glass consists of nothing more than a black tracing color of iron oxide used to outline intricate patterns, folds of drapery and flesh. After this, a black or brown matt color is used to bring out expressions of high-lights and shadows and often to narrow down large areas of rich color. The best traditions do not allow for the application of any colored paint.

The finest windows of early centuries, even though filled with figures, gave the impression of overall patterns of color. The medium of richly painted and fired colored glass, heavy lead work and iron armatures were combined to form symbolic and decorative panels, which cast long streaming rays of colorful light to dark corners of vast Gothic cathedrals. This fine example, set by medieval craftsmen has been grasped quite effectively by many of our contemporary glass workers in present-day churches.

The tendency toward perspective and pictorial treatments in stained glass started late in the fourteenth century and developed extensively through the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through these periods, the greater use of silver stain came more and more into vogue. And there also appeared a flashed glass, which at first by clipping and later by etching, allowed for several colors on a single piece of glass. Windows up to this time though too pictorial, still retained a good deal of their purity of color and hence their decorative value. However, by the eighteenth century, the prolific use of enamels ( i. e., the application of dense colored paint) set in, and windows no longer exhibited brilliancy of color, quality of tone and and translucent softness. They became instead panels of dull, muddy and opaque pictures.

This development has been called the "Decline of the Art," and so stained glass was referred to by writers of even Macauley's and Stevenson's eminence as a "lost art." And rightly so, for the supporting bars' nature as decoration was forgotten and even the smaller indispensable leads were objected to. Attempts were made so to plan the design as to hide and disguise them. But this loss was one of sympathy and understanding only, and inevitable during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to which the Gothic spirit was entirely alien.

This is perhaps the reason for a distaste by many for painted glass windows. Then it may be that these objectors are versed in an entirely different glass technique, that of the so-called Tiffany school of opalescent glass. This glass is a development of the nineteenth century and derives its name from a similarity to the precious irridescent stone, the opal. It was definitely manufactured for pictorial treatments and put to use so effectively by such great artists as John L. LaFarge and Louise C. Tiffany. But this type of glass work also has its many enemies, for it has been so mishandled by all but a few craftsmen that fifty years of churches in this

country are strewn with some awful examples of stained glass. Just as the execution of an antique window requires great skill in the selection of color combinations, the opalescent glass demands even greater patience and ability for selection of gradation of color and motion in the glass itself.

The best opalescent windows were not painted, in fact the glass would not properly "take the fire." Perspective and shadows were obtained by the application of layers of glass on top of one another. These were held together with narrow strips of copper foil which allowed pictorial effects without the interfering bulkiness of lead cames. This process of course was quite expensive, and many subterfuges were used, unsuccessfully, to obtain similar effects.

With the sincere belief that nothing can ever supplant the masterpieces of the twelfth century, we wish to state that opalescent glass fashioned in the Tiffany manner has a definite place in the craftsmen's world. Of course it has great limitations for architectural treatments, but its distinctive quality of coloring, especially the genuine Tiffany glass, does admit a peculiar glow of cheerfulness not quite obtainable in the antique glass.

Designed and executed by our sympathetic and specially trained artists and craftsmen, the spirit and sentiment of early glass is even today conveyed in very full degree. Our antique glass used is the result of enthusiastic research and careful experiment by specialists, who not only practised the art but lived it. It excellently reproduces the famed qualities of the medieval glass, whether it be the sombre richness of the twelfth century's early Gothic windows, or the silvery-toned whites of the Grissaille and quarried windows which followed them.

Today the right evaluation of stained glass as a noble art steadily extends and increases. Such experiments as are made, even the more audacious of them, accord always with the art's real character, that of colored light applied to definitely decorative ends. And so the craft is assured of fuller understanding as more acquaint themselves with the finest famed examples that remain to a world now sensible to their glory.

---

Pius XI has an extraordinary range of abilities. "He is a humanist and a psychologist, a doctor of philosophy, of theology, of canon law, a former professor of theology and a scholarly librarian, an historian of wide and deep learning, a diplomat who has made himself felt in numerous concordats."

—Selected.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON LAYS A CORNERSTONE

**By Herbert Hollander**

The time: September 18, 1793, exactly 145 years ago.

The place: Jenkins Hill, a promontory overlooking the straggling, unkept vilage that was Washington, D. C.

The event: The laying of the cornerstone of the United States capitol by President George Washington.

Bands played stirring music, artillery fired salutes, a great crowd, which included almost all of the neighboring townsfolk and every available dignitary, raised lusty shouts as the tall chief executive wielded his trowel and declared that the stone was well and truly laid.

It was a great day in the history of the fledgling United States of America, a day which is greatly remembered by 130,000,000 Americans on the 145th anniversary occasion.

For the United States capitol is the outstanding national building. In age, in tradition, in its familiar architecture, in the events it has witnessed and in the history which has been made within its walls, no building can compare with the capitol as "the shrine of each patriot's devotion."

In time of peace and war, in time of hardship and in time of prosperity, the capitol symbolizes the greatest of America and is a token of its allegiance to the principles of democracy and freedom enunicated at the cornerstone laying 145 years ago and maintained unbroken through all the years of national trials.

From the beginning, the capitol has held an undisputed place in the hearts of all Americans, and untold millions have thrilled to their first sight of the great white dome which still dominates the Washington scene. Within and without, the capitol has been the outstanding center of national interest since the earliest day of the republic.

The capitol, of course, is the seat of congress, and members met in the building for the first time on November 21, 1800. Until recently the United States Supreme Court also held its sessions in the capitol—in the old Senate chamber—but now the court has its own beautiful building across the plaza.

It is in the capitol that the historic policies of the nation have been forged; it is here that dramatic conflicts have raged, and it here that, under the constitution, the future course of America will be charted.

The capitol is so much a part of the nation's history that it is history itself.

Its cornerstone was laid by George Washington. Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson supported the architectural plan which finally was adopted. Major L'Enfant selected the site.

During the War of 1812 the British burned the building, a gratuitous insult which America never forgot and which England still regrets. Despite the stresses of the War Between the States, the capitol was completed on December 2, 1863, when the huge iron dome was finished and Crawford's statue of Freedom was placed on top.

Here it was that Abraham Lincoln lay in state, as well as Chief Justice Salmon J. Chase, Senator Charles Sumner, President James A. Garfield, President William McKinley, the Unknown Soldier, President Warren G. Harding and William Howard Taft, who had served his country both as President and as chief justice of the Supreme Court.

What a procession of historic events has passed in review through this building!

Here America has declared war here treaties of peace and of purchase have been ratified. Here, in one of the most dramatic episodes of all, Daniel Wedster made his moving reply to Hayne. Here John Quincy Adams, a former president who later served in the House of Representatives, died. From this building Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were buried. It was here that an assassin fired on President Andrew Jackson; here that in Representative Brooks' assault on Senator Sumner the rumble of the coming Civil War could be heard. It was here that Rutherford B. Hayes was named president of the United States over Samuel J. Tilden by a majority of one electoral vote; here that the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial was held; here that virtually every leading figure in the political life of the nation for nearly 140 years strode the stage.

The plans for this most famous building were drawn by an amateur, Dr. William Thornton. In 1792 the commissioners of the District of Columbia held a prize competition and of all the plans submitted for the capitol that of Dr. Thornton most impressed Washington and Jefferson. After several architects were fired from the job of superintending construction because they wanted to change the plans, Thornton himself was placed in charge, collaborating with James Hoban, architect of the President's House, now known as the White House.

The House of Representatives' wing was completed in 1807 under the direction of Benjamin H. Latrobe. At this time the two wings of the building were connected by a rude wooden passageway.

Work on the capitol was interrupted by the War of 1812 and the burning incident. When Congress reassembled it was first in a building which housed the Patent Office and later in a structure erected by a group of local citizens. This was the famed Brick Capitol, and was used until 1819. Then Congress moved back into the capitol building, which then was under the distinguished architectural direction of Charles Bulfinch. It was in 1827 that the two wings were linked and a small wooden dome raised.

It was not until 1850 that any important change was made. Then two extensions were authorized and provisions made for a larger metal dome. These changes were completed by 1859 and House and Senate occupied the extensions. In 1860 the Supreme Court took over the old Senate chamber and the House wing became Statuary Hall. In the presence of an enormous crowd the great iron dome was capped by the statue of Freedom in 1863. Since that time there have been many other architectural renovations but none which in any respect alter the outward appearance of the capitol.

The building is a city in itself. Here are private and public restaurants, and every convenience to minister to

the needs of the men and women who come to Washington to represent their constituents in the halls of Congress. These include barber shop, bank, railroad ticket office, telegraph offices and others. The art and artists of the capitol is a subject so vast that it can scarcely be treated in brief. However, this can be said: The art of the capitol is not an unfair cross-section of the state of art since erection of the building, much of it is not of the best; some of it is very fine; a great deal of it is fair. But it has the virtue of distinctiveness if not of distinction. Yet none can fail to admire Brumidi's work nor the oil paintings of Peale, Stuart, Trumbull and Sully and the later pieces of Borglum and Bartlett.

The building is replete with all sorts of adornment, tiles, mosaics, marbles, frescoes and about 300 pieces of painting and sculpture. There are also sculptured groups on the outside of the building and one of the artistic gems of the capitol is found in the bronze doors at the Senate wing which tell the story of Christopher Columbus.

Whatever critics may think about the art of the capitol, there is no doubt as to the reaction of most visitors. They like it, and they like it because much of its bears directly upon the history of the country. Here in the nation's most historic building are scenes drawn from the eventful history of America; from Bunker Hill to Lake Erie, from Lexington and Concord to Balleau Woods; from Leif Ericson to Nicholas Longworth. The art of the capitol is a pageant of America. As art is may not all be of the best; is history it will ever be thrilling and cherished.

It does not seem possible now to a visitor to the capitol that Statuary Hall—once the House chamber—was occupied by nothing save "cobwebs, apple cores and hucksters' carts." That was from 1857 to 1864. And once the rotunda was used by merchants to sell their wares and a commercial "Panorama of Paris" was set up. That was because the Speaker of the House nor the President of the Senate was authorized to govern what went on in the rotunda.

By act of Congress, each state is permitted to send to the capitol statues of two citizens deemed worthy of that honor. The memorials first were confined to Statuary Hall, but due to overcrowding some have been placed elsewhere in the building. These statues form an impressive national Valhalla.

It is not generally known that in its early stages a lottery contributed to the construction of the capitol.

Back in 1796, federal funds available for the building were exhausted. It was then that Maryland stepped into the breach and raised money by a lottery. Shortly thereafter the federal government again took over its rightful obligation.

The most dramatic of recurring spectacles of history interest in importance which take place at the capitol are the presidential inaugurations. Every president save one since the days of Andrew Jackson has taken the oath of office on the east front steps. William Howard Taft is the single exception. The weather was so bad on March 4, 1909, that he took the oath in the Senate Chamber.

These climatic events in national life bring together hundreds of distinguished leaders, members of the

diplomatic corps and tens of thousands of everyday Americans who wish to be participants in a great historic occasion.

The speakers at the cornerstone laying 145 years ago were prophetic in visualizing a great nation indissoluble in the bond of democracy.

The United States capitol which they dedicated then stands today as an imperishable monument to that ideal.

## THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

There is a very significant thought in the story of a perilous adventure related by a sportsman who had returned from a fishing expedition in the Canadian lake region.

"I was up in the north woods at my camp. I took a canoe and portaged it over to a small bass lake in the woods about a mile. I was fishing in about fifteen feet of water, some hundred feet from shore. Suddenly—I don't know how—over she went. I felt myself going down for miles, it seemed. Then I came up to see the canoe well away from me.

"The first thought that flashed into my mind was, 'And I can't swim a stroke!' But I had hardly thought of that before I yelled at myself: 'I must swim; I will swim!' And instinctively I thrashed my way slowly toward shore and the end of a fallen tree trunk stretching out from the bank.

"How I got there I'll never know, but I hung to the trunk and finally climbed along it to shore and safety. I honestly believe that if it had not been for my angry, desperate determination to swim, even though I had never swum before, I should have been drowned."

Were it not for cruel, even terrifying crises, in our lives, few of us would ever know the strength we possess. As we look back on them we wonder how we ever survived—yet the same apparently super-human power that we exerted then, is ours still.

Doctors especially are aware of the tremendous influence a patient's mental attitude has toward the chances of recovery from illness or injury. The spirit of "I will live!" or "I don't care what happens," has saved or lost myriads of human beings in desperate physical straits. "I will succeed!" or "There is no use fighting against the inevitable," is the spirit that has determined the fate of many a business, fortune and reputation.

The saying is old, but grows brighter in truth with age, that "He who never knows when he's licked, often wins, no matter what the odds against him."—Selected.

# SHE CALLED IT "RADIUM"

**By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz**

A fair-haired Polish girl of twenty-four stood waiting on the train platform in Warsaw, Poland The heavy overcoat she wore was shabby and threadbare, and in her arms she carried a large packet of lunck, a quilt, several books a folding chair and a bag or caramels. But her large gray eyes sparkled happily as she glanced impatiently down the dark tracks from time to time.

And then as the shrill train whistles suddenly pierced the night air, Marie Sklodovska turned to her father standing beside her and kissed him affectionately.

"I shall not be gone long, Father," she said anxiously. "And when I am finished at the university, I shall come back and find a position as a teacher here in Warsaw. Then we shall live together, always, Father!"

So saying, she waved farewell to the gray-haired professor and hurried to reserve her place in the already crowded fourth class coach. And presently, the old train clanked out of the station, bearing Marie Sklodovska and her queer collection of luggage to the University of the Sorbonne in Paris, where, with her handful of carefully saved rubles, she had earned the privilege of studying in a paradise of lecture rooms and laboratories.

Paris, to the Polish girl, meant intellectual freedom. And a few days later, as she stepped from an omnibus in the Boulevard Saint-Michel, she ran breathlessly towards the gate of the great university. She read the glowing words—

"Faculty of Sciences—Courses Will Begin at the Sorbonne on November 3, 1891."

And from that day on Marie Sklodovska always took her place in the first row in all the lecture classes, where, arranging her pen-holder and copy-book long before time, she would wait the professor's arrival in ecstasy. She drank in his every word, her pale gray eyes wide with delight. And in the laboratories, enveloped in the ill-fitting laboratory gowns, she handled the apparatus so deftly that as she passed through the halls from class to class, students would turn to each other—

"Who's that?"

"She's a foreigner," one would say, "with a errible name. Brilliant, but she doesn't talk much."

But all the while she was making vivid impressions upon her fellow students with her fair Polish beauty and brilliance, Marie was denying herself almost the indispensables in life that she might remain longer in Paris to take more degrees.

At first she lived with her sister Bronya in her small apartment. But as the two bus fares back and forth to the university ate rapidly into her meager savings, Marie soon took up lodging near the Sorbonne. She found a servant's rom at the top of a middle class house without heat, lighting or water. In it she set up all her worldly possessions—a bed, a stove, a table, her folding chair, an oil lamp, several dishes, a pitcher and three glasses. She allowed herself two sacks of coal for the winter, which she carried up to her sixth floor room by

the bucket full. And when this supply was exhausted, she fled to the Library of Saint-Genevieve where the gas was lighted and it was warm. Here she could study until ten o'clock —while the water froze in the pitcher in her icy garret room!

But Marie Sklodovska never once complained of the hardships of the Parisian winter. Systematically, patiently she worked on until she finally achieved her goal—a Master's Degree in physics and one in mathematics. And when in 1894 the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry ordered her to make a study of the magnetic properties of steel, the course of Marie's whole life was changed.

For in order to make this study, she needed more laboratory space. Consequently, a kind friend suggested that she see Pierre Curie, a young French physicist of note, who taught in the School of Physics and Chemistry in Paris. He might possibly be able to provide her with laboratory space and also some valuable advice.

The two young scientists met to talk over Marie's assignment, and the Frenchman was immediately attracted by Marie's simple charm and her keen understanding of the problems they discussed. So much so that before long these two found that they had a great deal in common—a scientific dream, as they called it.

And so on July 26, 1896, Marie Sklodovska hurriedly slipped into a pretty new navy blue woolen suit, and smoothed down the soft silky hair which persisted in curling about the delicate face. Then she opened the door to a tall, smiling man already waiting in the hall without.

It was a glorious morning, and as Pierre and Marie rode up the boulevard on the top of an omnibus in the warm sun, the young girl could scarce contain her happiness. For within the very next hour, in the Curie garden, she was to become Madame Pierre Curie!

The rest of the summer was spent in roaming the French countryside together on bicycles. But in the fall the happy couple returned to their apartment in Paris, ready to work on their scientific dream. For Marie was now looking forward to getting her doctor's degree, but as yet she had not do her research work. Not until found a suitable subject in which to Pierre again came to her rescue and suggested that she make a fundamental study of the light rays which uranium salts were said to throw off. Why not find whence these rays came, and their nature?

Almost at once Marie began her examination of all known chemical elements, and soon found that certain of them contained a wonderful element which gave off a tremendous amount of energy. She called this energy "radio-activity." But what the element really was, still remained a mystery.

Madame Curie was intrigued. She was fascinated. And when in 1898, after a long series of tedious experiments, she declared that she believed the new element could be isolated from pitchblende ores, she was already well on the way to the discovery of radium.

Madame Curie's next step was to order a ton of pitchblende residue from Austria. And when, one morning, a heavy coal wagon drew up to the little shed at the School of Physics where Pierre and his wife were working,

Marie rushed out into the street in her laboratory smock and tore open one of the heavy sackcloth bags. She ran her hands through the precious ore. In it was her radium, she felt sure!

Day after day she would stand in the open courtyard outside the shed stirring great kettles of the molten ore with a long iron rod. Then pouring the liquid into large containers, she would carry them in to her husband who was making delicate experiments inside the shed. Together they tried to isolate this stubborn new element which refused to let itself be known. For four long years they worked on the threshold of discovery, until finally Madame Curie herself succeeded in preparing a decigram of pure radium which threw off a blue phosphorescent light in the darkness of the shed. And in 1902 Marie officially announced to the world the existence of radium.

The science of radioactivity grew rapidly. And when radium was found to be very useful in the treatment of disease, the Curies faced the possibility of amassing a large fortune for themselves and their two little daughters, Irene and Eve. For one day, after Pierre had received an especially urgent letter from America, he called his wife into his study.

"We must talk a little about our radium, Marie," he said. "For the time has come for us to decide whether we shall tell our process for extracting radium freely to the world, or whether we shall patent our method and earn a great fortune for ourselves."

Marie stared at her husband in surprise, for these Curies were simple folk who were not accustomed to look upon the commerical value of their work.

"But my Pierre," she said in her soft voice, "now that our radium is so useful in treating disease, we can't take advantage of that, can we?"

Pierre was well pleased. "Very well, then," he took up his pen, "I shall write to these Americans at once and answer all their questions."

And from that time on Pierre and Marie Curie told freely to all who requested it their process for obtaining pure radium from pitchblende ores. And in so doing, they choose forever between service to mankind and great wealth.

It was only Pierre Curie's fatal accident on April 19, 1906, which brought this beautiful partnership to a cruel and abrupt end. It was a blow from which the stunned Marie could scarcely recover. But somehow to her own amazement she read the following notice in the newspapers some seven months later—

"Madame Curie has been named to the chair which her husband occupied at the Sorbonne, and will give her first lecture Monday, November 5, at half past one."

At the appointed time Marie Curie appeared in the crowded lecture room, and supporting herself at the long table filled with apparatus, she resumed her husband's work at the point where he had left off.

From that day on Marie's main interests in life became the education of her two growing daughters and the comfort and well-being of Pierre's father, Dr. Curie. She worked hard in her laboratory, for there she seemed to find that companionship of which she had been so cruelly robbed. And with the outbreak of the World War,

she left her post at the head of the recently erected Radium Institute in Paris and entered into the work of the medical department with new enthusiasm.

She bothered the inert French officials into action, compelling them to equip a large number of radiological cars with X-ray apparatus. Marie equipped and drove one of these cars herself—her "chariot," as she called it.

A telegram would come telling her of the wounded arriving from the front. At once would inspect her car, slip into a long dusty coat and a shapeless wornout hat, and climbing into the chariot, would speed away to the base hospital at the breath-taking speed of twenty miles an hour! Once in the hospital, she set up her apparatus in a darkened room where, together with the doctor, she would miraculously locate the piece of shell in the wounded flesh. Oftentimes an operation would be performed right there under the rays.

But by the year 1920 Marie Curie was already suffering the symptoms of the radio poisoning which was ultimately to bring her useful life to an end. She was threatened with blindness, and a continual humming in her ears. She submitted to an eye operation and recovered her sight sufficiently to return to her laboratory again and make delicate measurements.

"I don't know whether I can live without my laboratory," Marie said one day as she struggled against this disease which baffled even the doctors. There were no organic inflammations —only a deterioration of the blood and a constant fever. And it wasn't until after her death on July 4, 1934, that science pronounced its verdict—

"Madame Curie was a victim of her own beloved radium!"

And perhaps, after all, she would have had it so, for hadn't radium been Pierre's and her great scientific dream?

---

## "ON THE SQUARE"

"It matters not whate'er your lot,
  Or what your task may be;
One duty still remains for you,
  One duty stands for me.
Be you a doctor, skilled, wise,
  Or a man who works for wage,
A laborer working on the street,
  Or an artist on the stage;
One glory still awaits you,
  One honor that is rare,
To have men say, as you pass by—
  'That fellow's on the square.' "

—Author Unknown.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Graham Sykes and Tommy Oxendine, who have been receiving treatment for bone infections for some time at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, returned to the School last Tuesday. Both boys are very much improved.

---

Norman Parker, of Cottage No. 8, who sustained a fractured leg during football practice about two weeks ago, and has been undergoing treatment at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, returned to the School last Thursday afternoon.

---

Messrs. Kiser and Finley, together with their groups of young helpers have been spending quite some time recently in improving and enriching the cottage lawns. These lawns have been graded and re-seeded, and we hope this work will add much to the beauty of the campus next spring.

---

The budget for the maintenance of the School for the next two years has been completed and forwarded to the office of the State Budget Bureau, Raleigh, where it will be passed upon by the Budget Commission and recommendation made by them to the next State Legislature, which will convene in January, 1939.

---

As we have so many stacks of fine hay which would be subject to considerable damage by rain, seventy-five canvas stack covers have been ordered to protect same until it can be baled. At present our hay-baling machine is running every day in order to take care of as much hay as possible before bad weather overtakes us.

---

Our biennial report, covering the activities of the School during the two-year period ending June 30, 1938, has been completed and mailed to the Division of Institutions and Correction, State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. It will be incorporated in the consolidated report of various charitable and correctional institutions in the State.

---

This is the first time in many years that the Training School has had such poor prospects for winter gardens. Because of the long period of extremely dry weather, such crops as turnips, collards, cabbage, parsnips, salads, etc., will be practically a total failure. After having enjoyed an abundance of these vegetables for years, it is quite distressing to see such poor prospects for same during the coming winter months. This loss will be reflected in our budget for food for the next year.

---

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Mr. A. W. Cline, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Forsyth County, concerning Ray Laramore, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who

left the School in June, 1937.

Mr. Cline stated that he had made a check on Ray's conduct and demeanor in the community and found that he has been making a very good record since leaving the School. He also said that Mr. J. F. Scott, principal of the Walkertown School, where Ray has been in attendance, reported that the lad has been doing well in School. Both Mr. Cline and Mr. Scott recommend that Ray be given his final discharge.

---

We were extremely sorry to learn of the death of Mr. C. C. Hooks, prominent architect of Charlotte, which occurred last week. He had designed several buildings at the School and had two more nearing completion. In his numerous visits to the institution he made many close friends, who wish to take this opportunity to tender deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Any work placed in Mr. Hooks' hands was never neglected, as he was prompt in all his dealings with the School. Some of his completed plans are among the finest buildings on the campus. Prior to his passing he had underway the plans for the swimming pool, dairy barn and five other projects for rounding out the building program to be carried out in the near future.

Mr. Hooks was very much interested in the work of the School and never failed to render his best service in its interest whenever called upon.

---

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 31st Psalm, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the 8th verse—"And hast not shut me up into the land of the enemy; thou has set my feet in a large room."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the story of an old settler on the prairie. He sold his home and moved on into the Northwest. After staying there for a season he moved still further away. This was repeated several times. He gave his reason for moving so many times, saying someone had moved within five miles of him, and he had to move on because he was too crowded; he said he needed more "elbow room."

In this day and time, said the speaker, that great space has narrowed down. We realize that we have known what it is to roam field and woods, but now we have many people living closer to us. Even in congested areas today we should feel as did the Psalmist—"Thou hast set my feet in a large room." The most important thing in our lives is not that we, like the early pioneer, feel that we need more room. What we need to do it to see that our souls and minds develop in the right direction, keeping pace with the growth of civilization.

The speaker then pointed out how St. Paul, even when he found himself within the confines of a narrow prison cell, sent out some of his most wonderful messages to the Christian people. His influence reached many far distant places, even though they were written in prison. Because there was a noble purpose in Paul's mind, his

messages reached the people for whom they were intended.

We speak of people among our acquaintances who live narrow lives, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, but that has little to do with their surroundings. A narrow life begins with a small soul. It is formed from within, and will continue to be narrow as long as that person is living within the confines of sin and evil. At the beginning a habit gets hold of us, and we find it hard to stop, and by continuing to permit these bad habits to direct the course of our lives, we soon become slaves to them. Life then becomes narrow and the oportunities to become better men are soon gone, and we find ourselves standing in a very small place, all because we have not gotten control of ourselves.

The speaker then stated that the world today is filled with handicapped lives. We can overcome this by enlarging the room in which we are living. Let us lift off the roof and see God; let us push back the confining walls of sin and see eternity. Then we will realize that our feet have been placed in a large room. When a life seems dull, add God to that life, and it will seem much larger than ever before. We miss many of the beauties of life because we do not see the work of God in it. Only God can deal effectively with our sins and give deliverance. He alone can soothe our sorrows and make life brighter for us. Without God in our lives, misfortunes are likely to take hold of us. Life will be narrow, indeed, without Him, and we will find ourselves drifting aimlessly along, hardly knowing why we are in the world.

The speaker then told us that the greatest joy we can find in life is to put ourselves into life. We should not try to have everything for self, but strive to make others happy. We should do these things which Christ would have us do. Just as he lived for others, we should also try to be of service to our fellowmen.

When we take Christ into our lives, continued the speaker, we find that the tasks which come to us day by day, are really golden opportunities. There is always room for the man who is ready to take advantage of the opportunities given him for greater service, and if we use these opportunities as God would have us use them, we may rest assured that there is a large place for us in the world. If we accept opportunity as a challenge from God, we cannot fail.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that those who believe life is nothing but trials and troubles are not able to see the great horizon of life. They are living in a very small world. If we can only see what a privilege it is to live in this great world today, making use of our every opportunity to do good, we can say with David. "Lord, thou hast set my feet in a large place.

---

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears in order that they may read aright His providence and His commandments.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

**The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938**

**Week Ending September 18, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(16) Clyde Gray 16
(11) Gilbert Hogan 15
(16) Leon Hollifield 16
(16) Edward Johnson 16
(6) James Kissiah 6
(7) Edward Lucas 15
(7) Mack Setzer 15
(11) C. L. Snuggs 11

### COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

### COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 4
(2) William Downes 4
Frank King 2
Nick Rochester 13
Clyde Sorrells

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Robert Atwell 4
Earl Bass 4
James Boone 4
James C. Cox
(2) Coolidge Green 7
Bruce Hawkins
(6) William McRary 13
F. E. Mickle 6
(8) John Robertson 11
William T. Smith 5

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) James Bartlett 4
Wesley Beaver 5
William Cherry 10
(2) James Land 10
(2) Van Martin 12
George Speer 4
(2) Hyress Taylor 5
(2) Melvin Walters 11
Leo Ward 9
(2) Rollin Wells 11
(2) James Wilhite 12
Cecil Wilson 10

### COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Grover Gibby 6
(2) Robert Jordan 5
Winford Rollins 11
Eugene Smith 4
(16) Dewey Ware 16

### COTTAGE No. 6

Eugene Ballew
Robert Bryson 7
Fletcher Castlebury 11
(3) Martin Crump 9
(3) Robert Dunning 11
Roscoe Honeycutt 6
(2) Columbus Hamilton 3
Leo Hamilton 2
(2) Thomas Hamilton 4
Spencer Lane 8
Charles McCoyle 6
Randall D. Peeler 5
Ray Pitman 4
Canipe Shoe 6
Joseph Tucker 8
(2) George Wilhite 13
William Wilson 9
Woodrow Wilson 7
James C. Wiggins 4

### COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Carl Breece 14
Archie Castlebury 13
(4) James H. Davis 12
John Deaton
(11) William Estes 15
Robert Hampton 7
(16) Caleb Hill 16
Robert Lawrence 4
Elmer Maples 9
Edmund Moore 12
Jack Pyatt 7
(3) Earthy Strickland 11
William Tester 7
(3) Ed Woody 3
(16) William Young 16

### COTTAGE No. 8

Howard Baheeler 6

Charles Davis 2
(4) J. B. Devlin 4
(4) Samuel Everidge 7
(3) Harvey Ledford 5
Edward J. Lucas 5
Joseph Linville 2
(3) John Penninger 6
(6) John Tolbert 14
(5) Charles Taylor 13
(2) Walker Warr 7
Charles Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Clarence Baker 2
J. T. Branch 13
(6) Edgar Burnette 11
James Butler 7
(6) Carol Clark 6
(2) James Coleman 12
(8) George Duncan 12
(2) Woodfin Fowler 13
Wilbur Hardin 4
Osper Howell 2
(7) Eugene Presnell 13
Thomas Sands 10
(6) Earl Stamey 11
(3) Horace Williams 6
Luther Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 10

William Peeden 5
William R. Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) J. C. Allen 5
(5) Baxter Foster 12
(11) Lawrence Guffey 14
(6) Earl Hildreth 9
(2) Clyde Hoppes 3
Donald Newman
Jesse Overby 2
(3) Julius Stevens 14
(5) Thomas Shaw 14
(5) John Uptegrove 14

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) James Elders 12
(4) Charlton Henry 14
(8) Franklin Hensley 12
(4) Howard Sanders 11
(6) Carl Singletary 13
Avery Smith
(5) Leonard Watson 9
(6) Leonard Wood 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) William Griffin 4
Paul McGlammery 11
(2) Jordan McIver 10
(4) Alexander Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 11
Clyde Barnwell 13
(2) Monte Beck 10
(7) Delphus Dennis 12
John Ham 2
Marvin King 2
(4) James Kirk 13
John Kirkman 2
(4) Henry McGraw 6
(3) Fred McGlammery 8
(2) Troy Powell 6
John Robbins 10
(2) Paul Shipes 10
(2) Howard Todd 9
(11) Harold Thomas 14
Thomas Trantham 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Sidney Delbridge 6
(3) Albert Hayes 4
(2) Beamon Heath 8
William Hawkins 9
(2) James McGinnis 6
(9) Paul Ruff 14
(2) Roland Rufty 10
(2) Harold Walsh 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)
(10) James Chavis 14
(3) Reefer Cummings 13

---

Over in South Africa the experts pick out perfect diamonds at the first glance. It's only the doubtful ones that must be tested over and over.—Selected.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

OCT 3 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 1, 1938 No. 39

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## IT'S BETTER

It's better sometime to be blind
To the faults of some poor fellow being,
Than to view them with visions unkind,
When there's good we ought to be seeing.

It's better sometime to be dumb,
Than to speak just to be criticizing,
Though it seems to be given to some
To recall traits both mean and despising.

It's better sometime to be deaf,
Than to hear only lying and pander,
For there's nothing so low as theft
Or a good name destroyed by slander.

—Author Unknown.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| A ROUND-UP ON HOG ISLAND | By C. B. Morton | 10 |
| RANCHING IN THE TIDEWATER | By Idah H. Wood | 13 |
| THE ONLY PRE-REVOLUTIONARY CHURCH RUINS IN VIRGINIA | By John W. Edwards | 15 |
| RICHARD CASWELL | By J. S. Stearns | 18 |
| BAD BUT NOT HOPELESS | (Smithfield Herald) | 19 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 20 |
| BUILDING THE ETERNAL IN YOUTH | (Suffold News-Herald) | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THINGS WE CAN'T AFFORD

We can't afford to win the gain that means another's loss;
We can't afford to miss the crown by stumbling at the cross.
We can't afford the heedless jest that robs us of a friend;
We can't afford the laugh that finds in bitter tears an end.
We can't afford the feast today that brings tomorrow's fast;
We can't afford the farce that comes to tragedy at last.
We can't afford to play with fire, or tempt a serpent's bite;
We can't afford to think that sin brings any true delight.
We can't afford with serious heed to treat the cynic's sneer;
We can't afford to wise men's words to turn a careless ear.
We can't afford for hate to give like hatred in return;
We can't afford to feed a flame and make it fiercer burn.
We can't afford to lose the soul for this world's fleeting breath;
We can't afford to barter life in mad exchange for death.
But blind to good are we apart from Thee, all-seeing Lord;
O grant us light that we may know the things we can't afford.

—Selected.

## GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

In the course of events the season for football is here, and young manhood is given the privilege to develop good sportsmanship on the play fields of various institutions. Good sportsmanship simply means to play the game to win, but play it honorably. The lessons emphasized when coached for the games are valuable all through life.

To play the game fair in any business is an evidence of good sportsmanship. To work any game for personal gain regardless of the welfare of another is surely poor sportsmanship. There is no

umpire to throw such a person out, but in the minds of the public the acts of such a person register.

Every day on the highway poor sportsmanship is displayed. A good sport will not hog the entire road, neither chisel in on the traffic and cause a wreck. The best lessons for superb sportsmanship is learned around the home fireside. The parents of the home, once emphasized honest playing. They used to make the children play the games of every kind fair and square. If not played fair some kind of a reprimand followed. That was the way in pesteryears. The playfields of institutions are all right, but the best lessons in playing the games fair are learned in the homes.

* * * * * * *

## NERVOUS WOMEN

During the past few months there seemed to be an epidemic (if it may be so termed) of "Peeping Toms". They prowled around peeping in windows, but that was the extent of the offence. The prowling of this class was not confined to any particular community, but the information was the effect that it was praticed in different residential sections.

This peeping in windows and open doors give many of the women who detected the prowlers an uncomfortable feeling. In fact there was no joy in sitting on the porches after twilight, and especially so in secluded places where the foliage of trees made dark shadows.

Women as a class are nervous after dark. There are exceptional cases where women show courage and meet conditions. The story is told of Jane Adams, of Hull House, where she on two occasions was awakened by burglars in her room. Each time she met the situation calmly without giving an alarm.

The story is that this woman of unusual power and composure was awakened by a burglar in her room. She calmly whispered when she saw the intruder, "Be quiet, don't make a noise for you might arouse my nephew sleeping in an adjoining room." The burglar was so startled that in his excitement he started to leap from the window by which he entered. Even when the intruder was attemping to leap from the window she insisted that there was danger of him getting hurt. If he would permit her she would

direct him to the stairway and he could make a quiet exit without the least danger.

At another time she discovered a man in the home who had broken in during the night. She soon learned that he was an amatuer in the game, and was needing the necessities of life.

In her calm, smooth maner she listened to his story. She told him to return the next morning at nine o'clock and she would secure him work, and in the mean time give him aid. The story is that the man returned as told and Jane Adams did as she promised. These examples of the unperturbed spirit of the founder of the Hull House, Jane Adams, however, has never been matched.

* * * * * * *

## COURTESY

One of the most valuable assets in life is courtesy. A courteous person is usually accepted as one of "fine manners". The person of brusque manners is neither sought nor desired. A leader in any business should endeavor to be courteous. A courteous person always radiates sunshine. A warm reception not only helps to "pep" up the down trodden, but it helps business of all degrees.

To be an executive is a responsibility, and to measure up to the demands, courtesy to co-workers, high or low, man or woman, is a most valuable requisite. We have often heard remarked "kindly or courteous" treatment to the under man is a mark of true nobility, or real aristocrisy. The watchword of every business should be co-operation and a courteous greeting and a courteous response to every detail of business is the only way to reach the goal—success. No one seeks the egotisical, the grouch or the one who has an inflated opinion of self in any way.

* * * * * * *

## RUMORS OF WAR

Since there has been broadcasted rumors of war the newspapers, some of them, are taking a guess that the young men and bachelors of the country will hasten up postponed marriages.

The like has happened previously so it is very natural to speculate. But time proves all things. In defence of the young men and older

ones we commend them for preferring a home—the throne seat of womanhood—and a wife, to war at any time. No truer statement was ever made than "war is hell." But if another follows so soon after the World War it wil be difficult matter to get the ear of our young men in favor of fighting.

All future wars will be horrible, more horrible than any previous war, because of advanced methods of fighting from the air. As contradictory as it really seems to the teachings of the Christian religion the only thing to do is in time of peace prepare for war.

It would be timely to have a nation-wide prayer for peace. Pray that oil may be poured upon the troubled waters of nations with grievances, and good-will instead of hatred prevail. It is well to remember though that when a conflagration in the midst of inflammables gets started in a large area there is danger of the tiniest spark falling and thereby adding to the danger of the situation.

* * * * * * *

## MAN'S SEVEN MISTAKES

Man's imperfections lead him to make many mistakes in life, and the pointing out of these frailties has engaged the attention of philosophers and reformers in all ages. A recent writer enumerates what he considers to be the seven greatest mistakes of man, as follows:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.

2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.

3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.

4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.

5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.

6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.

7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

This appears to be a pretty fair diagnosis of what is the matter with us, and everyone might profitably check up on himself in the light of these suggestions.

* * * * * * *

## A SUGGESTION

Any comment registers that comes through the columns of Charity and Children, especially about child welfare, because the theme, "childhood," is the woof and warp of every activity of the institution that paper supports. This suggestion to secretary of school commission relative to good manners taken from Charity and Children is one of grave consideration, becausce the masses of children today radiates the spirit "do as we please." This attitude renders one speechless at times. Unless the mold for good manners eminates in the home the job is a hopless one for teachers.

"The secretary of the commission appointed by Governor Clyde R. Hoey to study the present system of schools has asked for suggestions for the betterment of our schools. We think that a course in manners is about the most needed reform. We could say ethics but that has a rather indefinite and theoretical sound. Morals is better but that word is used more and more as applying to the sexes alone. Manners include both ethics and morals as well as old-fashioned honesty. We now think a lot better than we act and the schools should begin not only to lay emphasis in schoolroom and playground but teach the principles of good manners that should govern after leaving school. The whole is of course summed up in the Golden Rule."

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### BAD BEDFELLOWS

"Now this evening, I'll gather my troubles,
And when twilight fades into night,
I'll jam then all into an airtight chest,
And fasten the cover down tight.

"And there I shall leave them, forget them,
Find rest for my poor tired head;
For how can one sleep in comfort and peace
If he takes all his troubles to bed?"

---

When we blame others for our mistakes we profit very little from those we ourselves make.

---

A roadhog in a movie theatre is the one who takes the arms of both seats, and elongates his elbows.

---

Some fellow has discovered that fat women are 85 per cent happy. I guess the 15 per cent is worry over being fat.

---

We hear a great deal about people willing to try anything once. But there are many who shy on trying work for once.

---

Making political promises is like eating 'possum and sweet potatoes. You never can tell when its coming back to haunt you.

---

They may not get much excitement out of it, but the people who seem to get along best are those who pay strict attention to their own business.

---

There are some people who will be overwhelmed with a man's generosity one minute and have their hand out for more before his back is turned.

I read where a man left his wife $500 to buy a memorial stone after he died. She bought a diamond. That was certainly a new way of "ringing" a funeral dirge.

---

A lecturer makes known the fact that we are going through a period of change. Yes; I have noticed that when I make a purchase. Sometimes I get change, and sometimes I don't.

---

You may talk about 'cheap politics" all you please, but it is a fact that politics is about the costliest thing in this country today. It is working its way into everything we do —and even say.

---

If Nebraska, with 1,377,963 persons, can boast of no sales tax, no state income tax, and no state indebtedness, why cannot other states with larger populations do the same thing? The Nebraska plan is worth studying—and adopting.

---

The goldenrod comes crowding through summer's closing door. It waves in parched fields, in wooded lanes, along dusty fences. It brightens the brown and weary weeds of summer. It comes with the early days of autumn, bringing with it gladdening cheer, a sure herald of the harvest season. It is true that all autumn flowers are bright and beautiful, but the goldenrod is brightest and most conspicuous of all. The early morning primrose, with its glistening coat of dew, has a delicacy about it most appealing. The

stalwart iron weed, with its bold blossoms of purple, towers over the smaller flowers. The wild clematis, the trumpet flower, with its crimson cone; the sumach, with its scarlet cups of spice, all of these are attractive. But it is the feathered plumes of the goldenrod that toss with every vagrant breeze which are most appealing. This is the season when our knowledge of life and destiny is most apparent. Tragedy is not the worst of life. The tragedy of autumn is filled with beauty and significance. It is in this season that the tragic beauties of the year are found. But soon the goldenrod will fade like our hopes, the leaves of the hardy stalk will fall like our years, the golden petals will be fleeting with every passing wind like our illusions, the color of its nodding head will become white like our own when the sun grows cold. The goldenrod seems to bear secret relations with our destines. Truly, the flowers of autumn seem to be God's thoughts of beauty taking form to gladden mortal gaze. We can cheerfully join with Horace Smith and say of autumn's flowers: "Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit, each leaf a book," and the goldenrod is nature's brightest jewel with whose wealth she decks the dying summer days.

---

## OLD-TIME BUTTERMILK

We quite agree with the Gastonia Gazette's comment on old-time buttermilk, than which there is no better drink. The "lactic" product dispensed under the name of buttermilk may suit some people, but please give us the old-fashioned churned kind. We won't go so far as to contend for the old up-and-down dasher kind, the "daisy" or electric churn being acceptable as a method, but deliver us from the clabber variety produced by tablets. Here's the paragraph from the Gazette:

"We do not know how the new sanitary rules and regulations of the county board of health are going to work, but we hope they do not disrupt the sale of buttermilk from the farms of Gaston county. This delectable product has been dispensed from tin cans and buckets from time immemorial in Gaston county,and few there be in this county, who have suffered any ill effects from such sale, be it sanitary or not. This "boughten" buttermilk may be all right, cultured, and what not, but we prefer ours the old fashioned way, right out of a churn on the cool of a country back porch or milk-house, and brought to town in the same old way. Never has hurt anybody."

—Selected.

# A ROUND-UP ON HOG ISLAND

**By C. B. Morton**

Purchase of the old court house building at Smithfield by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities not only has assured that this splendid example of 18th century architecture in Colonial Virginia will be restored and preserved to future generations, but has centered attention on a county that ranks with the oldest in the Old Dominion, but which has never sought the limelight and which has been overlooked by writers on historical subjects in comparison with other counties.

Situated on the southern bank of the Mayne (James) River with many creeks affording channels for the boats that for centuries bore the transportation burden of the planters, it was but natural that Isle of Wight county should have attracted settlers from the earliest years of the Virginia Colony.

In 1608 the English selected a small island off the shore of the present county to keep their hogs, giving it the name of Hog Island that it bears today.

In 1610, when the few surviving Colonists prepared to abandon James City (Jamestown), they stopped overnight at the little Isle of Wight island to round up hogs for meat on the return voyage. But for this delay they would have missed Lord Delaware's relieving fleet and the history of the English colonization of the New World would have suffered a second setback.

In 1608 the Warrascoyack Indians, inhabiting Isle of Wight territory, supplied two guides to lead a Mr. Sicklemore, described by John Smith as "a valiant, honest and paineful souldier." on a fruitless march to the Chowan River, in North Carolina, seeking word of the lost Roanoke Island colony.

In 1619 the area was first settled. Christopher Lawne cleared land for a plantation at the mouth of the creek that today is the western boundary of the county and bears his name. Others established plantations along the Mayne River, including Basse's Choice and Bennett's Plantation, situated near Smithfield, that lost respectively 22 and 50 persons in the Indian massacre of 1622. The survivors rallied and drove the "bloudy salvadges" off, but more than 400 settlers were killed out of 1,300 then established in Virginia.

By 1634 the population of the section had grown to where the Grand Assembly at James City (Jamestown Island) gave them local government by creating a separate shire known by the name of the Indian tribe, Warrascoyack. In 1637 the shire was changed to a county and the name was changed to Isle of Wight, after the English isle of that name.

In 1632 the bounds of the county were defined by law and two parishes were created. Even before the parishes were created the Warrascoyack planters had built a church, old St. Luke's, which was constructed in 1632, and today is the oldest building of English construction in America. It was used for 200 years, fell into disrepair and was reovated in 1887. Today it is in regular use and one of the

famous historic shrines of Colonial Virginia. It is situated at Benn's Church, on Route No. 10.

Hogs ever have played an important part in the history of Isle of Wight county, starting with the Jamestown settlers and their pigs on Hog Island and today the fame of Smithfield hams is world wide. The chief products of the county are hogs and peanuts, which together are responsible for the excellence of the hams, as true Smithfield hams are from pigs fattened on peanuts and cured according to a formula sacredly guarded and kept secret by Isle of Wight packers for many generations.

Farming and hog raising continues today to be the chief business of Isle of Wight people, who are a prosperous, hospitable and friendly lot, their splendid qualities of character reflected in the persons of the county office holders with officers at Isle of Wight Court House.

The Hon. Benjamin D. White, of Princess Anne county, is judge of the Isle of Wight Circuit Court (28th Circuit), and R. A. (Gus) Edwards, who sacrifices nothing of efficiency to be thoroughly genial and accommodating, is the county clerk, having charge of immensely valuable records that begin with 1629 and are kept in a modernly arranged fireproof office.

E. R. Laine is treasurer, W. G. Whitehead is sheriff; A. D. Johnson is commonwealth's attorney, and Charles E. Davis is commissioner of revenue.

Ranking with the oldest counties in the United States, Isle of Wight's long history is shy of definite information as to where the early courts were "holden" and it is not until the 18th century that there is specific mention of places.

As originally constituted, Isle of Wight contained 918 square miles and this large area was intact from 1634 to 1748, when Southhampton county was created, taking 604 square miles, the major portion of the land area away. Today the county has 314 square miles and a population of 15,000, largely rural. Smithfield, the principal town, has a population of 1,179.

Smithfield was incorporated as a town in 1752, but is believed to have had its genesis in the act of 1680, which provided for the purchase by the feofees of each county a tract of 50 acres that was to be laid out and appointed for a town, the aim being to encourage commerce and industry. The act specified that the location of the town in Isle of Wight should be "at Pate's Field at the parting of the Pagan Creek." which would correspond to Smithfield's location.

In 1623 the "commaunders," or heads of the plantations, held courts monthly to handle minor offences and civil actions. In 1628 county commissioners succeeded the commanders as justices and in 1642 county courts were established, meeting monthly and at first limited to not more than 1,600 pounds of tobacco involved in an action at law. In 1645 the jurisdiction of the courts was extended to all cases of law and equity and trial by jury was assured to all persons. Isle of Wight courts in that year met on the ninth of each month.

In 1655 because of the inconvenience occasioned by the partition of Isle of Wight by Pagan Creek, a monthly court in each parish was ordered, but this was replaced in 1659. The commissioners were empowered at that early date to "appoint places convenient for holding court." It was the

practice in early colonial days for the county courts to be held at the various plantations as specified by the commissioners, or justices.

In 1661 justice of the peace offices were created for the first time and they continued to function as trial and issuing magistrates until 1934, when trial justice courts were set up in each county and the power to try cases was taken away from the justices of the peace, who, however, yet serve as issuing and bail justices.

The very earliest record of a court house in Isle of Wight county was in 1694, when a court order was entered authorizing Richard Reynolds to shingle the roof and the porch of the court house, the cost of the work to be 5,500 pounds of good tobacco to be levied out of that year's crop in the county, with the county "finding nayles" for the job. Where the court house mentioned was situated was not specified, but it is believed to have been centrally situated on Blackwater River, which later became the dividing line between Isle of Wight and Southampton counties.

The Virginia Council of 1727 ordered a survey to select a suitable site for a courthouse building in Isle of Wight, and in 1729 there is mention in the will of John Pitt of a "mill on Court House Creek."

The Council in 1734 ordered the removal of the court house from the south to the north side of Blackwater river, and in 1736, on July 26, the feofees of the county (trustees) purchased two acres on the north side of Blackwater River near McQuinney's Bridge, for the purpose of erecting a court house.

In 1748 Southampton county was created, and in 1749 the erection of a court house at Smithfield for the now much smaller Isle of Wight was begun. The building was in use until January 7, 1800, when the county seat with the court house, jail, clerk's office and other county offices, were removed to the present central site between Smithfield and Windsor.

The Smithfield court house structure passed into private hands, having been bought in 1808 by a Dr. Butler, whose wife was the daughter of the second bishop of Virginia. It was reconstructed for residential use without marring its attractive lines. About 1850 it was purchased by J. O. Thomas, who resided there for many years. His daughter, Miss Nannie Thomas, at her death bequeathed the property to Christ Episcopal Church of Smithfield, which in turn sold it to W. H. Williams.

This year Mr. Williams sold the property to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which already has begun the work of restoring it to its condition when used as a court house. It boasts a rotunda room at the rear, used as a jury room, that is the only surviving one of the type. The building itself is such a splendid example of middle 18th century Virginia construction that it was studied by architects engaged on the Williamsburg restoration project, before they undertook to restore the colonial capitol at Williamsburg.

# RANCHING IN THE TIDEWATER

**By Idah Hermance Wood**

This is no dude ranch of the Eastern variety, but a real Western grazing, round-up, livestock ranch right in Norfolk.

Located on the Southside of the city, in Berkley, close by St. Helena, noted base during the World War.

Mr. W. H. Marshall, shepherd, caretaker, and overseer, is proud of his ranch, proud too of the healthy animals.

Seventy-five acres of good green grass provide ample pasture for the cattle, goats and sheep. Many trees by the water's edge form a shady oasis under which the cows rest and chew their cuds. Rocks and old concrete prove picturesque make-believe mountains for the goats and tiny kids to climb upon. An old boat with water in it, instead of under it, makes a unique watering trough.

Contrast the placid peace of the ranch of today and sixteen years ago, and you'll find excitement, fear and horror. For here it was, on this same site, where stood the old Tunis saw mill, that the Berkley fire started. Early on the morning of April 16, 1922, began the blaze that burned most of Berkley. Thousands were made homeelss and bereft of all their possessions. Stores and churches disappeared before the onslaught of the flames.

But like Chicago, San Francisco and Atlanta, Berkley came through with hardly a visible scar to show for the great fire that had swept it.

Though the ranch does not boast of as many animals at present as is often found there the hundred or so cattle, sixty sheep and twenty-five goats make the place quite lively. Most of the cattle, originally from Wisconsin and Georgia, are owned by nearby dairies, but pastured at the ranch awaiting thir bovine "blessed events," already this summer, there are a few sprightly calves scampering about.

Mr. Marshall, who has been at the ranch eight years, when asked which animals he liked best, replied: "The cattle; they are the most interesting. They are very intelligent in spite of what many think. I understand most people think them dumb, or dull, but it is simply because they have not observed them closely."

Mr. Marshall's brown eyes twinkle as he talks of the animals. One knows he loves and understands them, not only by his conversation but by his actions. Many of the cows follow him as a pet dog would, and he turns to caress them, brushing their rough hides gently with his hands.

He is short, his cheerful face barely reaching above the big cattle, but one feels that he does not fear even the meanest of the cows.

Many of the kids and lambs are sold as pets. The others are sent to the butcher. After watching the kids bounce across the verdant pasture, or the lambs pause in their grazing to look up quitely, the visitor is saddened to think of the baby animals on a truck going for a "one-way ride."

Included in the livestock of the ranch are many chickens. There are a few game roosters who look as if they might win a cock fight—if

we had cock fights!

There are two huge police dogs who kill the scavenger rats, but are not as ferocious as they look, and sound. At least not while their master is about. One gets the idea that evil would befall the trespasser bent on theft if these dogs were on watch.

These dogs perform double duty, for they not only watch but help too in herding the sheep and cattle. A brown streak and they are across the field, their slender legs hardly seeming to touch the earth. Such busy canines they are until their work is done, then a pat from a beloved hand and to curl up in the shade is all the reward they ask.

After a visit to this ranch in our city one feels refreshed as from a visit to the country and old Mother Nature herself. For here one finds a tranquil beauty, abiding peace and much contentment.

---

## THE WICK HOUSE

In the Jockey Hollow section of the new National Historical Park, Morristown, New Jersey, is the old Wick House. It has stood for almost two centuries as a treasured specimen of the sturdy farm-houses built by our Colonial ancestors; and as the scene of a delightful old tale of girlish pluck and ingenuity—the story of Tempe Wick.

During the winter of 1780-1781, at a time when mutiny had broken out among the Revolutionary soldiers encamped in the near neighborhood, it happened that Mrs. Wick fell ill, and there was no one but her daughter, Tempe, to go for a doctor. Unafraid, in spite of the lawlessness in the countryside, she saddled her horse, the darling of her heart. She reached the doctor's house in safety, but as she mounted for her return trip, two or three army stragglers, drunk and reckless, tried to commandeer her fine horse. By pretended willingness, she got her bridle free from the detaining grip, and was then off in a flash for home. Eluding her pursuers, she led the horse into the house by the back door, and stabled him, behind closed shutters, in the ground floor bedroom. She threw down a feather bed to deaden the sound of his hoofs; but even so, the hoof-marks remain in the floor.

Here, says the story, Tempe Wick, one of the Revolution's heroines, kept her horse safe for several days, while the baffled soldiers seached barn and paddock for the coveted prize.

—Selected.

# THE ONLY PRE-REVOLUTIONARY CHURCH RUINS IN VIRGINIA

**By John William Edwards**

The ruins of St. Andrew's Church by the side of Colonial Trail, in Surry county, is said to be the only pre-Revolutionary church ruins in Virginia.

According to Bishop Meade, this church was erected in 1654. A marble tablet on the southern wall bears the following inscription:

LOWER SURRY CHURCH
LAWN'S CREEK PARISH
1639

Other parochial records state that Lawn's Creek Parish was established in 1639 and it seems right to assume that is the date referred to in the above inscription.

Little is left of the original church except these walls. The ivy-mantled ruins seem lone and sad and would be ideal for some melancholy poet to write an elegiac poem mourning the vague hopes and unhappy frustrations of the century-ago worshippers. Around about the walls are the tombs of many of the departed worshippers.

Bishop Meade, to whom we all turn when it is a Tidewater colonial church involved, says that from 1827 to 1832 the Rev. John Cole ministered here and under his able leadership and that of the Rev. John McCabe in 1857 the membership increased to such proportions a new church was erected not far away. The new edifice was named St. Andrew's and the ruins of the Lower Church are affectionately called by the same name. It seems to have been a custom that when a parish was large enough it contained two churches and quite often for a better name, they were termed Upper and Lower Churches. It may be pure assumption, but it sounds possible that the mound of brick that is all that is left of Southwark Church in Surry county. may have been the Upper Church. Quite often parish lines were changed or extended and what was later called Southwark Parish may have been included in Lawn's Creek Parish at the time of the erection of the Lower Church.

According to one chronicler who cites court records in his bibliography, old St. Andrew's Church was the scene of a stirring and patriotic meeting early in 1676, when a number of planters gathered to protest against Governor Berkley's indifference toward Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., and his rebellious actions. This was one hundred years before the historical meeting in St. John's Church in Richmond, where the fiery Henry made his immortal speech. But there seems to be quite a similarity between the two meetings. There seems but little recorded of the actual meeting except that many in the gathering were vehement in their outcries against Governor Berkeley. Many were the terse speeches made. The final outcome of this indignation meeting appears to be that most of the men went off to give their support to Bacon in his rebellion.

Surry county records show several

bequests made to the little triangular Gothic church. Mrs Elizabeth Stith in her will admitted to record in 1774, left "Fifty Pounds Current money to purchase an Altar piece for the Lower Church" also "to have the Lord's Prayer in a small frame to hang on the right over the great pew, and the Creed in another small frame on the left hand over the other great pew." It was also her order that Moses and Aaron be drawn at full length holding up the Ten Commandments for the Altar Piece. In 1741 John Allen of Surry county 35 Pounds Sterling to buy a Communion Service for the "Lower Church." And it appears that from all these old records "Lower Church" was the only name the little edifice ever bore.

At one time Old St. Andrew's became so fashionable, and there was so much wealth within the church it became known as the Silk Stocking Church. The planters and their ladies riding in their great carriages to the Sunday service must have created a gay scene along the Colonial Trail a century ago.

In 1832, during Nat Turner's Insurrection in Southampton county, soldiers were stationed here at the Lower Church. In 1868 the church building was burned by some insurgent Negroes who were incited to do this dastardly deed by a Negro woman from the North whose speech would equal that of Father Divine of our time.

About the turn of the present century Major Blair Pegram of Walnut Valley, in Surry county, became acticely interested in the old ruins. To him is all credit for the preservation of the grounds and the care of the ivy-covered walls. He loved the old place with all that was within him He not only supervised the care of the grounds, but until his health failed, would go as often as possible and labor there among the ancient tombs. It was due to his untiring efforts that a memorial association was formed to care for the ruins and each year he was the guiding spirit in the annual memorial services held in the churchyard. And when came life's peaceful close he was laid to rest beneath the walls he so loved and cared for.

Further along the Colonial Trail the motorist comes to the "Glebe." This is one of the few if not the only Glebe House standing today. The word glebe traced back to its origin is Anglo-Saxon and literally means the inclosure of a parson or priest. When Virginia was first settled a certain amount of land was set aside for the church in each parish upon which these parish churches erected homes for their ministers. The house and land, together with a number of slaves, were at the entire disposal of the residing minister. When the Revolution ended, after a long drawn controversy, the courts decided these churches could not own the property, therefore it reverted to the state and was duly disposed of. Today the name "Glebe" is a name only except the Glebe Church down in Nansemond county, which dates back before 1736 and gets its name from the fact that its glebe land was donated by private parties. This fact allowed the church to retain the acres even after the general separation of church and state in 1802.

One parson from the Glebe was driven away for preaching loyalty to the English Crown. The good man, under the text "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," was emphatic in

declaiming his loyalty to the king, but after the sermon the good man was hurried away. His return was a surprise to the community, for he came as an officer in the English army.

---

## THE FLOWER

God might have bade the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
  Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
  For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
  And yet have had no flowers.

The one within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow;
Nor does it need the lotus-flower
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain;
  The mightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
  Upspringing day and night:—

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness
  Where no man passes by.

Our outward life requires them now—
  Then wherefore had they birth—
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to wishper hope,
  Whene'ver his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him!

—Howitt.

# RICHARD CASWELL

By J. S. Stearns

Richard Caswell was born in Maryland, August 3, 1729, and removed, as a lad of sixteen, to North Carolina, where he became a surveyor. At the age of nineteen he had so applied himself that he owned more than three thousand acres of land and was appointed deputy surveyor of the province.

Caswell's work brought him in close touch with the people and he became well known, being elected to the Assembly in 1754 as representative from Johnston county. He remained a member of the Assembly until the outbreak of the Revolution, serving as speaker in 1770 and 1771. Caswell was ever a champion of liberty, law, and order. He also served as speaker in 1779 of the North Carolina Senate, which office he occupied at the time of his death.

Richard Caswell was a natural leader and this fact led to his prominent part in the War of Independence; he filled many important military commissions, the highest of which was that of Major General. He was a member of the frist Provincial Congress, in August, 1774, and by that Congress elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He also was a delegate to the second Continental Congress.

When the new constitution of North Carolina was adopted, in December, 1776, and the State became independent, the members of Congress turned to the hero of the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, Richard Caswell, as their choice for governor, to serve until the Legislature could meet and elect a governor for the regular term. In April, 1777, Caswell was elected by the Legislature as governor and our first governor enjoyed the honor of serving more terms in that office than any man since; he was first elected in 1776 and was re-elected six times, a term being for one year in those days, unless re-elected.

Caswell died November 10, 1789, and was buried near Kinston, North Carolina, a town which he helped during his lifetime, and of which he was named one of the trustees and directors when it was established, as Kingston, by an act of the General Assembly. Caswell County was named in his honor.

Unfortunately, we are unable to illustrate this sketch with a picture of Caswell as no likeness of him is known to exist; this fact is most remarkable when we consider the greatness of the man in every phase of public life. Yet while Richard Caswell may not be known to anyone by his picture, he will ever be remembered by his many acts of greatness, his undying devotion to liberty and his state, as first governor of North Carolina and second Grand Master of Masons of this jurisdiction.

---

When you have a task to do—do it. To quit would be to leave a flower unbloomed throughout eternity.—Selected.

# BAD BUT NOT HOPELESS

**(Smithfield Herald)**

A recent radio educational broadcast had for its theme the South, which has been termed by the National Emergency Council, the nation's No. 1 economic problem. Howard W. Odum of the Unievrsity of North Carolina faculty, whose book, "Southern Regions of the United States," has stimulated thought concerning the South, conducted a forum, two professors from the University of Chicago being the other two participants.

In the course of the discussion, one of the Chicago University professors asked if the South were not the slums of the United States. Dr. Odum denied that conditions in the South were analagous to a city slum district, pointing out that culture had come out of the South that not only enriched its own life but which has contributed to other sections of the United States.

Though it may not be the slums, it cannot be denied that the South is the poorest region of the United States, and the spotlight which the Report of the National Emergency Council, Howard W. Odum's book, and Jonathan Daniels' book, "A Southerner Discovers the South," and others have turned on the South, have not been very flattering to the self-esteem of Southerners. But one of the first steps in correcting a bad situation is to realize that the situation is bad. Then, facing the fact that it is bad, but not hopeless, progress can be made toward making conditions better. The South is getting a picture of itself, and without doubt, it will solve its own problems, though it may require some federal aid.

Gerald W. Johnson, a native of North Carolina who since 1926 has been an editorial writer on the Baltimore "Evening Sun," has written a book, "The Wasted Land," which grew out of Dr. Odum's more detailed book. In the following paragraph relative to agriculture—which is the basis of the South's prosperity or lack of it—he restores one's confidence in the South, if it has been shattered by the penetrating shafts of publicity. He says:

" 'Planning for a reconstructed agriculture in the Southeast,' says Odum, 'will require rare strategy, skill, boldness.' This is putting it conservatively. It will require—to be quite successful—unprecedented skill, strategy, boldness. But the stake is even more immense than the difficulty. The Southeast is capable of becoming quite literally the garden of the world. But if the program were only partially successful, if the region exhibited no more strategy, skill, boldness than has been displayed by the people of, say, southern California, the wealth of the region would be increased by a staggering proportion and it would be capable of sustaining a civilization as fine as any the world has ever seen—in some respects, finer than any that has been seen heretofore."

---

"Worry is the interest paid on trouble before it comes due."

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER I

### FOREWORD

During the decade 1860-1870 the population of Main steadily decreased, while that of the other states kept increasing. The authorities set apart a township in the northern part of the state, where the soil was considered particularly favorable to agriculture, and offered a lot of one hundred sixty acres free to each settler. This offer was kept open nine years, but not one application was made.

Hon. William Widgery Thomas, who had served as American Consul in Gothenburg for three years, then formed a plan of bringing over Swedish farmers to settle in Maine, where conditions were similar to those in their own country. Thomas was appointed Commissioner of Immigration, and personally led the first party of colonists into Maine. They were settled in the above-mentioned township, which was called New Sweden. Thomas remained with the colony the first four years.

This was the first successful attempt at colonization in New England since the war of Independence and attracted many other pioneers, both Swedes and Americans, to the forests of Maine.—J. R. M. L.

In the latter part of June, 1870, a party of emigrants consisting of twenty-two men, eleven women and eighteen children, met in Gothenburg. At this time the "American fever" was at its height; thousands sailed from this seaport. Nearly all were bound for the middle or western states, but this group differed from all others by having for its destination the northeast. They had been gathered together from different parts of Sweden by the American Commissioner of Immigration, Hon. William Widgery Thomas. Thomas had spent several years in Sweden in the service of his government, and was well acquainted with its people and conditions. He had secured for his party a tract of forest land in Maine, having found great similarity between the forests of Sweden and that state.

Midsummer day was the last one spent in their native land. In the morning the emigrants attended church in a body. In the afternoon they separated into groups and went sightseeing. None failed to visit Gustaf Adolf Square and look upon the statue of the great king.

Among them was a young man wearing the white cap of a university student, which caused the others to look askance at him.

"What does a fellow like that expect to do where we are going?" grumbled a stalwart farmer.

"He says he has worked on his father's place in vacation."

"Worked, indeed! Who hasn't seen students fool with axe or scythe? wait until there is real work to be done, then see how far he will get."

Believing with good reason, that he must be better informed than his companions, Rolf Delander proceeded at supper time to give them an outline of the life and history of Gustavus Adolphus, whose statue they had all seen. This was well meant, but was done in a condescending manner that brought

into full play the budding antagonism. Did he think, because they were farmers and craftsmen, that they didn't know the history of Sweden? But the children listened eagerly, especially to the stories of the boyhood and youth of the great king.

When the barge taking the emigrants to the waiting ship was under way someone cried out, "I have heard that if you take a drink of sea water when starting you won't get sick."

Laughing, several dipped up water in their tin cups to try the experiment. A few hours later the North Sea staged one of the sudden storms for which it is famous, and the fallacy of the experiment was proved, had anyone put faith in it.

The second day dawned brightly, with the water "smooth as a floor," but in the afternoon the ship was enveloped in a fog, rising as suddenly as the storm had done. The travelers felt as if they were moving about in a cloud. An eerie sensation was produced by the insistent signals of warning, and the occasional sound of a bell from an unseen fishing boat.

There followed a swift trip through smiling England, a brief stay in Liverpool. Then the voyage across the Atlantic was begun, not, however, in companionship with the other emigrants. They went on board one of the large steamers bound for New York, while Mr. Thomas' party took one going to Halifax.

Such a voyage, at that time, was not a matter of days, but of weeks, with ample time for improving acquaintance and forming ties of friendship. As they expected to live in one community and under the same conditions, it was decided very soon to drop formality, and all, men and women, call each other by first names. But absolute equality is never to be found or desired in any large party. There will always be some looked up to as leaders.

One of these was Waldemar Brenell, a preacher, though not an ordained minister. All gladly attended his services in Sunday, and morning and evening prayers; but when he tried to gather his flock for an occasional meeting between times, some preferred to meet in another part of the deck to sing "worldly" songs, dance or play games.

Music was furnished by two accordion players. Rolf Delander played ubiquitous accordion. Furthermore, the prejudice against the university the violin, but this instrument was, at the time, being overshadowed by the man was constantly increasing. Rolf had never had much contact with the working classes, and was inclined to be supercilious. He admitted to himself that his companions were decent, well-mannered people, but he could have nothing in common with them. He assumed that they were ignorant, and felt unfortunate in having to associate with them at such close quarters. To be sure, he did not express these thoughts in words, but they were betrayed by his manner. Before the end of the first week Rolf had been nicknamed "The Professor."

He would have been left almost to himself had it not been for the children, but he had won their hearts on Midsummer Day with his stories. He continued to tell them stories, and taught them songs and games.

Thomas comprehended the situation and was anxious to have harmony prevail, but forebore to interfere, hoping that the young man would, sooner or

later, adjust himself to the conditions he was facing.

Ivar Olofsson and his wife, Hedda, were looked upon as leaders, perhaps all the more readily because they did not try to impress anyone with their superiority. Their tactful manner and refined speech indicated a higher station than that of the common farmer. Their dress though neat and dainty, was similar to that of the others, even to the kerchief, or shalette, worn by Hedda. This was the head covering of peasant women, and as a rule, only those who wore hats were classed as "ladies" and given the title fru. Yet this was tacitly understood to belong to Hedda. At home she had been Fru Olofsson, and so she was among the emigrants until it was decided to discard surnames. Then she became Fru Hedda, and no remonstrance could make her associates depart from this.

On the eighteenth day, after a voyage of almost unbroken calm, the emigrants were told they would arrive in Halifax before night. A little later Thomas noticed that all had disappeared from deck and, going below to investigate, he found them busy with packing their hand baggage.

"There is no hurry about this, my friends," he said. "It will be hours before we land."

"But we want to have this done so we can spend every minute on deck after land is in sight," they explained.

On entering the beautiful harbor of Halifax they felt they had acted wisely. It would have been a pity to miss one moment of this wonderful panorama. The ship steamed slowly up the whole length of the harbor, between merchantmen carrying, it seemed, the flags of all the nations of the world, past the naval station and the dry docks, where a large ship was being repaired, "lying helpless in the sand," as one young man put it. Behind it all the city lifted itself on a long slope.

After being set ashore the emigrants were left on the wharf while Thomas went into the city to find quarters for them. He met with more difficulty than he had anticipated. The people of Halifax were not well disposed toward strangers from a far-off, unknown land.

"If they had come from India, or any one of the British possessions," said one hotel keeper, "but Sweden—who knows what kind of a country that is, or what sort of people they are that come from there."

At last the steamship company kindly opened a large warehouse and made room for the strangers to camp there over night. Among those helping to clear a space was a negro. The Swedes glanced furtively at him from time to time, but one little girl, bolder than the rest, walked up close and stood looking at him until her mother called her away. The man politely ignored her.

Their arrangements for the night finished, some of the travelers went to look at the city, but several men chose, instead, to pay a visit to a small barque which flew the flag of Norway.

"Where do you come from?" asked Ivar Olofsson of one of the genial sailors.

"From Bergen."

"Bergen! In Norway? Do you mean to say you have sailed across the ocean in this little ship?"

"Yes, indeed, and we are going back there. Have you any greetings to send?"

After a while townspeople began

coming down to the wharf to gaze at the strangers from the remote, unknown land.

"You'd think we were some kind of strange animals," said Ingvald Erlandsson in disgust.

"Or strange people," said Hedda, smiling. "You know how we looked at that Negro, and still we have heard of Negroes, while they have never heard of Swedes, Consul Thomas says."

"But we are white."

"Perhaps they would not have been sure of that if they had not seen us."

"To think they don't know any English at all," observed a woman who was leading a little boy by the hand. "Doesn't that seem queer?"

The boy stumbled, fell and bumped his nose. His howl of pain caused a young Swede to remark, "They cry like other people, anyway."

"Too bad the mother did not understand that," said Thomas. "Then it might have occurred to her that she probably looke just as queer to the Swedes as they do to her."

Next day the journey was continued through Nova Scotia, over the Bay of Fundy and up the beautiful River St. John. Few of the emigrants had traveled by river or canal, and they found it very enjoyable.

"How lovely to see the scenery changing so that it never becomes monotonous, and yet not too fast to see it thoroughly, as when traveling on a train," remarked Hedda.

"And it seems so peaceful not to feel that you need look toward the horizon for possible signs of a storm," said Betty Erlandsson.

"And the ship moving so quietly you hardly know you are on the water," added her daughter, Dora.

The emigrants watched with interest the loading and unloading of cargo at the frequent landings, much amused at the to-do of making the boat fast to leave, perhaps, a jar of butter or a small package. The people who came down to the landings regarded the strangers with the same curiosity those of Halifax had shown.

"You may feel flattered," said Thomas, "for they all speak of you with admiration."

"I suppose they feel relieved to find we look so much like themselves," said Eberhard Josefsson.

By and by the water became too shallow for the steamer, and the passengers were transferred to two towboats, drawn by horses. This mode of traveling was a novelty to all, and greatly increased their enjoyment. The men who had brought fishing tackle now found opportunity to use it.

"Mamma, come and see how pretty the ripple behind the boat is when the moon shines on it," said little Charlotte Olofsson, when told it was bedtime. "It makes me think of the fairies Uncle Rolf tells about. Perhaps he knows a story about this."

But "Uncle Rolf" was not in sight, and the children were sent to bed.

Next morning the boats ran aground. While this was aggravating to the crew and to those travelers who were in a hurry to reach their destination, it added to the pleasure of the emigrants, giving them time for long walks to see the country, and for picking berries.

On the fourth day the pleasure was changed into mourning. The youngest of the party, a baby girl of nine months, was taken from them by death. The grief-stricken parents could not bear to leave her where they

would never be able to visit her grave. They had the little body embalmed and took it with them.

Two days later this unique part of the journey ended at Tobique's Landling. They were now only twenty-five miles from their destination. They were met by the land agent who had been commissioned to make preparations at New Sweden, Hon. Parker H. Burleigh.

This place had no accommodations for such a large party, so the emigrants were housed in a big barn, where comfortable sleeping places were to be found in the soft hay.

After seeing them established the commissioners went on a foraging expedition, returning in time for supper. Some of the women were asked to help divide the supplies they brought into suitable portions for this meal and for breakfast. To the practiced eyes of the housewives it soon became evident that the food must have come from a number of kitchens and been prepared by many different persons. On being questioned, Thomas explained that he and Mr. Burleigh had spent the entire afternoon driving from place to place, getting what could be spared for them, until they judged there was enough.

The emigrants did not fail to appreciate these efforts. After supper all shook hands with the commissioners and said the "Tack for maten," (Thanks for the food), as a Swede always does after receiving hospitality. The same scene was repeated after breakfast the next morning.

Then the journey was immediately resumed, now on land. There was a train of five wagons waiting to receive them. The first one was covered. This, Thomas explained, was for the women and children. The second and third wagons were for the men, the last two for the baggage. They were quickly loaded by willing hands, and the train started, Thomas and Burleigh leading the way in a small wagon.

At the foot of a long, steep hill the drivers were given signs to stop.

"Something has gone wrong," said Burleigh, looking back. "They are all getting out of the wagons."

"Calm yourself, there is nothing wrong," replied Thomas. "They mean to walk up the hill to spare the horses. That is the universal custom in their country.

When half way up the hill one of the horses drawing the last wagon stepped on a rolling stone and became frightened. His excitement, of course communicated itself to his mate. The road was narrow, the ground on one side dropping in a steep slope. The wagon went over the edge and turned over, the baggage rolling down.

All the men hurried to the rescue. While two of them helped unhitch and hold the horses, the others righted the wagon and began to reload.

"The horses will never be able to pull the wagon up that steep incline," said Burleigh anxiously. "Hadn't you better tell them what to do?"

"We'll wait and see," was the answer. The load being carefully adjusted shoulders and arms were put against the wagon. The men pushed it to the top of the hill, where the horses were now waiting calmly.

"You have picked the right kind of men for your colony, Thomas," said Burleigh.

"I wonder what those white buildings in the distnce can be," said one of the men after about two hours of traveling.

"They have a military look."

He turned to the driver to try and get some information, but at the same moment a gun boomed from the place he had been wondering about.

"You were right, Oliver," said Waldemar. "It must be a fort."

"Is there war here, Mamma?" asked a little boy in the first wagon, his voice a mixture of fear and delight.

"Do they want to shoot us?" wailed his sister.

"No, praise God, there is no war," the mother assured them, "but that place looks like a fort, and they have many reasons for firing cannon."

"Perhaps they fired it in our honor," said another woman, and they all laughed heartily.

(To be continued)

---

## IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

"When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy,
And won't let the sunshine through
It's a great thing, O my brethern,
For a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious;
It makes the tear drops start,
And you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of your heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes,
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall;
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
And a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

# BUILDING THE ETERNAL IN YOUTH

**(Suffolk News-Herald)**

The News-Herald cannot let this opportunity pass to say a word for the movement under way to add to the curriculum of Nansemond county The generosity of Suffolk education. The generosity of suffolk people has made it possible to incorporate this course in their public schools, thereby bringing it in line with other Virginia communities which are striving to counteract the irreligious trend that began to develop with and following the World War.

We would not for a moment decry those things which have come into the life of the nation which will bless it if we can adjust ourselves to the changes they have wrought. Our social structure no less than our economic has undergone a violent revolution. It is admittedly away from religion. Our spiritual ideals have suffered a severe shock due to the fact that home-life has been interrupted and the old ties of parent and child have been broken by violent new currents. If the family is the national unit it must be kept anchored to the teachings of the Bible.

We believe our public school system is the greatest institution for the promotion of democracy in the land. But until the last two decades it seemed never to occur to us that we were neglecting the fundamentals of good citizenship, religious instruction, with the Bible as the text book. We have come to realize no education is complete which has not woven into it the essentials making for character, respect and reverence for divinity.

In the past we have been content to leave religious teachings to the church and the Sunday school. Since sixty-five per cent of the white children of Virginia are not enrolled in these schools, the necessity of a wide dissemination of the truths the Bible teaches becomes apparent. If religion is the cornerstone of the nation as all must admit, then why not inculcate it in the minds of our children along with the secular?

By the nature of things, the state cannot introduce this course into the public schools and make its study compulsory. Attendance upon the lectures is voluntary because there can be no mixing of church and state. But they are open to Gentile and Jew, Catholic and Protestant or to those whose parents have no church affiliations. The instruction is non-sectarian with religion in its broadcast sense the creed.

The parents of Nansemond county should regard it a privilege to make this Bible education available to their children. It is said that the course has never been abandoned once installed. It was first introduced in Virginia in 1925. Therefore it is no longer an experiment. It works and has produced results which have met all expectations. It is building the eternal in youth, that which will strengthen the moral fibre of the nation againt the vagaries and sophistries of false religion which menace the world today.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm forces are doing the same old thing at which they have been working for the past three weeks—baling hay. We have been informed that it will be quite sometime before this work is completed.

---

Miss Hattie Ewards, a case worker for the Mills Home, Thomasville, and Miss Leora German, child welfare worker, of Wilkesboro, called at The Uplift offie last Thursday afternoon. They were accompanied by Superintendent Boger, who conducted them through the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other departments of the School.

---

Now that the school season is again in full swing, several members of families connected with the Training School have taken up their studies in various colleges. Among them are John and Elise, son and daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, the former resuming his studies at North Carolina State College, Raleigh, and the latter entering the freshmen class at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.; Lawrence, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Presson, who entered the freshman class at Georgia Technical Institute, Atlanta, Ga.; George Lee, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Simpson, beginning his second year at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. To all these students we extend our best wishes for a most happy and successful school year.

Clyde A. Bristow, a former member of our printing class, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. This young man, now twenty-six years old, was paroled April 1, 1927. For several years past he has been employed as truck driver and at the present time is working for the Roadway Express Company, of Newark, N. J., operating a large transfer truck between New York City and Atlanta, Ga. He was on his way from the latter city to his home in Winston-Salem when he dropped in to see old friends at the School. He reports that he likes the outdoor occupation better than working in a printing office and judging from appearances we are of the opinion that the work agress with him, as he now tips the scales well above the 200-pound mark.

Clyde also gave us some information concerning a younger brother, George, who left the School several years ago, saying that he is married and has been working in a steel mill in Winston-Salem for a little more than eighteen months, and is getting along very nicely.

---

The following news item, carrying a Mocksville date line, clipped from last Sunday's Charlotte Observer, is of such great interest to the folks at the Training School that we are carrying same in these columns:

Miss Frances Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Foster, and Rev. Jack Ward Page, of Rowland were united in marriage Sunday at high noon at the Duke Chapel in Durham.

Rev. J. M. Ormond, professor in the school of religion at Duke university, performed the ceremony.

The wedding music was rendered by Professor E. H. Broadhead, organist, and Jake Wagoner, vocalist.

The bride wore a costume suit of wine colored wool trimmed with blue fox fur. Her accesories matched her suit and her flowers were a shoulder bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Page left for Washington, D. C., through the Shenandoah valley. Upon their return they will be at home in Durham.

Mrs. Page is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Foster. She was graduated from Draughton's Business college in Winston-Salem and since that time has been connected with the bookkeeping department of C. C. Sanford's Department store.

Rev. Mr. Page is the son of the late F. M. Page of Rowland. He will complete his ministerial work at Duke this fall. At present he is pastor of the Methodist church at Broadway.

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of the opening hymn, and the Scritpure recitation, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, he presented Dr. S. B. Burgan, of Philadelphia, who is dean of the Bible Institute in Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon.

Dr. Burgan talked to the boys about the true soldier of God putting on the whole armor of God to fight against the wiles of the devil. He said that to know our duty, and do it, is to be real soldiers. We all have experiences with Satan. He is a reality, and to be able to stand against him we must have an armor.

In our preparation to do battle against sin we must put on the armor of Christ, continued the speaker, and we can do it in this manner: (1) Gird our loins with truth; (2) Buckle on the breastplate of righteousness; (3) Our feet should be shod with the gospel of peace; (4) The helmet is of salvation; (5) The sword is the Word of God. If we are armed in this manner and are possessed with the determination to overcome evil, we need have no doubt as to our ability to come out of the fight with flying colors. A soldier thus armed knows no retreat. His face is always to the front, and as long as he carries the Cross of Christ as his battle flag, he will be sure to win against all handicaps.

---

If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will continue to prosper, but if we in our prosperity neglect its instruction and authority no man can tell how sudden catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity.—Daniel Webster.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

**The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he as been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number f times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938**

**Week Ending September 25, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

17) Clyde Gray 17
12) Gilbert Hogan 16
17) Leon Hollifield 17
17) Edward Johnson 17
(7) James Kissiah 7
(8) Edward Lucas 16
(8) Mack Setzer 16
**12) C. L. Snuggs 12**

### COTTAGE No. 1

Rex Allred 7
Carroll Dodd 7
Eugene Edwards 6
Horace Journigan 9
Vernon Johnson 5
Bruce Link 5
Blanchard Moore 10
Fonnie Oliver 9
Howard Roberts 12
R. L. Young 2

### COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Norton Barnes 5
James Blocker 5
John Capps 9
Arthur Craft 6
(3) Wiliam Downes 5
Samuel Ennis 9
Floyd Lane 6
(2) Nick Rochester 14
Oscar Roland 8
Brooks Young 5

### COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 5
(3) Robert Atwell 5
Earl Barnes 7
Kenneth Conklin 4
Frank Crawford 3
Herman Cherry 2
(2) James Cox 2
Harold Dodd 4
(3) Coolidge Green 8
A. C. LeMar 4
(7) William McRary 14
Jack Morris 2
(9) John C. Robertson 12
Claude Terrell 7
(2) William T. Smith 6
Earl Weeks 9
Jerome Wiggins 6

### COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 6
(2) William Cherry 11
(3) James Land 11
(3) Van Martin 13
(2) Leo Ward 10
(3) James Wilhite 13
Samuel Williams
(2) Cecil Wilson 11

### COTTAGE No. 5

Paul Lewallan 5
Elmer Talbert 3
Hubert Walker 4
(17) Dewey Ware 17
George Wright 7

### COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Eugene Ballew 2
(4) Martin Crump 10
Robert Dellinger 5
(4) Robert Dunning 12
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 7
Clinton Keen 8
(2) Spencer Lane 9
(2) Randall D. Peeler 6
(2) Canipe Shoe 7
(2) Joseph Tucker 9

### COTTAGE No. 7

(4) Carl Breece 15
(2) Archie Castlebury 14
(5) James H. Davis 13
(2) John Deaton 2
(12) William Estes 16
George Green 11
(17) Caleb Hill 17
(2) Robert Hampton 8
Hugh Johnson 13
(2) Elmer Maples 10
(2) Edmund Moore 13

(4) Earthy Strickland 12
Joseph Wheeler 6
(4) Ed Woody 4

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(5) J. B. Devlin 5
(4) Harvey Ledford 6
(2) Edward J. Lucas 6
(4) John Penninger 7
(6) Charles Taylor 14
(7) John Tolbert 15

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(2) J. T. Branch 14
James Bunnell 10
(7) Edgar Burnette 12
Clifton Butler 13
(2) James Butler 8
(7) Carol Clark 7
(3) James Coleman 13
(9) George Duncan 13
(3) Woodfin Fowler 14
Frank Glover 7
Mark Jones 10
(8) Eugene Presnell 14
Lonnie Roberts 4
(2) Thomas Sands 11
(7) Earl Stamey 12
Thomas Wilson 14

**COTTAGE No. 10**

John Crawford 3
Elbert Head 9
(2) William Peeden 6

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Harold Bryson 8
Joseph D. Corn 7
(6) Baxter Foster 13
(12) Lawrence Guffey 15
(7) Earl Hildreth 10
(4) Julius Stevens 15

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Alphus Bowman 10
Allard Bantley 8
Ben Cooper 11
William C. Davis 10
(7) James Elders 13
Max Eaker 12
Joseph Hall 10
Elbert Hackler 10
(9) Franklin Hensley 13
Richard Honeycutt 10
Hubert Holloway 12
Alexander King 13
Thomas Knight 14
Tillman Lyles 12
William Powell 8
(5) Howard Sanders 12
(7) Carl Singletary 14
(2) Avery Smith 2
William Trantham 13
(6) Leonard Watson 10
(7) Leonard Wood 14

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) William Griffin 5
James V. Harvel 9
(3) Jordan McIver 11
Irvin Medlin 11

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(3) Raymond Andrews 12
(2) Clyde Barnwell 14
(3) Monte Beck 11
Harry Connell 9
(8) Delphus Dennis 13
Audie Farthing 13
(2) Marvin King 3
(5) James Kirk 14
(2) John Kirkman 3
Feldman Lane 6
(3) Troy Powell 7
(12) Harold Thomas 15
(2) Thomas Trantham 5
Garfield Walker 6
J. C. Willis

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(No Honor Roll)

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Filmore Oliver 14
Thomas Oxendine 10
Curley Smith 11

---

The world wants the kind of men who do not shrink from temporary defeat in life; but come again and wrestle triumph from defeat.—Theodore Roosevelt.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

OCT 8 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 8, 1938 No. 40

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## HELPING

"God never called a lazy man to do a task for Him—
He's looking for the men who work with energy and vim.
For men like that are sure to win a cause they undertake.
He doesn't want the lazy kind, He wants men wide-awake.
So if you're called to do a task, to help Him right some wrong,
You just be proud you're big enough to help His cause along."

—Kessler.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THOMAS DIXON, A NOTED AUTHOR | By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough | 10 |
| JUDGE WEBB'S VERSION OF KINGS MOUNTAIN BATTLE | By Hoyt McAfee | 13 |
| THE SECRET OF THE SEA | By Seth Harmon | 19 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter II) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 21 |
| FREE DENTAL TREATMENT | (News and Observer) | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## COME INSIDE

A traveler visietd a church famous for its stained-glass windows. The exterior was plain, there was no beauty in the windows from the outside—there never is.

The first look within was a disappointment. The guide bade him go forward and look eastward where the sun was rising. Lo, a marvelous vision broke upon him of Jesus in the temple with the doctors. It was called "The Glory of Christ." He was filled with ecstasy.

The guide asked him to return about noon. Another window flamed in the sun with Christ walking upon the sea. He was requested to come yet again at sunset, and the rays fell upon Christ on the cross, amazingly touching and convincing.

Many people see nothing to admire in the Christian Church. It is a disappointment, a fraud, a delusion. There are always people who see it from without. There are some inside who view it from the wrong angle, or on a dark and foggy day; they see only the pews and the floor. Those who come inside and look toward the sun see the glory of Christ, His power, and His salvation.

—Selected.

## ADMIRAL COLUMBUS

The most outstanding characteristic of Chistopher Columbus was that he never fatigued till he reached his goal. He was born in Genoa, in 1436, (some authorities say 1446) making the exact date of his birth uncertain.

The lure of the sea gripped him so when a boy of fourteen he became a sailor and a fighter—something peculiar to sailors—suggestive to the mix and tumble life. When quite young he became infatuated with a young woman, the daughter of a navigator, who later was his wife. In the home of his father-in-law he had access to maps and charts. The study of these inspired him to sail westward.

He doubtless read or was told the stories of the Norse voyages to America, inspiring a greater desire for adventure. He began to plan many undertakings. He needed ships, men and money. Many years were spent in an effort to influence the nobility to sponsor his cause. His appeal for aid was finally endorsed and made possible through influence of a monk who was Queen Isabella's confessor. Through this channel he received the rank of admiral, and three small ships commanded by one hundred and twenty men.

On August 3, 1492, he set sail on the most important voyage in the history of the world. But the world was larger than the little craft thought and the time taken for the hazardous voyage was much longer than anticipated. Moreover, ploughing the high seas in the midst of gloom and doubt was an occasion for munity among sailors. It was Admiral Columbus' unfailing faith in his undertaking and courage that made him stand firm till the goal was reached. On his first voyage he saw land, the Watling Islands, October 12, 1492, but he made two other voyages before discovering the mainland of South America. He also touched the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

Honors for his daring venture were bestowed, but with the honors came hardships that resulted in disputes and imprisonment. The fate of this courageous sailor was the same as that of many today who "dare to do." There always stands some one ready to rob one of the fruits of a successful career by misrepresentations.

Christopher Columbus died in Spain, disappointed and broken in spirit, May 20, 1506, and after many years all that could be found of what was supposed to be Columbus was removed to the Cathedral of Havanna and reinterred.

* * * * * * *

## A MAN OF FINE SPIRIT

Just a few days ago the whole world was all agog over the question of war. War did seem inevitable, but since knowing the disputes have been adjusted amicably not a criticism one way or the other, is heard. There seems to be a general feeling of thanksgiving that war has been averted.

Much credit has been given Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain for bringing about satisfactory terms. His speech to the people during the excitment was a masterpiece, and will go down in history

as a great declaration, showing neither bitterness nor prejuduce, but an innate consideration for the safety and welfare for the people at large. If war had not been averted the progress of civilization would have been checked for twenty years, touching innumerable classes at present and having a depressing influence upon future generations. The Prime Minister spoke as follows:

"An earlier statement would not have been possible when I was flying backwards and forwards across Europe and any position was changing from hour to hour.

"But today there is a lull for a brief time, and I want to say a few words to you men and women of Britain and the empire, and perhaps to others as well.

"But, first of all, I must say something to those who have written to my wife or myself in these last few weeks to tell us of their gratitude for my efforts and to assure us of their prayers for my success.

"Most of these letters have come from women—mothers or sisters of our own countrymen—but there are countless others besides from France, Belgium, and Italy, and even from Germany, and it has been heart-breaking to read of the growing anxiety they reveal and of their intense relief when they thought, too, soon, that the danger of war was passed.

"If I felt my responsibility heavy before, to read such letters has made it seem almost overwhelming.

"How horrible, fantastic, incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and fitting gas masks because of a quarrel in a faraway country!

"It seems still more impossible that a quarrel which is already settled in principle should be the subject of war.

"I can well understand the reasons why the Czech government have felt unable to accept the terms which have been put forward by German memorandum, yet I believe that, after all the talks by Herr Hitler, if only time will allow, it ought to be possible to reach a settlement by agreement under conditions which would insure fair treatment to the populations concerned.

"You know already that I have done all that one man can do to compose this quarrel. After my visits to Germany, I realize vividly how Herr Hitler feels, that he must champion every German whose

grievances have not been met before this.

"He told me privately, and last night he reported publicly, that after the Sudeten German question, that is the end of Germany's territorial claims in Europe.

"After my visit to Berchtesgaden, I did give to the Czech government the proposals which gave the substance of what Herr Hitler wanted, and I was taken completely by surprise when I got back to Germany and he insisted that the territory he wanted should be handed over to him immediately and immediately occupied by German troops without previous arrangements for safeguarding the people within the territory who are not Germans and do not want to join the Reich.

"I must say I find that attitude unreasonable.

"If it arose out of any doubt that Herr Hitler feels about the intentions of the Czech government to carry out their promises and hand over that territory, I have offered, on behalf of the Czech government, to guarantee their words, and I am sure the value of our promise cannot be underrated anywhere.

"I shall not give up the hope of a peaceful solution or abandon my efforts at peace as long as any chance for peace remains.

"I would not hesitate to pay even a third visit to Germany if I thought it would do any good.

"But at this moment, I see nothing further that I can usefully do in the way of mediation.

"Meanwhile, there are certain things that we can and should do at home.

"Volunteers are still wanted for air raid precautions, for the fire brigade and police services, and for territorial units.

"I know that all you men and women alike are ready to play your part in the defense of the country, and I ask you to offer your services, if you have not already done so, to the local authorities who will tell you if you are wanted and in what capacity.

"Do not be alarmed if you hear of men being called up to man antiaircraft defenses or ships.

"These are only precautionary measures such as a government must necessarily take in a time like this, but they do not necessarily mean that we have determined on war or that war is imminent.

"However much one may sympathize with a small nation con-

fronted by a big and powerful nation, we cannot in all circumstances undertake to involve the whole British Empire in a war simply on that account.

"If we have to fight, it must be on larger issues than that.

"I am myself a man of peace to the depths of my soul. Armed conflict between nations is a nightmare to me.

"But if I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of force, I should feel that it must be resisted.

"I believe that life without liberty would not be worth living, but war is a fearful thing, and we must be very clear, before we embark on it, that it is really very great issues that are at stake and that we should risk everything in their defense.

"At present, I ask you to await as calmly as you can the events of the next few days. As long as war has not begun, there is always hope that it may be prevented, and you know I am going to work for peace to the last moment.

"Goodnight."

* * * * * * *

## SAD BUT TRUE

It is said that twenty-five million boys and girls out of every generation are never taught to pray, or to read the Bible, or to go to church. That is quite an army of young people to grow up in a Christian country without being taught to know the Heavenly Father, or to know anything about the story of the Babe of Bethlehem.

These children are robbed of their spiritual birthright when permitted to develop into young womanhood and manhood with no knowledge of that which makes character. It is easy to see the homes are failing to measure up to their responsibilities. The family altar has become an obsolete word. No time for reading either the Gospel or kneeling in prayer for daily guidance. The training of childhood has been relegated to the school room, or the responsibility is placed elsewhere. If this be the status of conditions then the schools have to meet the emergency and the Bible, to the elmination of denominational differences, be taught.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

MY PRAYER FOR TODAY

"To be thankful, no matter what comes or goes;
To be thoughtful and kind to both friends and foes;
To be calm and serene, whether sunshine or rain;
To be rid of pretense, petty sham, and disdain;
To be fair, just, and honest in work or play;
To be steadfast in faith—this, my prayer for today."

---

The only dicatators in America today are the business men who have stenographers.

---

It has been the custom, from time immemorial, to ridicule the idea of a woman "having the last word." It is the prerogative of a woman to have the last word; for it was established in the marriage ceremony. Isn't "I do," the last word to the nuptial vows?

---

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; spieces smell sweetest when pounder; young trees root the fastest for shaking; gold looks the brighter for scouring. Such is the condition of men. Do you wish to live without a trial? Then you wish to die but half a man—at the best but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the surges. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against wind. No man ever worked his passage any where in a calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

---

Fear is the nightmare of the soul. It is the dreaded shadow that pursues the pathway of life, from birth to failing age, and lengthens with the passing days. The faith that dares immortal things, defiant to all other powers; that cleaves the sky on golden wings is broken by this phamtom spell of fear that grips men like hooks of steel, and binds them i na misleading chain of false ideas and suggestions. Man must battle unremittingly through rocky passes, treacherous winds, despair thoughts against this grim monster of the night, if he would reach the path that leads to mountain heights. With fear defeated man may rise above the earth-torn denizens into the glory of the skies, where men are gods and gods are men.

---

Some fifty years ago a young man rode on a train between Ephrata and Litiz, Pa. He did not have a ticket and dodged the payment of his fare—50 cents—on the train. The other day an official of the Reading Railroad Company in Philadelphia received 50 cents in coin from a man in Kansas. It was from the fellow who had stolen the ride 50 years before. He said he did not "want to leave this earth without straightening out the matter." This is an instance of "acute honesty." It is a curious fact that if we cheat some one out of a nickel it will bother us more than if we filched hundreds of dollars. Why? I think the answer lies in this: We see ourselves in the

mirror of our mind, as small as our smallest and meanest action.

---

I ride up town on the bus quite frequently, and at a time when the bus is crowded with pretty girls going to their places of business. I notice that when such is the case there is one very charming young lady who very promptly arises and insists on my taking the seat she occupied. It is very gracious of her. There is nothing like kindness in the world. It is the very principle of love; an emanation of the heart which softens and gladdens, and should be inculcated and encouraged in all our intercourse with our fellow beings. It is impossible to resist continued kindness. We manifest a coldness to the exhibition of good will, but let a person persist in kindness and we'll find our stubborn nature giving way to a hearty response. If this be the result of kindness among comparative strangers, how much more certain and delightful will be the exercise of the feelings at home, within the charmed circle of friends and relatives? Such kindness form the sunshine of the heart.

---

## CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is quoted as having said recently that the last desperate gang of bank robbers and bandits had been broken up. Under his courageous and highly efficient leadership much has been done to rid our land of organized crime.

But there is much left to do.

According to a recent report of the law enforcement committe of the American Bar Association, one out of every 37 persons in the United States is a criminal and 200,000 will commit murder before they die. According to this report the annual cost of crime in the United States is 15 billion dollars and increasing every year. Every twenty-two seconds a major crime is committed and the United States has "the greatest prison population in proportion to total population in the entire world."

This is indeed a dark picture. It is one that should challenge Christian people to greater and greater effort. It is one that should lead them to realize the necessity and the urgency of mission work in our own land.

While efforts are being made to ameliorate poverty and distress, crime is on the increase. Law enforcement officials confess their inability to cope with the situation. The homes, the churches, the schools must aid in the fight against wrong.

—The Word and Way.

# THOMAS DIXON, A NOTED AUTHOR

**By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in Charlotte Obesrver**

The author of The Birth of a Nation still considered even after the great stride in motion pictures the most wonderful picture ever made, was a guest in Charlotte, October 5th. Dr. Thomas Dixon, whose novel, The Clansman, was dramatized and known to the world as The Birth of a Nation, addressed the members of the Charlotte Woman's Clud at a luncheon at the clubhouse.

Fortunate is the man who can make a success in one field; twice fortunate is he who can reach the top in two distinct fields, and rare indeed is the man who can succeed brilliantly in three fields. Dr. Dixon has done all of these things. In the prime of life he achieved distinction as a minister; his ability as a lecturer won for him the opinion that he was the greatest orator since Henry Grady, and the fact that he made a million and a quarter in 27 years as a writer is a record for monetary achievement which has no equal.

Dr. Dixon has written 21 novels, nine plays, six motion pictures, and has recently completed a new novel in which some of the important scenes are laid in Charlotte.

It has always been a genuine satisfaction to him that a native of his own state, Walter Hines Page, published his first book, The Leopard's Spots, which was written in 1900. A friendship started between the two while Dr. Dixon was in the Legislature of North Carolina in 1886 and Mr. Page was the founder and editor of the Chronicle, a Raleigh newspaper.

Dr. Dixon sent a copy of the book to Mr. Page, who at that time was with the Doubleday-Page Co., in New York. Deeply interested in the story, he spent most of the night reading it and next morning, while walking to breakfast, was so engrossed in the last chapter, he walked into the path of an approaching trolley and was seriously injured. Dr. Dixon still has the original manuscript of The Leopard's Spots, stained with the blood of Walter Hines Page.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., was born in Cleveland county, N. C., January 11, 1864. Born during the great struggle between the North and the South, his personality suggests the emotion, the stirring events and the swift changes of that significant time. The dark days of reconstruction left an ineffaseable stamp on his impressionable mind and early manhood found him entering that period of readjustment when a reunited country faced the task of building a new nation. Rarely gifted in his power of expression, ardent in his love for the tragic, the heroic, the pathetic, the spirit of the Old South dominated his sensitive nature both with its glory and its irrevocable destiny.

His father, pastor for more than half a century of New Prospect Baptist church in Cleveland county, was a strong advocate of education and instead of sending his son to the field, he sent him to Wake Forest college, where he graduated at the age of nineteen, having attained greater distinction than any of the other noted men who have come out from that institution. At Johns Hopkins univer-

sity he continued his studies and in 1886 was licensed to practice law. That same year he was married to Miss Harriet Bussey of Montgomery, Alabama, entered the ministry and was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church of Goldsboro.

From there he was called to the Second Baptist church in Raleigh. The attendance soon demanding larger quarters, the building was remodeled and renamed the Raleigh Baptist Tabernacle. In addition to his regular sermons, he adopted the plan of giving weekly lectures on current important topics, either local or general which were open to the public and largely attended.

His next pastorate was in Boston and from there he went to New York City to the 23rd Street Baptist church.

Afer ten years, he established The Peoples' Church, the meetings being held in the Academy of Music, the largest auditorium in the city, an average of 3,000 people attending the services every Sunday evening. Financing the church was a terrific struggle and Dr. Dixon finally went on the lecture platform and lectured for years to support his church.

From his college days he had a strong desire to become a writer. He was one of the two students who established the Wake Forest Student Magazine and for two years was its editor. He was determined eventualy to write but felt is was wisest to live first. While lecturing throughtout the country, he was shaping the course of what resulted in his very unusual literary career. He decided not to write until his life was rich and ripe in experience and years. That plan was carried through.

His first novel was not written until after he was forty years of age. There was one thing he was determined to develop and for a period of twenty years he concentrated upon it. It was the story of the crucifixion of the South. He was not too young through those days of tragedy to understand what it meant.

Dr. Dixon's first novel was The Leopard's Spots, published in 1902, and seldom has an author's initial volume been so widely read. In the general storm that followed, it was violently critized, defended, denounced and praised. His overshadowing purpose was to give an authentic document of an apparently insoluble problem the nation was then beginning to face.

In less than a year 100,000 copies were sold and it was such a sensational success numerous editions were published in the European tongues. The author's fame quickly became international. He realized $100,000 from this first book, which enabled him to stop lecturing and devote his entire time to writing.

The trilogy of books that made him famous were the The Leopard's Spots, the Clansman, The Traitor, each averaging about one million copies, The Clansman slightly outselling any of the others. Dramatically Dr. Dixon portrays in The Clansman the brutal facts of the Reconstruction period in the South and emphasizes the part of the Ku Klux Klan in restoring to the Southern people their rights. He spent two years in gathering material for the book, then wrote it in 30 days. From The Clansman came his chief fame and glory. He damatised it and for five years it ran on the stage without stopping, later being revived several times. It was a tremndous

success, earning half a million dollars for its producers, Dr. Dixon owning one-half interest in it as well as the authorship.

The Clansman later evolved into The Birth of a Nation, which made its first appearance in 1915. Its success on the legitimate stage naturally made it a subject for pictures but Dr. Dixon for several years could not place it. The producers of pictures then wanted jazz and highly romantic subjects. Finally he won the interest of a new company which up to that time had never made a picture. D. W. Griffith was a member of the company. Dr. Dixon wrote the scenario and Mr. Griffith selected from it the things he thought were best. It took two years to make it and cost only $85,000 instead of $1,000,000 as was generally supposed. The largest salary paid any single actor was $75 per week. Dr. Dixon sold the rights of the novel and the play to the company, gave them all books and papers from which they could make up the picture and assisted all he could with the scenario. Luckily for him he placed the contract on a royalty basis in lieu of cash under which he received more than $600,000.

The picture grossed more than $10,000,000 for the producers and the company became the richest and most powerful organization in the business. It expanded eventually into a number of various companies and out of it grew Griffith's corportaion which revolutionized the whole business. Recently it was conceded by the motion picture industry that The Birth of a Nation, an old silent picture, but teeming with dynamic force, has never been surpassed. It was a picture made of ideas not secenry and ran for more than 16 years. Through a forfeiture clause Dr. Dixon owns all the rights and with its expected revival as a great talking picture, the disposition of it will be in his hands.

The grand total of sales of all the Thomas Dixon books is above 5,000,000 copies. The Leopard's Spots and The Clansman each selling more than a million. Among his plays are Robert E. Lee, The One Woman, A Man of the People and The Sins of the Father.

Had he chosen the stage as his career his success would have been equal to that he attained as a writer, lecturer or minister. Who that saw him play the lead in The Sins of the Father in North Carolina 30 years ago will never forget his magnificent acting? Tall, dramatic, handsome, he fairly lived the part he had created.

Unusual circumstances governed his appearance in the play. The leading man was drowned at Wrightsville Beach and in less than 24 hours Dr. Dixon was playing the part. Attempts to fill the place ended unsatisfactory and resulted in Dr. Dixon playing the role throughout the season. He did not like acting, however, because of the exacting hours. He is happiest when with a favorite big pencil in hand he spends 17 hours a day doing actual writing for which he has spent possibly a year making notes. Under high emotional pressure, he does his best work and allows nothing to interfere until it is finished.

Throughout the years his wife has been his typist, wearing out four typewriters in doing his manscripts.

# JUDGE WEBB'S VERSION OF KINGS MOUNTAIN BATTLE

**By Hoyt McAfee, in Charlotte Observer**

Last Friday, October 7th, marked the 158th anniversary of the battle of Kings Mountain. Victory there for the colonists, declare certain historians, provided the turning-point for their cause during the American Revolution.

Federal Judge E. Yates Webb, more than any living Carolinian, has spread the fame and popularized this important and decisive conflict, fought October 7, 1780. His speech on that subject while he represented North Carolina in Congress won national notice and acclaim. He secured, moreover, the first Federal appropriation—of $30,000—to build a fitting memorial on this historic battle site.

As patriotic Carolinians will turn their thoughts to the Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, it seems proper and appropriate to review and ponder afresh Judge Webb's masterful address on that subject. Minus quotation marks, it follows:

During the Christmas holidays of 1779 Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, British stalwarts, sailed from Sandy Hook, New York, with the splendid fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot, carrying 7,000 soldiers to commence an attack on the queen city of South Carolina—Charleston. Only 4,000 Americans garrisoned the city. These soldiers were greatly dispirited on account of patriotic losses in Georgia a short while before. On the 11th of February, 1780, the British fleet began the siege of Charleston, which continued for three long, gloomy, terrible months, by which time the enemy had gradually encircled the proud maritime city.

Finally, on May 7, after untold suffering on the part of the people of Charleston, the city surrendered. Many houses were burned during the siege and 98 officers and men of the American forces were killed, while 146 fell wounded.

After the fall of Charleston Sir Henry Clinton dispatched Lord Cornawlis to make a campaign up through South Carolina and on in to North Carolina; while Colonel Ferguson was sent to Ninety Six, South Carolina, where he arrived on June 22, 1780. Ferguson's winning ways, combined with awe and fear which the enemy's invasion had created in the minds of the people, were causing many young men to enlist under his banner. Knowing the terrible impression that Tarleton—"the butcher of the Carolinas"—had stamped on the minds of the people by reason of his savagery, Ferguson, in his march up through the Carolinas, issued the following statement: "We come not to make war on women and children, but to relieve their distress." By this time royal authority was fully established and recognized in all upcountry of South Carolina. (Ferguson was, it will be remembered, the gallant officer who was too noble and too brave to shoot George Washington in the back after the battle of Brandywine.)

In August, 1780, several skirmishes occurred between detachments of

Cornwallis' army and the patriots under the leadership of Colonels Clark, McDowell, and Shelby, the most notable of them being at Musgrove Mill, where the British lost 86 killed and 76 prisoners; while the Americans lost only four killed and nine wounded. After this fight Shelby and McDowell and the other leaders dispersed their little band and fell back into the mountains to protect their homes from the enemy, and also to prevent complete annihilation from the forces of Cornwallis and Major Ferguson.

Camden was the most important military point in South Carolina. General Gates, in command of the American forces, marched against this point on August 15, 1780, and was met by Cornwallis and disastrously routed. Gates, who had won distinction in the northern army, lost in this battle 800 brave soldiers. . . . "His northern laurels," it was said, "had changed into southern willows."

After his victory at Camden, Lord Cornwallis marched his army in September into North Carolina, and boasted that all the states south of the Susquehanna river would soon be in his grasp. When the victorious warrior reached Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, he found a veritable hornet's nest of loyal patriots, for on this soil Tories and desterters could not grow, for here it was on May 20, 1775, that the first American Declaration of Independence was flung to the world in defiance of the King and all his army.

Cornwallis hoped to stamp out this spirit, and, therefore, pitched his tent in the plucky city of Charlotte. Major Ferguson was dispatched at the head of 1,100 soldiers to march into the Piedmont sector of North Carolina to gather cattle and supplies for the army and to enlist all the natives who were willing to come under the King's standard. Charles McDowell, Clark, Shelby, and other leaders had fallen back into the mountains of western North Carolina, and Ferguson entertained the hope of overtaking and capturing them.

He marched as far as Gilbert Town, Rutherford county, North Carolina, and pitched his camp there for several days. For many miles around Tories and weakhearted natives visited the gallant officer and took the oath of allegiance, believing that since Charleston had fallen, Gates and Sumter routed at Camden, and the other patriot forces dispersed, that their cause was absolutely hopeless. A portion of Ferguson's army marched as far as Brindletown, Burke county; and some as far as the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains.

At Old Fort, Ferguson rode up to the home of Captain Thomas Lytle, a noted patriot leader, who then lived four miles from town. The captain was not at home, but Mrs Lytle stepped to the door, elegantly dressed, and invited the colonel in; which invitation he declined, saying that his business required haste, as the King's army had restored his authority in the South, that rebellion was practically quelled, and that he had come to offer a pardon to Captain Lytle. Mrs. Lytle then told Colonel Ferguson that she did not know where the captain was, but thought that he was out with friends, whom the colonel called "rebels." Whereupon Ferguson replied deprecatingly:

"Well, madam, I have discharged my duty. I felt anxious to help Captain Lytle, because I had learned

that he was both brave and honorable. If he persists in the rebellion and comes to harm, his blood will be on his own head."

The brave little woman gave the colonel the following spirited reply:

"Colonel Ferguson, I don't know when war may end; it is not unlikely that my husband may fall in battle; all I positively know is that he will never prove a traitor to his country."

Ferguson's next major problem was a method by which to dislodge the hosts of mountain "rebels" from their stronghold. Upon his arrival at Gilbert Town he sent a verbel message by one Samuel Phillips, a prisoner and distant relative of Colonel Shelby, notifying the patriots, who were then in the mountains, that "if they did not desist from their opposition to the British arms he would march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay their country waste with fire and sword." No other words could have so thoroughly aroused the patriots.

Colonel Shelby at once communicated the message to Colonel Sevier, who was then the efficient officer of the Washington County Militia, then in North Carolina, but now in Tennessee. These two brave leaders immediately resolved to raise all the men possible and to attempt to surprise Ferguson in his camp or wherever he could be found. Colonel Shelby also communicated with Colonel William Campbell, Washington county, Virginia. A rendezvous was agreed upon and the 25th of September was the time set for the meeting of the patriotic leaders on the Watauga river.

Cornwallis had intended to march his army from Charlotte to Salisbury, and expected Ferguson to join him there; and with their combined army, the plan was to overrun North Carolina and Virginia and press them under the King's control. In the meantime the mountain men were gathering. The sacrifice they were about to make was great, for their wives and helpless ones would be left to the torch and scalping knife of wild Indians. But they had become desperate and had now resolved to take their lives in their hands and hazard every chance to rid their country of the invading foe.

They crossed the Blue Ridge mountains at Gillespie Gap on the 28th of September. About this time Colonel Charles McDowell and Major Joseph McDowell, with 160 men, joined the little army; while Colonel Cleveland and Major Winston, with 350 troops, joined them soon after. A portion of the army passed over Linville Mountain and stopped at Quaker Meadows, the home of Colonels Charles and Joseph McDowell.

Up to this time no head of the organization had been selected, but on Monday, October 2, by common consent, out of courtesy to Colonel Campbell, who was the only officer who had come from another state, all the others being North Carolinians, he was chosen commander-in-chief.

On October 4th the mountain patriots learned that Ferguson had fallen back from Gilbert Town for the purpose of avoiding battle. He had been informed by some native deserters that the mountain men were in pursuit of him; yet he fell back so leisurely that it became impossible for him to form a junction with Cornwallis before the patriots could overtake him. Ferguson dispatched two inhabitants of the country, carrying

a message to Lord Cornwallis, asking for assistance. These couriers passed Webb's Ford, on by Mooresboro, and on toward Kings Mountain, when some of the patriots, seeing them, suspected their mission and set out in pursuit of them, which compelled them to lie in hiding by day and travel by night. Hence they did not reach Cornwallis, in Charlotte, until the 7th of October, the day of the battle.

Ferguson crossed Broad river at Cherokee Ford, in South Carolina, and on the afternoon of October 6th, he arrived on Kings Mountain, a small ridge which received its name from a fellow called King, who once lived there. Ferguson thought this would be an ideal spot on which to camp; and ere long he was so pleased with the site that he declared that the Almighty could not drive him from it; that he would be able to capture or destroy any force the patriots could bring against him.

Finally the mountaineers, sturdy to the core, rolled on to a point within striking distance of the enemy, camped snugly on Kings Mountain. "Buford" was the watchword. These hardy patriots had no uniforms, no band, no bristling bayonets, no glittering equipage. Their only weapon was the Deckard rifle, which most of them had learned to use against Indians and wild beasts. Their other equipment consisted of a blanket, cup, and a little parched corn meal mixed with maple sugar.

Campbell's corps included his own regiment, Sevier's regiment, and McDowell's and Winston's battalions, and were to cross the southern end of the ridge and attack Ferguson. Spread out in strategic positions along the ridge, the entire force was composed of four columns. Here they stood on the verge of what was to be one of the greatest fights of the Revolutionary war. Campbell visited each command and said to the soldiers that if any of them, men or officers, were afraid, to quit the ranks and return home, crawl into a storm cellar, and hide; that he wished no man to engage in action who could not fight; that, as for himself, he was determined to fight the enemy a week if need be to gain victory.

After giving orders in a voice that could be heard by most of the men, Campbell placed himself at the head of his own regiment; and, once the other comanding officers had done likewise, the signal to march was given. The first actual firing was executed by Shelby and his men on the north side of the ridge; whereupon, according to prearrangement, the entire patriot army united in a loud ringing frontier war whoop and dashed forward into the fray. The moment Colonel Campbell caught sight of the enemy he shouted to his men: "Here they are, my brave boys; shoot like hell and fight like devils." On all sides of the hil the firing became rapid and regular.

Back and forth, Campbell and Sevier on one side and Shelby and Cleveland on the other, the patriots charged up the hill three consecutive times; and as fast as they were driven back, they would renew the charge. Anon the whole hill was enveloped in flame, and the rattle of musketry sounded louder than thunder. The coils of the patriots—commanded by Campbell, Sevier, McDowell, Winston, Hambright, Cleveland, Lacey, Williams, and Shelby—were drawing closer around Ferguson, who galloped back

and forth, cheering his men and giving out orders.

Above the din and roar of battle could be heard his shrill silver whistle, by which he gave commands. The place of his encampment was cleared land, or rather bare timber; which made his men easily seen and singled out by the attacking force. As for the patriots, they worked behind the protection of trees, with which mountain sides were studded.

At the end of an hour the fighters under Ferguson and De Peyster began to despair, for during the terrible preceding fifty minutes, their numbers were rapidly decimated by the incessant and unerring fire of the mountain men. The Tories began to give way first, hammered and driven by Shelby and Campbell. At this time De Peyster, second in command, seeing that all was lost, hoisted the white flag; whereupon Ferguson galloped up and cut it down with his sword.

It is evident that Ferguson never intended to surrender, but that his idea was to escape or die fighting. According he and a few of his closet officers made a daring attempt to break through the patriot lines for freedom. Dashing forward, he cut and slashed on every side with his glittering sword. Some one of the American army cried out: "There's Ferguson; shoot him!" Thereupon more than a dozen muskets leveled at him, and he fell from his horse after receiving eight fatal wounds, one of them being through the head.

He died almost immediately. To the men in Sevier's column is due the credit of having delivered the fatal shots and prevented the escape of the royal commander.

Now a hand-to-hand confiict between the contending forces ensued; and it lasted 20 minutes. Shelby and Campbell were leading the onslaught. The fighting was done within one hundred feet range. This onset drove Ferguson's rangers and well-drilled Tories back to their tents, where most of them were killed. At this crucial point Captain De Peyster, who fought gallantly during the entire battle, again hiked the white flag. The royalists were now huddled in a group on the mountain top. The patriots were ordered to close up, surround them, receive their surrender.

After the surrender it was proposed to give three cheers for "Liberty," which was done, and the old hills and caverns resounded with shouts of victory and freedom.

Ferguson died like a hero; De Peyster commanded like a veteran. Considering the numbers engaged, there was no more sanguinary battle fought during the Revolutionary war. It was one of the most complete and far-reaching victories that history records. Not one of Ferguson's army escaped; 456 having been killed and wounded and 648 taken prisoners. The Americans loss was six officers and 23 privates killed, with 54 being wounded.

Almost instantly the effect of this great victory—tidings of which quickly spread—on the people, both North and South, was electrical. Every American took fresh courage; the cause of the patriots began to ascend from that hour, and it grew stronger until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. This victory paved the way for his downfall. Ferguson, with his army, was the right arm of Cornwallis, and his loss and defeat compelled the British commander to

evacuate Charlotte and hasitly retire into South Carolina. Thenceforward the British cause waned, and the splendid fabric of this mighty Republic was made not only a possibility, but a reality.

Today the high peak of Kings Mountain, standing isolated from its lofty neighbors, keeps eternal vigil over the battle ground, continually pointing to the spot "where valor proudly sleeps." To stroll over the hallowed and historic soil of this battle site enables one to appreciate anew the glorious deed performed there by American patriots.

Had love of country and patriotism been the architect, the monument at Kings Mountain would today pierce the clouds beyond the flight of the eagle. This, in the language of Webster, would have been the motto of the builders: "Let it rise! Let it rise till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gird it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit."

---

## A MAN'S ORBIT

A great literary critic once wrote, "By common consent the greats of the world are Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare; and of the three the two supreme names are Dante and Shakespeare." He added, "Dante's orbit is his own and the tracks of his wheels can never be confounded with that of any rival."

If all men, and especially preachers, could make up their minds to fill their own niches in God's great plan, to run their race, to cultivate their own vineyard apart from any petty jealously or other ambition than to glorify God, they would be happier in the work and the Kingdom greatly hastened.

Why should men ever be jealous of each other when the orbits of their activities never cross? Rather let the individual hold his God-ordained course like each of the multitude of planets that whirl in silence around its central orb and rejoicing withal that he had an orbit in which he may run his race and do his work.

Let every preacher say within his deepest heart: "My brother's success is my desire fulfilled: his failure grieves and wounds me: and though the tracks of our wheels are in different orbits our aims are one in Jesus Christ."

It ought to be impossible for one to so preach or so gloriously live the Christ-like or to exercise an influence so far-reaching who for the same, would be envied by anybody. For if every pulpit in the land had a Spurgeon for its minister still Christ would not be sufficiently glorified nor would His Kingdom be sufficiently hastened.—The Alabama Baptist.

# THE SECRET OF THE SEA

**By Seth Harmon, in Boy Life**

There is a tradition that when Christopher Columbus returned to Spain from his adventurous trip to the New World, the expedition would have perished within sight of land, only for a parrot, the gift of a Haitian chieftain's son to one of the crew.

There was in the expedition a young Spaniard named Carlos. He was a mere youth, but he shared the excitement and hardships with the rest like a man. In an evil moment, as the three ships were sailing lazily along the coast of Haiti, young Carlos, though inexperienced, took the helm of one of the boats and ran it aground. The crew was forced to shore, where they bestowed gifts upon the natives to befriend them.

Carlos was a handsome and likable young man, and was admired by the son of the native Indian Chief, Guacanagari, who presented him with a pet parrot, a beautiful bird, which Carlos promptly named Chico. "I will take you back to Bonita," declared Carlos to the bird; "she has never had so pretty a gift." Carlos was much devoted to his sister, whom he had left in his native town, Palos, in Spain.

When Columbus decided it was time to return to Spain and report his discoveries, thirty-nine of his men asked to be permitted to remain on the beautiful island of Haiti. Carlos sailed with the expedition, and Chico was his constant companion. "You'll have a fine home in the patio of our house in Palos, where Bonita is," he told the restless bird.

It was a long, perilous journey. Storms plagued the little ships. The skies were always black, and the waves like watery mountains. In all their experience, the men had never sailed such seas. Carlos was the calmest among them. His jaw was set firm, and his voice never rose with the others in their complaints to Columbus. He had failed once, when he grounded the ship, but he would not fail again!

Then, after two months of severe hardships, when the men once more took hope of seeing their native land again, a most violent storm descended upon them as night shrouded them in darkness.

"Carlos," Columbus said to the calm young man, "I admire your courage. We may never set foot on land again. In such a sea, I cannot even reckon our position. We should have reached Spain long ere this. Come, hold a taper under this pan that I may melt some wax."

Wide-eyed, the youth watched the admiral dip a square of cloth into the liquid wax. This was carefully wrapped around a piece of parchment on which Columbus had written a complete account of his discoveries. The roll was submerged in melted wax, which quickly cooled and formed a solid cake.

"Now fetch me a small wooden cask," Columbus said. In this he sealed the block of wax containing his precious document, and tossed the whole into the raging sea.

"Some day," said Columbus, "perhaps someone will find the cask, long

after our vessels have gone to the bottom of the sea. Then the world will know our voyage was not in vain."

Carlos shuddered. Then even the brave commander himself had given up hope! He wiped the salty spray from his eyes, and stared in horror at what he saw! There, perched unsteadily upon the swaying main yard, high over head, was Chico, shrieking in terror.

"Chico!" shouted Carlos, but the wind whipped the word from his mouth. Quick as a flash Carlos ran up the yard. He clung to the furled canvas, edging himself out to the precarious perch of his beloved bird.

"Bonita will be disappointed if I do not bring Chico," he kept repeating to himself as each roll of the ship nearly dipped him into the ocean. At last he reached the frightened bird, and tucked him under his blouse.

Then Carlos looked out to sea. At first the black skies seemed to wrap around him, but as his eyes became accustomed, he thought he spied a tiny ray of light. He looked again. Yes, there was a light, shining through the blackness of the storm!

A cry of thanksgiving went up from the men as Carlos cried the discovery. The ships were headed toward the light, and once again the men laughed and cried and shouted for joy. Early the next morning the storm had abated, and the ships lander safely in a small Portuguese harbor. The first voyage to the New World had been completed. They honored Carlos for having saved the expedition, but Carlos said, "No, not I; it was Chico!"

For many, many days after, Carlos made daily visits to the seacoast, and would sit for hours watching the waves. One day he was seated on a rock that jutted far out into the water. His eyes stared fixedly into the foaming sea.

"Squar-r-r-k! squar-r-r-k!" rent the air so vehemently that Carlos almost fell off the rock. Bonita laughed. "I told Chico not to do that," she exclaimed, as she and Chico climbed upon the rock. "But tell me, Carlos, why do you gaze so eagerly out yonder?"

Carlos heaved a sigh. "I am seeking the cask my admiral threw overboard. Do you think it may some day be washed ashore?"

But to this day Columbus' cask, with its precious document, has never been found. The sea has kept its secret.

---

## AN IMPORTANT BIBLE ANNIVERSARY

Four hundred years ago a proclamation was issued that a copy of the newly translated Bible should be placed in every church in England. In 1538 this was a revolutionary decision. The intervening years show how providentially wise it was. There is just cause for the English people to celebrate the event for it has produced and preserved a Bible Christianity wherever the British flag flies. Our own foundations were patterned after this form. And in spite of all attacks the Bible is still the inspired norm of Christ's believing people.—Selected.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER II

The commissioners stopped their wagon and descended at a stone pillar by the roadside. A flag was raised.

"That is the American flag," said Rolf. "The stars in the blue field stand for the states, one for each. The red and white stripes symbolize the first thirteen states."

Not many of the men had seen this flag before, but, as usual, they ignored "the professor's" attempt to instruct them.

"The first flag was made by a Swedish woman," he added.

Now there was some show of interest, but at this moment the wagon stopped, as all the others did when they reached the place where their leaders were standing. Pointing to the stone pillar, Thomas said, "Friends, this pillar marks the boundary line between the United States and Canada. You are now on American soil. The river you see over there is the Aroostook, which flows through your land. That place with the white buildings is Fort Fairfield; there we are expected to dinner. Now Mr. Burleigh wishes to speak to you."

Burleigh welcomed the immigrants to the United States, and especially to the State of Maine. His speech was translated, one sentence at a time, by Thomas.

The immigrants had been wondering if their dinner was to be procured as the two previous meals had been. Now they were reassured, for at a military post there must be plenty to eat.

The welcome they had received was continued as they proceeded on their journey. Workers in the fields waved their hands and cheered, and people ran out of their homes to greet them as they passed.

As they approached the fort another gun was fired. Here they were welcomed in a speech made by a gentleman whom they were told was a judge, then in another speech by a minister. Both were translated by Thomas. Then the travelers were taken to the town hall, where a bountiful meal was served. The dessert was a novelty, for pie was not known in their country.

"Do you think you could make pie, Mamma?" asked Charlotte.

"I suppose so. The crust is puff paste, such as I used to make. It depends on whether I can get fruit to fill it."

"Can't we plant an orchard and get fruit, Papa?"

"We'll see," was the conservative answer. "We must think first of planting potatoes and grain. We must have those, but we can do without pie."

After dinner they were told to rest a while, but the men, who had all done army service at home, preferred to look about the fort.

Presently two of the children came running to their mother, each with a kitten in her arms.

"Look, look, Mamma. They are just like our Misse and Lasse. Do you think they would give them to us?

They have so many. May we ask for them?"

"No, you must not ask for anything. Besides, how would you make these people understand what you want?"

"Maybe Uncle Thomas—"

"No, you must not trouble Consul Thomas. He has other things to think of. This is not like the ship."

"I'll go with you and help you," offered Rolf, taking out his pocket dictionary.

The women looked smilingly after him.

"It is kind of him, of course," said Ida Brenell, "but does he expect people to stand and wait while he finds the words he wants to use in his little book?"

However, the little group returned with the kittens and a bottle of milk to feed them on the way. A basket was emptied, the contents tied up in a cloth, and the kittens established in it.

"You will have the first live stock in New Sweden," said Hedda, to the great delight of the children.

Rested, refreshed and made happy by their friendly reception, the immigrants resumed their journey. Pointing to the flag, which continued to wave from the leading wagon, one of their new-found friends said, "Many have followed that flag to victory just as you are doing, but in a different way."

Everyone in the fort turned out to bid them farewell, while many escorted them part of the way in wagons.

After a time the commissioners' wagon stopped. When all were near enough to hear, Thomas pointed to a ridge in the distance and said, "Yonder is the beginning of New Sweden Township."

"The Promised Land," shouted the men.

Late in the afternoon they came in sight of a cluster of dwellings which the drivers called Caribou. The immigrants knew this was the town nearest to New Sweden. A group of men came marching toward the train; the sunlight glinting on brass instruments told who they were and why they came. They led the way into town with a march.

The immigrants had expected to reach their destination that evening, but they found, to their surprise, that the good people of Caribou had made preparations for them to stay there overnight, as it would be very late before they could arrive at their new home.

"America is very nice," said Charlotte Olofsson, as they were preparing for the last day of their journey next morning. "I think we are going to like it."

"I think so too," said her mother, "but you must not expect that it will always be such a triumphal march as it has been so far. When we come to the colony it will be different.

The truth of this was proved even sooner than Hedda had anticipated. There were no more cheers and greetings from workers in the fields or from homes. There were no workers; fields that had once been cleared were overgrown and seemed about to rejoin the forest from which they had been reclaimed. The homes they passed were deserted, with doors and windows boarded up. It was not an inspiring sight to the newcomers.

Finally they entered upon a road that gave evidence of having been recently opened. In fact, it could scarcely be called a road, only a narrow

opening through the dark forest, which seemed to press against it from both sides. Wagons were steered carefully between and over stumps. Here were no deserted homes, no traces of work begun and abandoned, no human landmarks of any kind.

"I feel as if we had come to the end of the world," said Betty.

"We have, practically," said her husband, Ingvald Erlandsson. "Consul Thomas says this road has been opened for us by Mr. Burleigh. We are the first to see it, except the men who made it."

"I suppose it ends at New Sweden?"

"I think so."

They were trudging up a hill—the drivers, by this time, stopped without being told. Rolf had strolled into the forest. He returned with a slender vine in his hands, which he gave to Charlotte. It had tiny green leaves and pink flower cups, set in pairs on the delicate stem.

"Do you know what it is?" he asked.

"Yes, the linnea."

Smiling, she turned and gave the flower to her mother, who was climbing the hill just behind her. It was passed almost reverently from hand to hand.

"The twinflower, the national flower of Sweden," said Thomas. "It is a voice from home. No doubt they are surprised to see it, for it will not grow in any but its native soil. It was the favorite flower of Linne, the great botanist, and was named, with his consent, the Linnea Borealis. You now have proof that these woods are like those of your own country," he added, turning to the immigrants.

About noon the tall pines seemed to lighten, as if the roads were widening. Shortly after they came to an open space. The immigrants looked about eagerly. There was a wide clearing, dotted with stumps, fallen trees lying between them. The road continued through it, and another went through the clearing at right angles to it. Both ended at the edge of the forest, which rose, dark and seemingly impenetrable, all around. On one side they saw a few log cabins, on the other a place where the ground had been smoothed and a roof of bark put up over it. So this was New Sweden.

Burleigh led the way to the roofed space, which he called "the camp," and said, "Friends, we did not wish to begin preparations until we were quite sure of your coming, and when we received word you were nearer than we had expected. We had planned to build twenty-five cabins, but, as you see, there are only six, and these not quite finished. But I know you are good workers, and it will not be long before there will be homes for all of you. In the meantime you will have to crowd and make the best of it."

When this speech had been translated by Thomas, Brenell offered prayer, asked God's blessing upon the future colony. Then lunch was eaten, after which they went to inspect the cabins. Each contained one large room, to be used as kitchen and living room, a smaller room, and a good-sized pantry. An attic with a high pitched roof provided space for more rooms in future. Stoves were furnished for all the cabins, but few of the women understood the management of them, having been used to open fireplaces of masonry.

Burleigh was using the large room of one cabin for a storeroom, and the small one for his office and private quarters. Thomas was to share this

with him. The cabin next to it was taken possession of by the Olofssons, two other families, and Rolf. These two cabins had glazed windows. The sunlight filtered in between the logs and lay in bright bands across the floor, Chests, boxes and baskets were arranged so as to shut out, as much as possible, the night air of which the Swedes were so afraid.

"There must be a ladder on the premises," said Ivar Olofsson. "If we can find it some of us might sleep in the attic."

The ladder was found, bedding taken up. The men all went up there to sleep.

Long after quiet had descended over the embryo colony Ivar lay awake, considering the problem before him and what he had left behind. "No matter how it turns out," he finished his meditations, "I shall never let anyone suspect I have any regrets. And I am glad Hedda has a happy spirit that can never be broken. She will have enough courage to supply the whole colony, if necessary."

And on the floor below Hedda, with a corner of the sheet between her teeth, was straining every muscle to prevent her body from shaking with sobs.

(To be continued)

---

## QUIET PLACES

I have a need in me for quiet places,
For sandy headlands and the tranquil sea;
The far dim arc where the horizon traces
The blend of finite with infinity.

I have a need in me for inland rivers
And high, green pastures spread along the hills;
The mountain wind and the clean sun that quivers
Like a golden rain across the little rills.

I have a need in me for grazing cattle,
One skimming bird, one church spire in the trees,
One peaceful farm, the shrill, sweet rippling prattle.
Of children, and the murmuring of bees.

I have a need in me for all things holy,
The stir of God in ocean and in wood,
Where evil slips away, and surely, slowly,
The closed heart opens to the homing good.

—Eleanor Baldwin.

# FREE DENTAL TREATMENT

**(News and Observer)**

More than 70,000 underprivileged children in North Carolina's public schools will be the recipients of free dental treatment during the coming year.

Here at the University of North Carolina the doctors who are to perform this service are taking a number of special courses designed better to equip them to carry on this highly important work.

Twenty-two members of the Division of Oral Hygiene of the North Carolina Board of Health are attending the third annual Institue of Public Health Dentistry at the University.

"Approximately 69,000 underprivileged school children were treated without cost to them by our clinicians last year, and we expect the number to go over 70,000 this year," said Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the Division of Oral Hygiene.

"That may seem like a big figure —and it is—but it's only a drop in the bucket compared with the crying need for such work," Dr. Branch said.

He said that at least 85 percent of the million children in the public schools need dental care, that a dentist's office is unknown to 55 percent of these children.

He pointed out that the degenerative diseases, such as those of the heart, lungs, and kidneys, are on the increase in North Carolina, and that seventy-five percent of these diseases enter the body through the mouth or nose. The mouth is a perfect incubator for germs. Hence the importance of a clean, healthy mouth.

"One third of the children in our schools are repeaters, and surveys have shown that this fact was due largely to poor health, in many instances bad teeth."

He said that in one county dental care through these state clinics had reduced the number of repeaters approximately fifty percent in one year. "Please make it clear that in no sense does our work compete with that of the local dentists in each community. We treat only the indigent children, although I don't like that word "indigent." Lets call them underprivileged, for that describes them better. We leave it up to the local teachers, who know the situation better than we, to say whether the child's parents can afford to pay for dental treatment.

"In case the parents are able to pay, the child is promptly referred to the family dentist. In this way we are really cooperating with the local dentists, and we count on their support wherever we go. Our doctors in the field work are under the immediate supervision of the county health officer in cooperation with the local school authorities, dentists, and parents."

---

The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches, not for display, but fortheir own use.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Wallace Anders, a former member of the group in Cottage No. 12, who left the School about three and one-half years ago, called on us last Wednesday. Since leaving us he has spent quite some time in CCC camps, staying at a camp in Oregon for about six months. He was recently transferred to a camp in this State, located near Fort Bragg.

---

The School has been under partial quarantine for the past thirty days, due to one of the boys, Frank King, of Cottage No. 2, being stricken with a case of scarlet fever. As soon as the case developed the patient was immediately isolated, and no further spread of the disease resulted. Frank has fully recovered and has returned to his cottage.

---

Six electric motors, seven heating fans and a number of smaller items to be used in our textile unit, were received the other day. The officials of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association, who are sponsoring this project at the School, are going forward in their preparations for getting the machinery ready for use in the near future.

---

Albert Beaver, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the laundry force, who was allowed to return to his home August 7, 1937, was a visitor at the School last Thursday. After leaving the institution Albert went to Statesville and was employed for five months in a cotton warehouse; he then obtained work in a laundry, and was forced to leave there a few months later on account of illness. For the past two months he has been working in a fish market and reports that he has been getting along very nicely.

---

Superintendtn Charles E. Boger, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Barrier, L. S. Kiser and a group of thirty-one boys journeyed to Southern Pines last Wednesday afternoon, where Mr. Boger and the boys appeared on the program at the annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters and Sons. Following a brief address by Mr. Boger, the group of boys, under the direction of Mrs. Barrier, sang several numbers which seemed to delight the entire assemblage.

At the close of that part of the program, the group from the Training School had to take its leave, owing to the long trip back to the institution. The truck carrying the boys arrived safely at the School about midnight. The boys all reported a fine trip and expressed their delight in having had on opportunity to see the beauty spots around Southern Pines.

---

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last

Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read several verses from the 6th chapter of Matthew, and in his most interesting and helpful talk to the boys he called special attention to the Golden Rule.

The Golden Rule, said Rev. Mr. Tuttle, is a pretty good rule for the life of any person; to get the habit of following its teachings is the finest thing for us. If we do things for other people only as we want them to do for us, it is pretty certain that we will only do that which is good. One of the laws of the world in which we live is that we cannot have good things unless other people also have them. If we want to have something worth far more than anything else in life, we should start doing good things for others.

The speaker then told the boys that the world is just like the School in which they are now living, except that it is much larger, and if they would try to form the habit of doing good things for their associates right here, they would soon have them trying to do the same for them, and this would soon be the finest kind of place in which to live. When we do bad things to others, we only harm them temporarily, while the injury to ourselves is permanent. We get many things in this world that are not worth very much, but the fellow who is always doing something for somebody else, finds that he is really getting the finest things out of life. There are times when it seems that helping others is not doing us much good, but in the long run, we find that it pays.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle then told the story of a wealthy king, who learned that he had a great builder in his kingdom. He sent for him, and gave him countless bags of gold, saying that he wanted him to build the finest palace the eyes of man had ever seen. The builder took the gold and returned to his home.

When the builder reached his home country he found that there was a great famine in the land. Relatives and friends were perishing on all sides. He then decided that he simply could not build the palace for the king. Instead of using the sacks of gold for that purpose, he gave the gold to the people in order that they might buy food. This continued all through the winter and the supply of gold was exhausted. There was nothing left with which to build the palace for the king.

The king journeyed to the place which had been selected for the great palace and found that nothing had been done about it. He became very angry, sending for the builder and having him thrown in jail, with positive assurance that he would lose his life the following day. In a dream that night, an angel took the king with him and climbed to very great heights. Up, up they went until their eyes beheld the most beautiful palace the king had ever seen. The angel told him it was the "palace of merciful deeds" built for him by the builder whom he had engaged, saying he had builded for him in the Kingdom of God when he took the gold to feed needy people, thereby saving many lives.

The king then saw that this palace was far better than any he could have erected, returned to his home and immediately had the builder released from prison and his life spared.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending October 2, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(18) Clyde Gray 18
(13) Gilbert Hogan 17
(18) Leon Hollifield 18
(18) Edward Johnson 18
(8) James Kissiah 8
(9) Edward Lucas 17
(9) Mack Setzer 17
(13) C. L. Snuggs 13

### COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Rex Allred 8
Henry Cowan 13
(2) Carroll Dodd 8
Edgar Harrellson 3
(2) Vernon Johnson 6
(2) Blanchard Moore 11
Reece Reynolds 7
(2) R. L. Young 3

### COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Norton Barnes 6
(2) John Capps 10
Fernie Medlin
Forest McEntire
(3) Nick Rochester 15
(2) Oscar Roland 9

### COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 6
(4) Robert Atwell 6
Jewell Barker 8
(3) James Cox 3
(4) Coolidge Green 9
(2) A. C. Lamar 5
Douglas Matthews 7
Warner Peach 4
Harrison Stilwell
(10) John Robertson 13
(2) Jerome W. Wiggins 7
(2) Earl Weeks 10

### COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 5
(3) William Cherry 12
Lewis Donaldson 8
James Hancock 8
Hugh Kennedy
John King 7
(4) Van Martin 14
Ivan Morrozoff 2
George Newman 4
Lloyd Pettus 11
Melvin Walters 12
Rollin Wells 12
(4) James Wilhite 14

### COTTAGE No. 5

Lindsey Dunn 3
J. C. Ennis 3
Grover Gibby 7
Donald Holland 5
Joseph Mobley 5
Richard Palmer 11
Winford Rollins 12
(2) Elmer Talbert 4
(2) Hubert Walker 5
Ned Waldrop 7
(18) Dewey Ware 18
Ralph Webb 10
(2) George Wright 8

### COTTAGE No. 6

Fletcher Castlebury 12
(5) Robert Dunning 13
(2) Robert Dellinger 6
Noah Ennis 3
Columbus Hamilton 4
Thomas Hamilton 5
Leo Hamilton 3
(3) Spencer Lane 10
(2) Clinton Keen 9
Charles McCoyle 7
Ray Pitman 5
Jack Reeves 2
George Wilhite 14

### COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 15
Carl Breece 16
(6) James H. Davis 14
(3) John Deaton 3
(13) William Estes 17
J. H. Averitt

(2) George Green 12
Blaine Griffin 8
(3) Robert Hampton 9
(18) Caleb Hill 18
Raymond Hughes 4
(2) Hugh Johnson 14
Robert Lawrence 5
Ernest Mobley 4
(3) Edmund Moore 14
Marshall Pace 9
Graham Sykes 7
(5) Earthy Strickland 13
William Tester 8
(2) Joseph Wheeler 7
(5) Ed Woody 5
William Young 17

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Thomas Britt 2
Floyd Crabtree 3
Harold Crooks
Charles Davis 3
(6) J. B. Devlin 6
(5) Harvey Ledford 7
(5) John Penninger 8
(8) John Tolbert 16
Walker Warr 8

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(3) James Butler 9
Ray Butner 6
Gladston Carter
(8) Carol Clark 8
Craig Chappell 6
Henry Coward 9
(10) George Duncan 14
Robert Gaines 2
(2) Frank Glover 8
Osper Howell 3
(2) Mark Jones 11
Harold O'Dear
(9) Eugene Presnell 15
(3) Thomas Sands 12
Cleveland Suggs 10
Horace Williams 7

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(3) William Peeden 7
Torrence Ware 6

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Harold Bryson 9
(7) Baxter Foster 14
(13) Lawrence Guffey 16
(8) Earl Hildreth 11
(5) Julius Stevens 16

**COTTAGE No. 12**

Burl Allen 8
(2) Allard Brantley 9
(2) Ben Cooper 12
(8) James Elders 14
(2) Elbert Hackler 11
Charlton Henry 13
(10) Franklin Hensley 14
(2) Hubert Holloway 13
(2) Alexander King 14
(2) Thomas Knight 15
(2) Tillman Lyles 13
(2) William Powell 9
James Reavis 13
(6) Howard Sanders 13
(8) Carl Singletary 15
(7) Leonard Watson 11
(8) Leonard Wood 15
J. R. Williams

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(4) William Griffin 6
Isaac Hendren 11
(2) James V. Harvel 10
Bruce Kersey 10
Harry Leagon 5
(2) Irvin Medlin 12
Paul McGlammery 12
(4) Jordan McIver 12
Alexander Woody 14
Joseph Woody

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Claude Ashe 12
(4) Raymond Andrews 13
(3) Clyde Barnwell 15
(9) Delphus Dennis 14
(2) Audie Farthing 14
(6) James Kirk 15
Henry McGraw 7
Fred McGlammery 9
Richard Patton 4
Paul Shipes 11
(3) Thomas Trantham 6
Harvey Walters 11

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin 9
Clarence Gates 3
Joseph Hyde 8
Paul Ruff 15
Rowland Rufty 11
George Worley 2

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

James Chavis 15

Reefer Cummings 14
(2) Filmore Oliver 15
Early Oxendine 9
(2) Thomas Oxendine 11
Hubert Short 11
(2) Curley Smith 12

---

## BACK TO THEIR BOOKS

More than two thousand white children here marched back to school recently, but we cannot truthfully say all went with smiling faces. Some of them were wry but happily the bouyancy of youth will make them snap out of it. Conditions and methods of school life have been so vastly improved the last quarter of a century that school holds none of the old terrors for boys and girls.

While we know teaching methods have kept step with building and epuipment and the better-trained teaching staffs, we still feel the course of study in some grades at least is planned for the brilliant or clever child rather than the average. The work is so heavy for the youngsters that every parent knows they would flunk unless they did some home work. It is only the exceptional child who does not require help at home.

Perhaps it is this over-loading that is responsible for the distaste for school some children evince. However, we are not expecting everyone to agree with us, but we have heard a number of parents express the same opinion. We are not passing it on in a critial way either.

The News-Herald is glad to see that in the local schools more stress is being laid on vocational work. In the past we have trained only the head, but it is necessary to use both hand and head to make a living in this work-a-day world with its fierce competition.

The object of education is chiefly to build character which after all transcends every other thing in life. No matter how well educated a person may be, unless he has stability of character book-learning is as nothing. The spiritual side of our boys and girls for generations outside parochial schools, has been woefully neglected.

We have literally sacrifice our children to the traditional fear of mixing church and state. Now that religious education will be taught in the public schols in many states, the citizen of the next decade will be a better one than the present or the past.

The News-Herald hopes that all connected with our schools will have their expectations fulfilled. For the good of his child, the parent should keep this thought constantly in mind: the teacher is always right.—Suffolk News-Herald.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

OCT 17 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 15, 1938 No. 41

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## JUDGMENT

There's never a loss without a gain,
And never a happiness free from pain;
For every jewel there's a price to pay,
For each dark night a dawning day.

We may keep the jewel and watch the dawn,
Forget the price, bid the night be gone.
By the choice we make for our treasure chest,
We judge ourselves, accursed or blest.

—Leola Littrell.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| AMERICA'S FIRST FREE SCHOOL | By Helen G. Campbell | 10 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter III) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 16 |
| THE OYSTER | By C. A. David | 22 |
| LIKE THE NECK OF A CRANE | By Charles Doubleyou | 24 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## IMMORTALITY OF HOPE

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind;
But leave, oh leave, the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angels' visits, few and far between:
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please.
Yes, let each rapture dear to nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while;
Ecastatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy.
Eternal hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the March of Time,
Thy joyous youth begun—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—Thomas Campbell.

## THE KING'S DAUGHTERS CONVENTION

The Forty-Eighth Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the International Order the King's Daughters and Sons convened in the Church of Wide Fellowship, Southern Pines, an exclusive and popular winter resort of the sandhills of North Carolina, on the 5-6 of October. The meeting was well attended and great interest was shown in local and state work. The president, Mrs. Hurtense F. Moye, presided with ease and lost no time in dis-

patching every detail of the work.

The credential committe gave a report showing that there were eleven senior circles and eight junior circles in the state with a membership of six hundred and fifty. Every circle was represented by the quota of delegates. The watchword of the convention was "co-operation" and the delegation by word and action showed a fine spirit of co-operation throughout the entire meeting. The report of the amount raised by the King's Daughters for state work was about $6,000 that will be applied to the fund for building a King's Daughters Chapel at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The Memorial Chapel is to cost approximately $35,000.

The program of song by thirty boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School in vestments, trained by Mrs. George Barrier, musical director of the institution, was thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience in the main auditorium of the Church of Wide Fellowship. After the program of music by the boys, Superintendent Charles E. Boger spoke briefly to the delegation of King's Daughters, expressing his appreciation for their past and continued interest in the wayward boy.

The one outstanding act of the convention was the unanimous decision to send a junior to camp next summer specifically to be trained for leadership in King's Daughters work. Little attention previously has been given this phase of work—trained leadership. It was truly a constructive act, because in this progressive age every organization needs new blood along with new view-points as to conducting the activities of any organization.

After two days of mingling with old friends and by contact making new acquaintances the convention adjourned to meet next year in Charlotte with the King's Daughters of that city. The entire meeting was accepted as one of the best ever held in the state, a splendid attendance, and every movement gave evidence of the fine spirit and splendid co-operation that continues to exist. May more power be given Mrs. Moye to continue in the good work she has so nobly carried on for many years.

* * * * * * *

## NINE MONTHS SCHOOL ENDORSED

At a meeting of the South Piedmont District Classroom Teachers'

association at Central High School, Charlotte, last week, the teachers went on record as favoring a nine months school preferable to adding the twelth grade thereby adding another year to the life of every child who graduates. From experience we know of one young woman who finished the high school of her city, and that school had twelve grades. This same young lady then went to one of the best colleges in the state of Virginia. From her own lips she stated she reviewed in college the subjects she finished in the twelth grade. If this be true, why take two years to finish what can be done in one? Since both the nine months school term and the twelfth grade are not possible—the teachers of the Piedmont District give the follow reasons for a nine months school term: That plan would help more children as it would reach those who leave school before completing the course, it would make summer vacation shorter, shortening the "forgetting period" and decrease the number of failures and neither would it increase the number of teachers. It seems that this asembly of teachers put up a very convincing argument, favoring a nine months school term instead of adding the twelth grade to the high school. In fact it would help the masses and not the smaller precentage of students.

* * * * * * *

## CLIPPED

The veteran United States Senator of Virginia, Carter Glass, has after due time decided that the country needs economic appropriation for its navy. This sage finally feels that best defence is preparation so as to meet emergencies. But this country, however, is more than satisfied that there will be no need for aramament since the differences between the European countries have been adjusted amicably. Doubtless there has been many prayers of thanksgiving registered in this country as well as the foreign nations since there is an assurance war is unnecessary to settle the dispute.

Rosh Hasban, the Jewish New Year marks the start of the year 5699 for this ancient race. This date calls for a review of the past year, and continuing in the faith with renewed resolutions to make the New Year better than the past. These people with all of their rich heritage on their New Year registered many thoughts of thankful-

ness for the privilege of living in America undisturbed. In cases too numerous to attempt to enumerate this ancient race has proven to be most valuable citizens, and contributed most generously to the advancement and progress of their respective communities in which they live.

From Pastor W. R. Siegart of Reading, Pa., we learn of the careful physician's wariness about making promises. A skillful surgeon about to perform a major operation was asked by his patient as the anesthetic was about to be administered, "Doctor, how soon will I know anything?" The physician replied, "You must not expect everything from an anesthetic."

* * * * * * *

During the Dogdays Roger Babson said something that calls for reflection and action during the brisker months before us: "The Church of God is fundamental. All the good things which we have today we owe to the Church. Protestantism also is fundamental. It will never die. Man-made creeds and organizations may pass out; but not the Church. I also forecast that there will be a return to evangelism. After colleges have found that education cannot be sold; after Congress learns that prosperity cannot be legislated; after the voters learn that relief comes not through the distribution of funds; there will be a return to religion. It again will be recognized that real progress comes only as men are born again. America is faced with either a spiritual revival or a revolution." If Christians will orient their lives by these principles, the Church will not only prosper; it will also be rendering its rightful duty and service to the world.

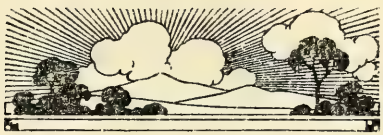
* * * * * * *

Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, state health officer, states that there are approximately 80,000 children born in North Carolina annually, and if they were immunized against diptheria the first year of their lives it would mean several hundred children saved from death and about 2,000 case of diptheria prevented each year. The physician can only advise, the health of the child is safeguarded by the foresight of the parents in each case. Diptheria immunization is about

88 per cent effective. Every young child should be removed from the danger of contracting the disease. Preventive measures in the spread of children's diseases is much easier since having the aid of state medicine under the care of efficient health officers in nearly all of the counties of the state.

* * * * * * *

Dr. P. P. McCain, superintendent of the State Sanatorium, makes the statement that children born of tuberculosis mothers do not inherit the germ of tuberculosis. That they have to be infected after born to develop the germ. We have always felt the child did not inherit the germ but there was a tendency to more easily develop the disease if born of parents having tuberculosis. The more information we have along preventive measures of any disease creates a greater interest in a health crusade to prevent the spread of any disease that can be prevented. To broadcast items relative to having the body strong is of vital importance.



# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

"Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay
Look not between the shelt'ring bars upon tomorrow,
But take whatever comes to thee of joy or sorrow."

---

This life is like an intricate puzzle you cannot answer—you have to give it up.

---

A man who gives in when he is wrong is wise. A man who gives in when he is right is married.

---

When people begin to worry about the "reds" gaining the ascendency in this country they become blue.

---

Help and share with others. The real test of business greatness lies in giving opportunity to others.

---

It is generally conceded that the man who talks about himself is conceited. But that is better than talking about other people.

---

There are a great many people in this world very much like a postage stamp. They stick to one thing. And they succeed.

---

It is said that in Ohio recently the voters elected to office a man dead all over. Well, he will be just as useful as some that are elected alive all over.

---

The Rev. Leslie Atkins says: "The trouble with Chritsians today is that they can't make up their mind." And some seem not to have any mind to make up.

---

It is to be hoped that capital and labor will soon pull down their dirty rags of discord and march forth under the white banner of co-operation and fairness, and justice to all alike.

---

A number of high schools throughout the country have inaugurated classes on the subject of correct driving. It would be a splendid idea if all schools would teach this important subject along with regular subjects.

---

Trials and disappointments, even failures, are helps instead of hindrances if one uses them rightly. They not only test but strengthen the fiber of character. The man big enough to conquer adversity has in his make-up that which cannot be denied.

---

An intelligent plan is the first step to success. The man who knows where he is going, and keeps check on the progress he is making, usually has a pretty good idea when he will arrive. If you don't know where you are going, how can you expect to get there?

---

A newspaper item says, "There is a magazine in this country which is published by and for lunatics." It ought to have quite a large circulation. And from the looks of the crazy-fashioned magazines on the news stands, it appears that there is more than one of these lunacy publications.

Money is of no earthly good—except for use. Earn, spend, save, is a formula under which individual and national progress is assured. The man who spends less than his means would normally dictate, is as much of a burden on the country as the man who continually spends more than he can afford. We need more homes, more cars, more roads, more farm and factory machinery, more clothing, more labor-saving devices in home and industry. It is purchases of things such as these that make new jobs, new purchasing power, higher national income, and greater opportunity for both capital and labor. Spend wisely and frugally. Keep your budget balanced. Don't get yourself in the hole. But always remember that sound spending is vital to the maintenance of our standard of living, to the advancement of recovery, and attainment of prosperity.

---

We can help the church by our example. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 1-16. You may think you do not count. You imagine that what you do is nobody's business but your own. You would be very much surprised if you could know how many people are watching you. How sometimes even a single sentence may serve as an anchor of hope to some one, or a few words bring bitterness and worry to another. People do not read the Holy Bible very much these days, but they do read very critically the lives of those who call themselves Christians. What you do or say each day is either setting forward or hindering the Church. "Let your light shine" . . . has been used so much as an offertory sentence that we sometimes forget that it was first spoken as a challenge to the disciples, to live day by day in such a way that they would shed light and love about them.

---

## WHAT AM I?

I bring new hope to the troubled and new ambition to the downtrodden. Not often enough am I spoken, yet my cost is nothing.

I am prompted by a little thoughtfulness and sympathetic understanding.

I am one of the most cheering influences in the world today.

My opposites are bitterness and unkindness.

I help in the formation of firm, lasting friendship. I draw people to those who believed in me as a magnet attracts steel.

I enrich the lives of those who use me quite as fully as I enrich the lives of those into whose ears I am spoken. I am a Kind Word.—Home Journal.

# AMERICA'S FIRST FREE SCHOOL

**By Helen G. Campbell**

"I may not forget to tell you that we have a free school, the benefactor deserveth perpetual memory . . . Mr. Benjamin Syms . . . worth to be chronicled."—Letter of 1647.

The suggestion that Syms-Eaton Academy be abandoned has revived in the half forgotten history of America's first free school.

Every Virginian, native born or adopted son, must feel strongly about this. No only because its fund established in 1634 and still in existence has been the object of much conscientious guardianship during each succeeding generation so that it might be handed down intact, but because the school itself was made possible by the kindly generousity of two childless Virginia gentlemen in an age when the plight of orphaned or unfortunate children was pitiable.

With its abandonment would be effaced the pious desires of its founders and relegated to the limbo of half forgotten things the three hundred year old bequests of Benjamin Syms and Thomas Eaton which were to maintain forever a free school for the children born in Elizabeth City County.

Reticence in calling attention to her part in Colonial history has not often been attributed to Virginia, but so seldom has this story been told and so casually has it been accepted that more often than not visitors to the Peninsula of Virginia leave without knowing that here stands Eyms-Eaton, whose existence has been continuous from the very beginning of our country.

Three hostile invasions, two deliberate burnings, once by Britsh and once by loyal Confederates, an accidental disastrous fire of 1884, and a major hurricane or two have been the lot of Hampton with its three centuries of exciting experience behind it. But through it all Syms-Eaton has been able to survive and fulfill the godly intent of its testators.

By a curious anomoly it was called a "Free School," yet it was founded upon a bequest of slaves and was itself a slave owner in its early days. Today, a part of the public school system of the state, the fund created in 1635 still contributes to its support.

Recorded history first mentions Benjamin Syms in 1624, just seventeen years after Captain John Smith had sailed in through the Virginia Capes and set foot upon what he later described as a "Faire Land and Sweete." The Virginia Colony was prospering. New shiploads of settlers had come in. The friendly Kecoughtan Indians, who had offered such generous hospitality and help to the starving Jamestown colonists, had been driven from their homes by the treacherous stupidity of General Gates. A thriving town of cabins stood where their wigwams and fertile fields had been. The dense underbrush and timber of the virgin forests were giving way under the swing of the axe. Maize and tobacco stretched in every direction.

Those who made this history for the most part took small pains to keep a record, but one report, the muster of each household, was faithfully kept. And this, together with an occasional roster of troops, a list of church war-

dens or court actions and officials provide all we know of the individual colonists of that time.

Benjamin Syms, who may properly be called the forefather of American education, resided in Isle of Wight County, (at the time called Basse's Choice) and in 1624 was recorded as thirty-one years old. The name of Margaret Syms appears among the deaths during the year, but the punctuation being one of the lesser interests of that time, it is difficult to determine whether her demise should be credited to the deaths by illness or to the more natural order of events, the Indians. Also since her age and other details are missing, we do not know whether she may have been the childless wife of Benjamin who lacking other heir later bequeathed his lands for the public good if his child perhaps our first free school might be the memorial of a grieving parent.

Two years later Benjamin's name appears in the minutes of the Council and General Court. It is ordered that he should "pay all the debt and be given by will by ye deceased Nathaniel Hawesworth and to pay to Francis Bolton, one of ye legasses (legacies) two hundred pownd waight tobaco."

An appearance at the Court of James City two years later was equally profitable, "Whereas there was a Controversy pursued in Court between Benjamin Syms and Joan Meatheart, his servant brought over into this country with an interest to make her his wife, and for that upon some mislike between them about the beginning of May last past it was agreed that the said Joan Meatheart should serve the said Benjamin Syms as his servant for a term of two years then next ensuing as by the testimonies of Richard Brewster and Stephen Barker doth appear. The Court had ordered that the said Joan Meatheart perform the time of service for two years she being put to serve the same unto Mr. John Gill and he to pay unto Benjamin Syms in consideration thereof one hundred weight tobacco and to deliver to him one man servant as soon as any shall arrive here by any shipping for a term of three years."

Two years later, in 1629, Thomas Warnett, merchant of Jamestown, left by will "one weeding hoe" to Benjamin Syms, and that together with his will dated February 12, 1634-35, completed the known record of the man. What caused his death in the forty-third year of his life is unrecorded, but his will bequeathed two hundred acres of land along the Poquoson River with the milch and issue of eight milch cows for the maintenance of a learned honest man to keep a free school for the children of Kecoughtan by this time called by the more Christian name of Elizabeth City.

He appointed the worshipful commanders of the colony together with the minister and church wardens as trustees and instructed that they should see his will from time to time justly and truly performed. He also stipulated that when there should be a sufficient increase of cattle half of them should be sold and the money used to build a schoolhouse. The balance after the support of the teacher was assured should be kept for repairs and to maintain poor children or maimed persons acording to the desires of the justices, minister and church wardens. This bequest was confirmed by the Virginia Assembly "for the encouragement of all others in like pious

performances . . . acording to the godly intent of the Testator. . ."

Apparently the worshipful wardens and trustees took their duties to heart and the school and its kine reached the place where it was maintained well above the cost of the learned man, its master, for in 1647 an early writer reports in a letter:

"I may not forget to tell you that we have a Free School, with two hundred acres and a fine house upon it, forty milch kine and other accommodations. The Benefactor deserveth Perpetual Memory. Mr. Benjamin Syms, Worthy to be Chronicled."

One other colonist so encouraged by the pious performance and the school's success left an even larger bequest. Dr. Thomas Eaton, late of London, had patented lands along Back River, and no doubt the school and its learned master had been under his observation as he nurtured his own adjoining lands. His brother, the Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, had found himself unable to see eye-to-eye with the stern elders of Massachusetts colony and had come down into Virginia where he had served as pastor of a church across the James for a time and had then returned to England. But Dr. Eaton remained and at his death in 1659 devised five hundred acres of land, two Negroes, twelve cows, two bulls, twenty hogs and a miscellaneous collection of milch trays, pot hook and racks, powdering tubs, household equipment and furniture for the maintenance of an able man to teach the children born in the county.

Dr. Eaton specified that his school was to be for the exclusive use of the poor and was known as the Eaton Charity School, while the first was simply the Syms Free School. But they were similar in character, were supported by endowments and were under the care of the same minister and church wardens. Frequent references in the records of this period show the keen interest in school affairs and that education was made compulsory in some degree two hundred years before it became a national issue.

In their dual capacity of church wardens of the poor and also trustees of the schools these gentlemen included it as a part of the master's obligation that an apprenticed child must be "learned to read and write." So by 1692 when the authorities of Salem were concerning themselves about the afflicted children and were sending to the gallows old women with an "evil eye," the worshipful commanders of Elizabeth City were enquiring why the children bound out were not being educated acocrding to the pious desires of Messers Syms and Eaton.

The four incorrigbile Rivers children invited the attention of the trustees. These youngsters had a habit of running away from their mother and stepfather, preferring to live in the woods for weeks at a time and subsisting upon what fowles and hogges they might steal from their neighbors and mightily shocking their contemporaries with their hardihood. The justices bound them out to industrious people in the community but a month later the oldest one, John, was back in court of his own volition to say that he would not serve his master at sea. The gentlemen reconsidered and bound him out to a shoemaker. There is a temptation here to wonder if the older brother felt that away at sea he would not be able to look after the interests of his younger brothers and sisters in

case their masters should prove as stern as their parents had been.

A year later the Syms schoolmaster, Robert Crooks, was paid for his repairs to the schoolhouse by turning over to him two old cows, and in 1695 the justices ordered that "the Negroe Joan belonging to the Eaton Charity School should by reason of age be free from paying leeves and the Crops she makes of Corne, Tobacco and Pulse she should keep for her own maintenance."

With such an ample supply of records of the school's administration in this period it is difficult to decide just why Governor Sir William Berkley should have made his famous reply to an inquiry of the English government concerning the educational facilities of the colony.

"I thank God there are no free schools . . . and hope there may be none this hundred years, etc.," he wrote, and expounded his opinion that learning increased lawlessness, sedition and treason.

In the years that followed Governor Berkley's time complaints were numerous that the land and timbers belonging to the school were being wasted and that the godly intent of the testators was not being justly and truly preformed. In 1759 these complaints reached the stage where action was taken and the schools were incorporated with trustees for each one "who may act as any corporation may do."

George Wythe, residing in the vicinity of Back River in 1760 leased the lands of the Syms school with an agreement to pay thirty pounds rent yearly, to provide four good milch cows for the use of the school during the winter months, to plant a hundred apple trees and to leave the buildings in good repair (except damages by tempests and accidents of fire) along with three thousand fence "rales" and eleven head of black cattle.

But all these things were forgotten in the exciting days of the Revolution just beginning, in which the schools were to share. The Britsh sloop-of-war, the Otter, sought refuge from storms in Hampton River and certain depredations having taken place, accusations flew thick and fast. Colonists complained of missing slaves and rations. Captain Squeirs of the Otter was minus some guns and a tender had been burned.

Captain Squeirs having served notice that he would demand redress the newly organized Committee of safety became active and ordered the sinking of five boats in Hampton River to prevent his approaching the town. No doubt the Free School children hid behind the willows on the bank just as children do today to watch any unusual activity among the fishing boats off shore.

Captain Squeirs' threat to burn the city, his cannonading all night long and the arrival of troops from Williamsburg next day must have severely tried the morale of the learned, honest masters and their charges that day. But no serious damage was done the city and the devastating effects of war were not really felt until after its close andthe colony attempted to adjust itself to its new dignity of statehood.

In the transition to a new form of government the schools suffered in the same degree as other institutions. Their physical condition was neglected, buildings tumbled to ruins, lands dismembered of their timbers and

used for purposes not designated by their donors. One writer of the day expains that: "The Magistrates who have heretofore considered themselves as answering the description of 'Commissioners of Liberty,' Trustees to carry into effect the benevolent intentions of the donors were unwilling to exercise any authority over the schools because there are no such persons as Church Wardens with whom they can associate themselves and who are required under the Charters of Conveyance to be Trustees with the Commissioner." The separation of church and state having destroyed the legal status of the church wardens they had no authority to perform any public act.

The contemporary records give interesting instances. The Journal of the House of Delegates for May, 1776, is spirited reading, and gives at least one instance of the pardon of an alleged murderer because "no method is yet adapted for the trial of criminals" and "want of commission by the late executive powers." So when even courts could not function it is not surprising that ministers and church wardens doubted their legal status and right to transact public business.

In 1805 the two free schools were merged and their administration given into the hands of one board. It was then officially called "Hampton Academy." Shortly after this one of the most unpleasant episodes in the history of the Peninsula took place. In the War of 1812 Hampton was invaded by the Britsh, citizens were driven from their homes, their houses sacked of everything that could be carried away. Women were ravished, the sick and aged mistreated and at least one old gentleman killed in his bed.

Records of the firing of the town are conflicting but tales handed down by the grandparents of present day residents agree that the greater part of the town was shelled, the academy, among other public buildings, destroyed, St. John's Church burned, desecrated and left in ruins.

Succeeding this period of depression was the prosperous era of about thirty years preceeding the Civil War. In 1852 Hampton Academy was designated the district school, the lands and property sold and the money converted into mortgage bonds amounting to $10,706.55. This fund was to be the basis upon which the entire educational system of the lower Peninsula was rebuilt after its complete destruction in 1861. In May, 1861, the school building was again destroyed by fire, when loyal Hamptonians decided to sacrifice their homes rather than turn them over to the Federal troops who occupied Fort Monroe. Citizens having been notified of the decision, the town was speedily evacuated and its deserted buildings left in the hands of a company of Virginia Dragoons, who applied the torch to their own homes. Today only one building stands that survived that calefaction.

Taking refuge in Richmond was the family of Col. Jefferson C. Phillips, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, who had served as school trustee and to whose care the mortgage bonds of the school had been entrusted. All through those days of abandoning his home and plantation, of seeking and finding safety for his family, Colonel Phillips carried the bonds in the inner pocket of his grey uniform. Various legends have grown up about the care of the bonds. Some say he left them in a bank vault in Richmond to remain un-

til called upon once more to provide and maintain a free school for the children of Elizabeth City County. Others say they were buried under the orchard with the family plate and remained until the family returned some four years later.

But wherever he left them they were returned intact and their preservation during those turbent times makes him as well as their donors worthy to be chronicled.

---

## A FRIENDLY WORLD

The world picture is dark. Millions of men today face each other in hatred. Whole nations of people are filled with envy, bitterness, and despair. Some countries even now resound with the clash of arms, and others send word of grim preparations to carry on the conflict when it reaches their borders. Hope —hope for happiness and freedom—is almost gone. The time is not favorable for peace.

But peace we must have. We have tried the way of war, and it has failed. For centuries men have fought. For centuries they have killed and crippled their brother men. And each armed controversy has only aggravated their differences. For each step forward the world takes when at peace, it falls back two when it goes to war. Jesus said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A world that resorts to war will be destroyed by war.

It is upon the shoulders of the young that the burden of war falls. Young men are killed. Youth is robbed of its chance to live, its chance to love, its chance to create. As young people, our inclination is to build, to advance, to accomplish. But war calls us to go back and tear down all that has been done toward making this world better.

Yes, upon youth falls the burden of war, and on youth, too, falls the responsibility for maintaining peace. No, the time is not favorable for peace. But peace we must have. And peace we will have.

It is not enough merely to oppose war. We must go further. We must create peace. We can sign pledges not to bear arms, but that will not be enough. We must go further and try to build a world where it will never be neccessary for anyone ever to bear arms.—Burr Hupp.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER III

Sunday, the first day in the history of New Sweden, dawned bright and clear, but there was no corresponding brightness in the faces of the men who gathered in the clearing. For the first duty to be performed in the new home was a sad one. They were to mark out a cemetery and prepare a grave for the first one to be laid away there.

The children searched the edge of the forest for flowers for the baby who had been their pet and plaything during the greater part of the long voyage; the women lined the little grave with soft branches of pine.

The pastor of the Caribou church had promised to come and consecrate the burial ground and perform the funeral service. He was accompanied by several families who wished to show their sympathy for the bereaved parents and the settlers whose life in the new world began so sadly.

As the minister stood talking with Thomas after the service his eyes roved over the group of immigrants. They had unpacked their best clothes to be suitably dressed for the funeral. Their garments, though foreign in style, were of good quality and well made. Many of the men wore tall hats. The women wore black silk shalettes edged with deep fringe.

"I believe every grown person is wearing black, and some of the children as well," remarked the minister.

"A black costume is indispensable to the wardrobe of every Swede who can afford it," replied Thomas.

"Apparently none too poor among these. They look quite prosperous."

"Oh, yes. They are not poverty-stricken. All paid their own passage, and they have brought with them a considerable sum of money, a good supply of clothing and of such household goods as could be transported."

Sunday afternoon the colonists gathered in groups and began to discuss plans. Thomas went from one group to the other, giving advice and information. Before the day was over the gloom lifted and all were looking hopefully toward the future.

Rolf Delander was seated beneath a pine at the edge of the forest, the sloping branches concealing him from view, should anyone chance to pass that way.

He had taken no part in the talk and plans of the afternoon, nor had anyone tried to include him. He had listened as one entirely outside of it all. Why had he come here? It was another link in the chain of misfortunes which had enwrapped him.

After one year at the university his father had wished him to spend the next at home to assist him in the management of the estate. Rolf had complied, though not very willingly. Then the father, who had seemed in perfect health, died suddenly, and to this shock was added another—the discovery that he was insolvent. It now became clear why he had wished Rolf to postpone his studies. He had not the means for his expenses.

Opportunities for anyone in his po-

sition were scarce at the time. His mother had passed away some years before, and his only relatives were living in California. Rolf had a dim memory of being carried in his mother's arms to bid them farewell. They wrote kind letters, full of sympathy, but, of course, they did not know but that he was well provided for. If he should go to them, he would have barely enough money for the long journey, and would have to depend on their assistance after getting there. That would be humiliating, and who could tell if they would care to be troubled with him? After all, they were strangers.

Then talk of the colony of New Sweden rose all about him. Out there, in that new country and among those uneducated settlers, there would be need of someone for executive and clerical work. He had sufficient means to pay his way and would have a little left over. If he stayed at home until this was consumed and still had found no way of earning his living, then . . . .

He entered on the journey full of confidence, but soon began to have misgivings. While on shipboard he presented his case to Thomas. He was kind and sympathetic, but not encouraging. The only work of the kind Rolf had been hoping for was care of the stores, and that would have to be given to the only one of the party who spoke English. He also said it would be almost an impossibility for Rolf to get any kind of clerical work until he had learned the language. Why had he not studied English, instead of French and German?

"But you are young and strong, and you have told me you are an athlete," Thomas continued. "You will be as well able to work as the others, though you may need a little instruction at first."

Rolf flushed angrily.

"I never expected to have to come down to manual labor, Consul Thomas. I did not study for the sake of becoming a woodcutter or farmer."

"You'll find that you will have to knuckle down."

Rolf sought out the meaning of this phrase in his dictionaries. No, not among these people! He was well and strong, as Thomas had said, and would not be afraid to take hold of any kind of work if he must, but he would go some place where no one knew him. He would keep this in mind on the journey.

But going up the river he saw no place or person that suggested the most remote possibility. There seemed nothing to do but to remain with the party until they arrived at their destination. And here, surrounded by primeval forests, they were practically islated. To leave this place would be to plunge deeper into misery.

It was true, as he heard, that an immigrant without education had a better chance to succeed in America than another. How much more fortunate these people about him were than he was. Had they not been honored and welcomed all along the way. And all because they intended to fell some trees and plow up a stretch of wild ground. They were promised land and necessary implements, houses and means of living for as long as they would need it to get a start. And this need not hurt their pride—if such people have pride—for they expected to pay for it all and were made to feel that they were doing the country a service besides.

What if he should forget about his superiority and join their ranks? Then he need not worry about something to live on. His face burned when he remembered how he had borne himself toward his fellow travelers and imagined the looks and sneers that he might expect to have to endure if he became their comrade. But that could be lived down. People have lived down worse misdeeds and become respected. He rose, squared his shoulders, and went to seek Thomas.

The colony became a scene of intense activity. Each settler was given one hundred acres of land, apportioned by drawing lots, with a few cases of adjustment when this was not satisfactory. The forest rang with the sound of axe and saw, accompanied by song. The men learned to logroll their cabins, American pioneer fashion. They admitted it was pratical, but could not quite approve of such shiftless building.

As each family was settled, the individual cabins began to take on character and a home-like appearance. Treasures were taken out of the trunks, curtains and bits of fancy work, candle-sticks of brass or pewter, little pictures in homemade frames, crocheted table covers.

The women spent much time helping the men with outdoor work. They peeled bark, broke stumps, held one end of the saw.

"We have no spinning or weaving to do," they said, "no gardens and no animals to take care of."

A building was begun on the public lot set aside where the roads crossed. It was to be used for church services and Sunday school, and for any other meetings to be held. The men named it "The Capitol."

Part of the public lot was cultivated and sown to turnips, as they wished to raise something this first season, and it was too late for anything else.

The only other attempt at planting was a small flower bed spaded up by Hedda for the nasturtium seed presented to her by the poor woman who used to help with her work.

"I want Fru Olofsson to have something to remember me by," she said, "and I have nothing else to give."

Two men met in a newly worn path, drove their axes into a stump and sat down on two others to gossip.

"The wedding will take place next week," said Gustaf Berg.

"It is none to soon,' replied Oliver Gunnarsson. "The young couple exchanged rings and had their wedding clothes made in Sweden, intending to be married as soon as Eberhard had a home ready for them, and his cabin was one of the first rolled up. What have they been waiting for?"

"Haven't you heard? Dora's mother wouldn't have Consul Thomas perform the ceremony. She said if they were not married by a regular minister she would never feel that they had been married at all."

"Then why didn't they get the pastor in Caribou? They could learn enough English to understand what the minister asks them, and we learned to say yes and no on the way over."

"But the Caribou minister is a Methodist, and Betty doesn't think anyone but a Lutheran can be a regular minister."

"Such foolishness! How have they managed? Are they going to marry without her consent?"

"No, she has been persuaded, and you will be surprised to hear by whom."

'Who is it then?"

"Rolf Delander."

"What? The professor? How did that happen?"

"All anyone knows is that he went to Ingvald's Sunday evening, when he knew Elberhard would be there, and stayed a long while, and Monday morning Ingvald and Eberhard went to Consul Thomas and asked to overlook their foolishness and be so kind as to perform the wedding ceremony."

"And he consented, of course. All's well that ends well. Who would have thought the professor would have condescended to anything like that. How does he get along as a workman?"

"About as well as anyone else, now that he is used to it. He is one of the strongest in the gang, and he has plenty of courage. The first day his hands were full of blisters, and some said he wouldn't be back next morning, but he was there as early as anyone, and no one has ever heard a word of complaint from him. That's more than can be said of some of the farm boys."

"I suppose he thinks when the commissioners don't hold themselves above working it will do for him, too."

"I don't believe he knew they were going to do that."

"Don't the others ridicule him?"

"Not now any more."

After enjoying Oliver's questioning look for a few moments Gustaf explained: "You know when the branches have been lopped off a felled tree they are cut up for firewood. The other day the foreman told Rolf to wheel the loaded wood cart to one of the cabins. He probably wanted to give him a chance to get away and straighten his back a bit. Just as he passed Martin he said, in a low voice, but loud enough for Rolf to hear, 'The professor has been promoted, I see. Now he has advanced so far that he is permitted to do the work of an ass.' Then Rolf turned around and said very pleasantly, 'It does not hurt any man to do the work of an ass, but when he gets so far as to be an ass himself, that is disgrace.' Since then they have let him alone." And Gustaf laughed heartily.

The Erlandsson cabin presented a festive appearance on the daughter's wedding day. The log walls had been whitewashed, the floor strewn with finely chopped juniper, and the windows draped with the red and white curtains brought from the home country and kept in the trunk for this occasion.

After the ceremony had been performed and the guests had offered their good wishes, dinner was served out-of-doors, on the shady side of the cabin, the dishes passed in and out through the window. Benches had been brought from the camp. The table consisted of rude boards laid on horses, but it was covered with an artistically woven linen cloth, on which Hedda's silver spoons gleamed.

"I saw that cloth made," said the bridegroom, "from the time mother sowed the seed and pulled the flax until she had spun and woven it, marked it with my initials and mangled it. Then it was put away, and mother said it was to be mine when I got big and had a home of my own."

After dinner coffee was served in china cups, a gift from the bride's relatives, carried across the water carefully packed in a copper kettle. Speeches were made by Thomas and Brenell, and Rolf read some verses composed for the occasion.

"I don't believe he wrote that himself," whispered one woman to another. "Most likely he copied it out of his books."

"Then the one who wrote it must have known pretty well how we were going to have it here," was the answer, which put a stop to further insinuations.

After rising from the table the party returned to the cabin and the time-honored custom of "every man danced with the bride" began. But several guests, who disapproved of dancing, took their leave.

Later, when the rooms became unpleasantly warm and the air outside cooler, the company went to play games in the camp.

"We ought to keep this up," suggested the bridegroom. "Why not come here for some fun every Sunday evening?"

This suggestion met with general approval, and it became the regular custom to spend Sunday evenings at the camp. Those who thought themselves too old to dance or play sat on the benches and talked. Once in a while all games were suspended and there was singing.

Rolf's violin was now acepted in turn with the accordeons, and one evening, to the astonishment of all, a fourth musician appeared with a violin under his arm.

"Isn't that Henning's Ephraim?" asked Ivar. "How did he learn to play, and where did he get the violin?"

"He says one of the neighbors taught him to play in Sweden," said Ingvald. "He bought the fiddle in Gothenburg and has been practicing out in the woods. His father doesn't know anything about it."

"He will soon hear of it now. I don't think the boy will come here again."

True to this prognostication, next Sunday evening "Henning's Ephraim" was missing.

"His parents haven't forbidden him to come," said their nearest neighbor. "Henning told me they want him to see for himself what a wicked path he was straying into, so they have prayed and labored with him every evening. They told him the fiddle was possessed of the devil, and Thursday night, when they rose from their knees, the boy took it and put it in the fire."

The frolics were kept up until the weather became too cold, and after that were occasionally continued in some cabin.

More immigrants had arrived, bringing news and greetings from home. They were quartered in The Capitol until homes could be prepared for them, and every evening the older settlers went there as regularly as Sunday morning, when service was held. "The voyage" was the standing subject of conversation. The two groups never wearied of relating experiences and making comparisons. Nearly all reminiscenes were from the river. There was not much to say about the ocean. The long days, the endless waves, the glorious sunsets and sunrises were, after all, very much alike.

To be sure the second party had a rough passage, with one never-to-be forgotten day when ropes were strung across the deck for the sailors to walk by, the passengers were sent below and the hatches closed. But when the storm was over the sea looked just as before, the only trace left being the incrustation of salt that had dried on the smokestacks.

But from the river there were memories of changing scenery, of the frequent landings, the people, the trading.

"That was the place where we saw the first log house."

"Yes, and it was not nearly as big as ours."

"That was the first time the boat ran aground, and we found those pretty flowers."

"And the berries, Mamma. Mummm."

"That was the place where the boy tried to jump from the boat and fell in. He was going to show us how easy it was."

"How much did your biggest fish weigh?"

"Do you remember the man that came to sell fish to us?"

"Yes, and how surprised he looked when he saw our catch."

And so their questions continued.

---

## THE RETURNING

From country and from mountain,
From seaside and from camping,
  From farm and from hotel,
  And city tour as well,
The army's coming homeward
  That went not long ago
To seek vacations joyous,
  Or times that promised so.

Now weary and slow-footed,
  With pocketbooks that lack,
The pleasure time behind them,
  The folks are coming back
To take up soon the burdens
  Of work for all the year,
For playtime now is over
  And working time is near.

Like funerals of dead pleasures,
  The trunk-piled wagons pass
Through streets which hum with labor,
  Far from the sky and grass;
For 'tis the end of summer,
  And joy time cannot last;
Vacation's this year joining
  The history of the past.

—Unknown.

# THE OYSTER

**By C. A. David**

Nearly everyone is more or less familiar with the personal appearance of this quiet little creature, as we catch fleeting glimpses of him floating around among the crackers in a steaming "stew," but his home life in the shell is not so well known. In a soup or stew, where we generally meet him he shows up as rather a shapeless lump of putty-colored substance with the one talent of slipping out of the spoon when we think we have him securely caught and sinking out of sight again.

But this is not the oyster at his best. To appreciate him fully we must call at his pearl-lined bungalow before he has been "shucked" and observe him when he does not know he is being observed, for if he thought he was being looked at he would shut the door right in our face and lock it on the inside.

No one knows when or where the first oyster was eaten, but it was certainly several thousand years ago, for we are told that the old Romans served them up as a great delicacy at their feasts. The immense heaps of shells found about the Indian mounds indicate that the redman knew and appreciated their value as food. They are probably the easiest thing swallowed in all the world; just place an oyster in your mouth, and before you know it it has slipped down the throat without even tickling the palate as it passed. The human throat and the oyster seem made one for another, and the one can slide down the other as frictionless as a piston rod in an air pump.

Though being eaten is the end of the oyster, it would seem that the episode would form a rather pleasant break in the monotony of its existence—an event to be looked forward to as an exciting ending of a life that has had but few thrills. The books say that a fair-sized, healthy oyster lays from sixteen to sixty eggs in a season; but as they go on to say that the eggs are so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, we are wondering how they ever were counted. The tiny little eggs —that is, several millions together— look like a small milky cloud floating in the water, and as the baby oysters hatch they drop down to the bottom and in a short time fasten themselves to some stationary object, such as a stone, an old bottle, or even another oyster shell. Once having settled down, the young oyster is anchored for life and can no more change its position than a pine tree could pick up its roots and walk.

In the coming years, if there is to be any change of scenery, the scenery must come to the oyster, as the oyster can never go in search of it. When the youngster has attached itself to some object, at first it looks like a little dot, and then it grows to the size of a pinhead, and when a year has passed the pinhead has swelled into the proportions of a silver quarter, and the oyster is well started on the road to full-grown oysterhood. After that, if everything goes well, it should grow about an inch each year for the next three or four years. After that it stops growing and has

nothing to do but get old and wrinkled. As the oyster grows, the shell grows too by putting on layers on the outside; and as usually one layer is added every year, by counting the layers you can come pretty near telling the age of the oyster. It is not known just how long an oyster will live if let alone; but as shells have been found nine layers thick, it would seem that, under favorable conditions, they must live to a green old age.

The oyster is one of the most curious as well as one of the most interesting of all the ocean folks, and he is deserving of more careful study than we can possibly hope to give him on the short trip from plate to mouth. One very strange thing is that he has no head, but has a mouth. The mouth is just a little slit in the narrowest part of the body; it has neither teeth nor tongue. But to make up for this deficiency it has four lips, twice as many as any person has. In filtering through the lips the sea water gives up minute particles of vegetable and animal matter, and these form the food of the oyster. The stomach is a kind of a bag arrangement placd just back of the mouth. The oyster has a liver to get out of fix as well as a pair of lungs that work like the gills of a fish. But it has neither eyes, nose nor brain, and seems to get along very well without them. He lives in a low, flat house consisting of a curved roof and a sloping floor, fastened together on one side by a pair of self-acting hinges. The entire house can be thrown open or closed at will. When everything is quiet down at the bottom, he opens up his house and the salt water flows in and out, bringing in its freight of air and food.

The people who work with oysters have a way of speaking of them as if they were plants instead of living creatures. The places where they are found are called "beds"or "farms," the act of gathering them into boats is known as "harvesting," getting them out of the shells is "shucking," the annual yield is called a "crop," and so it goes.

---

One of the most important things in the physical rehabilitation of a patient is the control of any excess in emotion. Petulance, temper, grouchiness, sulks, or outright anger,—all these have a bad effect on the system. For this lack of self-control has a toxic action on the blood, and retards the good effects of the treatment given. Flighty patients, and we have them, should always bear in mind that every exhibition of pettiness or pouting over this thing or that, are starting points for the creation of bad effects in the system. Tranquility aids the treatment of tuberculosis more than everything else.—Exchange.

# LIKE THE NECK OF A CRANE

**By Charles Doubleyou**

Cranberry—that berry converted into a sauce as one of the main fixin's of the Thanksgiving dinner—is an American product. A smaller berry ressembling it grows in the low lands bordering the Baltic, and is known as Prisselberre, or Prussian berry. It is not a true cranberry, however. Our cranberry is as native to America as that other product of Cape Cod which formed the piece de resistance of Thanksgiving and other dinners—the turkey itself.

The cranberry is a member of the health family of trailing vines, and thrives in marshy, swampy lands in cool, temperate climates. There are two species: one bearing a small fruit, the other a larger one. The small berry grows wild, while the larger one is that most exclusively cultivated for market.

The leaves of the cranberry plant are small and oblong; the flowers are insignificant. In the autumn, the cherry like fruits appear on small slender stems curved like the neck of a crane. For this reason, the early settlers called it crane berry, later corrupted to the present cranberry.

Success in raising carnberries depends upon certain conditions peculiar to the fruit. An acid fruit, it requires an acid, not an alkaline soil. Furthermore, the ground must be so situated that the water can be drained to stand at least one foot below the surface during the growing season. The land must likewise be of such nature that it will permit flooding during dry weather, in winter, or when insect pests become troublesome.

Cultivation of the cranberry for market began on Cape Cod Penninsula about the year 1800, and ever since, Massachusetts has maintained the lead in production. Of the more than one million bushels comprising the annual United States cranberry crop, Massachusetts produces about two-thirds. New Jersey and Wisconsin are the next in importance in cranberry production, while cranberries are also grown in a few other states.

---

## OFF TO SCHOOL

Off to school with a book and a smile,
And a step that's quick and strong!
A boy like this is a boy worth while,
A real boy all day long.

A boy who works, a boy who plays,
And who does the best he can.
To him, all days are happy days
As he grows to be a man.

—Mary Louise Stetson.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Bulla and son, Thomas, of Asheboro, were visitors at the School last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Bulla is superintendent of public schools in Randolph County.

---

Messars. R. E. Connell and T. N. Grice, members of the staff of accountants in the State Auditor's office, Raleigh, were visitors at the School last Thursday afternoon. They were on their way to Gastonia, where they will spend some time checking the accounts at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital.

---

Our school principal reports the winner of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30th, as follows: First Grade—Peter Jones, most improvement; Second Grade—Cleasper Beasley and James Bartlett, best in writing; Third Grade—Brown Stanley and Jack Mathis, best spellers; Fourth Grade—Charles Smith, highest general average; Fifth Grade—Paul Ruff, best in geography; Sixth Grade—Clyde Hillard, highest general average; Seventh Grade—R. L. Young and Harvey Walters.

---

The Training School football team, playing its second game of the season, marked up another victory by defeating Coach Hollingsworth's Concord High School reserves last Thursday afternoon by the score of 21 to 0. The local lads gained most by passing, completing seven passes out of as many attempts. Most of these were good for twenty yards or more.

"Dub" Johnson, Ned Waldrop and Postel Clark, the School's regular backfield men, accounted for the scores, galloping over the final stripe for one touchdown each. Two points after touchdowns were drop-kicks by Johnson and the other one was marked up by Waldrop on a line plunge.

---

James Greer, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who left the School March 15, 1935 called on friends here the other day. Upon returning to his home in Hendersonville, this lad secured employment with a wholesale grocery establishment. He is still working for the same firm and is getting alone well. For several years past Jack has been engaged in driving one of the company's trucks, delivering goods in several counties. He tells us that on some trips his collections amount to several hundred dollars, and was extremely proud of the fact that in making these trips, he has never checked up one cent short upon returning to headquarters. While this young man, now nineteen years old, has been away from the institution but three years, we could notice a great change in his appearance. He is now a fine looking chap with a most pleasing personality.

---

Charles Maynard, who used to be a house boy in Cottage No. 2, visited us last Tuesday. He was paroled July 23, 1924 and is now thirty-one years

old. Maynard will be remembered by the older members of our staff as having a very fine baritone voice when a boy here. At the time the late Billy Sunday was holding a revival in Charlotte, Charles was given an audition by Mr. Jenkins, director of music with the Sunday party, who said the lad was the possessor of one of the finest natural voices he had ever heard. Charles tells us that he never continued his musical studies and at present just sings for his own amusement.

In talking with several of the School officials, Maynard stated that he has been employed by the Texaco Company, in the advertising department, for the past nine years, six of which have been spent in Washington, D. C. He also said that he had been married six years and his wife is employed in the United States Patent Office.

---

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mr. Earl Rasor, of Charlotte, who led the boys in the singing of the hymns, and provided some special music. After Mr. Rasor rendered two vocal selections, Rev. Mr. Summers spoke to the boys on "The Up and Up Road." In this message he brought out seven points that were necessary to be followed in order to travel on the Up and Up Road. They were: (1) Wake up. We should always be on the alert, ready to take advantage of our opportunities. (2) Get up. We must be active, with no signs of laziness as we go about our daily tasks. (3) Look up. It is necessary for us to look up to our Heavenly Father for guidance along our journey through life. (4) Fill up. To fill up on good food makes us strong and adds to our physical development; and to fill up on things good for the soul and minds makes strong characters. (5) Step up. We should always try to rise higher in life. (6) Sing up. We should always be cheerful and try to give happiness to those less fortunate than we. (7) Go up. Opportunities for success come to us constantly. We should never be satisfied with our efforts, but always keep in mind that there is room at the top for the man with the determination to succeed.

---

To gain access to the treasure chest of great wisdom we must possess the right key to its lock. Logically enough, this key is the one of right living; for right living is our inducement for right thinking. When we hae both of these inscribed upon our ledger of life, we shall have achieved something great.

—The Mentor.

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—SEPTEMBER

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Virgil Baugess 5
Paul Briggs 8
Leo Hamilton 2
Fred McGlammery 2
Loy Stines

—B—

William Burnette
Clinton Call
Clifton Davis
Richard Freeman 5
Earl Hildreth
Hugh Kennedy 3
Tillman Lyles
Henry McGraw
H. C. Pope
Landreth Sims
Fred Tolbert
Jerome W. Wiggins

SECOND GRADE

—A—

James Barlett 7
Kenneth Conklin 5
Delphus Dennis 7

—B—

Homer Bass
Clyde Barnwell 7
Robert Bryson 5
Audie Farthing 2
Benjamin McCracken 4
Garland McPhail
Earl Weeks
W. J. Wilson 6
Joseph Woody

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Martin Crump 2
Lewis Donaldson 7
Merritt Gibson 4
William Lowe 3
Jack Mathis 2
Brown Stanley
Cleveland Suggs 4
Dewey Ware 8

—B—

Henry Coward 3
Floyd Crabtree 4
Max Eaker
William Goins 5
Hubert Short 5
William T. Smith 6

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

B. C. Elliott
Charles Smith 2
William Wilson 5

—B—

Floyd Combs 4
Gilbert Hogan
James Lane
Edward Murray 6
Elmer Talbert 4
John Tolbert
Marshall White

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Forrest Plott
Paul Ruff 7
Howard Todd 3
Samuel Williams

—B—

Robert Atwell 3
Mack Setzer 3
Dewey Sisk
Joseph Tucker 5

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Kinley 4
Douglas Matthews
Clyde Hillard 2

—B—

Roy Bunter
Jewell Barker
Allen Honeycutt

Thomas Knight 5
Floyd Lane
Filmore Oliver
John C. Robertson
Clerge Robinette
James Watson 3

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 3
Caleb Hill 5
Marvin Wilkins 5

—B—

Carrol Clark
James H. Davis 4
William McRary 4
Harvey Walters 6
Cecil Wilson 2

---

## APPRECIATION

In appreciation of his $3.60 a week relief check a grizzled Italian laborer of Aliquippa, Pa., is keeping the street clean that runs in front of his house. He is under no specific obligation to do it, but he says it makes him "feel good inside," and adds: "My bread, is tastes sweet, because I work."

Those of us who have observed the attitude of the average reliefer, will want to doff our hats to Mudianna Esto. There may be a few others like him, but they haven't registered. And because of the attitude of nine-tenths of them more than anything else, this government beneficience is in disfavor.

We don't believe the American people would be protesting the proper appreciation. Not that anybody expects them to about the expense of relief, if those who receive it showed grovel in humbleness, but it is reasonable to expect that they show a willingness to pitch in and help if and when the opportunity presents itself.

More often than not the attitude is one of arrogant indifference; a sort of you" gotta gimme" viewpoint that has grown and grown until dependence on relief money has gone beyond the joke stage. It has became a habit that has already become serious. And the government, unwittingly perhaps, is encouraging it in various little ways that would not be tolerated in any sensible far-sighted approach.

Not every reliefer has a street in front of him that he can keep clean, but every single one of them has other ways of showing their appreciation, and they would be taking some of the sting out of governmental giving if they would put them to use.—Statesville Landmark.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending October 9, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(19) Clyde Gray 19
(14) Gilbert Hogan 18
(19) Leon Hollifield 19
(19) Edward Johnson 19
(9) James Kissiah 9
(10) Edward Lucas 18
(10) Mack Setzer 18
(14) C. L. Snuggs 14

### COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Rex Allred 9
Robert Coleman
(2) Henry Cowan 14
Horace Journigan 10
(3) Vernon Johnson 7
(3) Blanchard Moore 12
H. C. Pope 9
(2) Reece Reynolds 8
Howard Roberts 13
Latha Warren
(3) R. L. Young 4

### COTTAGE No. 2

William Downes 6
(4) Nick Rochester 16
(3) Oscar Roland 10

### COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Robert Atwell 7
(3) Lewis Andrews 7
James Boone 5
(2) Jewel Barker 9
(4) James Cox 4
(5) Coolidge Green 10
William McRary 15
(2) Douglas Matthews 8
(2) Warner Peach 5
(11) John C. Robertson 14
(2) Harrison Stilwell 2
Claude Terrell 8
(3) Earl Weeks 11

### COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 7
(4) William Cherry 13
(2) Lewis Donaldson 9
(2) James Hancock 9
(2) John King 8
(5) Van Martin 15
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 3
(2) Lloyd Pettus 12
(2) Melvin Walters 13
Leo Ward 11
Richard Wiggins 4
Samuel Williams 2
Cecil Wilson 12

### COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 11
(2) Grover Gibby 8
William Kirksey 4
Paul Lewallen 6
(2) Joseph Mobley 6
(2) Richard Palmer 12
(2) Winford Rollins 13
Richard Singletary 6
(3) Elmer Talbert 5
(19) Dewey Ware 19
Marvin Wilkins 4
(3) George Wright 9

### COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 8
Robert Deaton 5
(2) Thomas Hamilton 6
(2) Columbus Hamilton 5
(2) Leo Hamilton 4
(3) Clinton Keen 10
(4) Spencer Lane 4
Joseph Tucker 10

### COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 2
William Beach 9
(2) Carl Breece 17
Archie Castlebury 15
(3) George Green 13
(2) Blaine Griffin 9
(19) Caleb Hill 19
(3) Hugh Johnson 15
(4) Edmund Moore 15
(2) Graham Sykes 8
(6) Earthy Strickland 14

(2) William Tester 9
(6) Edd Woody 6

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(7) J. B. Devlin 7
(6) Harvey Ledford 8
Charles Presnell 4
(6) John Penninger 9
Charles Taylor 15
(9) John Tolbert 17
(2) Walker Warr 9

**COTTAGE No. 9**

J. T. Branch 15
James Bunnell 11
Edgar Burnette 13
(4) James Butler 10
Clifton Butler 14
(2) Roy Butner 7
(2) Henry Coward 10
(11) George Duncan 15
(3) Mark Jones 12
(2) Harold O'Dear 2
(10) Eugene Presnell 16
(2) Cleveland Suggs 11
Earl Stamey 13
Thomas Wilson 15
(2) Horace Williams 8

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Elbert Head 10
Vernon Lamb 10
James Penland
Jack Ryals
William Pitts 5

**COTTAGE No. 11**

J. C. Allen 6
Joseph Corn 8
(8) Baxter Foster 15
Albert Goodman 12
(9) Earl Hildreth 12
(6) Julius Stevens 17

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(5) William Griffin 7
(3) James V. Harvel 11
(2) Isaac Hendren 12
Jordan McIver 13
(2) Paul McGlammery 13
(2) Alexander Woody 15
(2) Joseph Woody 2

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Claude Ashe 13
(4) Clyde Barnwell 16
(10) Delphus Dennis 15
(3) Audie Farthing 15
(7) James Kirk 16
Feldman Lane 7
(2) Richard Patton 5
John Robbins 11
Garfield Walker 7
(2) Harvey Walters 12

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Leonard Buntin 10
Beamon Heath 9
L. M. Hardison 8
Clarence Lingerfelt 8
James McGinnis 7
(2) Rowland Rufty 12
(2) Paul Ruff 16
Brown Stanley 2

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Reefer Cummings 15
(2) James Chavis 16
(3) Filmore Oliver 16
(3) Thomas Oxendine 12
(2) Hubert Short 12

---

## THE OTHER FELLOW

It doesn't pay to say too much when you are mad enough to choke. For the word that stings the deepest is the word that's never spoke. Let the other fellow wrangle till the storm has blown away. Then he'll do a heap of thinking 'bout the things you didn't say.—James Whitcomb Riley.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

OCT 22 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C. No. 42

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## A GOOD CONSCIENCE

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with setting sun
And hate myself for the things that I've done.

I don't want to keep a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in a sham.

I want to go out with head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and emptyshow.

I never can hide myself from ME;
I see what other folks never can see;
I know what other folks may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

—Edgar A. Guest.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| TRINITY COLLEGE CAME INTO BEING 100 YEARS AGO | By Eva M. Young | 10 |
| PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS | By Pauline C. Griffin | 11 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter IV) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 16 |
| JANE ADAMS | (N. C. Christian Advocate) | 23 |
| FROM NAME TO NOME | By Charles Doubleyou | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## ONE CANDLE ENOUGH

Sometimes we can be so economical as to appear miserly. At the same time, we would do well to follow the golden mean of thrift. Particularly is economy justified if we deny ourselves in order to help others. The following is a rather good illustration we came across the other day:

"We shan't get much here," whispered to lady to her companion, as John Murray blew out one of the two candles by whose light he had been writing when they asked him to contribute to some benevolent object.

He listened to their story and gave one hundred dollars.

"Mr. Murray, I am agreeably surprise," said the lady quoted, "I did not expect to get a cent from you"

The old Quaker asked the reason for her opinion; and when told, said, "That, ladies, is the reason I am able to let you have the hundred dollars. It is by practising economy that I save up money with which to do charitable actions. One candle is enough to talk by."—Selected.

## THE RED CROSS

Cabarrus county has organized for an intensive Red Cross roll call this year. The time for this intensive campaingn is between Armistice day and Thanksgiving. If all plans materialize the campaign will extend throughout the county and not be confined to the thickly populated sections, but every person will be given an opportunity to contribute something to this institution of mercy that ministers to all regardless of class, creed or color.

Last year a high peak of 7008 was reached, but a greater percentage of the people is anticipated this year. A one dollar membership is a small contribution to such a nation-wide agency for relief in such disasters caused by fire, flood, famine or epidemics of sickness. It is not necessary to expatiate upon the activities of

the Red Cross, the character of the work is too well known from practical demonstrations throughout the world.

But it does take fine leadership supported by an organization to put over a Red Cross roll call. The one dollar contribution is divided between the national organization and the home unit. One half given to the national organization to maintain a status of preparedness for any disaster that may befall any section of the country. The other half remains in the local community to promote highway safety education, home hygiene, accident prevention, care of the sick and other services that rebound to the welfare of mankind. It is a blessed privilege to contribute to this cause. Those who enjoy a membership have the satisfaction of knowing that they help where the need is the greatest. The following tells the story:

> The American Red Cross also shares with unfortunate neighbors across the sea. Co-operating with the United States government and other agencies, the Red Cross is preparing to forward approximately 60,000 barrels of flour for impartial distribution among women and children war victims in Spain. The flour will be made from wheat made available to the Red Cross by the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. A similar shipment is being considered for relief purposes in China, where starvation in the coming winter months also threatens.

* * * * * * *

## FIRE PREVENTION

It is not unusual to hear the fire alarm when the weather becomes suddenly cold. In fact we have forecasted when the weather becomes suddenly cold "that the fire alarm would be heard". This is due to unpreparedness. The season for the greatest number of fires in between October and December. Prior to cold weather property owners should check over heating plants, clean out old flues and other things essential for starting winter fires.

Another good practice is to clean out gutters where leaves are apt to lodge. The smallest spark will start a blaze in dry leaves making conditions hazardous especially so if houses are not covered with a composition roofing that is not easily ignited. When these precautions are taken one not only safeguards self, but the people

* * * * * * *

and business at large.

Attention should also be given to all equipment for extinguishing fires, especially so if not living in the city or community with municipally owned equipment for fighting fires. It is wisdom to see that all devices for fighting fires are effectively usuable. A stitch in time saves nine.

* * * * * * *

## A GOOD INVESTMENT

This magazine has previously emphasized the value of courtesy in every detail of work. It is one of the finest requisites of any business. This story as told by Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, shows that it is a fine investment and brings splendid returns when least expected:

"I know a young fellow in New York who has built for himself a big business. He used to be a poorly paid clerk in a department store. On rainy days the clerks gathered in a bunch to discuss baseball. One rainy day a woman came into the store. The baseball fans did not disband, but this young man left the group and waited upon her smilingly, and intelligently explained the merits of her purchase. When leaving the woman asked for his card. Later the firm received a letter ordering complete furnishing for an estate in Scotland, and a request for this particular young man to supervise things personally. She was informed that the young man was one of the youngest and inexperienced clerks, but she insisted that she wanted no other. So the courteous young clerk was sent across the Atlantic to direct the furnishing of Skibo Castle. His customer that day was Mrs. Andrew Carnegie."

* * * * * * *

## GODLESS PROFESSOR

Reading after the activities of the convention of the United Lutheran Church of America we understand that the ministers are aware of the fact that secular education is devoid of that spiritual environment,—the element that alone can build character.

One of the outstanding ministers in giving a report on education

made the statement to the effect that the most dangerous element of our American life is not to be found in our slums, or in our industrial cities with their struggles between capital and labor, or in the agricultural sections of our nations or in Washington. But the most dangerous spot in American life is to be found in the field of secular education. The greatest enemy of Christianity is the Godless professor, or more broadly speaking the Godless teacher. There is a hope that more power be given to this minister of the Gospel till something is wrought relative to instruction of the Bible in our public schools. The Bible can be taught without a reference to creed or denominational differences.

* * * * * * *

## THE X-RAY LIGHTS THE WAY

One day late in the year 1895 the professor of physics in the German university of Wurzburg became so excited over a mysterious phenomenon he had observed in his laboratory that he forgot to compliment his wife on her excellent dinner. The good woman forgave him, however, when he revealed to her the amazing possibilities of his discovery. In a very few months she saw her husband, Wilhelm Knorad Roentgen, gain wide renown and receive honor upon honor for disclosing to the world the invisible ray that traverses solid substances.

Doctor Roentgen had been experimenting with a vacuum tube invented by an English physicist, Sir William Crookes. For some time it had been known that an electric current passing between the two electrodes inside the tube threw out light and caused a screen covered with certain chemicals to become luminous. Roentgen's great contribution was the discovery that the peculiar ray penetrates opaque material. An accident pointed the way to this magical property, but later painstaking efforts proved beyond a doubt that the radiation passed from the vacuum tube and affected a fluorescent screen or photographic plate when the tube was entirely covered with black paper. The German professor sent this invisible energy through his flesh and took the first x-ray picture, a shadow photograph of the bones in his hand. He called the newly discovered form of radiation the x-ray because its true nature

was unknown to him. It was shortly renamed in his honor.

It is not surprising that Roentgen's announcement of his discovery caused a sensation in the scientific world. A light that showed up the inner structures of the body. Almost immediately it ceased to be a curiosity and began to be used in medicine to search for bullets in wounds and to set fractured bones. Since those first crude pictures were made, the x-ray has undergone such extensive improvements that now it is used to reveal the most delicate structures and organs and show disease in bodies that apparently are in the best of health. In no other disease is it a more precise method of diagnosis and observation than in tuberculosis.

A roentgenogram is not a picture in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a shadow image impressed on a photographic film, the dark portions on the negative representing the areas where the rays penetrated easily and the light shadowy portions the areas where the rays were more or less obstructed. X-rays easily penetrate flesh and normal lung tissue, casting only a light shadow; on striking a bone or dense tissue, they are obstructed and cast a heavy shadow. Fortunately for the purposes of diagnosis, pathological or disease tissue is denser than healthy tissue and casts a deeper shadow. Tuberculosis betrays its presence in this way.—The Sanatorium Sun.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

MY DESIRE

"I do not want empheral gold,
I do not look for praise,
I do not covet worldly fame,
Nor pleasure-laden days.

I want humbly to work and serve
And give the best in me,
I want to be the kind of man
That God wants me to be."

---

Reformers are people who are trying to reform everybody else but themselves.

---

We understand thoroughly our lives backward. But the main thing is to live them forward.

---

Politics today, in this county, is not so much what a man stands for as what he promises—and near fulfills.

---

"Shot to Death by Admirer." Headline in paper. That's too much of a good thing. Nobody wants to be admired that ardently.

---

Men have their troubles the same as women. And some of them take as much delight in telling them as the female sex.

---

People do not seem to know just what they want. There are so many in the world satisfied with what is bad, and dissatisfied with what is good.

---

The competition among fools is the most enormous thing in the world today. It is a wonder they get along as well as they do.

The claim is now made that an Oklahoma farmer has developed a milch cow that is only 38 inches tall. Trying to produce condensed milk, I suppose.

---

In working out cross-word puzzles you find out a great number of new words you are not familiar with. But what good is that doing you when the family get into cross words? That's a puzzle hard to solve.

---

They say now that a lipstick has been invented that fits over the finger like a thimble. With all of the new-fangled contrivances of the present day, the old, original, lipstick has never been improved upon—the osculation way.

---

Have you ever groped around in the dark for a light? We laugh at old-fashioned people who refuse to install electric lighting with switches ready at hand. We pride ourselves on being up-to-date. Possibly we are, in regard to household lighting. But are we up-to-date when it comes to Spiritual Light? Very often, the most modern people in terms of this world are the most benighted in their ideas of the Church and the Bible. Somehow they think that because they went to Sunday School years ago, they know all there is to know—when as a matter of fact, they are as behind the times religiously, as the people who continue to use kerosene lamps are, materially.

---

One of the greatest assets in life

is keeping your promise. Do not make a promise unless you intend to keep it. It is also one of the greatest satisfactions in business. I was raised to regard a promise that way. My father use to tell me that "when you make a promise KEEP IT, if it cost you a leg to do it." He never failed to keep one with me. If he promised candy, I got it. If it was to a circus, we went to a circus. Yes, if it was a licking he promised me, I got that too. A man instinctively follows the training he receives in his home during the younger years of his life. I have never gotten away from it and I hope I never will; for I have no desire to do so.

---

The Post-Office Department has issued so many different kinds of postage stamps, that it is quite confusing when you mail a letter. The old, familiar ones are not so often seen. When you get one of these new issues, and put it on your letter, it looks odd, and you are not sure whether your letter is properly stamped. You have to look at it some time before you are convinced that it is the proper thing to carry a letter successfully. And the U. S. Mint is also changing the face of some of the coins of the realm. The nickel is having its face lifted, and instead of looking upon the familiar old Indian's head, we view Montecello, and back of it is Thomas Jefferson. Well, figuratively speaking, our money has always been changing, from one to another—mostly another—but its intrinsic value has not been impared.

---

## I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith:
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Author Unknown.

# TRINITY COLLEGE CAME INTO BEING 100 YEARS AGO

**By Eva M. Young, in Charlotte Observer**

When Duke university lights 100 candles on her birthday cake this session—the celebration beginning with the medical symposium on October 13—alumni will send greetings from nearly every state in the union, and 31 foreign countries, and "One Hundred Years of Southern Education in the Service of the Nation," the subject chosen for the central theme, will be applicable not only at home but abroad. Duke has had a definite influence in the affairs of China, for in the early 80's Charlie Soong was a graduate, and as founder of the Soong dynasty, he was also father of Madame Kai-Shek, Madame Sun Yat Sen, Madame H. H. Kung, and T. V. Soong, prominent statesman.

Behind the celebration of its anniversary this year lies a picturesque and colorful history, and one that should be especially familiar to those in the confines of the state of its nativity.

Do you know Trinity is still a part of Duke University, that the original plan was to move it to Raleigh that the name was changed for several reasons; that it was originally part Quaker; and that the working capital of the Duke fortune was built on blind mules and fifty cents? Just a peek at its history reveals many interesting facts.

In 1838 a group of Methodists and Quakers started a community school in Randolph county, and Brantley Yorke, a picturesque pioneer teacher, was engaged to teach on a subscription basis in a dilapidated school house, originally known as Brown's. In an effort to obtain better facilities the Union Institute Education Society was formed, and Union Institute Academy was the result, incorporated by the General Assembly in 1841.

In the meantime it had become a high-grade prosperous common school, patronized by the best people of the community, but one day, according to the Chanticleer, "the Methodists made sport over the 'thee' and 'thou' of the Quakers, and the result was the up-setting of the harmony the two enjoyed for so long. The trouble was irreconcilible . . ."

"A falling off in the number of students by reason of the secession, and the later organization of Greensboro Female College, caused Braxton Craven, who had succeeded Yorke, to convert it into a male school. Craven was "a great master builder and the real founder and builder of Trinity."

In 1851 it became a Normal School, and as the first teacher training school in the state, its graduates were licensed to teach in the common schools of North Carolina, but this did not prove successful as some "of the political leaders of North Carolina were adverse to subsidizing any other school than the University of North Carolina." Craven was then authorized by the trustees to propose to the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it take over the college, and in two years satisfactory arrangements had been made—twenty

thousand dollars raised, all properties turned over to the Conference, with the privilege of filling board vacancies, and appointing a visiting committee with privileges equal to board members for operation, and the college became church property in 1858. The name was at this time changed to Trinity College.

The charter at this time declared, "that no person, without written permission from the faculty, shall within two miles of Trinity College, exhibit any theatrical, sleight-of-hand, natural or artifical curiosities, or any concert, serenade, or performance in music, singing or dancing."

Dr. John Franklin Crowell, who became president in 1887, conceived the idea of enlarging the scope of the college and moving it to a city, and the board of trustees passed resolutions sanctioning it . . . "because after mature and prayerful consideration, we believe it best for the interest of Methodism in North Carolina and the cause of God, to move Trinity College to some prominent center in the State."

Raleigh citizens made very flattering offers for the removal to the the Capital city, and the trustees recommended to the Conference its acacceptance of the offer. In December, 1889, it looked as if that would be the destination, but soon after "Mr. Washington Duke and other citizens of Durham made other propositions, and considering the best interest of the institution, its letters were finally postmarked, Durham, North Carolina. It was there Washington Duke gave his initial gift of $85,000, his second gift of $100,000 being conditioned on the admission of women to the college.

In December, 1924, the Duke Endowment was created by James Buckanan Duke, a son of Washihngton Duke, and besides cesurities value at forty millions, other funds were made available for acquiring lands and improvements for the future of the college. In accepting the indenture the board of trustees made the following statement.

"We have found that the University is to be devloped according to plans that are perfectly in line with our hopes for the expansion of this historic college, and almost exactly in line with previous plans submitted by President Few . . . And we have taken every necessary step to change the corporate name of the institution to Duke University, and to give the corporation perpetual existence."

"There are four Trinity colleges and already one Trinity university in the United States. A great educational foundation such as Mr. Duke is setting up deserves to have a distinctive name of its own, rather than to be one of five with the same name, however honored and noble that name may be. Since, then, a new corporate name is necessary, we are happy to give the University the name of a family that has long been known for its service to education. The late Washington Duke was the first man to contribute largely to the financial support of Trinity, and his son, Benjamin, for thirty years has been a tower of strength in support of all the causes of the college."

As a part of the Centennial program, the home of the Duke family has been restored and will be preserved, for this modest building was for nearly twenty-five years the home of a family whose benefactions over a third of a century amounted to over ninety million dollars. The Duke for-

tune, source of these benefactions, was founded on what once was the best known of North Carolina smoking tobaccos—an insignia so famous as to be painted in all parts of the world, even on the Pyramids of Egypt. Reuben Rink Korner of Kernersville was the artist.

In estimating the vast Duke fortune today, one cannot fathom the idea that it was actually built on the working capital of two blind mules and fifty cents: "By renting the land of his neighbors and tending his own, Washington Duke gradually added to his holdings until at the beginning of the Civil War he owned three hundred acres. Althought a widower with three children, he entered the Confederate service in 1863 and attained distinction in the war. Shortly before the surrender he was captured and imprisoned."

"Upon his discharge he walked home, a distance of 137 miles. He found his farm had been raided by Federal and practically depleted of tools and supplies. His entire working capitol was two blind mules and fifty cents given him in return for a five-dollar Confederate note. Undaunted, he gathered his children together, from relatives who had kept them . . . He sold his farm, renting part of it back, and he and his sons 'Ben' and 'Buck' slept in outbuildings on the premises . . The purchaser being unable to pay, the farm reverted back to him;! the soldiers overlooking a small quantity of tobacco, gave him more supplies.

"A small log barn on the farm gave them their first factory, and flaying, sifting, and packing the tobacco themselves, they produced "Pro Bono Publico." the three packed it into a covered wagon and set out as salesman. They camped by the roadside at night and cooked their own meals. This was the beginning. . ."

Duke's history would be incomplete without mentioning the names of John W. Alspaugh and James A. Gray, who with Julian Carr, of Durham, who gave the original site for Trinity college, underwrote the financial statement of Trinity, during two trying years of the Civil War period.

Bishop John C. Kilgo, who served as president from 1894 to 1910, established the Trinity Park School, and in 1895, "because football has grown to be such an evil that the best tastes of the public have rebelled against it," abolished inter-collegiate football, and raised the standards until in 1895 Trinity was the only member of college rank in the Southern Association of secondary schools and colleges.

William Preston Few, who for more than a third of a century has been connected with the college, for 28 years has served as its president, being one of the guiding forces and main reasons for the Duke of today.

The buildings of Duke University are located on two campuses, embracing more than 5,000 acres—the West (or University) campus; and the East( or Woman's) campus. One is deeply impressed with the magnificence of both; the former patterned after the Gothic, with turreted towers, and antique-looking brick, and the latter, Georgian. On the West campus are located Trinity College; the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences; the Schools of Religion, Law, Medicine, Nursing, and Duke Forest.

In the center of the main quadrangle towers the splendor of Duke Chapel, whose services, Sunday after-

noon concerts, and carillons are a vital part of University life. Within, in a memorial chapel, lie the bodies of Washington, B. N., and James B. Duke.

In the library there are approximately 450,000 valumes.

The Duke Hospital and School of Medicine, the only clinical medical school in the State, serving a population of over three million, bids fair to rank at the top in the nation's advancement in social and medical problems.

From the Duke press have come many books that have found a place in the country's literature, and so Trinity College and Duke University round out a centry to be proud of, emerging from a cabin school house to one of the leading universities of today.

---

## A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

# PEOPLE PLACES AND THINGS

**By Pauline Cobb Griffin**

No trip to Louisiana is complete without a trip into the romantic "Evangeline Country" made famous because of Longfellow's "Evanline," a poem of beauty and poignancy. It was especially interesting after having visited Arcadia on a trip to Nova Scotia three years ago and having seen the little church at Grand Pre where, through a ruse, the 418 Arcadian men and boys were gathered together befor they were deported to distant lands by English troops. Later nearly 3000 Arcadians were placed on ships and taken to various ports, some to North Carolina, but the majority of them were landed at New Orleans and wandered into the Teche country of Louisiana. Longfellow, in his poem "Evangeline," says of the country: "They who dwell there have named it the 'Eden of Louisiana.'" Descendants of these Arcadians still live in this beautiful section and are called by many "Cajuns."

The center of interest in the "'Evangeline Country" is the quaint little village of St. Martinsville, a shrine of history and beauty. Through it flows the Bayou Teche, a stream which winds in and out like a snake, hence its name. Near its bank stands the "Evangeline Oak." Under this tree sat Evangeline and pined for her lover, Gabriel, to whom she was betrothed and from whom she was separated when they were deported. Nearby is historic St. Martin Catholic church, one of the oldest in the country, established in 1765. It is just the same as when it was built, having been repaired but not changed. There is a beautiful altar and a number of paintings, some worth many thousands of dollars. The Grotte de Londres inside the church, built by an octaroon, a native of St. Martinsville, is a work of art and a masterpiece.

Near the left wing of the church in the graveyard outside lie the remains of Evangeline. Over her grave is a handsome bronze statue of her which was the gift to St. Martinsville from the movie actress, Delores Del Rio. About ten years ago she starred in a silent picture depicting the romantic and historic story of Evangeline and became so interested in her subject that she gave the statue to mark her grave. The scenes of this picture were filmed in and around St. Martinsville. This was just before the advent of sound so the picture did not receive the acclaim it might otherwise have had. The people of St. Martinsville are hoping that the story may be filmed again with sound and the calssic romance will be immortalized in that way.

Grace Tarleton Aron describes this country as a

"Land of love and oleander, land of golden rod and dreams,
Land of fairy water lilies floating down the quiet streams;
Spreading fields of corn and cotton, waving fields of sugar cane
Frame the white-washed picturesqueness of the cabins in a lane.
"Let me revel in the glory of a Louisiana moon

While I listen to the music of a darky's
mournful croon,
For the spell of romance hovers o'er
this land of pastel skies.
And the spirit of Arcadia gleams in
dusky Creole eyes."

The quaint little village of St. Martinsville claims the distinction of originating women's hats, which was quite by accident. The story goes like this: A belle of one of the oldest and most distinguished families. Tonton Deblane, was famed for her beauty. Her complexion was unsurpassed for she wore a sunbonnet, hats being unknown in those days. One day she heard a commotion outside her door and was told that a child was crushed by a vehicle. Searching for her sunbonnet, she was unable to find it, so she took her brother's hat and put it on her head. The accident proved to be a false alarm but the belle had found the hat becoming so she entered a shop and ordered a hat made, for which paid $5.00, a lot of money in those days, and before long all the ladies were wearing hats.

Aside from its historical interest, the "Evangleline Country" and all south-west Louisiana is interesting as a great agricultural and industrial section. It is the "Sugar Bowl" where the great sugar plantations are located. There are miles and miles of growing sugar cane with darkies rythmically weilding their cane knives and preparing the stalks for the huge mills to convert into sugar. "The sweetest story ever told," favored topic of bards, is down among the sugar cane in Louisiana for it is the biggest "money crop" of this section. Tradition and romance give way to this great industry, as well as oil wells, sulphur mines, salt mines and the products of the red hot peppers that grow in abundance there. The well-known blistering hot Evangeline Sauce is made at St. Martinsville and tobacco at New Iberia nearby. The sauces have made Creole cooking famous.

One of the famous dishes in this section is "Gumbo." You will find it made either with chicken, shrimp, crab or oysters cooked with okra, tomatoes, onions and garlic and highly seasoned with hot peppers. It is a Louisiana version of our North Carolina Brunswick Stew. Another favorite dish is Jumbalaya made of rice and beans which is very similar to the South Carolina dish "Hopping John."

In "A Tribute to Louisiana," Bruce Barton says: "Dreamy Louisiana—of shaded bayous, snowy cotton fields, fragrant magnolia, and Creole melodies. Vibrant Louisiana—humming with life and industry of the New South."

---

Man becomes greater in proportion as he learns to know himself and his faculty. Let him once become conscious of what he is, and he will soon learn also to be what he should.—Selected.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER IV

Wild geese were flying south in long wedges. The colonists stood gazing up at them as if they were old friends, though it was unthinkable that these could be the same birds they had so often seen on the other side of the globe.

November was ushered in with snow-storms and cold winds, but the settlers were accustomed to cold winters, and by this time all log walls had been chinked, roofs made tight, storm doors and windows hung, and the women had mastered the intricacies of the iron stoves.

Rolls of snowy cotton were laid betweent the windows and embellished with bits of colored yarn in geometrical patterns, or with the tiny artificial flowers Hedda and Charlotte excelled in making. The windows were further made airtight by means of strips of paper pasted over all joints.

Many of the men left home to work in the woods or on farms.

"I should like to work on a farm," said one young man, "if it wasn't for the milking, but it would be so provoking to have to do women's work."

"But as long as it is not considered women's work in this country, why should it be provoking?" asked Rolf. "Consul Thomas has been so good as to find me a place on a farm, and if I am asked to milk I shall not object. We must not stick too closely to Swedish ways, but try to follow the customs of the country."

The men who stayed at home were not idle. They kept roads and paths clear and provided firewood. They made articles of furniture, sleds, skis and kicksledges. Nearly all had brought skates, and much time was devoted to outdoor sports.

Shortly before Christmas Rolf returned with his left arm in a sling. The famer's young son had been careless with a gun. The father made ample amends. He had taken Rolf to a doctor, and arranged for comfortable quarters for him while his arm would require daily attention.

Rolf had endeared himself to the family, and to the farmer also, after his wrath had subsided, by the determined way in which he stood between him and the punishment he intended to inflict on the culprit.

Thanks to his good constitution and pure blood, Rolf soon recovered enough to be able to dispense with the doctor's personal attention, and he returned to the colony. His cabin was next to the Olofssons'. Hedda willingly undertook to care for his arm according to instructions, give him his meals and help him in other ways, until he should be able to wait upon himself.

"I suppose there are no great preparations for Christmas here, Fru Hedda?" he asked one evening, as she laid some freshly laundered linen on the table.

"The house has been cleaned," she answered, "and the wash will be finished when Charlotte and I have mended this linen. The fish is soaking in—"

"Fish! Do you mean to tell me you

have fish?"

"Yes. Consul Thomas has ordered fish, rice and other things that belong —quantities of candles, big ones for the candlesticks and little wax candles for the trees. He has spent several Christmas seasons in Sweden, so he knows."

"I see. How about butchering?" he asked with a smile.

"That depends on the luck of the hunters. The baking and brewing will have to be according to circumstances."

"I used to think brewing was great fun. I always helped my mother, and after she was gone, the housekeeper."

"Then perhaps you know how to prepare ale?" asked Hedda, with a sudden thought.

"Yes, indeed. I could do that as well as any woman."

"Charlotte," said Hedda, "it is your bedtime. I suppose you will want to look at the stars first."

Charlotte wrapped herself in a big shawl and went out.

"Is Charlotte interested in astronomy?" asked Rolf, smiling.

"We all are, as far as looking at the stars goes," replied Hedda, quite seriously. "It takes us back home. Some had not realized that the same stars shone down on New Sweden as on Old Sweden, and they were so happy when they recognized the familiar constellations."

"Charlotte is so much more quiet than she used to be," remarked Rolf, when the girl had returned and gone into the bed room. "Is she homesick."

"I think so. It seems as if her childhood ended when we came here, and she is only twelve years old. It is too bad she can not attend school. She always did so well. She helps about the house, of course, and I am teaching her fancy work. This is a sampler she is working."

"I have all my school books with me," said Rolf, after admiring the sampler. "I wonder if Charlotte would like to study with me."

"I am sure she would. Thank you. That is very kind. Now about the ale—"

Next day Rolf borrowed a kicksledge and went to Caribou, returning with a large kettle. Hedda had taken the opportunity to provide him with an occupation, and had persuaded him to brew Christmas ale for the colony, reasoning him out of his aversion for doing anything so menial.

With great tact she announced the plan and induced the settlers, almost to a man, to assure Rolf how pleased they would be to have him supply them with the customary holiday beverage, the lack of which would have been keenly felt.

On the day before Christmas work was finished by noon. The men had split wood and spills, or pine splints, to last through the holidays. In the afternoon Fru Hedda and Charlotte decorated the Christmas tree with tiny cakes made for the purpose, and wax candles.

"We have no grain to put out for the birds," said Charlotte.

"And no birds to put it out for if we had," answered her father. "It is strange that there are no songbirds here."

After the supper of fish and rice the tree was lighted, and all joined hands to dance around it and sing. Then the gifts were distributed,—simple, useful things, that would have been needed in any case, but acquired greater value by being associated with

Christmas.

"A checkerboard," said Ivar, when Charlotte unwrapped the package Rolf had given her. "Rolf, did you make this?"

"Of course. I am afraid the workmanship betrays the amateur, and the material is very primitive, but I thought perhaps Charlotte might enjoy learning to play. I always liked it.

"How did you make the pieces? There is no turning lathe here that I know of."

"I cut them out of saplings of equal thickness."

"And I believe you have colored the dark squares and pieces with lead pencil. What a work of patience."

"Oh, I had a number of short stumps of pencils, too short to write with, so I thought I might as well use them up."

Last of all Ivar read the Song of the Angels and the story of The Child in the Manger. Then a Christmas hymn was sung.

In the morning all arose early to attend matins. Apparently every one in the colony was astir. Candles twinkled in the windows of every cabin, and torches and lanterns glimmered, like will-o-the-wisps, between trees and along paths. The lanterns were hung in the windows of the capitol, adding to the illumination of the already brightly lighted building. The torches were laid in a heap to burn out.

No doubt the thoughts of all traveled to some little country church across the water, where hundreds of lights fluttered in chandeliers, on altar and pulpit, and on the bookshelves in the pews, to the merry tinkling of bells as the sleighs drove up, to the pealing of bells from steeple or belfry, to the singing, led by a great organ.

This was primitive by comparison, but after all the main part was the same. They were listening to the same service and singing the same hymns as their friends and neighbors at home.

A second service was held, after a short intermission. Then all spent the rest of the day quietly at home. The Second Day was also a holiday, with a service in the forenoon. In the afternoon Dora and Eberhard gave a party, and this was followed by many others. Nearly all of the men who were away at work had come home to spend Christmas, staying a longer or shorter time, some until the Twentieth Day, January thirteenth, the official end of the Christmas season.

"I propose that we dance Christmas out on the river," said Rolf one evening.

The suggestion was received with acclamation. The Arrostook was frozen, if not to the bottom, as some believed, yet quite deep enough. On Twentieth Day a space was marked off, cleared of snow and swept until the ice was as bright as a mirror. In the evening the space was illuminated by fires on both banks. Near these were benches for resting, heaped with blankets and quilts. A kettle of mulled ale was kept at one of the fires.

Every one took part in this frolic, and proved the truth of the saying that "on the ice everybody is a child again."

Late in the evening lights were seen to glimmer in the road. They came nearer, and two great wagons were distinguished just as a blare of music sounded through the air. The Caribou neighbors had come to share the fun.

Last of all skates were removed and

all joined in dancing the old fashioned Christmas reel, the long line going up and down the river as far as the ice was clear.

"This was the best Twentieth Day I ever had," said Oliver when the party broke up.

The Christmas holidays were over, the visitors had gone back to their work, and the colony returned to its routine. Yet there was some difference. The Christmas ale having been found very acceptable, Rolf was asked to keep on brewing it. Not being able to do anything else, he consented. Payment was made in food, often some made dishes that he could not prepare himself, or in firewood.

It became the custom for the men to call for the supply of ale in the evening, and meeting others on the same errand, they would stay and chat, or Rolf would be asked to play. His cabin became their club.

Very little ale was consumed at these gatherings, but there was much discussion of the affairs of the colony and its meager news.

Ivar and Rolf sent a joint subscription to a Swedish weekly newspaper, published in Chicago, The day this was due some one would be sure to have an errand in Caribou, and that evening the company at Rolf's cabin was always large. The news from the old country was read first, and often, when there was an item from his own locality, one of the men would ask permission to take the paper home to his wife.

Occasionally, after reading an article in the paper, Rolf would read something in connection with it from one of his books. These readings became more and more frequent, and finally it was proposed that Rolf read his books as a whole. Books owned by others were also brought for him to read. They had been freely circulated, but even those to whom they were familiar took pleasure in listening. Rolf was a good reader.

The accumulated library was not large. A few historical novels—these were the favorites—the works of Bishop Tegner, of Runeberg, the bard of Finland, of Pehr Thomasson, Sweden's peasant author, one or two novels by Scott and Carlen, and short stories of August Blanche, which were read and re-read until one young fellow declared he knew his way about Stockholm, though he had never been there, better than Caribou.

Ooccasionally one of the men away at work came home on a visit, and brought news from the outside world.

"I worked with a man who has been among the Indians in the southwest part of Maine," said one of them, "and he says in winter they lie around the fire in the wigwam and sing or tell stories, just as our forefathers used to sit before their big fireplaces. And the strange part of it is that they tell many of the same stories, about trolls and giants, and people that were kidnapped and kept in the mountains many years, and then when they came back they thought they had only been gone a day."

"Well, you know the Northmen visited this part of the country several hundred years ago," said Ivar.

Story-telling has died out in Sweden," remarked Gustaf thoughtfully. "I think the old sages are best remembered now by the charcoal burners. You have tramped through the forests of Varmland, Ivar. Didn't you hear any of them?"

"Oh, yes. There was one tale I re-

membered especially. It was claimed to be true, and that does not seem impossible."

"Let us hear it."

"First, as a sort of introduction, I will tell you that in the olden time it was believed that all animals could talk. Perhaps you have heard that before. The dog was then, as he is now, man's best friend, and he could not only talk, but sing. Dogs of our times have inherited the love of music from their forebears, and, like them they want to sing when they hear it. People think they howl because they find the sound unpleasant, but that is not the case. When a dog howls to music he believes he is singing, and so he is, to the best of his ability."

"If I had known that I would not have chased old Ponto out when I played the accordeon," said Oliver, but the jest was received without a smile.

These men, scions of a storytelling race, knew that a saga must be listened to with absolute gravity.

Rolf, expecting an errie tale, decided to add to the effect by turning down the lamp, so that the only light in the room was that which came faintly through the window, or seeped through the fissures of the stove.

"One evening a musician walked through the woods, carrying his violin under his arm. There was no moon, and the woods were pitch dark, but he knew every foot of the path he had taken. He remembered that a wolf pit had been dug not far from the path, and curiosity tempted him to step aside and see if anything had been caught. He stumbled over an upstanding root, and, thinking first of his precious instrument, lifted it with both hands. His feet slid from under him, and he fell, or rather glided, down, down, into the ground. To his horror he realized that he had fallen into the wolf pit, and that he was not the first victim, for he heard a snarl that made his blood run cold. The old legend about the dog flashed into his mind. The wolf is related to the dog. If there should be a possibility—

"It seems to the musician that his violin must be wrapped in sheets of lead, but perhaps it did not take so long to get it out as he thought. At any rate he had begun to play before the beast showed any sings of hostility. And at the first tune the wolf sat up on his haunches and began to sing. What the man played he never knew. He held to the thought that he must not stop for one second, and in his mind these questions kept repeating themselves—Shall I be able to keep it up until someone comes? What will happen if day breaks before that? Several times the wolf stopped howling, and then the musician thought the end had come, but he always began again.

"Two late wanderers were walking the big road through the forest. They heard the sound of distant music. Who could be playing far down in the deep woods at this hour? That must be looked into, and they left the road to follow the path the musician had taken. They soon found that the sound must have carried a long distance, and was much farther away than they had expected. They distinguished the tones of a violin, incessantly playing one tune after another, but there was also another sound, weird, unmusical, formless, which they failed to recognize. Occasionally this ceased for a few moments, and at such times the violin became more intense. It beseeched, it

cried out in agony, it took on the quality of a human voice in deepest distress.

"As the men came close to the sound they realized that it rose from an opening in the ground. Could there be any truth in the strange tales of forest folk that held sway before man invaded their haunts and drove them away? Whatever it was, they had no intention of going away without investigating. Knives were drawn from the birchbark sheathes hanging at their sides, and cautiously they went forward. What they saw did not tend to allay their amazement.

"A creature wearing the semblance of a man was standing in the pit performing on a violin, and beside him sat a howling wolf. For a few moments the men stood as if spellbound. Then all at once they comprehended the situation, and the musician was lifted out by two pairs of strong arms. They recognized the fiddler to whose music they had danced many a time. After he had thanked them warmly and related his experience, they approached the pit and looked down.

" 'You have been greatly honored, if you only knew it,' said one of the men to the wolf, that was moving restlessly to and fro. 'Not many of your kind have their last hours comforted with music.'

"To their astonishment the musician began to plead for the wolf.

" 'Boys,' he said, 'I don't want that wolf killed. He spared my life. I can't go away from here knowing that he is to lose his. Don't you see how he looks at me. If he could talk I believed he would say, 'I had you in my power, but I did not hurt you because I thought we were friends. We played and sang together. Now that you have been rescued are you going to leave me to my fate? Is that the gratitude of humans?' If I leave him here that thought will haunt me all my life. Won't you help me save him, boys?'

"The men looked at each other. With a shamefaced smile one of them pointed to the plank that was used in covering the pit. The other nodded assent. One end of the plank was lowered into the pit. Then they concealed themselves behind the trees, and soon they saw the wolf come warily up the plank. For a few moments he stood, with his head raised, as if sniffing the air. No doubt the hands tightened about the knife handles. But the beast turned in the opposite direction and disappeared among the trees."

The room was very still after Ivar ceased speaking. The strange tale had made an impression on them all, and no one spoke until after Rolf had risen and lighted the lamp.

"Thank you, Ivar." said Gustaf. "That was a good story. I'll tell it to my boys tomorrow. They like stories, and so do all children, for that matter."

"I feel sorry for the children here," said Ingvald. "They are not learning anything, except your Charlotte, Ivar. She has a tutor, of course."

"Rolf," said Ivar, "why can't you teach the other children as well as my girl?"

Rolf tried to refuse, but his objections were overruled. Before the company broke up he had been virtually appointed schoolmaster of New Sweden.

"But you can't decide anything like this without the consent of Consul Thomas," he said at last.

"Oh, we'll get that, never fear. Consul Thomas would never object to

anything that is good for the colony."

Rolf's big room was speedily converted into a schoolroom, and in a few days the children were seen going there from all directions, those who lived far away using sleds, skis or kicksledges. Those who had known "Uncle Rolf" as a jolly playmate now found that he could also be a serious and, if needed, an implacably stern schoolmaster. But the long months of idleness were becoming irksome, and lessons were studied with a will. It was good to have something to do.

---

## AMERICA!

Cato refused to despair of the republic.

The most exhaustive and inspiring text in the world today is the might and majesty of America and the American people. There is nothing like it and there has never been anything like it. If that be boasting make the most of it.

The pageantry and power of ancient Rome pale into insignificance before the extent of territory, the boundless resources and the population of the United States. Here there is food from limitless fields, wool and cotton to clothe the people, mountains from which to dig the ore which feeds the fires of industry, lands fair and warm for recreation and pleasure.

It is the country our fathers loved, the country for which they suffered almost incredible hardships and, on occasion, gladly died. And it is a country of character. It is the custom in certain circles to sneer at those who founded it, who entered its provincial forests and blazed a path across the mountains to Kentucky and across the plains to California and Oregon. Yet these men and women not only carved out a continental country but a character for the American people. Theirs was the first melting pot. They placed over the fires of their hardships a stern and consistent sense of honor, reverence for the function of motherhood, devotion to the integrity of the home. They were frequently guilty of violence but the horrors of perverted debauchery never tempted them. The simple virtues of the Germanic tribes and Anglo-Saxon firesides were theirs and by heritage, are ours.

All of these things, traditions, customs, ideals, even prejudice, are inextricably interwoven with the system of Democracy—of Parliamentary Republicanism. Rip them from the pattern of our living and Democracy will lie in rags and tatters at our feet.—The Voice.

# JANE ADDAMS

**(North Carolina Christian Advocate**

Jane Addams' name lives as one of the greatest women of America, and indeed of the world. She has influenced the whole course of social theory and Hull House, which she founded, has been the model for neighborhood settlements established in the last four decades.

Her lineage was entirely American; her ancestry, Quaker. As a child Abraham Lincoln was her ideal; he was a friend of her father and used to address him as "My dear Double-D Addams."

When she was 29 she went into the slum district of Chicago and opened the first neighborhood house in the country to a polyglot collection of foreigners. Through her hospitality and friendliness a group of exiles became a community of Americans who realized for the first time how the principles of American democracy might be applied to their everyday life.

Miss Addams accomplished this because she knew that people however unlike in habits and traditions could live in peace, harmony and social intercourse. But Hull House was only working out on a small scale of what she hoped to bring about in a world community.

In 1915 when Europe was torn with war, she headed the delegation from The Hague Peace Conference of Women to eight of the warring nations. They were received in London, Berlin, Budapest, Paris and Havre (then the Belgian seat of the government) Switzerland, Rome and the Vatican. Heads of these governments met the delegation within five weeks. A high official of one nation told Miss Addams and her colleagues that they were the only sane people who had entered his office since the war began.

The women's resolutions were embodied in Miss Addams' statement to premiers and foreign ministers: "Without abandoning your causes and whatever it is you feel you ought to have in honor, why in the world can't you submit your case to a tribunal of fair-minded men? If your case is as good as you are sure it is, certainly those men will find the righteousness which adheres within it."

Later the 11 points of the women's platform were presented to President Wilson, and some of them were embodied in his famous 14 points. The platform included limitation of arms, democratic control of foreign policy, "a concert of nations to supercede balance of power" and a gradual reorganization of the world to substitute law for war.

Miss Addams was never a romantic dreamer, but a practical humanitarian who knew exactly the size and the strength of her enemy and who won her battles as much by her tolerance and her humor as by her courage and her far-sighted vision.

Through all the years when she pioneered in social work, when she received the abuses of so-called patriots and when she reaped during the last two decades of her life immeasurable honors, degrees, and finally the Nobel Prize, Jane Addams never lost her head or convictions.

"We may not be able to change human nature," she said in her last pub-

lic speech, "but we do hope to modify human behavior . . . we need education of ourselves, of others; development of public opinion, moral enterprise . . . it would be a great glory if the United States could lead in this new type of statesmanship."

---

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

Prayer changes things, full well I know,
Makes joy of gladness of pain and woe.
Prayer takes away so much of care
That I rejoice when called to prayer,
And blessings rich on us will fall
If only on our Father we call.
And thus in praise my heart of oft sings,
For through God's love and prayer changes things.

Prayer changes things, takes grief away,
Turns darkest night to brightest day,
Removes our doubts, relieves our fears,
Brings peace and comfort through the years.
When worried or besett with pain
We kneel in prayer, strength comes again,
Oh, what a joy this message brings
That through God's power prayer changes things.

Prayer changes things. I know 'tis true
I've proved it often, haven't you?
Prayer changes things, Oh sinner friend,
This message glad to you I send.
Come now to Him who answers prayer,
His love and mercy you will share.
He'll take away sin's bitter stings,
For through God's grace prayer changes Things.

—Mary Hall Gray.

# FROM NAME TO NOME

**By Charles Doubleyou**

Nome, Alaska, was originally a part of a settlement along Anvil Creek and known as Anvil City. When gold was discovered in the Klondyke in the early 1890's, it naturally resulted in a rush of miners and adventurers to Alaska. Adequate maps of the region were not available, so, to supply this deficiency, the Government undertook to make complete maps of the country which until then, as "Seward's folly," had been but little known to the rest of the world.

A drafting clerk of the Coast and Geodetic Survey was assigned to make a map of the Alaskan coast running southeast from Behring Strait. In the course of his work he came upon a headland on which neither names, nor notes for names, were completely furnished. This particular section was that along Anvil Creek that had been known as Anvil City. The drafting clerk therefore left the matter open; he marked the place thus: Name? This would have placed upon his chief the duty of consulting earlier and crude maps of the region for the name by which the section indicated was known, or, in case the place was nameless, of supplying one.

In some way, perhaps through haste, the "A" in Name was mistaken for an "O" and the question mark following it apparently ignored; and, to the surprise of the clerk who drew the map, it was engraved and printed as Nome.

By the year 1900, Nome had a flourishing population of 18,000. Gradually, with the dwindling of the Alaskan gold supply, the population fell, until it is a mere 1,200, engaged mainly gold dredging, reindeer raising, and ivory and fur trading. The town was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1934.

---

## THE SIMPLE THINGS

I pray that I may do with joy the simple things
Of life, which somehow I must do from day to day;
Be it the baking of a loaf of bread
Or planting seeds along the garden way.

Those ordinary little tasks which must be done,
I wish to do them with a singing heart,
That in the building of my life each day,
The work well done will be a perfect part.

Perhaps, I may not know how many will be fed,
Or how much joy my blooming flowers bring;
But this I know, the simple things well done
Will lead me on to do some greater thing.

—Hilda Ann Florin.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Leon Godown, an officer of the Jackson Training School, is serving on jury in Federal Court in Salisbury.

---

The biggest hay crop in the history of the School has been harvested. And now the farm force is busy gathering the lespedeza seed, and the sewing of fall oats.

---

Superintendent Charles E. Boger and Architect Walter Hook, of Charlotte, are pushing forward plans and specifications for the proposed swimming pool, a barn for calves and additions to the laundry and farm buildings.

---

With the approach of the fall season, the one thought uppermost in minds of boys, is "new shoes." About 500 pairs of new shoes have been distributed, therefore, there will in the future be fewer stubbed toes. Our boys are very proud of their new shoes.

---

The Superintendent is pleased to announce that the Gymnasium and Hospital, companion pieces for building a strong physique and relief in time of sickness, will soon be ready for occupancy. These two buildings are valuable acquisitions to this Institution.

---

The following gentlemen. Messrs. George H. Richmond, Concord, C. R. Patterson, Kannapolis, B. A. Harvel, Mt. Pleasant, members of Cabarrus County Grand Jury, inspected last Tuesday the buildings and grounds of the J. T. S. They apparently were pleased for not a criticism was registered.

---

Carl Henry, while at this Institution was in Cottage No. 5, and worked in the carpenter shop, visited us last Sunday. Carl is now 30 years of age and is a splendid looking fellow. He came here from Detroit where he has been working for nine years for the Standard Oil Company. Evidently young Henry has good sticking qualities, holding one job for nine years.

---

Hallowe'en night will be observed by the boys here. They are, already like all normal boys, getting their costumes fixed up so as to meet the witches and hobgoblins supposed to wander about on Hallowe'en Eve. The boys will enjoy a feast of "hot dogs", soft drinks, candy, pop corn, and parched peanuts, etc. The boys are looking forward to this festival of the ancient Druids.

---

Think of it! In the near future the textile department will be making cloth to be used in supplying the demands of the school. Mr. James Walton, of Concord, an expert, is here under the direction of the North Carolina Cotton Manufactures Association,

fixing up the textile machinery. This institution is indeed fortunate to elicit the interest of the textile men of the State.

---

In the midst of health we always find a few boys in the five hundred who need medical attention. The percentage of sick boys has been always small. Within the past few days five boys were taken to Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for observation. One boy had the misfortune to break a leg, another an arm, others with sprains, etc. The reports are the boys will soon be discharged by the doctors.

---

The Stonewall Jackson Training School, a Mecca for paroled boys, always gives a welcome to old boys who often return for a visit to see the officers and boy friends. Just lately Charles Wagner, of Mt. Airy, known among the boys as "Red" came with Mr. Webb, parole officer to look over his old tenting field. Young Wagner is now working in a drug store, looks fine, and has proven himself a credit to the Jackson Training School.

---

Rev. H. C. Kellermyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the third chapter of James, and in his talk to the boys he called attention to the importance of keeping our tongues under control.

The tongue, said Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, is a very small part of our body, yet it has great powers. He then cited four word pictures drawn by James, when he warned the people against using it to disadvantage, which are: (1) The bridle or rudder; (2) Fire; (3) Untamed beasts; (4) The double fountain.

The bridle, said the speaker, is a means of controling a spiritual horse. It is a very small piece of metal, placed in its mouth which enables the driver to turn the animal in the direction he wishes it to go. Our tongues are somewhat like the bridle, for out of our mouths come the expressions of ideas which have much to do with guiding our lives and the lives of others. The same may be said of a ship's rudder. Small though it may be, yet it steers the largest vessel even when strong winds threaten to drive it from its regular course. The tongue, is acting like a bridle or rudder, has much to do with influencing men's lives. It can do a great deal of good or a great deal of harm. Therefore, we should guard against the use of idle words, words that are ugly and which we sometimes utter without think, for they are capable of doing others much harm. If we would all think to say nice things, what a change we would soon notice among our fellowmen.

The speaker then called our attention to James' statement in which he said the tongue was like a fire. We all know that a small spark can easily into a most destructive fire. Take a forest fire for instance. A careless hunter throws down a lighted match, a very small thing, but soon great forests are completely destroyed. When our tongues express ugly thoughts, it is like a fire. It causes others to have ugly thoughts, and

the process goes on and on until the spread has become so great as to wreck thousands of lives.

Speaking of James' reference to wild beasts, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that for many pears men had been trying to tame wild beasts and these man-killing creatures can be tamed, as we often notice in a circus. But the tongue, according to James' epistle, can never be brought under complete control unless we take Christ into our lives. By so doing we will have pure hearts, think clean thoughts and only then will our tongue speak nothing but that which is clean.

The speaker then spoke of the fountain, saying that when we go to a well and draw up a bucket of pure water, it would be impossible for us to get salt water from the same source. So it is in our lives. If our hearts are pure, the words we speak will reflect Christ's teachings. They will be kind, good, true and helpful to others at all times. The tongue is controlled by what is in our hearts, consequently the things we say will be of the very highest type.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer urged the boys to keep their tongues under control at all times, in order that they be enabled to be a blessing to those with whom they come in contact all along the journey of life. He told them the only way to make this sure was to accept Christ and strive to pattern their lives according to his will.

---

## SUMMER HAS GONE

The end of summer
Brings halcyon days,
Wind-swept gardens,
And leaf-strewn ways;

And all the wealth
That hillsides hold,
Flaming crimson
And flaunting gold.

Sweet orchard odors,
Corn to husk,
Mists on the marshland,
And through the dusk.

The glimmer of pumpkins—
Frost-chilled earth,
Lone birds calling,
And fireside mirth.

Summer has gone,
With a soft-drawn sigh.
"Southward! Southward!"
The blackbirds cry.

—Hester Elizabeth Buell.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending October 16, 1938**

### RECEIVING COTTAGE

(20) Clyde Gray 20
(15) Gilbert Hogan 19
(20) Leon Hollifield 20
(20) Edward Johnson 20
(10) James Kissiah 10
(11) Edward Lucas 19
(11) Mack Setzer 19
(15) C. L. Snuggs 15

### COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Rex Allred 10
(3) Henry Cowan 15
Edgar Harrelson 4
(4) Vernon Johnson 8
(4) Blanchard Moore 13
(3) Reece Reynolds 9
James West 3

### COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis 10
Forrest McEntire 2
(4) Oscar Roland 11
Landreth Sims 2

### COTTAGE No. 3

(4) Lewis Andrews 8
(6) Robert Atwell 8
Frank Crawford 4
(5) James Cox 5
Roscoe Honeycutt 8
A. C. Lemar 6
(2) William McRary 16
(3) Douglas Matthews 9
(3) Harrison Stilwell 3
(2) Claude Terrell 9
(12) John Robertson 15
(4) Earl Weeks 12

### COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 6
(2) Wesley Beaver 8
(5) William Cherry 14
(3) Lewis Donaldson 10
(3) James Hancock 10
Hugh Kennedy 2
(6) Van Martin 16
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 4
(3) Lloyd Pettus 13
Hyress Taylor 6
(3) Melvin Walters 14
(2) Leo Ward 4
Rollin Wells 13

### COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 12
William Brothers 10
Earl Barton
(3) Grover Gibby 9
Donald Holland 6
(2) William Kirksey 5
(2) Paul Lewallan 7
(3) Winford Rollins 14
Eugene Smith 5
(2) Richard Singletary 7
(4) Elmer Talbert 6
Ned Waldrop 8
(20) Dewey Ware 20
Ralph Webb 11
(2) Marvin Wilkins 5

### COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 3
Fletcher Castlebury 13
(4) Clinton Keen 17
(5) Spencer Lane 12
Charles McCoyle 8

### COTTAGE No. 7

(3) John Averitte 3
Cleasper Beasley 16
(3) Carl Breece 18
James Davis 15
(4) Lacy Green 4
(3) Blaine Griffin 10
Robert Hampton 10
(4) Hugh Johnson 16
Robert Lawrence 6
(5) Edmund Moore 16
(7) Earthy Strickland 15
(7) Ed Woody 7
William Young 18

### COTTAGE No. 8

(8) J. B. Devlin 8

Howard Griffin 3
(10) John Tolbert 18

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 16
(2) James Bunnell 12
(2) Edgar Burnette 14
(5) James Butler 11
(3) Roy Bunter 8
Carrol Clark 9
Craig Chappell 7
James Coleman 14
(3) Henry Coward 11
(12) George Duncan 16
Robert Gaines 3
Frank Glover 9
John Hendrix
(3) Harold O'Dear 3
(11) Eugene Presnell 17
Thomas Sands 13
Luther Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Elbert Head 11
Thomas King 5
Jack Norris 4
Weaver Penland
Clerge Robinette 6
(2) Jack Ryals 2
(2) William Pitts 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Joseph Corn 8
(9) Baxter Foster 16
(10) Earl Hildreth 13
Allen Honeycutt 3
Donald Newman 2
Theodore Rector 2
(7) Julius Stevens 18
John Uptegrove 15

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 9
Alphus Bowman 11
Allard Brantley 10
William C. Davis 11
Elbert Hackler 12
Charlton Henry 16
Hubert Holloway 14
Alexander King 15
Carl Singletary 16
Avery Smith 3
William Trantham 14
Leonard Watson 12
Leonard Wood 16
Ross Young 12

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff
(4) James V. Harvel 12
(3) Isaac Hendren 13
James Lane
Ervin Medlin 13
(3) Paul McGlammery 14
(3) Joseph Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Claude Ashe 14
(5) Clyde Barnwell 17
Monte Beck 12
Harry Connell 10
(11) Delphus Dennis 16
(4) Audie Farthing 16
Marvin King 4
(8) James Kirk 17
Troy Powell 8
(2) John Robbins 12
Paul Shipes 12
(2) Garfield Walker 8
Jones Watson 5
(3) Harvey Walters 13
Harold Thomas 16

COTTAGE No. 15

Clifton Davis 6
(2) Beamon Heath 10
William Hawkins 10
Hoyt Hollifield 11
(2) James McGinnis 8
Albert Hayes 5
(3) Rowland Rufty 13
(3) Paul Ruff 17
Ira Settle 8
Richard Thomas 4
James Watson 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Reefer Cummings 16
(4) Filmore Oliver 17
Early Oxendine 10
(3) Hubert Short 13

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

OCT 31 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 29, 1938 No. 43

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THE HEART OF A FRIEND

The heart of a friend never wanders or doubts.
No matter if years intervene.
The old faith is there,
And nought can compare
With the comfort it gives, though unseen.

Yes, the heart of a friend is the one thing I prize,
As life fades and twilight descends;
It's the last boon I'll ask
As I finish my task;
That I live in the heart of my friends.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| REFORMATION DAY | By F. A. Kaehler | 10 |
| RED CROSS TO WAGE WAR ON ACCIDENTS | (Selected) | 11 |
| THE HALLOWE'EN BIRD | By Don Young | 12 |
| HOW HALLOWE'EN BEGAN AND WHERE | By Christine G. Wheeler | 15 |
| HALLOWE'EN | (Selected) | 18 |
| A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE | By Ina E. Lindsley | 19 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter V) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 22 |
| VOLCANOES | By James Binney | 25 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## TO OCTOBER

Pity the man who can't bear to be alone; tears for the woman who "must have her hands busy." The child in its innocence does not think of quiet and peace with so much playing to be done. But of all the year to make us realize that each life must have a certain period of quiet, it takes the month of October to bring us face to face with a desire for serenity and thought. This is the time when Nature glorifies herself with color in her preparation for a season of sleep. This is the month when the wind is cool but considerate in permitting the leaves to drift slowly to a ground already turning brown. Brown for fall and green for spring. The man who doesn't snif the air with its crispness and its twang of bonfires, and who hears not the sound of children scuffling through the piles of raked leaves, he has no time for beauty of life or love of God in Nature. October brings us more aware of the Infinite plan to produce and to harvest and in its beautiful plan for months of slumber the splendor of it all causes us to lift up our eyes and seek the hills. Many a person asks, "It's such a beautiful day, can't we get out?" The slight haziness in the air, the early twilight that is upon us much sooner than a month ago adds to this wish to meditate and relax, to get away from routine tasks of home and business, farm lot and subdivision. The man who works with the soil is closer to this seasonal change than are we who must seek it, but all of us can spare the insight with our neighbor. Let us loaf and lag along the country-side and get for ourselves that restfulness of mind and body of peace that October brings.—Selected.

## HALLOWE'EN

Arthur Brisbane, who immortalized his name as the greatest columnist of any age, gave as one of his last contributions this summary, brief but clear, as to the genesis of Hallowe'en and how observed today. He wrote as follows:

"You celebrated an old festival if you bobbed for apples or looked in the glass to see your future husband on October 31st. Hallowe'-en, which Christians call 'All Saints' Day' is older by many cen-

turies than Christianity. It is one of the festivals carried over from paganism, because primitive peoples converted to a new religion still clung to their old celebrations and pleasures.

"At this season the Druids lighted fires to please their sun-god, who had given the good harvest. They believed that Saman, "lord of death" on Hallowe'en called together the wicked souls, condemned during the past year, and locked them up in bodies of animals.

"Ghosts and witches, were unusually plentiful at Hallowe'en; the numerous bonfires were perhaps lighted to frighten them away.

"Into the ashes of such fires the Scotch and Welsh threw small stones, one for every person present. If a stone was missing next morning, he or she who had thrown it in would not live to see another Hallowe'en."

* * * * * * *

## AUTOMOBILE HONKING

Mayor La Guardia has taken excessive means to stop unnecessary honking of automobile horns in the great city of New York, but up-to-date it seems that he has failed. We gather from the press that he has appealed to the manufacturers of automobiles to equip automobiles with "modulated devices" which give warning rather than a startle. This is a fine idea and there is hoping such a plan will materialize. This city is not free from unnecessary automobile honking, day and night, and at times the noise is maddening. The appeal has been made from residents of all main thoroughfares to quell unnecessary noise in Concord, but so far little has been done.

Doubtless to have a quiet city would necessitate having an officer at every street intersection and that would entail much expense. There is nothing to do but grin and bear it for relief will come only when the "modulated devices" are installed on all automobiles.

* * * * * * *

## A VISIT FROM THE ROYALTY

Our people will be in a flutter next Spring, anticipating a visit from King George and Queen Elizabeth of England after touring Canada. This announcement has taken lodgment in the minds

of the officials in Washington so states the press. The British embassy and the United States state department have already tentative plans for the entertainment of the royal couple. If all plans carry the king and queen will spend three days and two nights in the White House, one night aboard a United States warship with a naval review off the mouth of the Potomac River as a fitting climax. Provision has also been made for a state dinner and colorful ball in which all of the dignitaries of the United States will have the joy of participating.

The entire affair perhaps would have been more colorful if Wallie, the American girl, now the Duchess of Winsor, were the honored guest. She truly could grace any place in the social affairs of the nation. Like millions of other American girls she fully understands how to handle herself let it be in the presence of the royalty or in the midst of the commoners.

* * * * * * *

## WHOSE FAULT?

We have read this selection with interest, because of a feeling at times there are people, and friends too, who simply take great pleasure in nagging or disagreeing it matters not what the subject may be. Read the following and perhaps you may decide to be more tolerant, or see the beam in thine own eye, and not behold the mote in the brother's eye:

Very often it seems that even our best friends have moods which try our patience. We are exasperated by their apparent selfishness (which may be, really, just a temporary lack of interest in us!) Or they disagree with us upon a subject which is dear to our hearts. We are inclined to blame them and perhaps to break off friendship forever. At such times we should do well to remind ourselves of several facts: first—that friendship is too precious to be destroyed by temporary difference of opinion, that, indeed, differences of opinion between friends should be mentally stimulating; second—that, as Marcus Aurelius once remarked, "Our own anger hurts us more than the acts of others," third—that very likely the whole difficulty is our own fault—our friend may seem moody because we have a slight touch of indigestion, he may exasperate us chiefly because we are overtired and nervous and just ready to be exasperated!

## DRUG DANGERS

Speaking on "Marijuana and the Criminal Problem," an assistant prosecutor termed the weed "the most destructive drug known to man." "It will turn a peaceful citizen into a murderer," he asserted. "It is responsible for a large proportion of sex crime. The user loses all control of himself, all control of his mind. Most Marijuana smokers end up in insane asylums."

It seems quite apparent that we, as parents and voters, must do everything in our power to see that a prohibitory bill is passed and enforced, and do everything possible to help eradicate this obnoxious weed from our communities and state.—Lutheran Herald.

* * * * * * *

## THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

The First Methodist Church, Charlotte, was the Mecca last week for all ministers and delegates of the Western North Carolina Conference. This was a large and interesting galaxy of men, young, middle age and old, called together annually to review the activities of the past year and make plans for a more extensive program so as to meet the demands of the Master—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

Bishop Clare Purcell, Charlotte, with his cabinet of presiding elders, very quickly after assembling, had all business of vital importance running on an even keel. The Boy Scouts of Charlotte were conspicuous throughout the city rendering a service to the visiting guests, piloting them to their respective homes. It was a sweet picture in many instances, youth and old age, meandering along the streets peering for the number that marked the home of the delegate while attending the 48th Western North Carolina Conference.

The Queen City is famed for its royal hospitality so there is reason to feel that every thing possible was done for the comfort and joy of ministers and delegates. The general public is always interested in placing the ministers. The interest may have a snap of selfiishness because the many congregations usually have a choice as to the minister sent,—but the changes and placements are made for the advancement of the church and not to please any particular group of people. That is one of the dominant rulings

of the Methodist church. The ruling in some ways is very fine, because a church is never without a preacher.

In other denominations there are vacancies for a long period of time due to the fact the congregation can not get together as to the choice of a preacher.

* * * * * * *

## THE CARTOONIST, S. E. SEGAR, DEAD

The creator of "Popeye the Sailor" and other funnies is dead. Doubtles this is sad news to millions who thoroughly enjoy the comic page in all newspapers.

This cartoonist, S. E. Segar, died at the age of 44 in California just lately. His work will continue to live due to the fact there are others with kindred spirits when it comes to depicting the ridiculous and humorous.

The comic sheet section of newspapers is a big business. It is an institution within itself, supplying delightful pastime for those who prefer the funnies to reading matter of a more serious nature. The "funny page" of all newspapers is enjoyed by the grown-ups as well as children. A cheery "ha-ha" is good for all of us.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### CAN'T ALL BE STARS

"Some one must play the minor parts,
Some one must hold the spear,
And some one, when the music starts,
Must follow in the rear;
Not every one can be the star
That shines with great white light,
But some must twinkle from afar
To harmonize the night."

---

Courage is a thing you always have until you need it.

---

We do our best thinking on saving money when we haven't any.

---

An egotist is any person who thinks he is better than anybody else.

---

When two people marry for spite, they generally get it in big doses.

---

It is advisable to be careful how you give advice. Somebody might take it.

---

In all the affairs of life, business and social intercourse are said and done, there is more said than done.

---

With the exception of man, the mule is the most contrary of animals. He can be tame at one end and wild at the other.

---

For ages the advice has been given to start at the bottom of the ladder in worldly affairs. Not always. In case of a fire, start at the top.

---

California's $30—every Thursday seems to be popular with the simple minded. There's a sad day coming for those Californians. It is mighty like guessing at the direction of a rat hole in the ground.

---

When one is growing old he may beat out the wrinkles, and have the face lifted, but the joints will creak. No remedy for that has as yet been devised.

---

A recent count shows six times as many stammerers among men as among women. Not to be wondered at. A man has to make so many excuses to his wife.

---

I so often meet up with people who boast of their prowess in trades with their fellow-men, and brag of the advantage they had and took to consumate a deal. I shudder with pity for them. Poor fools, they gloat over some fellow-mortals' weakness by their reprehensible machinations. They remind me of the bantam rooster that crowed and strutted all around the airport, after a big airplane took off, because he thought he had chased it out of the country. Verily, they have their reward sooner or later.

---

The biggest things of life depend on self-control. That's only another way of saying the measure of fitness lies in keeping cool. While others fuss and fume just keep cool. You will lead them in spite of blow and bluster. Business, pleasure, argument —anything worth while demands mastery. The bigger the problem the more skill is required. And most of the skill can be accounted for by keeping cool. Now, don't say you can't.

You haven't tried yet. You're afraid to take a laugh. So you lose your head and your advantage goes with it. Let folks rant if they will. Just keep cool. There's nothing gained in heated discussion, but there's a fine chance to lose. Let others talk. While they are up in the air a few well modulated words will bring them back to earth and their senses. There's a big satisfaction in knowing you can keep cool.

---

We often grow weary in our efforts to comfort others. We meet with nervous persons who want to tell their troubles at great length, but all our attempts to comfort only seem to make matters worse. "I am a person who has seen great afflictions; Pity me! Pity me!" they cry; but the more you pity them and sympathize with them, the worse they get; and therefore out of all heart we leave them to wander among the tombs of their departed joys. But the Holy Spirit is never out of heart and never grows weary with those whom He wishes to comfort. The Master knew that this old world needs comfort, so He has given us the blessed Comforter who never grows weary and is ever present with His gracious ministrations. Let us not forget that the Comforter is promised to all who offer their prayer in child-like faith: "If ye know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

---

## KITCHEN COUSINS OF THE LILY

The lovely, stately lily of the garden is so aristocratic that it almost seems incredible to find onions and garlic belonging to the same family.

However, these kitchen cousins make up in usefulness what they lack in beauty. Both onions and garlic have been cultivated from the earliest times. The onion was grown in ancient Egypt and garlic was used as a food by the sturdy men who built the pyramids.

Asparagus is another vegetable member of the lily family.

Garlic was used medicinally in the past; it was credited with marvelous curative properties for various ailments. Onions were considered an excellent remedy for colds in grandmother's day.

Both onions and garlic still enjoy a high culinary reputation and cooks all over the world use them as much today as in the long ago.—Leonie Hunter.

# REFORMATION DAY

**By F. A. Kaehler**

As Reformation Day, October 31, dawns upon the church, she recalls the many valiant souls who have labored for purity of doctrine and correctness of liturgical life and expression. In the Lutheran Church we think of Martin Luther and others who followed in his train. To the Reformed Church the deeds of Huldreich Zwingli and those whom he influenced are sacred. The Presbyterians cherish the achievements of John Calvin and the rugged Scot, John Knox. Every religious group has its human leader, for, in one respect, the church is the response to the ideal revelation as it has come in Jesus Christ.

**The Reformation Again**

That is an old theme; the battle of life is old. Great principles are settled, but men are not. They do not like to settle. The merry-go-round is always popular and not with children alone. That restlessness of the body that likes to dance, simply because there is some rhythmic motion in the air, is only one outward expression of the feverish unrest of the soul. The great underlying principles of the Reformation, God's word the only rule of Christian faith and life, and justification by faith the central teaching of that word, are divinely simple; but the dancing world of thought-merry-makers keeps whirling around them in dizzy frivolity and superficial play. They pass their judgment, too. Some will tell us the Reformation was a mistake. You see it made trouble. Water is a mistake, too. It makes trouble. There are terrible floods. When God declares the perfect truth, He brands the lazy falsehood. That makes trouble. Truth is a veritable bother in this world of easy error. The sun itself is a wretched disturber when it lifts the curtain of the night and sweet indulgence wants to sleep. It is the pure food commission that is making all the trouble in our markets and kitchens. It is the Board of Health that will give us no peace. It is the hounding law that is always hunting up the transgresor that keeps the world in turmoil. Ahab knew that it was Elijah who made all the trouble when Jezebel imported the easy religion of Astarte into Israel. Why will men talk about religion anyhow when it makes so much feeling? Why will business men send around a collector when we are trying to forget all about hateful bills? The Reformation showed us our debts and how to pay them. It reformed faith according to Christ's gospel form after it had been deformed by man's disfiguring innovations. It brought the liberty of the soul in God's free pardon in Christ, and that brought the liberty of man in the state as a necessary sequel. Free men in soul make freedom in the land. It is the slave in heart that endures slavery in government. The truth has made men free. God be praised for the Reformation and the disturbance it brought.

# RED CROSS TO WAGE WAR ON ACCIDENTS

**(Selected)**

Determined to combat fatalities and permanent injuries from accidents in homes and on farms, J. Ray Shute, chairman of the Union county Red Cross chapter, recently told of plans to enlist school children in every state for the fourth annual self-inspection campaign for the removal of accident hazards lurking in homes, barns, and fields.

"Every one is urged to take part in this campaign," Mr. Shute said. "Red Cross chapters are distributing self-check lists of children to carry home and use in inspecting their homes and farms for possible causes of accidents that they might find.

"Last year," he said, "approximately 10,000,000 American homes were checked in this way, and it is encouraging to note that there was a substantial decrease in the number of home accident fatalities during the past twelve months."

Check-lists to be distributed to homes through school children call attention to possible hazards that might come from floors, stairways, porches, balconies, appliances and equipment, sharp tools and instruments, toys, fires, trash and rubbish, firearms, foods, poisons, the garage and yards around homes, and from machinery, tools, equipment, yards, animals, and buildings around farms.

"Accident prevention is the responsibility of the entire community," Mr. Shute pointed out. "All the social, civic and economic forces of the community must be brought together and coordinated into an effective accident prevention force, each of them contributing to the cause whatever man-power and facilities it has at its command for this purpose.

"From 32,000 to 40,000 persons are killed each year in the homes and on the farms of our country, and from 140,000 to 200,000 persons are permanently disabled from accident causes. This annually recurring accident toll of tragic death and mutilation can be lessened by a Red Cross chapter."

"The American Red Cross," he concluded, "is chartered by congress to 'prevent human suffering.' Whatever may actuate other groups in the safety field, the approach of the Red Cross to the accident problem has but one purpose—to prevent and lessen the suffering of human beings. We believe, then, that this effort to cut accidents in the home and on the farm will meet with widespread cooperation from the residents of our community."

---

A little advice to men with tempers. When in a rage work yourself into a lather and then shave.—Exchange.

# THE HALLOWE'EN BIRD

By Don Young

The owl is the official bird in the celebration of Hallowe'en. His big eyes and his weird looks make him a favorite with artists who design jack-o-lanterns, and he runs the pumpkin a close second. There is almost as much mythical weirdness about the owl as there is about the old witch and broom which are seen everywhere on Hallowe'en.

After all, the owl, like the Hallowe' en pumpklin, is a perfectly harmless fellow. He casts no spell over anyone. The owl is as clever as the cat in catching mice and other vermin, but that part of its life is above reproach. Proverbial wisdom has been built around it by poets and writers who admired its wise looks and its silent disposition. It is really no wiser than a robin or a bluebird; these birds show just as much cunning in getting their food and raising their young as Mr. Owl

The owl family is a big one. There are about one hundred and fifty different kinds of owls in the world. Forty of these are found in America. The most common of our American owls is the tiny screech owl. We would naturally expect the screech owl to live up to its name, but its voice does not sound like a screech at all. The notes are surprisingly soft and low. They sound as if the bird is whistling them.

The screech owl is about the size of a robin, but it usually has its feathers fluffed out so that it looks twice as large. While the screech owl is not the smallest owl in America, it is a tiny creature compared with the barn owl and the great horned owl.

One of the most interesting features of all the owls is their soft feathers, which make their flight quite noiseless. Most birds make a noise when they move their wings in flight, but an owl can leave its perch and fly into the air without a sound. In getting their food at night the owls can pounce upon their prey without being heard. The soft feathers of the owls might have a commercial value for use in pillows if owls were not so scarce.

Combined with its noiseless flight, the owl has an acute sense of hearing. It is able to hear small animals on the ground as it flies through the forests in search of food. Although the owl is blinded by the intense light of the day, it is able to see in the darkness. Owls keep their eyes partly shut during the day, and also remain in the shadows, for sunlight seems to be painful to them.

Some of the owls can see better during the day than others. The barred owl is often active when the sun is in the sky, and the artic owl is able to see quite well in full daylight. Most of the owls, however, are helpless during the day, because they cannot see.

The screech owl is a good mouser, but it does not live on mice alone. In the spring, when the sap flows out of the maples, it is sometimes found on a limb not far from the spot where the sap is oozing out of the tree. Moths that are attacted to the sweet feeding ground are immediately gobbled up by Mr. Owl.

A few of the owls are migratory, but the barn owl usually stays in the

same place the year round. It often uses the same nest every year. It is easy to identify the barn owl, for it has a tuft of feathers around its eyes and beak that look like a false face. It is such a funny face that many people call this the monkey-faced owl.

The owls are silent birds. The barn owl makes a few creaking sounds with a hiss and a scream thrown in for good measure. It goes quietly about its work, and few people know of its great service, but it is a valuable bird for catching rats and mice.

Many of the owls do not bother about building a nest. They prefer to search out an old nest that has been used by a crow, flicker, or other bird. Often they find a hollow tree that suits their taste. The screech owl who often decides to live in an old apple tree, lay from four to seven eggs. The eggs rest on the decayed dirt in the bottom of the hole in the hollow tree.

One of the most curious of the owls is the burrowing owl, which builds its nest in the ground. It chooses a deserted prairie dog hole, or the hole of a ground squirrel. The burrow may run into the ground for three or four feet and then turn upward to the wide place where the eggs are laid.

The great horned owl lays her eggs in the cold weather of February or March. She is the first of all the birds of the year to begin raising a family. It is often necessary for her to shelter her eggs from the frost and snow. The eggs of the owl, unlike the oval eggs of other birds, are nearly round like a snowy white golf ball. It takes the eggs about three weeks to hatch.

When the baby owls come out of the eggs they are blind. Their eyes do not become fully opened for about two weeks. Like baby chicks, they are covered with fluffy white down. They also peep like a baby chick when they are disturbed. They have such big appetities that the old owls have to work had to lay up plenty of food during the night so that there will be enough to eat during the day.

Young screech owls remain with their parents for a number of weeks after they are able to leave the nest. They learn how to catch mice and other things to eat before they strike out for themselves. Mother and father owl spend the winter together and stay mated throughout their lives. No doubt this is a convenient arrangement, for they are able to share each other's food.

Few people have an opportunity to see an owl because most owls hidden during daylight hours. All through the day the owl stays in the dark shadows and looks out at the world with drowsy eyes. After the darkness has fallen it becames alert and goes about the business of finding food.

When the owl is busy getting its food it does not take time to select the tasty portions, but it gobbles up all of its prey. Later it spits up the bones and feathers which it cannot digest. Every owl's nest is also a banquet table. Here may be found an accumulation of food, and also skulls, fur, and feathers which are the remains of other repasts.

Adding its voice with the frog and the cricket, the owl is one of our best songsters in the chorus of the night. In well-wooded districts the voice of the owl is heard the year round. Dur-

ing the autumn, especially at Hallowe'en time, it begins before we turn on the lights in our homes, and may be heard singing as the black night covers the earth.

---

## TRUTH NEVER DIES

Truth never dies. The ages come and go.
The mountains wear away. The seas retire.
Destruciton lays earth's mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But, caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers;
Denied by those of transcient power possessed,
Truth never dies.

It answers not; it does not take offense;
But with a mighty silence bides its time.
As some great cliff that braves the elements
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime;
So truth, unmoved, its puny foe defies,
And never dies.

The lips of ridicule dissolve in dust;
And sophist's arguments and jibes are still.
God, working through the all-impelling MUST,
Has broken those who dared combat His will.
New systems, born in wild unrest, arise;
Truth never dies.

There is no peace so long as Error rules.
While Wrong is king there must be troublous times.
While governments are ruled by knaves and fools
Who mock high heaven with their pantomimes;
So long will War's red banner blot the skies;
Truth never dies.

There is no peace except it comes through Right;
And nothing stable that does not conform
To Equity and standards Infinite.
The lands will still be filled with stress and storm,
Till Heaven's mandates Earth shall recognize;
Truth never dies.

—The Essene.

# HOW HALLOWE'EN BEGAN AND WHERE

**By Christine Gordon Wheeler**

It is not hard to tell that the name of Hallowe'en is Scotch. That is because more than any other nation Scotland kept up the customs of that night. They are those of an old pagan festival, All Gods' Day. That was a Thanksgiving for the harvests and occured November 1. The Christian missionaries found it very hard to check old religious rites to imagined deities. Especially was it difficult to put a stop to those of All Gods' Day. It is easy to understand how the nations of the north of Europe who held it were afraid to let their customs die out. They had fear that there would be no more abundant harvests, perhaps.

The same problem had been trying among the Romans and their particular heathen customs. Great rejoicing was given when the Pantheon, "All Gods' Temple," was dedicated as a Christian Church. It was to the early Christian martyrs that the triumph was largerly due. The Christian leaders called that happy day "All Saints' Day" in their honor. That was May 13th, and in the year 609 When the missionaries at work in the north complained of All God's Day and its odd celebration, a suggestion was made that a new festival be made for November 1. Naturally enough, All Saints' Day was then transferred from its former date. If the people had to go to church on that day, there would be no time for their old ceremonies was the hope. That was in their year 834: and to this date All Gods Day persists. Not to be outdone, the people held their rites on the evening before All Hallows, as the Saxons called All Saints, being really "Halos."

The bonfires were built in memory of how the storm-giant, Thjassa, once singed his wings. He was wearing eagle-plumage. meaning "a storm," at the time. The story is quaint and explains the way in which winter seems to have possession of the spring; but the heat of the sun injures the storm-giant in his chase to recapture spring. This is the way the story goes: Iduna, the supposed-to-be goddess of the spring, was the keeper of the golden apples of immortality. Loki, the fire-god, was a mischief-maker in that imaginary place, Asgard. He delivered Iduna over to Thjassa, the storm-king: but the other deities compelled him to go after her to the cavern of the fierce one, really winter. Loki went in the disguise of a falcon and transformed Iduna into a nut which he carried in his falcon claws. Thjassa, returning from a fishing trip, saw the pair and gave chase, wearing his eagle outfit. The dwellers in Asgard built bonfires on its walls so that Thjassa nearly ruined his feathers: but Loki and Iduna crossed into safety.

The tale was pretty and harmless: but, of course, the Christian missionaries wanted their converts to know that there was one God and not many. The most interesting part of that myth is that spring is really in every apple and in every nut. When those

were used at the festival, they were made into rites for divining fate; and through another supposed-to-be goddess, Freyia. She was really Mother Earth, and the queen, always, of All Gods' Day. She was said to be married to the sun, a devoted wife, following him to the southlands when he went roving thither. Freyja was a pattern wife an da pattern housekeeper. That was an ideal set before all women. She swept the "cobwebs from the sky," as the nursey rhyme tells. With her broom, too, she was able to brush mortals' troubles from their paths of life. When the Christian leaders urged that the old pagan gods were suited only for wild men, and not for those who lived in villages, to the health they were banished. Any person found worshiping one of them was called a "heath-man," or "heathen." More than that, those old gods and goddesses were then called wizards and witches.

Witch or no witch the people were determined upon having Freyja's image at their Hallowe'en ceremonies. She has been long in disguise: but her true costume is one that would represent the great green earth and its abundance. Hazel nuts were thought to be the proper ones for the divining of her secrets. A hazel rod was always used as a divining rod, to discover a well or a mine. The tradition has been passed on that Adam brought a staff out of Eden cut from the hazel tree. The leaves of the hazel hang on to it longer in autumn than other foliage: the color is then golden like the sun: and those conditions would be enough for the ancients to elevate the hazel in their mythology. The filbert is the best of the hazels and has the name of "full beard,' or "wisdom."

The jolliest part of Hallowe'en is the Jack-o-lantern. Who would ever conect his grin with those sacred candlesticks in the tabernacle of the ancient Jews? They are closely related symbols, however: for, in the Bible, it tells that the candlesticks were made with a design of almond flowers and knops, or "gourds." The gourd plants hold the dew longer in their blossoms than other plants. The dew, dropping from heaven, meant "wisdom" to all ancients. Besides that the pumpkin is round and golden, the color of the orbs of heaven, according to mortal ideas. The gourd meant "enlightment," not only in the lights of leadership in the tabernacle and Solomon's Temple, but as that also when carved on the doors in that place. The light in the hollowed pumpkin was a serious enough idea in Old Britain and neighboring lands—a thanksgiving symbol for mortal intelligence.

It seems queer to know that the only really Christian part of Hallowe'en is the masquerade, unless small cakes are being used. Many a sigh escaped from the lips of the Christian leaders when Hallowe'en went on year after year. They made another effort to improve it by ordering that soul-cakes were to be baked, one for each member of the family. Those were to be eaten prayerfully in memory of the heroic dead. The poor people begged at the homes of the rich for those symbolic cakes. To test the charity of their friends, certain rich men used to dress as beggars and call on others at Hallowe'en. Shakespeare calls it "a souling." Now, there is a general masquerade held because of that custom. Life would be bare without the festivals and symbols which brighten the seasons: but it

adds greatly to the pleasure to understand what is meant by them and how they came to be a part of the calendar. New Americans who come from Southern Europe have no Hallowe'en and are greatly surprised over the one held here. It is well to be ready to answer questions which may be given—and to say that there is no real witchcraft in the frolic but memories of long-ago ideas about Dame Nature herself.

---

## HOME IS BLAMED FOR MOST RIFTS IN MARRIAGES

Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, struck out at school boards which discharge women teachers who marry—"as if they were guilty of a crime involving moral terpitude."

Education for marriage, not sex education, is needed, Dr. Popenoe declared in addressing in a conference of the California Association of Health, Physical Education and Reaction.

"The almost incredible failure of marriages in Los Angeles County with half of all marriages ending in the courts, is not because there is no help available for young people," he said.

"There is a great deal of help; but they don't use it, because school, church and home have not taught them the necessity for taking the subject seriously, but have left them to get their ideals from the radio crooners and the movies.

"If the schools are going to take the subject seriously, they will have to have a change of heart and a change of front. Boards of education will have to show their own respect for marriage and parenthood.

"In a majority of states, the marriage of a women teacher is still ground for her dismissal. No attempt is made to claim she is any less efficent after marriage. She is in fact, probably more efficient. But she will lose her job just the same.

"California is a little more enlightened in that respect. It does not discharge teachers for marriage, but it still balks at their becoming mothers. Why shouldn't women teachers have children?"—Selected.

# HALLOWE'EN

**(Selected)**

Hallowe'en or All Saints' Eve, October 31st, precceding the festival of All Saints' Day, November 1st, is an occasion that brings back to most of us memories of youthful pranks, parties, masquerades and quasi-superstitional beliefs in witches, hobgoblins and bushy-tailed black cats in the moonlight. Youthful fancy was given rein and the cool October evenings lent zest to our pleasures. Those were happy days indeed, for after all, youth is always a happy period, and as ever young and old like to lose themselves occasionally in the land of Make Believe. It banishes the sordidness of life as it really is, and for a time we live in a world of our dreams.

The history and meaning of Hallowe'en is, however fraught with deeper significance. Like most festivals we celebrate, its institution or genesis goes back to the far distant past when mankind, unlettered and more simple, was prone to attribute to the numerous phenomena of nature supernatural or deistic powers, and found in them obpects to worship as the bestowers of favors and protection. Thus no doubt, the early pagan peoples like the Celts of ancient Ireland and Britain, who practiced Druidism, instituted certain sacrificial days to propitiate their Deity. One of these days was November 1st, and on the preceding evening, October 31st, they built huge bonfires and observed other ceremonials. Druidism existed many centuries before the Christian era and existed for a considerable period after.

When Christianity was born with the teachings, passion, death, and ressurection of the Christus, mankind concieved and was converted to a higher spiritual form of worship and gradually exchanged pagan nature-worship for the worship of God. In the 8th century of the Christian era, the Pope designated this same date, November 1st, as the feast of All Saints' Day. Actually Halowe'en means Holy Eve or the contemplative hours to be spent in prayer and preparation for the sanctity of the occasion to be observed on the morrow. At that time the more supersititious believed the dead could again visit the earth, hence the pranks they were supposed to play and the antics of the young who endeavored to give those beliefs bonafide meaning.

As time has passed, however, the more serious importance of the date has been forgotten, and now Hallowe'en is but a night of diversified hilarity, horn-blowing, false-faces, masquerading, dancing, levity and song. The order of life changes, and the old gives place to the new.

---

Hope is the solace of human life. He who has the largest and best founded hopes is the happiest man.—Ashbel Green.

# A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE

**By Ina E. Lindsley**

Bob and Dick and I had been trying to think of something new to do on Hallowe'en night. Of course it's easy to think of putting soap on people's windows. But my mother says that makes extra work. And, anyway, it isn't a very good joke, because people aren't surprised when they find soap-marks on their windows the morning after Hallowe'en.

"I wish we could think of something that would be a real surprise," Dick said, as we walked toward the river the day before.

"Let's surprise Mrs. Tanner," suggested Bob when we were in front of her house.

Mrs. Tanner lives in a little, white house. In the summer there are pretty flowers along the walk that leads up to the house. And her garden looks like—well, there isn't a single weed in it. Everything is clean at her place, and we didn't think she would care to have us boys stop there to play. So we boys didn't stop in, even to talk, when we went by Mrs. Tanner's house.

"Do you remember that day Mrs. Tanner did call us in?" Dick asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes," grinned Bob; "that was the time the toad got in her house and she wanted us to take it away."

"She doesn't like toads," Dick went on, remembering what Mrs. Tanner had said that time.

"Couldn't we send her a toad for a Hallowe'en surprise?" I asked.

"That's a good idea," agreed the other boys.

But we couldn't think of any way to send a toad, until Dick suggested that we put one into something and set it on her porch. "We could knock and run then," he said.

We had to laugh when we thought how surprised Mrs. Tanner would be when she found a toad at the door. We decided to start right away to look for one.

Well, we found a can to carry the the toad home in, but we couldn't find a toad, although we looked and looked all the way to the river. It was warm for October, but we finally concluded it was too late for toads to be out.

Down at the river a few frogs were still hopping along the bank. "Let's use a frog instead of a toad," suggested Dick. So we decided to do that.

We carried the frog home in the can, but, when we got there, we concluded the can was too small for such a big frog. We found a brown jar, put some water and a little grass in it, and then the frog. Over the top of the jar we put an old plate, pushing it to one side enough to give the frog some air.

Before supper on Hallowe'en night we peeped into the jar to see if the frog were still there. And he was. While we were eating supper it got dark enough to start. Bob and Dick came over and waited a minute while I finished eating. They live just across the street from me.

It was dark on the back porch and I had to feel around a little while before I found the jar that held the frog. Dick wanted to carry it, so I handed the jar to him.

Because our mothers wanted us to

get home by eight o'clock, we hurried as we walked toward Mrs. Tanner's house. We wanted to have time enough to wait and watch Mrs. Tanner, when she took off the old plate and found the frog in the jar.

When we got to Mrs. Tanner's yard we were glad to see that the door was shut. The window shades were pulled down, but we could see a crack of light at the bottom, so we knew Mrs. Tanner was at home.

"Have you the card, Bob?" Dick suddenly whispered as he stepped onto the porch. I forgot to say that we had decided to write "A Hallowe'en Surprise," and put it on top of the plate.

Bob pulled out his notebook and tore out the first sheet. Quietly he stepped onto the porch where he could see enough to tell he had torn out the right sheet. Then he laid it on top of the jar, and Dick rapped loudly on the door.

We clattered off the porch as fast as we could and got behind the lilac bush in the yard before the door opened. Well, Mrs. Tanner picked up the jar and took it inside without taking off the plate. Because the window shades were pulled down we couldn't see how surprised Mrs. Tanner was, and we didn't find out until the next day.

Bob and Dick and I were wondering about the Hallowe'en joke when we walked home from school the next noon. And I was just washing my hands when both the boys came running back from their house with a box of something.

"What do you think!" cried Dick. "Mrs. Tanner brought this box of candy over for us boys this morning. It's that creamy, yellow kind with black walnuts in it. See! M-m-m-m, it's good," he added.

"Candy!" I exclaimed. "How did she happen to give us candy? If she'd known we were the ones that took the frog for a surprise, she wouldn't—"

"That's the queer part of it," broke in Bob. "She told my mother she was so surprised and pleased to get what we boys brought her that she made this candy for us."

"And she said she wished we would come over to see her often," put in Dick.

"Well, anyway," I demanded, "how did she find out we took a surprise there?"

"Oh, I forgot to say," Bob answered quickly, "that she found my notebook on her porch. My name was on it. I must have dropped it."

It was the strangest thing! We couldn't see how Mrs. Tanner could think that having a frog jump out of a jar was a nice surprise. And we couldn't help wishing now that we had planned a really nice surprise for her.

My mother was busy getting dinner, but she stopped long enough to look at the candy and to wonder why Mrs. Tanner sent it. If she had only known about it, she said, when we were planning a nice surprise for Mrs. Tanner, she would have been glad to help.

Mother asked Bob and Dick to eat with us. When it was time for dessert, she went out onto the back porch. In a minute she came back with the strangest look on her face. "I guess someone has been playing a Hallowe'en prank on us," she said. "The jar of jello is gone, and there's another jar there with a big frog in it."

Bob and Dick looked at me. "I must have taken the wrong jar," I grin-

ned. "It was dark on the porch and I had to feel around before I found any jar at all. Of course I didn't know mother had jello out there."

"So I carried the jar of jello to Mrs. Tanner," smiled Dick.

How we all laughed. But we couldn't help thinking Bob was right when he stopped laughing to say: "After all, nice surprises are the most fun."

---

## IS THE UMBRELLA GOING OUT?

Referring to an expression of fear from a pessimist among the umbrella manufacturers in the United States because their business in recent years has been on the downgrade, the Christain Science Monitor, however, is not quite certain that this useful article, like the buggy whip, is headed for oblivion.

"This may grow out of contemplating the ubiquitousness of taxicabs and closed self-contained residential units which include under one roof homes, stores, picture theatres, and garages," the newspaper opines. "But we cannot believe the fear well grounded.

"No Englishman, of course, will believe it. Ever since Jonas Hanway came back from Persia in 1750 and introduced umbrellas for men, every Londoner has carried an umbrella. Indeed, it is part of the well-dressed Briton's uniform, no less. As far as that is concerned, if the eastern United States experiences any more summers like that of 1938, umbrellas may become as universal as hats.

"American manufacturers turned out 27,000,000 umbrellas in 1927, but their production lot slipped to less than 5,000,000. There has been some recovery, but certainly there is a minimum below which production should not fall. As long as there are borrowers, and restaurants to leave them in, replacement should keep umbrella factories going."—Morganton News-Herald.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

By Johanna R. M. Lyback

## CHAPTER V

The forests of Maine were awaking to the touch of spring. The snow slipped from the branches of the trees. The ice broke up on the Aroostook, then disappeared; rippling water twinkled in the sunshine. One day the sun shone warmer than usual, and the snow trickled in tiny rivulets down the slopes. Next day the only drifts left were those sheltered from wind and sun. The tips of the dark firs took on a shade of lighter green.

The colonists plowed and sowed their little clearings, and put in potatoes between the stumps that stood too close together for plowing. An apple orchard was planted in the public lot. The women were making gardens.

"Mamma, Mamma, I saw a bird," cried little Mimmi Holmen. "It was red and brown, and it sang like this—" and she tried to imitate the song of the robin.

"Little Mimmi thinks she saw and heard a songbird," said Christine when her husband came in to dinner.

"That may be. They are coming in flocks. They follow after when we plow, looking for worms in the furrows."

"I am glad to hear that. I was afraid I should never hear another songbird."

Hedda, who had not felt so well this Sunday morning, had stayed away from church. She was seated by the window, dividing her attention between a book of sermons and the birds pecking at the crumbs she had scattered for them.

A woman was coming up the path to the door. She wore a red and blue plaid dress and a short jacket of black broadcloth.

"Is this some holiday?" she asked when she came in. "I see everybody going up to the capitol is wearing black or dark colors."

"Why, yes, Inga, it's Rogation Sunday."

"And I never thought of looking. Please, Fru Hedda, could you let me have a dark skirt to put on over mine? The waist won't show under my jacket."

A skirt was found, and reasurred, Inga went on to service.

"Mamma," said Charlotte at dinner, "did Aunt Inga wear your black skirt with the green dots?"

"Yes, she did; but when in church you are to pay attention to what the minister says and does, and not look around to see what people are wearing."

"I didn't, but when we were going out I saw some of the women look at Aunt Inga, and one of them whispered, 'Of course that is Fru Hedda's skirt,' and then I looked at her."

When Hedda had explained the circumstances Charlotte said, "If Aunt Inga had remembered to find the lesson on her psalm book before going to church she wouldn't have had that trouble, would she?"

"No, and let that be a warning to you never to neglect doing that."

Midsummer Day, next to Christ-

mas the greatest holiday of the Swedes, was at hand, and was to be celebrated in due style A Maypole was raised at the camp—a tall spruce divested of its branches, which were replaced by garlands of leaves and flowers. "What kind of flowers are these?" asked one of the children who were helping, or hindering, about the Maypole. "I never saw them before."

"That is because you have never looked high enough," said Rolf. "It is too late for them now. I was surprised to find these, but next spring, if you will climb one of the tallest trees, you will see the whole forest in bloom."

"Oh, do the pine trees blossom? I see there are pine needles on the stem. How pretty they are! Do they grow in Sweden?"

"Yes. I always gathered them in spring. My mother used to keep them in jars filled with water."

In the evening all gathered at the camp. First they danced in a ring around the Maypole, then couples danced all over the place. All the old songs from home were played by the musicians and sung. When the party broke up, shortly before midnight, Thomas said,

"We meet here again the Fourth of July. Don't forget that But then we go to the capital first."

"What is there especially about the Fourth of July?" someone asked.

Those who knew explained, but there was little enthusiasm. The ties that bound the colonists to the home country were still stronger than those forming in the new.

A wish expressed by Consul Thomas was not to be disregarded, and the entire population of the colony gathered to celebrate the first Independence Day in New Sweden.

The United States flag was flying from the capitol, and the blue and yellow flag below it. The children sang the national anthem, which Consul Thomas himself had taught them. The musicians played the patriotic airs he had sent for, though the words were unfamiliar. Finally Thomas made a speech, fully explaining the significance of the day.

As they were going to the camp ground after the program was ended, Charlotte asked, "Hasn't Sweden any day like this, Papa? I have read in history about other countries that keep a day in memory of the time when they became free, but it doesn't say anything about Sweden."

"I can't tell you about that," said her father. "Perhaps the schoolmaster can. We'll ask him."

A little group gathered about Rolf to hear his answer.

"No, Sweden has no such day," he said, "because no one knows just when its freedom began. We know that people were living in the country about the beginning of the Christian Era. How long before no one can tell, for those people had not yet learned to carve runes or paint pictographs, so they had no records, except as they were repeated from father to son. They chose a chief, or king, from among themselves, and he ruled with the consent of the people. They were free, and so have their descendants been through all time. The Swedes have never, at any time, been subject to any foreign power. Their freedom is as old as the country itself."

No minister was ever more warmly welcomed by his congregation than the one who came to New Sweden in time to conduct a Lutheran service on

the anniversary of the arrival of the first settlers. Not only were the colonists happyto have the opportunity to take part once more in the familiar service they had missed so sorely, but they rejoiced to think that after this the various functions of the church could be observed among them.

There would be communion service conducted as it had been in the home churches; the babies born that first year would be baptized; the older children would receive proper instruction and be confirmed; and they would be established as a congregation, become part of the countrywide organization of their own faith among their countrymen. They need no longer feel isolated.

The minister proved a capable leader and adviser in matters temporal as well as those pertaining to the church. He opened a school where instruction was given principally in English.

"When the children speak the language of the country fairly well we shall turn our attention to other subjects," he said. "It will not take long. We Swedes are fortunate in that our print is the same as in English, so we do not have to learn the alphabet, as so many other immigrants do."

The pastor also opened an evening school for the older people, but he found it hard to make some of them, especially the women, see the necessity, as well as the duty, of learning the language of their adopted country. Not coming in contact with any nationality but their own, they had experienced no difficulty because of their inability to speak English, and several refused stubbornly to attend the school.

"We don't need to read anything but the Word of God," they said, "and that we have in Swedish."

Their native language was used exclusively in the church and Sunday school, as well as in the confirmation class which was begun simultaneously with the school.

"Here I find it a great help that the children have been so well instructed in Swedish," said the pastor, " and that, thanks to Rolf Delander, they have had no opportunity to forget what they learned before coming over. In nearly every confirmation class there are one or two who do not know Swedish, yet their parents naturally want them confirmed in their own church. This means hardship for both children and pastor."

Discovering that the children had been well instructed in singing, the pastor persuaded Rolf to open a singing school for old and young. From this the best voices were selected for a choir, which sang the first time in church on Confirmation Sunday.

In spring the discussion of suitable clothes for the occasion came up. Someone had heard that in this country girls wore white at confirmation, but usage and inherited impressions rose in protest. Who had ever seen a girl go to her first communion in anything but black? So all, boys and girls, had new black clothes.

(To be continued)

# VOLCANOES

**By James Binney**

The legendary hero of Ireland was the great chieftain, Fingal, who occupied a place among his people similar to that held by King Arthur among the English. This Celtic hero's name has been given to a famous cavern, Fingal's Cave, located on an island near Scotland. A volcanic flow built up columns of rock in the sea. Over the years the waves broke through the rock and wore a passage which extended into the rocks for more than two hundred feet. At the entrance Fingal's Cave is about forty feet wide. In this blending of legend and the work of nature we have one of the interesting things which has resulted from volcanic action.

Volcanoes have played a part in history. It was because of the disastrous eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. that modern students have been able to discover a great deal concerning ancient Roman civilization. Vesuvius, near Naples, Italy, is the best known of all volcanoes. Before its eruption, its slopes were covered with vineyards and gardens. In 79 A. D. Vesuvius became active aand buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Small stones, cinders, and ashes covered Pompeii to a depth of about twenty feet, destroying the city which in the succeeding centuries was almost forgotten. About the middle of the eighteenth century the ruined city waas discovered and the volcanic material removed. As a result, scholars were able to construct an accurate picture of an old Roman city. Vesuvius also has a place in literature; probably the best known work describing its eruption is Bulwer-Lytton's novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

The largest active volcano in Europe is Aetna, or as it is often spelled, Etna, which is in Sicily. Aetna, over ten thousand feet in height and with a base almost thirty feet in diameter, is said to be almost entirely the product of the erruptions of lava, ashes, and cinders. Its crater is hundreds of feet deep and miles around. In twenty centuries there have been scores of eruptions, one in 1669 covering forty square miles of fertile land. This volcano seemed to become active in the following stages: earthquakes, explosions, rifts forming in the sides of the mountain, and the actual erupting of smoke, sand, and ashes from one or more of the craters.

Vesuvius and Aetna are the two volcanoes famous in history but there are many others in the world. Erebus is in the Anarctic Circle while across the globe in Iceland is Mount Hecla. Erebues is an active volcano rising to a height of 13,000 feet above the sea. At times it throws up a column of steam to a great height.

Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, is said to be the highest active volcano. Lying a few miles south of the equator, it attains such an altitude that there is always snow on the peak. In 1744 explosions from Cotopaxi were so violent as to be heard hundreds of miles away.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have built a very substantial bridge along the branch which separates our farm land from the barns, making a much shorter distance from the buildings to the fields, as the old road followed a rather circuitous route. This will add much to time saved in working hours.

---

The infirmary and gymnasium, built during the summer and early fall months, are almost ready for acceptance. They will be turned over to the School as soon as the acceptance committee meets. This committee consists of the architects, members of the Board of Trustees, and representatives of the State Budget Bureau. Everybody seems to be pleased with the appearance of both buildings, and are confident they will make a valuable addition to the School plant, both from a point of beauty and service.

---

Superintendent Boger, Chairman L. T. Hartsell, of the Board of Trustees; Miss Easdale Shaw, vice-chairman of the Board; C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper; J. Lee White, the School farm manager; and Hunter Marshall, secretary-treasurer of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association, appeared before the State Advisory Budget Commission, at its meeting in Raleigh on Wednesday of last week. The purpose of this visit was to present pressing needs of the School for the next biennium, as had been shown in a report to that body some time ago.

---

For quite a while we have been carrying in these columns items concerning the activities of our farm forces, and the task of baling hay has been listed quite frequently. Just now we are changing this theme song to that of sowing oats and husking corn. Our farm manager reports that they have sown about 125 acres in oats and 75 or more in wheat. In doing this work they are utilizing three tractors, fourteen horses and mules, five grain drills and two leveling harrows, and a view of these operations gives an impression of something really going on in our farm work. Nevertheless, the hay-baler is running at top speed every day.

---

Howard Boaz, who used to be house boy in the Receiving Cottage and was allowed to leave the institution about five years ago, called on us the other day. Upon leaving here he attended high school two years, after which he picked up odd jobs in various places. Fo rthe past three months he has been employed as canvasser for a magazine agency, and for each subscription received he is given so many points or credits toward gaining a course in King's Business College, Greensboro. At the conclusion of his visit he lacked but 56 points in attaining his goal.

Howard's mother is dead and he has no knowledge of the whereabouts of

his father, and we think this is a very laudable effort he is making to help himself. He is a very nice looking boy and possesses a good personality.

---

A letter received recently from Giles Green, who was allowed to leave the School sixteen months ago, shows a very commendable spirit. We receive many letters like this, but possibly not expressed so well. He writes as follows:

"Since leaving the Jackson Training School I have realized what good it did for me, and I'll always be thankful for the training received while there.

"After I had been away from the School for eleven months, I joined the CCC and have been in camp for three months. Am now located in the State of Oregon and like it very much.

"My advice to all the boys at the School is: Try to make the best of all things and take them as they come, and by doing this I don't believe they will ever regret their stay there.

"I want to thank you and the officers for the training I received while at the School, and would appreciate your sending me a copy of The Uplift occasionally."

---

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the Scripture recitation and singing of the opening hymn, he presented our old friend, Gene Davis, one of Charlotte's most talented young singers, who taught the boys several new choruses and led them in singing some he had taught them on previous visits to the School. Miss Ruby Allen, also a frequent visitor here, played the piano accompaniment.

Mr. Herbert Garmon, a graduate of the Bob Johnson Theological Seminary, was then introduced as the speaker of the afternoon, who spoke to the boys on "Life As a Game." At the beginning of his remarks he stated that while this was just his second visit to the School, he felt very much at home in an institution, as he was reared in an orphanage in High Point. He spent nine years at that institution, working at various trades, among his places of employment being the shoe repair shop, print shop and kitchen. The manner in which he related a number of humorous incidents in his orphanage life, made quite an appeal to the boys.

In his talk to the boys, Mr. Garmon called attention to the first verse of the 12th chapter of Hebrews: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

There are but two sides to this game of life, said the speaker, a winning and a losing side, as the game never results in a tie. We all like to be numbered among the winners, but in bringing that about we have much to overcome, as the devil is constantly going around trying to make it easy for his side to win. He sugar-coats the evil things until many people believe they are just what they need to win, but these decoys just lead them over to the losing side.

The speaker concluded his remarks by saying the only way we can hope to come out victorious in the game of

life is to choose Jesus Christ as our leader, and play the game according to the rules laid down in his teachings. There is no substitute for this code of living. It is the only thing which will lead us to eternal happiness.

---

## OCTOBER

As the moving finger deftly whisks September from our calendars, the tenth month of the waning year stands revealed in varicolored glory. The landscape has taken on Rembrandtesque touches of color. Rich reds and vivid browns predominate. Summer's green has given way to a riot of russets.

October is not welcomed by song or buzz of bee. But in their stead comes briefly another aerial greeter, the rainbow-winged butterfly. Although some plant life has gone into its hibernation, many flowers are seen and there is no drabness since the still plentiful foliation contributes a thousand tantalizing tints.

Nature seems suddenly to have acquired the Midas-like faculty of turning all things to gold, and vine and tree send forth, seemingly overnight, leaves plated with the precious metal. A tempered sun likewise does its part, drenching the peaceful countryside with a golden glow, shining down on pleasant pastoral scenes—igloo-like of harvested hay and Indian-like villages of shocked corn, while plump pumpkins, catching its reflection, are transformed into a thousand satellite suns.

Although the current month boasts all the colors of the spectrum, yellow—the mellowed yellow of autumn—seems to dominate the scene. It is as though the myriad hues of summer have resolved themselves, through rosy changes, into a single shade, that, from the dross of the days fed into the crucible of time, emerges a huge ingot—October's gold.

—Christian Science Monitor.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending October 23, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Jack Broome
(4) Henry Cowan 16
Horace Journigan 11
(5) Vernon Johnson 9
(5) Blanchard Moore 14
Robert Watts 5
(2) James West 4

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(5) Lewis Andrews 9
(7) Robert Atwell 9
(6) James C. Cox 6
Coolidge Green 11
Jack Morris 3
Warner Peach 6
(13) John C. Robertson 16
George Shaver 6
Jerome W. Wiggins 8
(5) Earl Weeks 13

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(3) Wesley Beaver 9
(2) Hugh Kennedy 3
(7) Van Martin 7
J. W. McRorrie 2
Fred Pardon 2
(4) Melvin Walters 15
(3) Leo Ward 13
(2) Rollin Wells 14
James Wilhite 15
Richard Wiggins 5
Thomas Yates

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(3) Grady Allen 13
(2) William Barden 2
(4) Grover Gibby 10
(3) Wiliam Kirksey 6
Joseph Mobley 7
James Page 5
(4) Winford Rollins 15
(3) Richard Singletary 8
(2) Ned Waldrop 9
(21) Dewey Ware 21
(2) Ralph Webb 12
(3) Marvin Wilkins 6
George Wright 10

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Robert Bryson 9
Eugene Ballew 3
Martin Crump 11
Robert Dunning 14
William Jones
(5) Clinton Keen 12
(6) Spencer Lane 13
Joseph Tucker 11
George Wilhite 15
William Wilson 10
Woodrow Wilson 8

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(4) John H. Averitte 4
William Beach 10
(2) Cleasper Beasley 17
(4) Carl Breece 19
Archie Castlebury 16
William Estes 18
(4) Blaine Griffin 11
Caleb Hill 20
(5) Hugh Johnson 17
(2) Robert Lawrence 7
Elmer Maples 11
(6) Edmund Moore 17
(8) Earthy Strickland 16
William Tester 10
(8) Ed Woody 8

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) Howard Griffin 4
(11) John Tolbert 19
Walker Ware 10

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(3) J. T. Branch 17
(3) James Bunnell 13
(3) Edgar Burnette 15

Clifton Butler 15
(4) Roy Butner 9
Gladston Carter 2
(2) James Coleman 15
(4) Henry Coward 12
(13) George Duncan 17
(2) Frank Glover 10
Wilbur Hardin 5
Mark Jones 13
(4) Harold O'Dear 4
(12) Eugene Presnell 18
(2) Thomas Sands 14
Cleveland Suggs 12
Earl Stamey 14
Thomas Wilson 16
Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 6
John Crawford 4
Matthew Duffy 2
(3) Elbert Head 12
Felix Littlejohn 2
James Nicholson
William Peeden 8
(2) Weaver Penland 2
(3) William Pitts 7
(2) Clerge Robinette 7
Oscar Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 7
(10) Baxter Foster 17
Albert Goodman 13
(11) Earl Hildreth 14
William Hudgins 5
(2) Allen Honeycutt 4
Peter Jones
Andrew Lambeth
(2) Donald Newman 3
Jesse Overby 4
(2) Theodore Rector 3
(8) Julius Stevens 19
Thomas Shaw 15
(2) John Uptegrove 16

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 10
(2) Alphus Bowman 12
(2) Allard Brantley 11
Ben Cooper 13
James Elders 15
Max Eaker 13
Joseph Hall 11
(2) Charlton Henry 17
Franklin Hensley 15
Richard Honeycutt 11
(2) Hubert Holloway 15
(2) Alexander King 16
Thomas Knight 16
Tillman Lyles 14
Clarence Mayton 10
William Powell 10
James Reavis 14
Howard Sanders 14
(2) Carl Singletary 17
(2) Avery Smith 4
George Tolson 7
(2) William Trantham 15
(2) Leonard Watson 13
J. R. Whitman 2
(2) Leonard Wood 17
(2) Ross Young 13

COTTAGE No. 13

Jack Foster 8
William Griffin 8
(5) James V. Harvel 13
(4) Isaac Hendren 14
(2) James Lane 2
Alexander Woody 16
(4) Paul McGlammery 15
Marshall White 6
(4) Joseph Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(6) Clyde Barnwell 18
(2) Monte Beck 13
(11) Delphus Dennis 17
(9) James Kirk 18
Henry McGraw 8
(3) John Robbins 13
Thomas Trantham 7
(2) James Watson 6
(4) Harvey Watson 14

COTTAGE No. 15

Thomas Trantham 7
(3) Beamon Heath 11
Robert Kinley 9
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 12
Clarence Lingerfelt 9
(3) James McGinnis 9
(4) Paul Ruff 18
(4) Rowland Rufty 14
(2) James Watson 9
George Worley 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

James Chavis 17
(5) Filmore Oliver 18
Curley Smith 13

# AIR-CONDITIONED
## COACHES
ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

NOV 5 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 5, 1938 No. 44

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## ARMISTICE DAY

Today we bring our garlands
To the city of the dead
And place these floral tributes
On the graves. And at each head
We'll breathe a prayer in silence
That as we our lives now live,
We may give faithful service
Just as loved ones gone did give.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| GYMNASIUM COMPLETED AT SCHOOL | (Concord Daily Tribune) | 10 |
| WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS STAMP | By Jasper B. Sinclair | 12 |
| MOREHEAD CITY WORKING TO ERADICATE RAGWEED | (N. C. Health Bulletin) | 14 |
| COURAGE | By Bishop John Gowdy | 16 |
| THE HOUSE THE PRESIDENTS BIULT | By Jennette Edwards | 18 |
| STRAIGHTEN UP | By Joseph Kenneth Wilson | 21 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter VI) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## CROSSES IN A FOREIGN LAND

Surely the heart shall not forget
Across the lengthening years
The countless brave young dead who lie
Beneath the rain's bright tears.

Those crosses in a foreign land
Should help us to remember
Their sacrifice—should bring to mind
Another bleak November

When "war to end all wars" had ceased.
And the gun's wild tumult died,
When the men remaining could return
To their beloved one's side,
And peace lay white upon the land . . . .
O, Lord God, would men dare
Unloose those fiends of hell again,
Loose death upon the air?

Surely those muted lips would cry
Reproach to all mankind,
Surely those still white hands would reach
To slay men . . . eyes long blind
Would wake and weep . . . God, God, today
Bid wars and their rumors cease,
That those who paid that awful price
May rest in peace.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

## ARMISTICE DAY

November 11, 1918. On that historical date, the world was thrilled by the news that the Armistice had been signed, and that the world war was over. Never will that date be forgotten, for history's pages have recorded the greatest event of all time.

News flashes are pouring in from across the big pond, concerning the Spanish and Chinese crises, and the unnecessary destruction of human life and property.

Greed; hate; jealousy, are the contributing factors, and it probably won't require much to burst Europe into another war. The powers of hell, are anxious to destroy. Evidently the powers of the world, have not learned from past experiences. It is well to remember what it cost our United States in the last holocaust. Our brave men and women who sacrificed their lives, and their loved ones to fight for their country. Nothing in this world can compensate them for the chivalry, and bravery they have shown for the honor of our country.

Our United States must avoid all foreign entanglements. So on this day of days, let us pause to pray for peace and pay tribute to our brave men and women, who sacrificed their all, that we might enjoy freedom and liberty.

* * * * * * *

## THE COST OF THE WORLD WAR

On Armistice Day, November 11th, we pause to pay tribute to the veterans who so valiantly sacrificed in the World War with the hope that this fight would end all future wars, but standing between the disillusionments of the past and uncertainties of the future it is difficult to read into the future.

However, the occasion is an opportune time to review history and see what the World War invested in human souls and money. First, Cabarrus county, enlisted in the conflict 1,500 men, North Carolina 86,457 and the United States 4,800,000, sending overseas 2,860,000. The loss in behalf of all armies was 10,000,000 souls.

Now let us look to the financial cost. The combined financial cost and losses of the nations engaged was $186,000,000,000. The United States spent $22,00,000,000 and loaned their allies 10,000,-000,000 more. This $32,000,000,000, was a greater sum than that spent by France or even England and all her colonies combined.

In fact it was more than the entire expense of the federal government from 1791 to 1914, and more than all the gold mined in the entire world since America was discovered.

We gleaned these figures from Armistice Day address, 1937, by

A. L. Brooks, Greensboro, an outstanding lawyer, and accepted as one of the best informed men on public issues of the state. He furthermore said, as a result of all this we inherited the worst financial panic of all times along with a crop of jealousies, ingratitude and repudiation.

He gave all honor to the soldiers who fought, and to those who kept the home fires burning. As descendants of a people who left Europe to escape injustices, inequalities and be free he expressed himself for good fellowship and peace.

* * * * * * *

## MAKE THE HIGHWAYS SAFE

There was a time when the general opinion was that the automobile accident rate would never be reduced, but there is joy in announcing that fewer casualties on the highways have been recorded this year than last. The lessons as to careful driving broadcasted through the press, over the radio, in the schools and other ways have been effective.

The most dangerous driver of motor cars is the one who takes a chance. Some accidents are unavoidable, but the fellow who drives fast on slick roads, or ascends a hill when impossible to see further ahead than the crest of the hill, or makes a curve on the wrong side of the road will sooner or later have a wreck. We all know the results of a wreck—intense agony of mind and body—as well as financial embarrassments.

The greatest menace to the highways are old shacks of cars with poor brakes. Every motor car on the highways or streets should be tested, and to our way of seeing protection to the traveling public is to make every owner carry insurance. A liability means the expenditure of money and that would surely curtail many shacks of automobiles that are as dangerous as a deadly weapon in the hands of a child.

Moreover the fact has been revealed that there are thousands of motor vehicle drivers who have to sign their permit to drive with an X, because the applicant cannot read. These drivers cannot read the warning signs. The safety division of highways place these warnings to safeguard the life of everybody. It is without doubt

risky to let the fellow who cannot read go at breaknect speed by such signs as "bad curve, go slow, road under construction, or a landslide ahead," and so on.

However, the adult schools for illiterates have a job confronting them, and, most essential one. And that is to contribue to the safety of the highways by hunting up the illiterate motor car drivers and teach them to read.

* * * * * * *

## APPEAL FOR CAREFUL DRIVING

The following article, from the Eufaula (Ala.) Tribune, has been widely reproduced as one of the most stirring appeals for careful driving ever written:

Today my daughter, who is 7 years old, started to school as usual. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is Coot, sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved good-bye and started off to the hall of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girls who sit in front of her, the girl with yellow curls, and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head, and about the trees in the school yard, and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things—tremendously vital, unimportant things and then we studied spelling, reading, arithmetic —and then to bed.

She's back there now—back in the nursery sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm.

You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut or her head gets bumper, I can fix it—but when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and dart about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time; I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive slowly past the schools and

**intersections—and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.**

**Please don't run over my little girl.**

* * * * * * *

## MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

The young lassies and lads of yesteryears who took part in the Friday afternoon program of the schools of that age recall that the poem, "Mary's Little Lamb" was frequently recited,—a favorite of the little girls. Those were days of innocent fun when there prevailed a neighborly and good fellowship contact, with the goal—the building of strong characters in childhood.

The children accepted the poem as a classic, recited it in their own peculiar manner, but knew nothing of the picture that inspired the poem or of the author.

For the edification of those who recall something of the joy of those days we reprint the following taken from Sunshine Magazine. It is interesting to learn there was a real Mary with her little lamb:

Perhaps every school boy or girl has at one time learned and recited "Mary's Little Lamb." But how many know the story of Mary and her lamb? For, you know, there was a real Mary, and a real lamb, and the little school house where this story happened still stands in the town of Newport, New Hampshire.

It was like this. There lived in Newport, nearly a hundred years ago, a woman by the name of Sarah Josepha Hale. She was not only a great leader to help make our country what it is, but she was a great writer of poems for the young folks. So one day she saw Mary going to school and the lamb following after her. When she learned what had happened at school, she wrote the poem that has been read and recited by children all over the world.

Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States during the time Sarah Hale was most active in her work, and she induced President Lincoln to declare Thanksgiving Day a national holiday.

A memorial tablet has been dedicated to Sarah Josepha Hale at Newport, and soon there is to be a statue to the memory of Mary and her little lamb, which will be a shrine for the young folks of America.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### OUR TROUBLES

"They are the grime that comes from fear,
From fretting and from worry,
From what we do or do not hear—
We'll lose them in a hurry.
May happiness come as soap
To make the laughter—bubbles,
And wash away with cheer and hope
Each one of all our troubles."

---

The most promising men in this day, and at this time, are the candidates for office.

---

Too much power is like too much alcohol—it goes to the head and intoxicates the brain.

---

An immoral man needs religion, but it will do him no good if administered in legal doses.

---

There are lots of people who would live happier lives if they would cease from worrying over something that will never happen.

---

You can always tell whether it is a married man or a single man that is driving a car. A married man uses both hands to steer the wheel.

---

Engineers now tell us that the Washington Monument is slowly settling. That is quite different from our European debtors.

---

It is a sad commentation upon our modern civilization—which seems not to be getting anywhere—when Congress has to meet every year, and our own State General Assembly biennially, to make laws to keep people honest, and walk in the paths of rectitude. Are we advancing in a civilized way?

---

Man is born with certain inalienable rights, but they are not worth a row of pins when he gets behind one of the big trucks that line our highways.

---

The best joke I have seen in many a day, is one President Wilson used to tell on himself, and laugh over it in great glee. It was when he slipped away and quietly visited the monument to Mark Twain on the bluffs. Nobody knew him. He asked a native if he remembered "Tom Sawyer." "Never heard of him." Do you happen to recall 'Puddin' head Wilson?' "Yes, sure. I voted for him twice."

---

To undertake to read an afternoon paper on a bus is satisfaction "gone with the wind." People come in at every stop, and concentration is a thing that has left you gazing around. Women come in and seat themselves in front of you, and begin. "Wasn't that bridge game last night a peach? Mrs. Brown's husband trumped her tricks several times." "Yes, I am going shopping, too, to see if I can match that brown ribbon I bought yesterday." "I've been without a cook for two days. I've just got to have one." So it goes on, chatter, chatter, and then the car gets so full, seated and standing, that you haven't room to even look around. The swaying of the bus sways the standers, and they get on your toes, and jostle you like a bowl of jelly. You have no room to open a paper, even see the headlines.

Reading on a bus. It is out of the question. I've stopped the habit. What's the use.

---

In twilight's solemnly, sweet hour, I love to think of the old homestead, no matter how old I may have grown, or how pleasant present surroundings may be, I love to think of the "Old place," for it makes me feel young again and imparts to my spirit some of the radiance of the merry days of boyhood. Those who made the old place home, are sleeping in sweet silence in the burial ground, but their holy influences are eternal and come to me in these twilight meditations as sweetly as "the gentle south wind breathing o'er a bank of violets." And then, when weary with musing o'er the things of earth, this holy hour is so fit for thinking of that higher realm. And it is so full of comfort to lay aside Time's spyglass, through which I have seen so many frailties in this earth-life, and pick up the great telescope of Faith and view the imperishable glories that adorn that future home, "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." The delightful prospect sprinkles rosemary o'er the ashes of all earthly hopes, and warms the grave in a glow of comfort.

---

## ARMISTICE

Above the bugles' commanding blare,
Under the waving colors glare,
Behind the steady roll of drum,
Down the street they come.

Veterans of war in squad formation,
Veterans of a great and mighty nation,
Men of military service in the U. S. A.
They are celebrating Armistice Day.

They think back to battle stench
Of actual combat in a muddy trench;
Of strict war regulations
At all military stations.

Hearing the speeding whine of steel—
It's close passing one could feel.
Lighting the night with scarlet flares,
Bringing true many nightmares.

Bombs screaming from on high,
Machine guns rattling as men die.
But we have peace at last—
May all nations cause it to last.

—Walter E. Watters.

# GYMNASIUM COMPLETED AT SCHOOL

**(Concord Daily Tribune)**

Officials and students at the Stonewall Jackson Training School are looking forward with keen anticipation to early ocupancy of the infirmary and gymnasium, recently completed at the school. Each will fill a long felt need at the institution.

The buildings were constructed on state appropriations of $25,000 and $27,500, respectively. As soon as the equipment is installed, both will be put into use.

The infirmary is a modern, one story brick building and will accomodate 25 patients. It has quarters for the resident officials, dining room, kitchen, nurses room, general ward and isolation ward.

The gymnasium has a floor for three basketball courts, a section of seats along one side and dressing rooms and showers. The school recently received a gift from an unannounced donor and through that and a federal project will construct an enclosed swimming pool behind the gymnasium.

In addition to the two new buildings, the school has just recently put into use two other structures—one the Swink-Benson building, finished in 1934 and furnished just this past year. The building, which cost approximately $20,000, was the gift of W. J. Swink, of China Grove.

The printing department, shoe repair shop, barbershop, workshop, sewing department and storeroom are all housed in this building.

The school, which started with only one cottage, now has 17 cottages for the boys to live in—the Indian cottage having been completed during the past year.

But in all the expansion program Superintendent Charles E. Boger and his aides keep their eyes on their major goal: Training boys sent to them.

"Although we have livestock, crop fields, vegetable gardens and trade schools," the superintendent said, "the purpose of the school is not to work the boys and have self sufficiency, but to build these youths into good citizens."

The training school has been turning out "good citizens" for many years now. The superintendent pointed out that these boys, who had not received proper training and supervision in their own homes and had been determined delinquents, were provided the proper home atmosphere at the school.

And, in the meantime, he explained, trained at some trade, which would enable them to take their places in some community after leaving the School.

The print shop of the school is now publishing a book on the records of boys who have gone out from the school. This book will tell of those who have continued their trades work, those who have worked their way through universities and become doctors, lawyers or members of other professions. And it also will carry letters from those boys, which show their real appreciation for what the school has done for them.

Home life—as much as any institution can provide—is found at the Jackson Training School. The boys live in cottages, 17 of them, and each

has a matron. The life of the boys centers in those cottages and they go from them each day for their schooling, recreation and work in the trades or on the farm.

The boys are trained in numerous fields and are carried on in the line in which they seem most inclined. They work in the gardens, which supply much of the vegetables used, with the livestock and at various trades.

Classes are held in one of the buildings daily and the boys receive an education just as thoroughly as they would in the public schools. Supervised playground activities are also held each day on the athletic field.

Church services are conducted each Sunday, but there are no demoninational requirements. Guest preachers deliver the srmons and all different churchee are represented. The chapel at the school was built by the Kings Daughters, but is too small for use now. A new chapel is one thing the school hopes to have in the near future.

The school has football, basketball, baseball, soccer and softball teams. Numerous other games are played. The athletic field is large enough for a regulation football field and has a large grandstand.

Once a week the boys see a moving picture show in the school auditorium. The machine is operated by one of the boys and a school employe.

The school has its own ice plant, sewer plant and other such necessary buildings. There are approximately 100 cows and 1,000 chickens owned and cared for at the school.

In the trade shops the boys make shirts and nightshirts and repair shoes. Those boys learning the barbering trade cut hair for all boys in the school. They also work in the laundry and bakery and in a mill building, where shirting, sheeting and table cloth is made. They print a weekly magazine, "The Uplift," in the print shop, where boys learn to operate linotype machines and other print shop machines.

But even considering all of these things turned out by the boys in the school training, the greatest thing turned out, Superintendent Boger asserted, was the boys—equipped to take their places in the world.

---

## ORIGIN OF WORDS "WOP," "DAGO"

The word "wop" shortened from "wapparousr." a Sicilian localism variously translated as a good-for-nothing fellow or a fellow who is boastful, talkative and chesty. The term "Dago" is a corruption of the Spanish "Diego," equivalent to the English name James or Jack. The term was formerly applied by sailors to Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians in general. Other authorities believe that the word is merely a corruption of the nickname dervived from "Hidalgo," formerly used of any foreigner from Latin Europe.—Selected.

# WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS STAMP

**By Jasper B. Sinclair**

Thousands of varieties of postage stamps have been issued by the nations of the world since Great Brtain printed the first adhesive postage stamp back in May, 1840.

It is still a fairly easy matter to select out of all those thousands of philatelic items the world's most famous postage stamp. That honor belongs to the celebrated one-penny reddish-brown of British Guiana. This stamp is literally worth a king's ranson today. So far as known, there is just one copy of the stamp in existence.

Every once in a while the one-penny British Guiana makes its appearance in the world's press. A stamp of such rarity and value is worth a lot from a publicity standpoint also. It is the most talked about of all stamps, yet its story is scarcely known outside the ranks of philately.

The story really begins before the stamp itself was issued. The wife of the Governor of British Guiana was arranging a party to be held in the Governor's Mansion at Georgetown. Formal invitations were to be mailed to all the guests. The hostess wanted something distinctive to mark those mid-nineteenth century invitations To satisfy that desire the governor himself ordered a private printing of postage stamps for the occasion.

The famed one-penny British Guiana was one of these stamps. No one knows how many were printed at that time. Probably just enough for the party invitations—hence the present-day rarity of the stamp.

As already mentioned, just one copy of this stamp is now known to exist. Philatelic experts declare that there is "just about one chance in a million" that any more copies will ever come to light at this late day. Any such discovery would be the outstanding event in the entire history of stamp collecting.

The first time the one-penny British Guiana changed hands was when a native of that country sold it to a white man for one-pound sterling. That started the stamp on its road to fame and fortune. The Negro who parted with the stamp for the equivalent of five dollars in American money perhaps thought he had sold it for a fortune. He probably wondered, too, just why the white man should be foolish enough to spend so much money for a bit of colored paper less than an inch square.

After that, however, this tiny bit of colored paper was sold and resold at steadily mounting prices. At length it came in possession of Arthur Hind, a wealthy New Yorker. He was reputed to have paid between $35,000 and $40,000 for this stamp.

It was one of the very few stamps —possibly the only specimen—not included in the famous collection of Britain's late monarch, George V. His collection of stamps of the British Empire is the finest and the most valuable ever assembled.

King George offered to buy the stamp from the American, but Hind replied that it was not for sale at any price. Then Hind offered to make a present of the stamp to the king, but the latter would not accept it as a gift.

An arden collector himself, he knew how little another stamp-collecting enthusiast would actualy relish parting with so rare a treasure.

So there the matter ended. The one-penny British Guiana stayed on the American side of the Atlantic, and that one blank space remained in the royal collection of Empire stamps.

---

## FALLING OF THE LEAVES

When the storm clouds gather behind the brown autumnal woods and cold winds begin to blow, then the bright leaves come drifting down in fluttering, fast-thickening showers until it almost seems as if the wind were the active agent and actually tore the leaves from the trees. This, of course, is not the case. The leaf-fall only becomes possible after a long preparation on the part of the tree, which forms a peculiar layer of cells in each leaf stem called the cleavage plate.

This cleavage plate, or separation layer, consists of a section of loosely attached, thin-walled cells, with a few strands of stronger woody fiber in among them; so, in the early autumn, although the leaves appear as firmly attached as ever before, they are really only held on the tree by these few woody strands and the outer brittle skin or epidermis of the stem. Now only a slight shock or wind flurry is sufficient to break the fragile support and bring the leaves in showers to the ground. We may see these woody strands broken through in the leaf-scar of the horse-chestnut, where they appear as little rounded projections on the broken surface and are often spoken of from their fancied resemblance to the nails of a horseshoe. The hickory and ash among other trees have similar markings on their leaf-scars and from the same cause. On the root of the wild sarsaparilla, which projects just above the ground a like series of little projections, will be seen upon the ring-like scar which surrounds the bud where the leaf-stalk has just separated.

Often the leaves separate and fall even on the quietest days, for their own weight is sufficient to break the frail support. These hushed and supremely tranquil days we all remember, when our October walks are accompanied by the soft, small sounds of falling leaves, by the rustlings and dry whispers of their showering multitudes.—Selected.

# MOREHEAD CITY WORKING TO ERADICATE RAGWEED

**(Reprint From The N. C. Health Bulletin)**

Some of the physicians of Morehead City, working with the Rotary Club, the Twin City Times, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce of that place, are endeavoring to destroy every vestige of ragweed in Morehead City and Beauford territory. If they succeed, it will mean sufferers from hay fever caued by ragweed pollen will find a haven during the months of August and September, when infection from this source everywhere causes a great deal of suffering. They claim that about three-forthths of the area is already free from ragweed. Of course, the half of the area which the Atlantic Ocean and channel covers, surely, is already free.

The problem they have is to eliminate all sources of the weed far enough west to afford full protection when the winds in August and September blow strongly from that direction. Ragweed pollen on strong winds and in dry seasons at certian times may be carried quite a long distance. These people should have every encouragement from the whole state. Probably as many letters have come to the State Board of Health office during the last twenty years from all over the country inquiring of the possibility of a place free from hay fever than any one other subject. Certainly, this has been the source of more out-of-State inquiries than anything else.

There are two or three places in the mountains which with sufficient effort could be made reasonably free from the weed, but such has not been done, so far. There is a point near Waynesville and another area in the vicinity of Blowing Rock which sufferers have reported to be partially free from the infection, but not totally so. A well known manufacturer of Burlington, acting on our advice, five or six years ago, to try Nags Heads during August, reported that he had found complete protection. The prevailing winds for that month, however, happened to be from the ocean side. All the resorts from Nags Head down to Southport afford freedom so long as the winds are completely from the ocean. None of those places however, have so far been from infection during the time preveiling winds were from the land.

In connection with the above described efforts, the Beauford News in a recent issue has an interesting editorial on the subject and also mentions the desirability of the Morehead Beauford area Gulf Stream climate. We are herewith guoting the editoral:

"Morehead City's Rotary Club, with the able support of the Twin City Times and the Junior Chamber af ommerce, are making favorable strides in telling the world that this section, especially the vicinity of Morehead City, is a fine place for hay fever sufferers to get relief. Ragweed is one of the principal causes of hay fever. In the Morehead City area there is practically no ragweed, a visitor from out-of-town discovers. An elimination campaign for any ragweed that remains has been started by the

Rotary Club. The Morehead City newspaper is boosting the campaign, and on Tuesday night the Junior Chamber of Commerce joined the fight to eliminate the weed, and on top of that tell the world that a person who is a victim of hay fever can gain relief by coming to this section.

"The coast of Carteret has long been known as a splendid health resort, as well as a resort of many recreations. Many persons who have suffered from ailments elsewhere have come here to regain their health. Many of these persons were not suffering from hay fever, but other ailments. The climate here has a tendency to make sick persons well. And in telling the world about the scarcity of ragweed it would also be well to tell the world about our famons healthful Gulf Stream climate."

---

## JULIA WARD HOWE'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Writing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" gave Mrs. Howe a permanent place in the literary firmament of America. It was printed in the volume entitled Later Lyrics. But the inspiring hymn was written in Civil War times, amid stirring scenes, in a camp near Washington, D. C. Mrs. Howe was in a tent with a party headed by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts.

Some interesting facts about this hymn should be recalled. It was first made popular by Chaplain C. C. McCabe of the One Hundred Twenty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Chaplain McCabe was captured by the Confederates on June 16, 1863, and sent to Libby Prison, where a large number of Federal prisoners were crowded together.

He had been there about two weeks when, one evening, word came in that the Union forces had suffered a terrible defeat. The men were plumged into gloom, but it was not for long. A negro, who helped to bring their food, whispered to the little group that the news was false; there had been a battle and the Federals had won. In a moment the whole crowd were on their feet, cheering wildly. Then Chaplain McCabe, with his wonderful baritone voice, began to sing, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and the men shouted the chorus, "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" They were celebrating the victory of Gettysburg.—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

# COURAGE

**By Bishop John Gowdy**

I remember reading in the "Life of Wesley" that when he was crossing the Atlantic on his way to America a violent storm arose. Everybody on board was greatly frightened except a group of Moravian missionaries who seemed to be quite unconcerned. Their leader, on being questioned by Wesley, admitted they could see no reason for fear. They were in God's hands under his care and whatever happened was for the best.

If we, as Christians, actually believe what we claim to believe, I suppose that should be our attitude in time of danger.

Not long ago when the Japanese were visiting us in Foochow with the first bombing (since then we have had twelve more days of it, sometimes twice a day) Siang Siang, the cook for an English lady missionary was in a grocery store making some purhases for his employer.

When the siren sounded announcing the approach of bombing planes, the store was closed at once, with all its customers inside. According to official orders, during an air raid, all activities cease, all pedestrians and vehicles on the street stop where they are and all stores are closed. It was the first raid and in the grocery store eveybody was greatly frightened except Siang Siang who kept on talking as if nothing was happening.

"Aren't you afraid?" the others asked him.

"No, why should I be?" he replied.

"Well, we might be killed," they answered.

"You see," said Siang Siang, "I am a Christian, so I know God will take care of me, and do what is best for me. If I should be killed I'd go straight to heaven, which is far better.

The group were so pressed by his complete lack of fear that they asked him to pray for them.

It was at 11:50 a. m. on Sunday, April 3, that our worst bombing occurred. We were in church and the pastor was within five minutes of the end of his sermon when the planes came. Some of them circled over the church, very low, so that we could not hear what the minister was saying, for he kept right on preaching.

Soon the planes moved away towords the air field and began to drop tremendous bombs that shook the church as we were singing the last hymn. The service continued to the end without interruption, and then the congregation took their seats. There was no disorder.

The bombing continued for over half an hour. A few non-Christian women in the congregation of 500 worshippers seemed frightened, so some of the Christian women went over and sat down beside them and quieted their fears. Otherwise there was no movement of any kind among the congregation, though it was not altogether soothing to have the church tremble again and again from the repercussions from the great bombs.

Altogether it was over an hour before the "all clear" signal was given and the congregation scattered to their homes. It all seemed to me a wonderful exhibition of control by faith. As those planes circled low

over the church we simply did not know what might happen, perhaps even by accident.

I thank God that our people here feel that way, for there is great need of it these days and there is no other power that can hold us steady at such a time.

---

## SHARK FOR SUPPER

While the American public in general is prejudiced against using sharks for food, there are places in the world where they are not only eaten but highly esteemd as an addition to the diet. In China shark fins are dried. One of the greatest delicacies which a mandarin host can offer his guests is soup made with shark fins. The flesh of the shark is also eaten in various oriental countries and is said to be tasty. It is salted and is in much demand in Africa and the Malay states as a food.

Sharks are of commercial value for the oil from the liver which is said to be very rich in vitamins. Soap and paints are also manufactured from the oil. By a special process the skin can be converted into an unusually durable water-proof leather. Bags and shoes can then be made from the skin. Sharks are also used to make glue and fertilizer. The body of the shark is covered not with scales, but with small denticles which resemble teeth. This rough horny covering is known as shagreen and is valuable commercially as it can be used in place of sandpaper for polishing woods.

Sharks are found widely distributed. There are many different kinds; some reach a length of forty feet or more. Contrary to popular opinion, most of them do not deliberately attack man, although they may bite at anything that chances to drift across their path. They are not fastidious feeders and will devour almost anything including fish, tin cans, and wires. Some are scavengers. Many fatalities among bathers attributed to sharks may be due to other ferocious fish of the sea as, for example, the barracuda. However, the white shark is the so-called man-eating shark. No seaman would be rash enough to venture off the boat for a swim when these demons are in the vicinity.

It there were more shark-eating people, the man-eating sharks would gradually diminish in number and the menace to man would be lessened.—Leonie Hunter.

# THE HOUSE THE PRESIDENTS BUILT

**By Jennette Edwards**

Some houses are built—some houses grow! The house that our presidents have built is a house that has been growing for over one hundred and forty years, since that day in 1791 when the first president, George Washington, selected the site for its location and laid the cornerstone of the building which would be the home of his successors in office in the coming years. In stately simplicity the White House now rules a fifteen acre tract of land in the heart of the city of Washington whose value of $25,000,000 makes it the most expensive residential property in the world. Twenty-seven rooms compose the house.

A home for their presidents, built from the money of the people, was President Washington's dream. In 1792 in a public contest he offered a prize of $500 for the architect who submitted the most suitable plans both from the standpoint of beauty and service. The prize was won by James Hoban, a struggling young Irish architect from Charleston, South Carolina. The model from which Hoban fashioned his plans was that of the new home of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin, Ireland. This home was constructed along the fashionable classic lines of the period with free use of French and Italian motifs.

Alas, the government had more plans than money! Even though Hoban's plans were drastically cut for the sake of economy, the president's home progressed slowly, inadequately. Washington was tireless in his efforts to bring his ideal to a beautiful and fitting completion, although he knew he, personally, would never reap the benefits of his labor. Grants from the states, sales of city lots added their part to the building budget, but Congress provided no stated sum for the construction of the house at this time. The stone from which the original president's house was built came from a quarry near Rock Creek, Washington. It was not white but buff colored; it was the restoration of the building after the invasion of the British forces in August 1814, that is chiefly responsible for the name White House. White paint was used to cover up the damage caused by fire and smoke.

Washington never lived in the White House. In the autumn of 1799, a few months before his death, he came up from Mount Vernon to inspect the partially completed building whose cost up to that time was over $300,000. John Adams was the first chief executive to bring his famly to the new president's house to reside. In his wife's lively and entertaing letters to her friends in Boston it is quite evident that the executive mansion fell far short of fulfilling feminine notions of splendor. To quote her own words from one of these letters:

> "The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The

lighting of the apartments from kitchen to parlours and chambers is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort! To assist us in this castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain This is so great an inconvenience that I know not how to do, or what to do. . . We have not the least fence, yard or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room (the East Room) I make a drying-room of to hang my clothes in. Six chambers are made comfortable; two lower rooms, one for a parlour and one for a ballroom."

However, at the next session of Congress after the date of this letter of Abigail Adams an appropriation of $15,000 (the first funds from the government's treasury toward improving the interior of the president's home) for furniture for the executive residence was made.

Practically no splendor or appointments of luxury were added to the president's home during the Jefferson or Madison administrations. Visitors from foreign lands to the capital of this struggling young republic were surprised to find the head of the government housed in a simple, unpretentious building with a paling fence and even a rustic stile as a means of entrance. The Madisons who came to live in the president's house in 1809 were forced to flee from the residence at the approach of the British forces in 1814. There is an interesting, authentic story of how the charming Dolly Madison took shears and snipped the portrait of Washington from its frame where it hung in the State Dining Room to save this famous likeness from the rude hands of the invading army. This was a wise precaution as the building was greatly damaged by fire at the hands of the British.

After the fire of 1814 Madison and his family were forced to live in a rented house in Washington. A shining coat of white paint was now used to restore the outside splendor of the president's home and to remove the smoke-blackened scars of war. Thus, as I mentioned before, "White House" was the name that fastened itself to the president's home, in honor not only of the new paint but because Mrs. Washington's own home in Virginia had this name. When General Lafayette came to this country in 1825 the White House was refurnished in his honor. Congress appropriated $14,000 for this purpose. After the Civil War $30,000 was spent in repairing the building. However, the most extensive and completed renovation of the White House occurred in Theodore Roosevelt's administration. President McKinley was warned about the condition of the floors in the East Room, where public receptions were held, as being unsafe, so the Roosevelt remodeling was sadly needed. From cellar to attic, making $500,000 go as far as possible, Roosevelt modernized the White House. A new wing was added on the West side to accomodate Executive Offices and Cabinet Room which added to the space on the second floor to be used as living apartments.

The architecture of the White House

is not easy to classify because, as we found in the beginning, the house grew and was not built by one set plan on any stated occasion. Hoban's original plan combined eighteenth century architecture at its best, with liberal use of French and Italian designs, as the Duke of Leinster used in his lovely home in Ireland. Imposing Ionic pillars adorn the porticos on the South (constructed in 1823) and the North (constructed in 1829); the East and West wings—added in 1902—are strictly Southern Colonial in architectural design. A White House with many colored rooms! The Blue Room, the Red Room, the Green Room have often had their furnishings changed but the same color scheme is always sacredly maintained. President Jefferson's favorite room was the Blue Room, a small oval-shaped room used as the president's reception room.

Let us walk into the White House and see where a few of these famous rooms are located. On the first floor is the historical East Room, furnished in white and gold. Here all public receptions are held. The East Room has been the scene of many great state occasions other than public receptions. Here has been the setting of sorrow and gaiety linked in the annals of American history. Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley lay in state in the East Room, the marriages of Nellie Grant, Alice Roosevelt, Jessie and Eleanor Wilson were solemnized here. The State Dining Room, located at the end of the central hall on the main floor of the White House, is approximately the same size as the East Room. Its walls are fitted with simple, panelled oak; blue is the color note carried out in its draperies. The china service used in the State Dining Room has 1,500 pieces; the mahoghany table will accomodate one hundred guests. To the north of the State Dining Room is a smaller private, family dining room. Guests who come to the state receptions assemble in a small entry hall on the main floor before mounting the marble stairs and proceeding through the State Dining Room to the Red Room then to the Blue Room where the President and First Lady of the Land receive them. From the Blue Room they proceed to the Green Room and finally back to the East Room where the entertainment gains full swing. Throughout these rooms portraits of the presidents and their wives adorn the walls. On the second floor are the living apartments of the chief executive and his family. A broad stone stairway (used only by the members of the official household) leads to these apartments. There are two large parlors at opposite ends of the second floor, seven bed rooms, the president's study.

The House That the Presidents Built, the house that each administration has added its bit toward molding into a fitting dwelling for the head of our government, the White House—how different it looks today from that of the buff-colored mansion of long ago with its paling fence and rustic stile! General Washington in a cream-colored coach drawn by six fine horses, with coachman and footman clad in gay yellow and orange, came from Mt. Vernon in 1799 to inspect this future home of presidents; now he would arrive in one of the ten luxurious modern motors that make up the government equipage for the White House.

# STRAIGHTEN UP

**By Joseph Kennard Wilson**

"I'm afraid you're not quite tall enough," said the merchant. "I want a boy who is a little bigger."

"Oh," remonstrated the boy eagerly, "but I'm a good deal bigger when I stand up straight. See!" And he drew himself up to his full height.

"That's better," commented the man, approvingly. "If you would always stand like that you might do. But why do you stoop so? Why don't you stand straight?"

"I—don't—know," the boy replied hesitatingly. "I suppose it's just a habit I've gotten into.

"A habit! Humph It's a pretty poor habit, young man, and you'd better break away from it as soon as possible. Let me tell you three things: The first is, the world isn't waiting to hand out success to any man who doesn't make himself as big as can be. I don't mean that he is to be conceited; but he must stretch himself up to his utmost capacity, and try to fill as large a place as possible.

"The second is, that a man is always biggest when he is straightest. Stooping makes him little and insignificant. If you knew how much better you look with your shoulders thrown back and your head up, you'd never let yourself fall into your slouchy gait again. And that is just as true in a moral as in a physical sense. Lots of people don't believe it. They are trying to be big and successful and prosperous by stooping a little to mean tricks and underhanded ways while striving to get ahead. But don't let them fool you. Straightness is the real bigness. The straighter you live, the bigger you are.

"And the third thing is this: You say you stoop because you've gotten into the habit of it. Well, standing or living straight is just as much a matter of habit as standing or living crooked is. It is something that comes with practice, and hard practice, too. You've got to get into the way of doing it by doing it. I suppose that most young men think it's a good thing an d a desirable thing, and they wish they might do it, after a fashion. But the trouble is, they don't begin. They are waiting for some kind of a miracle to come along and straighten them out at once, and keep them straight. But it isn't done that way. You've got to begin this minute, with the first thing you come to, and be straight in that; and then you must keep right at it all the time until it gets to be a second nature. "There!" he continued, with a whimsical laugh. "I've preached you a little sermon out of church. I'll leave you to make the application of it; and maybe I'd better give you the place, and watch you so that I can see whether you are doing it. You may come at eight o'clock next Monday morning and make a trial of it."

He turned to his desk, while the applicant hurried away with a light heart and a radiant face.

"A little sermon out of church," with a text taken from the experience and observation of a thoughtful and successful man. It is worth pondering.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER VI

Hedda Olofsson was giving a coffee party to which she had invited the women who came from Sweden when she did, half a dozen years ago. The members of that little group always felt closer to each other than to any of the settlers who had arrived later to help build up the colony in the forests of Maine.

All wore the fresh calico dresses that were always "good" in the seventies. They were finished at the neck with ruching and a ribbon or narrow scarf.

Several of them came together.

"We met in the store," explained Betty Erlandsson. "Evert has got in a lot of new goods, and we went to look at them."

"Yes, I know. Charlotte and I have been there," replied the hostess. "I bought calico for a cover for the lounge."

"I suppose you got that pretty flowered stuff?" asked Ida Brenell. "I am going to get some of that for a quilt."

"No, I took the striped, because that is so much like the furniture covers I had in Sweden."

The guests walked about the garden, rejoicing in the rich crops this year. They looked in at the cellar door to see the supply of dried fruits and vegetables and the rows of preserve jars —not many, in spite of the abundance of fruit, for sugar was expensive.

Meanwhile Charlotte had set the table in the lilac arbor. There were plates of rusks, fresh coffe bread rolled into fancy shapes, and a jelly cake.

The gospel of "esthetic culture" being preached throughout the land at this time had not penetrated to the pioneer settlement, yet the guests did not fail to admire the table, with its cloth in white and pale yellow, a bowl of deeper yellow filled wih nasturtium blossoms, and the white dishes with gold bands, a pleasing variation from the plain, heavy white crockery that had, so far, been the only kind obtainable.

"You still plant your nasturitums every year," remarked Dora, the young wife of Eberhard Josefsson, as she served herself daintily with the sugar tongs, for the Swedish women preferred cut loaf to fine sugar. "I thought you didn't like them, Charlotte."

"I never used to," said Charlotte, smiling, "and only lately have I been able to account for that notion. You may remember that the first summer we were here mamma was the only one who had any flowers, and they were nasturtiums. The seeds were given to her just before we left by a poor woman who used to help her with the work. She said she wanted mamma to have something to remember her by, and she had nothing else to give. She always had a nasturtium bed in front of her door. You know we all lived in a very primitive way at first, and we had never had those flowers before, so I thought they were just for poor people."

"Why did you never tell me that?"

asked her mother.

"I was afriad you would scold me for being proud."

"If we only knew what goes on in the minds of children," said Ida, when the laugh had subsided.

When the coffe service had been removed the women opened their work baskets and bags. Hedda was hemming her new cover, and Charlotte worked crossstitch patterns on square of perforated cardboard, to be made into an air castle.

Steps sounded on the gravel walk, and Tom Potter, the peddler, appeared with his pack. He was greeted as an old friend. Tom had been the first to remember that the supplies the housewives brought with them from the old country would need replenishing, and he had visited the settlement several times a year since their arrival. After the opening of the store his trade had fallen off considerably, but the wives of the first settlers postponed as much of their buying as they conveniently could until Tom Potter came on his rounds

"I met your husbands in Houlton in the spring," said Tom when the transactions had been finished and his pack closed.

"Yes. They went there to get their papers."

"So they told me. People were saying what a fine-looking lot of men they were, but I heard one fellow tell Consul Thomas that some of them couldn't be very patriotic, for they spoke very little English for men who had been here long enough to vote."

"Who was that?"

"I didn't know him; but Thomas told him the men who hadn't learned English had been so busy felling trees and developing the land they hadn't had time to study, or to go around among other people and learn the language that way. He said they had come here from across the sea and cultivated a tract of land where no native born citizens could be induced to live. They had proved that it had the best soil in the world for raising potatoes, and after they came other pioneers had founded other colonies in the wilds of Maine, that had never been inhabited except by wild beasts. He thought those men had earned their citizenship, and he was sure Uncle Sam would be proud to get them."

"What did the man say to that?"

"What was there to say?"

"Do you think it is going to be of any advantage to our men to be naturalized?" asked Betty, when the peddler had left.

"I think so," said Hedda. "You know we have no government here but the Committe of Ten that our own men select, and they have no legal authority. Consul Thomas has been sitting in the legislature of the state, but he could not propose any laws for his own colony because there is not one American citizen here. As long as we expect to stay in this country always, we ought to belong to it."

„But I have heard that if there should be war between this country and Sweden the men who have been naturalized would have to fight on this side and against their native land. Can that be possible?"

"Dear Mamma," said Dora, with a touch of impatience, "you surely understand that after they have sworn off allegiance to King Oscar their duty is with the country to which they have chosen to belong. But you needn't worry, for there will never be war be-

tween the United States and Sweden."

"No, I shouldn't think so."

"I seem to recall that such a question did come up once," said Hedda. "Do you remembered about it, Charlotte?"

"I suppose you are thinking of the Swedish colony on the Delaware River, about two hundred years ago, Mamma? That colony was taken by the Dutch, and the Swedes refused to take the oath of allegiance because if there should ever be war between Sweden and Holland they would, as Aunt Betty said, have to fight against their own countrymen."

"There was some reason for that," said Hedda, "for the countries of Europe were always fighting at that time, and their American colonies were involved."

"How did it turn out?"

"Peter Stuyvesant, the governor of New Netherland, thought the Swedes were right, and he put a clause in the oath providing that, if Holland and Sweden should go to war, the colonists on the Delaware would remain neutral."

"How much you know, Charlotte," said Betty, in a tone between admiration and disapproval. "You must have read every book in New Sweden."

"Almost," said Charlotte, smiling, "but papa has promised that I may go to Houlton next winter to learn dressmaking. Then I hope I'll have a chance to read more English books."

"That may be, but it's a waste of time. I always thought Rolf Delander taught you children more than was necessary, especially for girls. If they know how to read that is enough."

"Do you ever hear from Rolf?" asked Ida tactfully.

"Yes, he writes to Ivar once in a while," said Hedda.

"I remember reading a letter he wrote from California," said Dora. "It sounded like a fairy tale."

"We still have that letter," said Hedda. "Perhaps you would all like to hear it? We'll go into the room and Charlotte will read it. It is getting cool out here."

All rose and followed the hostess into "the room," which had been added to the cabin and furnished in up-to-date fashion. The walls were covered with bronze paper, the floor with a red and black ingrain carpet. But the somberness of this background was relieved by splashes of white. Lace curtains fell in a graceful sweep down on the carpet. There were white crocheted covers on the oval center table, which held the Bible and the album, on the bureau set across one corner of the room, on the shelves of the whatnot in the opposite corner, on the backs of the two cane rocking chairs and on the cushion of the lounge. On the walls hung copies of two well-known paintings—Trollhattan and The Entry of Gustaf Vasa into Stockholm in 1523—and a portrait of Christina Nilsson, whom Ivar Olofsson had heard sing at country fairs in her childhood.

Back of this room was a small bedroom, always kept ready for the itinerant preachers who occasionally visited the colony.

"I am glad you are going to learn to sew, Charlotte," said Ida, as she threw back the cover of the small rocker before seating herself. "There is nothing we need here so much as a good dress-maker. I am sure you will get all the work you can do, and will make money."

"Someone else is planning to make

money, too," said Dora, with an arch look at her mother

"Yes," said Betty. "Ingvald is making me a loom, and I am going to weave rag carpets if anyone wants them."

The approval with which this communication was received was sufficent guarantee for work.

Charlotte took the letter from California out of the upper bureau drawer and read the description of that land of wonders.

"It sounds like a fairy tale, as Dora said," said Ida when she had finished. "I wonder Rolf didn't stay there."

"He said that's what everybody kept asking him when he came back to Chicago," said Hedda, "and finally he wrote an answer and distributed it among his friends. It's in the envelope, isn't it, Charlotte?"

"I dwelt where trees were always green
And flowers bloomed the year around,
Where songbirds can be heard and seen
While here the snow lies on the ground.

"Why leave a land so wondrous rare
To live where winter's icy sting
Brings frozen ground and branches bare?
Because I missed the thrill of spring."

The sound of wheels was heard, and a wagon stopped at the gate. Dora's husband had been to Caribou, and came this way to take her home.

"Eberhard must have heard good news," said one of the women as he came up the walk. "He walks and looks as if he was very happy about something."

After shaking hands all around Eberhard said, "Do you know what I have heard? Our colony has been legally organized as a Plantation of the State of Maine. Now we belong. We are part of the state and the republic, not outsiders."

Charlotte had brought in glasses of raspberry shrub and cookies. Eberhard raised his glass and cried,

"Shoal to the Plantation of New Sweden."

All the women responded with more or less enthusiasm, but one or two looked indifferent, as if they could not quite see what it was all about.

Now there was a general leave-taking. Several took out their knitting, to work as they walked. Dora and Eberhard invited those going their way to ride. As soon as his master took the lines the horse started off at a speed showing that he sensed, as is the way of horses, the feelings of the driver.

(To be continued)

---

## COURTESY

Be courteous. If you would distinguish yourself in this hustling, bustling world of rudeness and indifference, be courteous, even to beggars. Nothing costs less to give or will get you more than courtesy.—London Prison Farmer.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Sallie Mae Davis, child welfare assistant of Pitt County, accompanied by Miss Doris Wollard, Kenneth Wollard and Clinton Bowling, all of Greenville, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday morning. While here they visited the various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

---

Mr. A. V. Edwards, mayor of the city of Hendersonville, and Mr. Otis V. Powers, chief of police of that city, visited the School last Wednesday afternoon. After going through the various departments and making a trip over our farm, both of these gentlemen expressed their pleasure in having seen the work of the institution being carried on.

---

Miss Merlee Asbell and Miss Elsie Thomas, members of the faculty of the Greenwood Consolidated School, near Lemon Springs, spent the last week-end with the latter's aunt, Miss Myrtle Thomas, the School's resident nurse. At the regular session of our Sunday School last Sunday morning, these two visiting young ladies rendered a vocal duet in a most pleasing manner.

---

Quite a number of the School's staff of workers went to Charlotte last Sunday afternoon to hear Edward McHugh, known to radio listeners as the "Gospel Singer." Mr. McHugh rendered two programs consisting of favorite hymns, one at 2:45 and the other at 5 o'clock, in the First Baptist Church. It was estimated that more than three thousand people heard the celebrated singer at these two services, which filled the main auditorium and Sunday School rooms to capacity, with probably half that number being turned away.

---

Following a custom of several years' standing, the Oxford Orphanage Singing Class visited the Training School on Wednesday of last week, rendering a most delightful program in our auditorium in the evening. The program, consisting of recitations and musical numbers, was very well rendered by the boys and girls from the Oxford institution, and was a source of real pleasure to our family of nearly five hundred boys, the members of the staff, and quite a number of visitors from Concord. With youthful voices blending beautifully, the program started with the processional hymn, "Ancient of Days" and an anthem entitled "I Will Praise Thee, O Lord," and from that time until the rendition of the closing number, the audience thoroughly enjoyed several humorous recitations; musical numbers, both solos and group singing. The number entitled "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Ghost" made a decided hit with the Training School youngsters. Two very pretty scenes were those entitled "Humpty-Dumpty and Me" and "Flitting Fireflies." In the first a charming

little miss sang the solo part while seated in the moon with the celebrated Humpty-Dumpty alongside. In the latter scene, the children were attired in very pretty costumes as they flitted about a darkened stage, with green lights twinkling as they sang. The closing number, "Salute to the Flag", with the boys and girls dressed in semi-military uniforms in the colors of the Orphanage, was one of the best the Class has presented since coming to the School.

To Brother L. W. Alderman, manager of the group; to Mrs. Sadie T. Hutchinson, director of the class; and to the youngsters themselves we feel indebted for an evening of fine entertainment, and assure them a most cordial welcome whenever they find it convenient to visit the School. We also desire to take this opportunity to thank the members of Stokes Lodge, No. 32, A. F. & A. M., who sponsor these annunal visits of the children from Oxford, for making it possible for our boys to enjoy such good programs.

---

Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Ephesians 6:11-18, and in his most helpful and interesting talk to the boys, he used for his text John 7:17—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

At the beginning of his remarks Dr. McLarty stated that there is a volume of truth in the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way." He said that it called to mind a large caterpillar tractor making its own way through sand, marshes, brush, over deep ditches and other obstructions; and the same might be said of those huge army tanks, in use during the World War, tearing right through wire entanglements, cutting a swath through forests, clearing a path over which the soldiers followed. These mechanical monsters made their own way. Then when it comes to buying an automobile, one of the first questions we ask is about the motor power. When we speak of men, women, boys and girls, the same thing is true. It is not the strength or intelligence of people that determine their real worth, but it is the will or motor power. In educating ourselves, we are prone to pay too much attention to the receptive power and too little to the motor power. We have been neglecting the engine.

A person with a weak, flabby, wabbly will is much worse than one with a weak intellect, continued Dr. McLarty. If a boy has no will power, no determination to do things, he is almost certain to develop into a worthless sort of man, of no particular use to himself or anyone else.

The speaker then told the boys the story of Achilles, how the one small weak spot resulted in his death, and then pointed out the fact that if our vulnerable spot is the will power, the forces of evil find it very easy to gain control of our lives.

There are two classes of people in the world, said Dr. McLarty, the "I can" and "I can't" classes, illustrating this statement with this familiar scene: There are two boys in a classroom. When the lesson is assigned, one immediately says, "Oh, I can't

do that," and begins to surrender without any effort. He fails because his engine is weak. The other lad squares his jaw, pulls his belt up another notch, and says, "I can do it," and buckles right down to hard work. When one makes such a start, goes at the task just like he really means business, the work is already half done, and that boy is sure to be a winner. Sometimes the boy in the "I can't" class offers numerous excuses before he tries, while the other youngster has confidence in himself and tackles the proposition with the determination to win. The latter may fail occasionally, but the fact that he made an honest effort enables him to look you straight in the eye, and, sooner or later he is the lad who will accomplish great things, while the boy who didn't try will be unable to do anything worthwhile. Truly, it is far better to have a weak intellect than a weak will.

Dr. McLarty then stated that when we surrender, saying "I can't" we give people the impression that God just put us here on earth to go down in defeat. This is not so. God put us here to give us a chance to develop into real men and women of character by overcoming the evil powers which beset us on all sides as we pass along on the journey of life. We may say we have no strength. Well, how do we get strength? By continually doing the little things well, our strength will develop. Different situations try our strength, and the harder we have to fight, the stronger we grow, both physically and morally. Overcoming difficult tasks not only increases our power, but it adds to our self-respect. An easy victory is no good, but to win against a worthy opponent strengthens us for the next battle. We must work out these things for ourselves. Like the tractor or tank, we must make our own way.

In conclusion Dr. McLarty stated that we cannot do this entirely by ourselves. Our own power alone is not enough. We need the strength of Jesus Christ to help us fight life's battles. He then cited the case of St. Paul, who first said "I can't," then after taking Jesus into his life, made this statement: "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." We must pray for the power of Almighty God, who can give us the strength to do things that would otherwise be impossible.

---

## GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

I believe it was Madame De Stael who said, "It is difficult to grow old gracefully." We might take a lesson from a famous ball player. When he first began to pitch he was so good that his manager had him pitch too much and he hurt his arm, but he said that he made up in skill what he lacked in speed, so it may be that as we grow older we may make up in wisdom what we lack in energy.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending October 30, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Rex Allred 11
Virgil Baugess 12
(2) Jack Broome 2
(5) Henry Cowan 17
Edgar Harrellson 5
(6) Vernon Johnson 10
(6) Blanchard Moore 15
Reece Reynolds 10
Frank Walker 8
R. L. Young 5

**COTTAGE No. 2**

John Capps 11
J. T. Godwin 4
Fernie Medlin 2
Nick Rochester 17
Oscar Roland 12
Landreth Sims 3

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(6) Lewis Andrews 10
(8) Robert Atwell 10
Frank Crawford 5
Herman Cherry 3
(7) James C. Cox 7
Harrison Stilwell 4
Claude Terrell 10
(14) John C. Robertson 17
(2) Jerome W. Wiggins 9
(6) Earl Weeks 14

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(4) Wesley Beaver 10
James Hancock 11
(3) Hugh Kennedy 4
John King 9
James Land 12
(8) Van Martin 18
(2) J. W. McRorrie 3
(2) Fred Pardon 3
(4) Leo Ward 14
Samuel Williams 3

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Robert Dellinger 7
Lindsay Dunn 4
J. C. Ennis 4
(5) Grover Gibby 11
Donald Holland 7
(4) William Kirksey 7
(2) James Page 6
Richard Palmer 13
(5) Winford Rollins 16
Edward Thomasson
(3) Ned Waldrop 10
(22) Dewey Ware 22
(3) Ralph Webb 13

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Edward Batten
(2) Eugene Ballew 4
Fletcher Castlebury 14
(2) Robert Dunning 5
Robert Deyton 6
Columbus Hamilton 6
Leo Hamilton 5
Thomas Hamilton 7
(6) Clinton Keen 13
Charles McCoyle 9
(2) Joseph Tucker 12
(2) William Wilson 11
Woodrow Wilson 9

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(5) John H. Averitte 5
(2) William Beach 11
(3) Cleasper Beasley 18
(5) Carl Breece 20
(2) Archie Castlebury 17
James H. Davis 16
(2) William Estes 19
(2) Caleb Hill 21
(6) Hugh Johnson 18
(3) Robert Lawrence 8
(7) Edmund Moore 18
Marshal Pace 10
Jack Pyatt 8
Loy Stines 10
(9) Earthy Strickland 17
(2) William Tester 11

(9) Ed Woody 9
William Young 19

**COTTAGE No. 8**

J. B. Devlin 9
(3) Howard Griffin 5
Clyde Hillard 3
Harvey Ledford 9
John Penninger 10
Charles Taylor 16
(12) John Tolbert 20
(2) Walker Warr 11

**COTTAGE No. 9**

(4) J. T. Branch 18
(4) Edgar Burnette 16
(5) Roy Butner 10
(3) James Coleman 16
(5) Henry Coward 13
(14) George Duncan 18
(3) Frank Glover 11
(2) Mark Jones 14
(13) Eugene Presnell 13
(3) Thomas Sands 15
Luther Wilson 10

**COTTAGE No. 10**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**

Julius Fagg
(11) Baxter Foster 18
(12) Earl Hildreth 15
(2) Andrew Lambeth 2
(3) Donald Newman 4
(3) Theodore Rector 4
(9) Julius Stevens 20
(2) Thomas Shaw 16
(3) John Uptegrove 17

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Ben Cooper 14
William C. Davis 12
(2) James Elders 16
(2) Max Eaker 14
(3) Charlton Henry 18
(2) Richard Honeycutt 12
(3) Hubert Holloway 16
(3) Alexander King 17
(2) William Powell 11
(2) Howard Sanders 15
(3) Carl Singletary 18
(3) Avery Smith 5
(3) Leonard Watson 14
(2) J. R. Whitman 3
(3) Leonard Wood 18
(3) Ross Young 14

**COTTAGE No. 13**

Wilson Bailiff 2
(2) William Griffin 9
(5) Isaac Hendren 15
(6) James V. Harvel 14
Joseph Woody 5
(2) Alexander Woody 17

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Raymond Andrews 14
Claude Ashe 15
(7) Clyde Barnwell 19
(12) Delphus Dennis 18
Audie Farthing 17
(10) James Kirk 19
Feldman Lane 8
(4) John Robbins 14
Paul Shipes 13
Harold Thomas 17
Garfield Walker 9
(3) Jones Watson 7
Harvey Walters 15

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Clifton Davis 7
Aldine Duggins 10
Clarence Gates 4
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 13
L. M. Hardison 19
(4) Beamon Heath 12
Joseph Hyde 9
(2) Robert Kinley 10
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 10
(4) James McGinnis 10
(5) Paul Ruff 19
(5) Rowland Rufty 15
Richard Thomas 14

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) James Chavis 18
Reefer Cummings 17
(6) Filmore Oliver 19
Thomas Oxendine 13
(2) Curley Smith 14

---

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.
—Exchange.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

**Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information**

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

NOV 1 4

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 12, 1938 No. 45

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## WALK THEREIN

And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a Merit of his coward dread.
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength
alone!

—Whittier.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RED CROSS AIDS YOUNG FOLKS IN DISASTER | (Selected) | 10 |
| ARCTIC RADIOS ARE TUNING UP | By James Montagnes | 12 |
| INDIAN SUMMER DAYS | By Alison Phillips | 14 |
| TWO PAIR SHOES NOW WEAR LONG AS THREE USED TOO | (Selected) | 16 |
| "SEEING EYE DOGS" AND "TALKING BOOKS" FOR THE BLIND | By Eva M. Muma | 19 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter VII) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 22 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

### "IN QUIETNESS"

Someone has wronged, has hurt you, you say.
Well, Christian, can't you take it?
Pause a moment and picture the man,
Brought by rude soldiers to take his stand
Before Pontius Pilate, his very flesh crying out in pain,
To hear lying witness again and again.
Betrayed by one friend, denied by another,
In silence and pity bearing it all.
Can't you bear something, my brother?
Did Jesus promise an easy way
To those who would follow him?
Often he said 'twould be rough and dark,
But he told of a "Light" never dim.
As the world measured out to the Master,
Also will it measure to you—
Persecution, lies and derision.
But keep your heart quiet, be true
Always to the "heavenly vision";
"And lo" Christ walks there too.
He takes your heart in his own heart,
In its place gives you love to pray—
"Father, forgive them," and courage
Give me, to follow thee all the way.

—Lucile N. Carter.

## THE ANNUAL RED CROSS ROLL CALL

From official sources, far and wide, we learn of the activities and good work of the American National Red Cross. When disaster strikes a section the first and foremost agency looked to for relief is the local Red Cross. Its interest is widespread, reaching in de-

vastated fields touched by tornadoes, fire, floods or epidemics of most contagious diseases.

The emergency aid, and family rehabilitation program carried on by this great organization cannot be equaled by any other agency.

Plans have been made in Cabarrus county at this time to put on an extensixe campaign for membership with the hope of getting the largest enrollment in the history of the local organization. When the annual roll call begins the people at large should lend strength to the local chapter, as well to our national organization, by unhesitatingly becoming members. When the call comes to any emergency, local or national, the slogan of the Red Cross is "go," and there is no hestiancy as to obeying orders—relief is immediate. It is a blessed privilege to be enrolled as a member in such a far-reaching agency for relief to humanity. The Red Cross endeavors to serve the need.

When the canvassers call on you this week, or perhaps next, be as liberal as you can. Remember that while one dollar buys a membership, there is provision made for larger contributions that will help the local situation materially.

* * * * * * *

## AID FOR LIBRARIES PROPOSED

The following comes from a citizen of the State, Mr. C. W. Tillett, of Charlotte, who lives in the realm of high culture, therefore, thinks along lines of state wide uplift for the people of North Carolina. He argues that if the public policy of the state is to build highways with state aid that for the same reason county-wide public libraries should be furnished. We will abide our time and see just what the next General Assembly will do. Mr. Tillett writes as follows in the current issue of Municipal News:

"It has always seemed correct to me to say that books are the highways of the mind. By means of a book a man, though seated in his arm-chair, can be transported to the ends of the earth. It would be no more logical for a progressive people to travel with their automobiles on meager privately mantained dirt roads than for them to travel with their minds on meager privately maintained libraries. There was a time when people opposed the building and modernization of roads at the public expense, but we long ago dis-

covered that if the people were to progress we must, at the public expense, construct good roads so that they could go where they wanted and needed to go, so that they could receive the people that they wanted and needed to receive and so that the avenues of traffic and commerce could be opened wide.

"If the minds of the people of North Carolina are to go on the excursions that they want and need to go; if their minds are to receive the invigorating ideas that they want and need to receive; if they are really going to live in and enjoy the new world that is developing around about them, books, great books and plent of books must be made available to them, and the public treasury—since the public will be the beneficiary—should foot the bill.

"At the next Legislature there will be presented a bill to appropriate money for the State aid of county-wide libraries. If the analogy between highways and books is correct, then it would seem to be in line with the established public policy of North Carolina that state aid—which is now freely given for highways—should be furnished for county-wide public libraries."

S. T. Coleridge writes of books: It is saying less than the truth to affirm that an excellent book (and the remark holds almost equally good of a Raphael as of a Milton) is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetitte.

* * * * * * *

## A NATION-WIDE JOKE

On Sunday night, October 30th, when all the world was quiet and peaceful a panic nearly followed when H. G. Wells' story of "War of the Worlds" was produced by the Columbia Broadcasting system. The picture was gruesome, depicting in a most horrible, warlike way how the "Men of Mars" were going to destroy the world. The presentation was too realistic not to create excitement and upset terribly those inclined to be histerical.

The stories told by those who listened in were varied. Some thought the world was coming to an end, that the thunder gods

of Mars with the destructive gasses and fumes were throwing their metroic powers profusely with the intent to destroy mother earth. It really was staged to perfection. The colorful fabrication of the horrors of war, interspearsed with the mysterious white robed spirit, made the strongest and most courageous feel queer,—but it was a joke, and now the joy of it all is every body gets a big laugh when told how scared "neighbor" was.

One lady reported, she never flinched while Mars was casting thunderbolts, but when the spirit, a stripling of a girl, in white satin appeared and then as suddenly disappeared she felt queer. She instantly turned off the radio and retired. She had no fears of war, but had an aversion to spooks, or spirits.

* * * * * * *

## SCIENCE OF TODAY AND SCIENCE FIFTY YEARS BACK

After having lived in the age of skilled scientists, with the help of the nursing profession and advantages of splendidly equipped hospitals one has to stop and ask the question, "how did people when ill manage in the days when the country doctor ministered to all kinds of ailments?"

The answer to the question is that people of that age made the best of the situation. There was in the old secretary a "doctor's book" and it was frequently resorted to when in doubt as to the correct diagnosis. Futhermore every good housewife knew a formula that would cure all ailments peculiar to mankind.

A few weeks ago while in company with an intelligent old lady of the mountains, and her age is 84, she began talking of the by-gones and the customs of those days.

She begun to speak of the times when she would sit by the bedside of a sick friend and apply her home remedies. In the course of conversation she gave the following and continues to believe there is some virtue in these old remedies:

**Rheumatism**—Make wine of Poke berries and drink all you want. **Stomach Trouble**—Use dry dock roots steeped in hot water, chew and swallow the juice. **La Grippe**—Bathe your feet in hot water, take a hot tea of some kind, go to bed and remain well covered. **Measles**—Drink plenty cold water. **Scarlet Fever**—Bathe in hot water. **Kidney Trouble**—Drink plenty of water. **Baby Thrash**—Borax water used to swab out the throat. Have a new swab each time. **Ring Worns**—Blood root shredded and bound on the place affected. **Pneumonia**

—Onion poultices applied on the chest, or side where the pain is. **Diptheria**—Mix privet leaves and twigs, boil, add honey and alum. This makes a wash to be used in swabbing the throat. Also take salts. **Croup**—One tea-soonful of weak lye, one tea-spoonful of oil, and one tea-spoonful of cane molasses. **Typhoid Fever**—Spruce pine tea made from the leaves of hemlock or spruce pine. Drink either hot or cold. Add sedative oil and a little turpentine.

This delightful character, eighty-four years of age, said: "I learned all of these remedies and many others from the 'herb doctor' or familiarly speaking, the 'medicine man'."

* * * * * * *

## INSIST ON PURE MILK

Women, guardians of health in the homes, are through the columns of the Sanatorium Sun, urged to isnist upon having pure milk. The Sun writes that women who are responsible for children ought to be sure that all milk which they drink is pasteurized. Pasteurization properly done kills tuberculosis germs which may have been transmitted to the milk from tuberculous cows. Great strides have been made by governmental agencies in the eradication of tuberculous cattle, but there is still a change that some of them may be in any herd.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### BE AT CHURCH ON SUNDAY

"If the week seems filled
With too much to do,
And Sunday comes 'round
All too soon for you,
Think of a plan whereby you can
Be in church on Sunday
If the work goes slow,
Not enough gets done,
The next thing in line
Seems never begun
Right now today, jot down a way,
To be in church on Sunday."

---

Our hopes are the dreams we all have when we are wide awake.

---

In the past fifty years medicine has made great progress. It has caused people to live longer, yet at the same time, it costs more.

---

It is said that some women find that a new hat is a good cure for a headache. From the looks and the size of some of the new model hats it takes very little to cure a headache.

---

Since women have entered the domain of man and are found in all the professions and businesses, it is noted that there are no professional divers. That is easily explained. It is impossible to talk under water.

---

They now say that science is seeking to discover a way whereby rubber trees can be kept alive after being bled. It would be a good idea if science would apply that kind of an investigation to the taxpayers.

---

There aren't many persons who can't be masters of their fate, if they but really make up their minds to be. No man has to be what he is unless he is content to remain so. The wise man always seeks to create events, not merely suffer from them.

---

Interest and pride in work are essential to success, and to contentment too. The man who has little interest in his job, who dawdles along, "killing time" until the whistle releases him, is not going anywhere. Why? In the first place he won't get the opportunity. And in the second place he wouldn't be able to grasp it if it did come his way. How much interest and pride do you take in your job?

---

For ages you have heard people say, "Honesty is the best policy." It is But not honesty for policy's sake. For righteousness sake. Honesty in business. That spells everything. Men today are realizing this more than ever. I have seen it as I was growing up. I saw the success of those who were honest. Some achieved through unscrupulous methods. But did you ever notice in your own life where men you had known had achieved success in such a manner that the money did not stay with them? There is always something wrong with dishonest gains. Such type of men have wealth this year and the next year they are broke and struggling far worse than those whom they have deprived of their rightful property. I don't want that kind of money, and if I have to wait to get it

in such a manner I guess I will never have it.

---

Autumn! Most winsomely human and beloved of the seasons. No one should begrudge time spent in enjoying this interval of perfect days which invite one out of the house, and out of one's self. Without money and without price, the nearest hilltop affords a view no famous scenery can surpass. Rosy health and vigor seem to be brought back to tired bodies in the very air alone. There is wine in the wind—wine as pure and harmless as water from a crystal spring. All earth is glowing in colors, when it has yielded up its harvest, ceased its torments of humidity and heat, and holds in abeyance its frost and snow and icy blasts, mankind alone is melancholy mad in refusing to accept the play spirit and renew its youth. We are too serious a people. We wear ourselves out over "problems" many of which are only making tragedies out of trifles. Then we turn for amusement to so many stereotype things which long ago ceased to have real charm. Why hike miles under the impression that you are getting close to nature? Most of us, with all nature around us, and well-tried friends and neighbors who would gladly join in the pleasure of something worth while, are more or less indifferent. For the joys of tomorrow which may never come we lose the joy to today. We toil for success, because that, we think, will open the gates of happiness, while inconsistently barring our own gates against the hoppiness which begs admission. Oh, we can't neglect our work, our important work. And what will its reward amount to if, after all, we have lost health and the capacity to enjoy?

---

## FALLING LEAVES

The leaves have turned to gypsies brown
And wander up and down the town
In coats of orange, red and yellow,
Each leaf a gay and swaggering fellow.

Like gypsies they are pleased to be
Gaily dressed and feeling free.
With each gust of autumn breeze,
Down they flutter from the trees.

When the wind begins to sing
They fly out adventuring;
With flaming jacket buttoned tight
Each jaunty leaf will take a flight.

In joyous cap and brilliant gown
The leaves are sailing out of town
In colored, frenzied ecstasy,
To celebrate a jamboree!

—Nona Keen Duffy.

# RED CROSS AIDS YOUNG FOLKS IN DISASTER

**(Selected)**

When disaster strikes, the Red Cross gives special attention to the needs of children. Coming at a time when they are in the formative and impressionable stage of life, the aim of the Red Cross is to make their disaster experience as pleasant as is possible under the circumstances.

Thus all refugee camps where young folks are concentrated are furnished with recreational tents. There all sorts of toys and games are available, and various types of athletic equipment are furnished to those wishing to indulge in sports. Classes in basket weaving, drawing, and other subjects are provided by persons trained in recreational leadership.

Special diets are furnished by the Junior Red Cross to children who are undernourished. Those suffering from illness are hospitalized and given the best of care.

The children's pets are also not overlooked. The Red Cross has learned from experience that everything which may contribute to the happiness of the little refugees will aid in maintaining their morale and thus be a definite factor in their welfare. For that reason pets and other animals are taken care of in time of disaster.

When the Connecticut River overflowed and the worst flood within the memory of living man descended upon Springfield, Massachusetts, in March, 1936, a problem confronting Red Cross workers was what to do with dogs that had been rescued. It was finally decided to put them in the basement of relief headquarters, pending permanent arrangements.

So some score or more dags were quartered in the cellar of the building, whether they liked it or not, and it soon became apparent that the answer was no. With the setting of the and the sounds of continuing activity in the upper portions of the house, a baying and howling ensued that drove workers to distraction. Speech was heard with difficulty, and general confusion and nervousness began to be apparent. It was then that one of the workers, a doctor, hit upon a solution to the problem. A small amount of sedative was mixed into the food of these dogs. It worked, they went to sleep, and activities were soon going on as usual.

During the Ohio-Mississippi flood of 1937 kennels and animal compounds were maintained for pets and live stock. Every effort was made to evacuate animals from threatened areas before the disaster descended.

All animals were tagged and given expert care by veterinarians. When necessary they were inoculated before being allowed free use of the exercise ground, which is kept clean at all times.

Sometimes what some are pleased to call fate steps in and preserves the life of animals caught by disaster. After the New England flood of 1936 had subsided a farmer, aided by several persons, went on a hunt for his barn, finally locating it several miles downstream. As he opened the door,

out came his horse, somewhat thinner than the week before but otherwise no worse for its experience.

Disaster relief activities of the Red Cross, whether for animals or human beings, are supported from membership dues, voluntary contributions and gifts. The larger the Red Cross membership the more effective will be its services. The annunal Roll Call, at which time everyone is invited to join one of the 3,712 chapters that are located throughout the United States, begins Armistice Day and ends Thanksgiving.

---

## THE CLASH OF CONTROVERSY

A French proverb says: "In the clash of opinions there is light." The scientific explanation of the cause of lightning is friction produced by drops of water against mountains and trees and each other. The clash of ideas in free discussion makes for progress in intellectual enlightenment. The promotion of science has come to us in this way. It required six generations for the Copernican theory of the universe to prevail over the Ptolemaic. Errors are exposed in controversy, and truth emerges from the confusion. Political principles which are to guide the future have come through strife and struggle. Demoracy will at last win out over autocracy. The true educational ideal will at last emerge out of the clash of opposing ideas.

Religious truth rises clear out of the storm of controversy. Every creed has been a battleground. No unanimity of opinion has been reached. There ought to be some light, for there is no lack even today of the clash of opinions. There is more or less turmoil in every church. Prejudice clouds the issue. Some controversialists "darken counsel by words without knowledge." In some instances it resolves itself into an exchange of billingsgate. But out of it all the light of truth will at last chase away the darkness of error. "Every plant which our Heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted out."—Christain Advocate.

# ARCTIC RADIOS ARE TUNING UP

**By James Montagnes**

Arctic radios are being groomed for their major winter task, the reception of Saturday night personal messages to the hundreds of Mounties, fur traders, nuns, missionaries, doctors, nurses, prospectors, trappers, isolated far north of the railway in Canada's Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. The personal messages start another season Saturday, November 5th, from 11 to 12 midnight, Eastern Standard Time.

To within 800 miles of the North Pole, at Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, the world's most northerly police post, listeners are going to be tuned to Canadian stations each Saturday night, for somewhere a mother, father, sister or brother, has sent a message to Ottawa for transmission Saturday night. Relatives and friends make Saturday night radio messages their contact through the winter with the growing number of whites who live in the far north. To some these messages are their only contact with their relatives and friends outside till the next annual supply boat brings mail next summer. To others the messages are supplementary to the weekly or monthly air mail service.

The Saturday night messages have grown from a small beginning in the early day of radio when few sets were to be found in the far north. Then American stations carried the service to Canada's most northern citizens. In recent years Canadian stations have developed the service as the northland has grown in population, and from the few broadcasts each winter have come the weekly hour long services from November to May, over more than thirty stations. And in the same way the number of messages carried has grown till last year over 6,250 messages were sent out.

The messages come from all parts of the world. Many of the northerners hail from Great Britain. Distant relatives avail themselves of the service to keep in touch with homey news with their isolated sons, nephews, friends. From all parts of the Dominon and many parts of the United States messages flock to Ottawa for transmission.

Reception is good in the Arctic. On the broadcast bands European and Asiatic stations are heard. One listener in Dawson City, Yukon, always tunes in London on the short waves for his news. He gets it regularly three times a day with his meals. And through the thousands of personal messages go out into space to some isloted white man or woman around whose log cabin or frame house the Artic snows are pile high, most o fthe messages get through. A recent checkup in the eastern Artic, the remotest area of all relying on annual supply ships, showed that out of some 900 messages more than half were perfectly received, and o fthe remainder only fourteen had not been heard, with the rest imperfectly picked up.

Everybody in the Arctic sits at a radio Saturday nights, and those who are out on the trail carry portable sets, for no one would miss Saturday

night. And they listen the whole time, for the northerners know each other or have heard of each other. They share the good news and the bad which comes over the radio waves to their friends in the north. For a different radio thrill sit in some Saturday night late, tuned to a Canadian station. Follow the messages which go to nearly the top of the world, if you can on a map. It is a revelation to find so many people living in the Arctic "wastes."

---

## WORDS

It is our repsonsibility to choose the words we use A word once spoken is gone forever on whatever mission it is sent. It cannot be recalled. It cannot be destroyed. Just think of the words that we have spoken in anger, jealousy, suspicion or hatred. There is but one thing that can counter balance these; words that are spoken in kindness, in love, in faith, words of encouragement where they are needed along a lone hard way.

How words travel through the air! How easily they are picked up, only to be sent out again. They cannot be destroyed. Yet we speak them so lightly, so thoughtlessly, so harmfully. No wonder we are told the sins of the tongue are many. We should watch our words closely. When we find cruel, hard, unkind words about to be spoken, let us wait a while and reconsider; then I am sure these words will not be said.

Let us not be stingy with words of encouragement. Let a harmful story drop when it comes to us, and in its place send out a kindly thought. Kind thoughts are needed more than repetition of the tale that has already done enough harm.

There never as yet has been anyone so bad that some good could not be said about him. Let us find the good, and tell it. Many a thoughtless word has ruined a person's whole life and many a good word has brought happiness. Such is the power of words to discourage or inspire, we should be careful of those we chose.

The human life with melody is fraught.
Our good words are celestial echoes caught.
Let us say something that will take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may it be so favored as to add
To joy's vast realm, a little more.

—L. C., in the Reflector.

# INDIAN SUMMER DAYS

**By Alison Phillips**

When Indian Summer gathers in her store,
The crisp, cool air is tinged with smoke
Of burning hickory logs where hams are hung,
Mixed with the tartness of crabapples flung
Upon the mouldy earth wet with the dew.

The yellow ears of corn have filled the shed,
The loft is stacked with musty hay,
The frost is on the pumpkins in the shocks,
The geese and pigeons span the sky in flocks,
And blushing maples strew the ground with leaves.

The turkey gobbler struts and spreads his tail
Without a thought of coming doom,
The hog within his pen grunts with the chill,
The forest echoes with the flickers' drill,
And snapping winds have whirled the rustling leaves.

The fragrant apples have been gathered in;
Some scarlet skinned with crisp, white flesh,
And some are golden, sweet and soft . . . the green
Ones hard. The chestnuts with their rich brown sheen
Have filled the wicker baskets by the hearth.

Neat jars of jam and fruits have lined the shelf
In their own syrup . . . sweet and clear;
The peaches halved, the strawberries whole and bright,
The purple plums, and honey catching light
In golden bars among them flaunt their hues.

The stewed tomatoes glow within their jars,
Dried sage and chives fill paper bags,
The larder holds thick bacon slabs to fry,
Boxed wrinkled prunes and spiced mince-meat for pie,
And home-canned chicken deep in yellow fat.

Molasses thickens deep in wooden kegs,
And tangy cider fills high jugs,
The stores of nuts bulge out fat gunny sacks,
Potatoes, onions lie in dusty stacks,
And birch logs pile beside the fireplace.

The woods aflame with autumn's fire are still
Save for the falling of a leaf,
Or squirrel chatter. Dimming hazes rise
Before the copper glow of morning skies,
And bittersweet holds drops of beady dew.

In heavy clusters hang the purple grapes
From arboring vines in densest leaf.
The scattered red-brown and the yellow leaves
Have blanketed the ground . . . those squawking thieves,

The jays, dart through the orange foliage.

The sumac shakes her multi-colored hands,
Persimmons sweeten with the frost,
The 'coon and 'possum warm their winter beds
With milkweed fluff and marsh reeds torn in shreds,
As Indian Summer skies turn chill and fade.

—Selected.

---

## RICHES WITHOUT WEALTH

The true riches of body, mind, heart and soul are not dependent upon material wealth—they are as free as the air we breathe, they are ours for the taking.

Riches of the Body: Clean, white sheets. Blessed sleep. The health-building rays of the sun. Pure, sparkling water. Hills to climb. Streams to fish in. Rain to sing in. Warm wholesome food. The perfume of flowers. The aroma of coffee. Chairs to relax in. Invigorating air to breathe. The cozy warmth of the open fire.

Riches of the Mind: All the noble thoughts that men have written down in books since time began. All the masterpieces that men have expressed in painting and sculpturing. All the ageless, deathlees music of the masters. All that has been learned about the body and mind of man, the earth beneath our feet, and the farthest star in infinite space.

Riches of the Hearth: The consciousness of being loved. The gift of friendship. The joy of planting smiles on the faces of little children. The laugh of a baby. The radiant glow that comes with giving ourselves in unselfish service to others.

Riches of the Spirit: The buoyant, spiritual life in being in tune with the infinite. The inspiration of partnership with God in the unfolding of a better world.

—The Friendly Adventurer.

# TWO PAIRS SHOES NOW WEAR LONG AS THREE USED TO

**(Selected)**

Some time ago there was considerable talk about shoes from Czechoslovakia coming into the United States and overwhelming the domestic manufacturer. It was just one of those assertions that come and go in the newspaper.

Information given out by the bureau of standards in Washington shows the progress being made by the leather industry in the United States. The bureau's experiments show that soles tanned by the modern chrome process last 20 to 75 per cent longer than soles tanned by the vegetable tanning process.

Carrying out still further these and other experiments, the experts of the leather industry concluded that improvements in tanning of leather give Mr. and Mrs. American Consumer shoes which last on an average half again as long as did the shoes of their fathers. Likewise, leather for suitcases, books and other products is much more durable.

This means that the consumer gets about half again as much for his money because the price of leather today is approximately the same, in relation to other prices, as it was in the 19th century.

Another example of the better value offered by the leather industry is to be found in the great variety of colored shoes available today. Leather manufacturers have made leather in many hues so that shoe manufacturers can make different colored shoes at a price low enough to enable even the woman of limited means to wear a new color shoe with every color dress.

Leather does not color so readily so back of this display of color footwear is the record of many long and patient experiments by tanners and scientists to produce satisfactory colored leathers.

The way in which the leather industry tackled this problem may be illustrated by citing the experience of one firm.

men's shoes, mostly in blacks. When

For many years this concern had made a high grade leather for wo-

the demand for colored leathers arose the concern made many experiments and finally learned to dye these leathers through all the various colors.

In fact, this firm went even farther and learned to make a leather which is self-shining and will not break down under flexing nearly as rapidly as former leathers.

And the colored leathrs are not confined to shoes. It is a tribute to the achievement of the leather industry, that nowadays not only shoes but also gloves, bags, and other acessories are available in rainbow colors that do not readily crack.

To give Americans better leather the industry has sent its buyers all over the world.

More than 110 countries send hides and skins to the United States. Though large amounts of chestnut wood and some hemlock and oak barks are produced here, our imports of

tanning material run into millions of dollars in value.

Argentin aand Paraguay send us quebracho; Sicily sends us sumac; Asia Minor, Central America, South Africa, all contribute tanning agents. Hunters and fishermen in many regions earn their living by snaring sharks, reptiles, and kangaroos for American tanners, who turn these exotic skins into leather.

Another service of the industry has been the development of new uses for leather. Recently, for instance, leather has been used to an increasing extent for clothing.

Still another example of the progress of the leather industry is the increase in output of leather per man-hour which has occurred since 1923.

Output per man per hour in pounds or square feet of leather produced advanced approximately 25 to 28 per cent between 1923 and 1935, according to a survey by the bureau of labor statistics in cooperation with the Works Progress Administration.

Most of this increase in output per man, the bureau of labor statistics concluded, is due to improvement in the organization and improvement of labor plus the concentration of the output in smaller number of plants.

Thus, in 1800 when the population of the United States was only a fraction of what it is now, there were 2,400 tanneries while today there are only about 400.

The art of tanning is one of the oldest of industries, records showing that it flourished in Egypt and other ancient civilizations. But like many other long-established industries, there was little scientific study of tanning processes until the latter part of the 18th century. In ancient days and in medieval Europe tanning formulas were guarded as precious family secrets.

An American is credited with one of the first major invention in the leather industry. That is the splitting machine to split hides into different thicknesses, which was invented in 1809 by Samuel Parker, of Newberyport, Mass. The machine has enabled tanners to double their output in area of leather without increasing the number of hides used.

Other important parts of the tanning process—cleaning, fleshing and dehairing—had to be done by hand for many years. Experiments with machines to do this work first were made with types of machines that moved the skin against a fixed knife. Later attempts were made with machines that moved the knife against the machine.

The problem was solved in 1840 by Mellen Bray, a Maine tanner who inventd a machine which combined both of the earlier principles.

Another improvement was in the method of using the vegetable-tanning agents. Instead of applying of the ground-up oak-bark directly to the hides, it was found better to "leach" the tannin and other extracts from the bark, and to soak the hides in the resulting tanning liquor. Thereby, the tanning period was shortened and better leather produced.

Another important contribution of the American leather industry is the chrome process of tanning, invented near the end of the 19th century. A skin can be tanned in from four to eight hours by the chrome process, the time varying according to the thickness. Other tanning methods require weeks and sometimes months.

A more modern development has

been the use of new methods for treating leather with acids. Too much acid is harmful to the leather and formerly shoes often wore poorly because of mistakes in handling this part of the leather making.

Ever since 1623, when Experience Miller, an English tanner, arrived in America, the manufacture of leather steadily has developed into an important American industry. Today, the United States is the leading leather producer of the world, tanning more hides and skins and making more leather commodities than any other nation.

And American development af tanning machinery and tanning processes has revolutionized the methods and equipment of tanneries everywhere. Other nations have adopted our methods and installed our machinery.

But the most important contribution of the American leather industry is the fact that because of its efficiency even the citizen of modest means is able to afford quality footwear, baggage and other leather products which once were available only to the wealthy.

---

## NEWSPAPERING IS NOT EASY

Some appear to think that running a newspaper is easy, but from experience we can say that it is no picnic, because readers are hard to please.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.

If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting news.

If we do not get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we do not appreciate true genius; and if we print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's writing, we are too too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other newspaper.

And we did.—Selected.

# "SEEING EYE DOGS" AND "TALKING BOOKS" FOR THE BLIND

**By Eva M. Muma**

One of the most difficult of physical handicaps is blindness, and science and human kindness are constantly striving to bring a greater measure of happines and independence to those who must always live in darkness. To be sure many blind people are self-supporting and amazingly proficient in various professions,—musicians, teachers, lawyers, typists, salesman, etc.,—and seem cheerful and optimistic. But in spite of that, even the most self-reliant must depend upon the assistance of someone in order to get about except within familiar limits.

However, there is today an organization known as "The Seeing Eye" which is proving of inestimable value in aiding men and women thus handicapped. "The Seeing Eye" in this country is the result of a magazine article describing the work of a wealthy New York woman—Mrs. Harrison Eustis—in raising German shepherd dogs at Fortunate Fields in Switzerland—dogs bred from those which had proven their special qualifications in guiding the war blind of Germany. The article came to the attention of a young insurance salesman, Morris Frank, who had been blinded in an accident when only fifteen. He was so enthusiastic about it that he went to Europe and obtained Buddy—a Seeing Eye dog—and there received the training necessary to cooperate efficiently with his guide.

When he returned to New York and Buddy led him safely through the dense city traffic, it meant the beginning of new happiness and independence not only for Morris Frank, but for many other blind people in this country, for Mr. Frank in co-operation with Mrs. Eustis organized the unusual school at Morristown, New Jersey, known as "The Seeing Eye," and devoted to raising German shepherd dogs and training them to become guides for the blind. From the time the puppies are weaned until they are about fourteen months old, they are brought up in private homes so that they become accustomed to family companionship. They are then sent to the Morristown school where they receive a unique education. First they are taught obedience; next, the principles of guiding under every sort of condition likely to be encountered in a city or in travel. And finally they must learn when to disobey any command which might lead their masters into danger. For instance, in crossing a street, the dog must slacken his pace as he approaches a curb, coming to a complete stop when he reaches it, and not continuing until his master's foot is safely over the curb. If the dog senses danger ahead such as an open man-hole or torn-up street, he must detour around it. And almost unbelievable as it seems, it is said that Seeing Eye dogs can even protect their masters by avoiding overhead hazards as low-hanging awnings or projections. In spite of the command "forward" they must refuse to advance if so doing would lead into harm.

It requires about three months to educate a dog, and another month to train the blind to co-operate successfully with their Seeing Eye guides—to give the correct commands, and to understand the dog's movements, each with its own particular message transmitted through the handles of a specially-constructed harness. However, three or more years are needed for a man to become an instructor of Seeing Eye dogs. During part of the course he must constantly wear eye bandages so that he can actually feel the uncertainties and realize the handicaps and hardships of blindness,— and at the same time demonstrate to his canine pupil the necessity for proper guiding. So thorough is the training that it costs about $1,000 to produce a Seeing Eye dog, but the greater part of this is financed by private donations to the organization. The actual cost to the blind person for a dog and a month's training at the Morristown school is only $150, which is paid when the person resumes gainful employment.

Today there are more than three hundred Seeing Eye dogs in service in this country with an ever-increasing demand for them. However, because of the time and expense involved, the use of the Seeing Eye dogs is limited —(except in unusual circumstances)— to those who really need the dog's guidance in order to carry on their occupations and be self-maintaining. Many railroads, airlines and hotels that prohibit dogs are making an exception of Seeing Eye guides, which is a well-deserved tribute to the very fine work performed by these friends of the blind.

Much is also being accomplished in bringing education and entertainment to the blind. The Braille system of raised symbols in which thousands of books are now published has enabled them to read, although it is estimated that only about twenty-five percent of blind people have mastered this method. For the remaining seventy-five percent there is now another innovation known as "talking books" which was instituted as a Federal project by the Library of Congress and the WPA. These "talking books" are electric phonographs geared at such slow speed that each side of a record plays for fifteen minutes, and the listener may control both the volume and tone of voice on the recording.

WPA organizations have constructed some 7,000 of these machines which have been placed in twenty-eight distributing libraries throughout the United States. The largest is the Cleveland Library for the Blind which has about 17,720 Braille books with a circulation of 24,000, and 830 recorded books with a 5,000 annual circulation.

The talking book machines together with a radio may be purchased, it is reported, for less than fifty dollars, but to date only about 2,000 have been sold. However, 5,000 of them have been loaned to homes where they can remain as long as the blind person draws one of the "recorded books" every two months. The Library system is free, and both Braille books and recorded books are sent through the mail free.

Each year the Federal Government appropriates $75,000 for making more talking machines and recordings. Professional people who have trained voices are employed to do the reading for the records. Subject matter covers a wide range including novels, plays,

poetry, history, travel, science, biography, philosophy, psychology and religion including the complete Bible. The "talking book" copyright has been restricted so that only the blind have the privilege of using it.

And of course the modern radio also offers an inexhaustible source of inspiration, education and entertainment, to the sightless. Only recently the famous blind Helen Keller presented to the American Foundation for the Blind a new touch-tuning radio equipped with Braille symbols. The gift was in memory of her teacher and life-long friend, Anne Sullivan Nacy.

---

## MODERN CRUSOE FOUND

A modern Robinson Crusoe who is so tired of civilization that he fired upon a Greek warship that attempted to "rescue" him is living contentedly on a small island in the Aegean Sea.

He is Hans Dietrich, a German He owns the island, which is called Litonos, having purchased it from the Greek government 14 years ago for $400.

Since then he has lived on the island alone. His home is a cave, and he is plentifully supplied with fruit, fish,and goats milk. A well supplies fresh water.

His scuffle with the Greek navy occurred recently when the commander of a Greek warship saw smoke hovering over the island. Ignorant of the fact that the tiny speck of land had a "ruler," he sent a boat to investigate.

As the crew pulled toward the island, Dietrich fired an ancient cannon as a warning to the intruders to keep off his "kingdom." The crew pulled back hurriedly, and the commander, in return, sent a shell singing over the island. Then the boat crew resumed its trip ashore. Deitrich was "arrested."

"I want to be alone," the German explained. "I never want to see so-called civilization again."

Feeling the navy's dignity had been flouted by Dietrich's cannonade, the commander decided to impose a fine. The German had no money, and the warship had to be satisfied with payment of six goats.—Selected.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

## CHAPTER VII

Rolf had left the colony " to see a little more of the country." In Chicago he met a former classmate, Ernst Alm, who persuaded him to remain there, for a while at least. He found employment in a factory at good wages, performed his task well and faithfully, but the work failed to interest him. He wearied of the monotony, and realized that he lacked the ability that would lead to advancement.

He finally decided to accept the repeated invitations of his relatives, and went to California. Their closer acquaintance resulted in cordial friendship. Rolf wandered up and down the coast. He always looked back upon this as one of the pleasantest periods of his life, but he felt no desire to make this part of the country his home, and returned to Chicago.

Alm had been married a few months before. It had long ago been decided between them that when Ernst got married Rolf would make his home with him, and the young couple received him as a matter of course. Furthermore, he was told that he had returned just in time, for Alm was preparing to open a grocery store and wanted a partner. He had selected the location with care.

"It is on the outskirts of the city," he said, " too new for competition or for good transportation, so we'll be sure of practicaly all of the trade. We need not limit ourselves to groceries. We can put in a small case of notions, and a place to sell soft drinks in the back of the store."

Rolf was inclined to object to the "soft drinks," but refrained. He would be asked for his reason, and he did not wish to tell of his experience in that line. It had been altogether pleasant, but he felt about it as a man might feel about having served a term in jail—he hopes every one that knows will forget it, and that no one else will hear of it.

The Alms lived in a congested section of the city, and when Rolf saw the place selected for the business he declared it was "heaven." Although well within the city limits, it was an oasis in the midst of acres of open prairie, with a squatter's hut here and there, and affording opportunities for shooting small game. It was settled almost entirely by Swedes, and had been named after one of the principal cities in Sweden. It was practically a village built on one square, the two rows of cottages facing opposite streets. The yards were neatly fenced, and the fences overgrown with morning glory and cypress vines. In front of each house was a flower garden; in the back yard lawns, vegetable gardens, a croquet ground or two, a few trees shading benches or rustic seats. Double rows of trees were planted along the streets, forming a green arch over the sidewalks. Bird houses, pans of water set out in summer, and crumbs scattered on the snow in winter, attracted numerous songbirds.

Close by was an extensive corn field, where blue flags, violets and straw-

berries grew on the edges of the surrounding ditches.

The business was as successful as had been expected, and increased as the city crept gradually over the prairies.

The social life of "the settlement," as it was often called, reminded Rolf of that of New Sweden. Being, in a measure, isolated, the people were thrown upon their own resources for their pleasures. The store bacame their club.

Occasionally a minister visited the place, and service was held in one of the homes. Then a Sunday school was organized, and a little church was built.

Rolf took an active part in establishing and financing this, "helped" in the choir, sang, played and gave readings at entertainments, but he never became a member and never felt himself to be a part of the little community.

The early explorers of the North American continent had two dreams. They dreamed of finding untold wealth in the interior of the country, and of discovering a passage through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Both dreams have been fulfilled, though not in the way the explorers expected.

May 10th, 1869, the telegraph flashed the message throughout the country that at Promontory Point, Utah, the last spike had been driven in the road that was to united East and West. A way across the continent had been, not found, but made.

After the ill-fated quest of Coronado the Spaniards gave up the search for treasure on the plains, but it was resumed by the immigrants who, in the early seventies, flocked into the middle West in greater numbers than had ever before come to the New World, looking forward to acquiring homes, and land to cultivate as they had done in the mother country.

A poet of the West, John G. Neihardt, says: "We no longer write epics, we live them." The early history of our country is a series of the grandest epics the world has known, and not one of them is greater than that lived by the pioneers of the prairies. They did not come with a large military force, seeking cities of fabled splendor, that they might wrest their wealth from the owners. They came in small bands—one family at a time—one man at a time—seeking a likely place to stake a claim, in order to gain an honest living from the soil and leave it prepared for future generations. Hardships they expected, and were prepared to meet with fortitude. Every foot of ground, every adverse condition had to be studied and conquered. There were struggles with the natives, seasons of bitter cold, of intense heat, devastating storms and prairie fires, failure of crops, with hunger in its wake. Many perished in the struggle, many became discouraged and gave it up; but others were ever ready to step into line, and slowly, surely, the work went on. The number of settlers increased from year to year. The rolling plains were honeycombed with dugouts, each one the nucleus of a prosperous farm. Furrow was laid by furrow until the naked prairie was transformed into cultivated fields. Those fields now yield golden treasure, and the dream of the Spaniard is being richly fulfilled.

A very large portion of these pioneers come from northern Europe. In Chicago they were usually delayed for a few days before being sent on their

destinations. Rolf, with many others, took pleasure in spending Sunday afternoon at the Swedish "emigrant hotel," entertaining the travelers and being entertained by them. They talked of their plans and prospects, of friends and relatives who had come over some years ago, had been successful, and induced them to follow. They sometimes let Rolf read the letters they had received from them.

Rolf's latent love of the soil was awakened. He did not feel at home in the great city; the only thing about the business that gave him pleasure was his growing bank acount.

Perhaps on the prairies of Kansas, where so many were making their fortunes, he would find a scope for his activities and make his mark. With the money he had saved and what he could get for his share in the store he would be able to pay a considerable sum on a farm.

"I think I have just what you want, Mr. Delander," said the agent in the small town where he made inquiries. "A Mr. Stark, out on this road is anxious to sell and go to Minnesota. His wife has had a little farm left her there, and it's near all of her people. The Starks are living in a dugout, but they intended to build this summer and the material is already on the place. My son can drive you out there, and you will see for yourself and have a talk with them."

"There are several dugouts along the road," the agent told the boy as they were about to start, "but you will know the Starks' by the white curtains at the window and the flower bed in front of it."

"Are the Starks Swedes?" asked Rolf.

"Yes, and their name was Peterson, but there are so many by that name in this locality that it caused confusion, so they took the wife's name."

The farm was found satisfactory, Rolf had enough capital to pay what was required, and the transfer was soon made. He was as successful as he had been in his previous undertakings, but the same unrest followed him. He soon began to feel, as he had felt wherever he had been, that he could never take root in this place, never feel that he was part of the community. He did not thrill, at the sight of billowing fields of grain, with the thought, "This is mine, the fruit of my work." Those seemingly endless furrows, with their rich black soil rising in billows before the plow, did not fill him with the enthusiasm he noticed in his neighbors. His relations with the people about him were friendly, but he did not make friends.

At last he came to the conclusion that his heart was in Sweden, and he would never be happy anywhere else. Why not go back? He would stay until he had enough means to buy a small place. By this time he was an experienced farmer; he had learned to look upon manual labor from the American viewpoint.

He had not lived through the twenties without realizing that it is not good for man to be alone, but had never met any one with whom he would wish to share his life. Perhaps that would come to him at home.

Whenever his thoughts turned in this direction his fancy conjured up the image of a girl, a child rather, small, slender, with big blue eyes and hair the color of tarnished gold, growing down in a little point on her forehead. She must have been a character in some book he had read so

long ago that he had forgotten it, perhaps a juvenile story.

Then as it sometimes happens "luck" came his way. The railroad company wished to buy his land. He sold at an advantage, and would stay long enough to harvest and dispose of his crop. Then he would spend a week or so in Chicago, and buy a ticket directly from there to Sweden.

Rolf had been away from home a few days. He had met the railroad agent at the county seat, had received full payment for his land and sent the check to the Chicago bank where he kept his savings.

It was growing dark as he neared home, and all at once a cloud rose just above him. Was there a storm coming? But the sky was clear. A pattering, as of hail stones, fell on his straw hat. Then he knew—the grasshoppers! He had heard of their ravages in other sections. He drove furiously the rest of the way, but it was quite dark when he reached the house.

"They were there before me," he used to say when relating the experience, "waiting to be let in. I swept them off the door and pushed one out of the keyhole."

He would have to wait until morning to see just how much damage had been done. At daybreak he rose and went out. The fields of swaying grain, the stately rows of corn—what had become of them? The luxuriant garden lay black and bare. The peach trees Mrs. Stark had raised from seeds—She had asked him to write and tell her when they bloomed, and he had pressed the first blosoms and sent them to her. Gone were leaves, young, tender shoots, even some of the bark.

There was nothing left to stay for, no crop to harvest. The sooner he got away from the desolation the better. He wrote a letter to the agent, feeling glad he had not sold to a farmer. The buildings and furnishings, horse and wagon, tools and implements were all included in the sale, and were, of course, unharmed. The loss was entirely his own. Yet if a farmer had bought it he would probably have felt that he had been defrauded.

The letter finished, Rolf packed his trunk, shaking and pounding every garment thoroughly. Then he gathered a small heap of rubbish outside of the barn and set fire to it. He had thought the marauders gone, but a swarm came and attacked the smoldering pile. Many escaped, but others writhed in the remains of the fire, which was effectually put out.

On the way to town Rolf stopped here and there to bid farewell to some neighbor, walking about his fields in despair. He put up the horse and wagon where they were to be called for, sent a telegram to Chicago, mailed his letter and said good-by to the postmaster.

"You'll have to put a stamp on this letter, Rolf," the postmaster called after him.

"I did."

"Then you must put on another."

Puzzled and somewhat annoyed, Rolf went back and took the letter. The corner where the stamp had been was gone. He put his hand in his pocket. Two fingers went easily through the holes eaten in it. He put the letter in a stamped enveloped, looked to see that the contents of his breast pocket had not been invaded, and went to get his railroad ticket.

"Here's a piece of news for you,

Rolf," said Ernest Alm a few days later. He pointed to a paragraph in a newspaper and asked, "Isn't that the place you first came to?"

It was a notice of the celebration being planned on the tenth anniversary of New Sweden.

"Yes, of course that is the place. Sure enough, it is just ten years."

"The colony must have prospered, or they wouldn't think of having any sort of a celebration."

"No, that is not likely. I mean, I suppose they have prospered."

"Why don't you go and see? Then you can go back to Sweden the way you came."

"Perhaps I wouldn't have to go exactly the same way. They had begun to talk about extending the New Brunswick Railway to Caribou when I left."

"So much the better. Why don't you go? As one of the first settlers I think it is your duty."

"Perhaps it is. I believe I will. Good thing I didn't buy my ticket today, as I intended."

---

## CHRISTIAN COMPROMISE—OR THE SPIRIT OF GIVE AND TAKE

Dean Frank S. Hickman last Sunday morning in Duke University chapel, in a sermon heard by some 2,000 worshippers, based his discourse on the "fact that life is a series of compromises, and that unless one learns to give as well as to take he will never be happy."

The principle of give and take was illustrated by the marvelous career of Paul, the man of imperious temperament yet a confessed compromiser who became "all things to all men" that he might save some.

Pointing to the significance of the spirit of give and take in Paul's life as applied to our time the minister concluded that:

1. Christian compromise does not involve any weak giving away to the pressure of whatever crowd in which we may find ourselves. No Christian is worth the name that weakly bows when there is pressure on him.

2. Christian compromise does not involve a yielding of our essential integrity, however plausible may seem the cause that invites us to compromise. We must keep driving straight through to what we believe to be right.

3. The principle of give and take in Christian life does involve a yielding of all selfish advantage to the will and love of Christ, finding ourselves truly by losing ourselves in that which is greater than ourselves.

4. It involves yielding in every way to the needs of humanity, yielding ourselves by every power of sympathetic understanding so that we may fit ourselves humbly and sincerely, helpfully and savingly into the need of the world.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

A few frosty mornings recently caused us to cast our eyes toward the hog pens, with the hope that sausage, spare-ribs, etc., will soon be forthcoming.

---

Our farm forces have finished an enormous task which has been keeping them busy for several weeks—that of baling hay. They have now turned their attention to Fall plowing.

---

Mr. Presson and his group of Receiving Cottage boys have been busy for the past few days gathering the last of our crop of tomatoes. The ripe ones were sent to the various cottage kitchens and the green ones were placed under shelter to avoid frost and to ripen.

---

The boys enjoyed an entertainment consisting of trained dogs, monkeys, and other animals, in the auditorium last Tuesday night. This traveling trained animal outfit is sent out by the United States Society of Zoology, Washington, D. C., and has been putting on exhibitions in several of the Concord public schools.

---

Joe Woody, of Cottage No. 13, who spent a week in the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, where he received treatment for an infected eye, returned to the School last Sunday. His eye is very much improved, but it will be necessary for him to make occasional trips to the hospital for further treatment.

---

In going about the campus we noticed the colors in several beds of dwarf chrysanthemums, which make a beautiful addition to the coloring of the Fall season.

---

Our youngsters are always alert and very much interested in holidays, and right now they are eagerly looking forward to Thanksgiving Day. Uppermost in their minds, of course, is the usual big dinner. Then comes the football game with Eastern Carolina Training School, to be played on the local field. In the evening there will be a motion picture show. With all these attractions, it would seem that Thanksgiving Day will be one of happiness for the Training School lads.

---

Rev. C. F. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, taking the place of Rev. R. S. Arrowood, who was scheduled to have charge of this service. For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Baucom read part of the 119th Psalm, and in an excellent talk to the boys he used the following text. "Thy Word have

I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker pointed out two particular parts of this verse described by the word BEST: (1) The best thing is God's Holy Word. There are many other interesting books, some selling for more than others, but the best seller of them all is the Bible. Nothing can break hard hearts so readily as God's Word. It is the greatest weapon we can have in our daily battles with the evil forces which confront us as we go through life. (2) The best place to put it is not on the table, in a trunk, on the shelf or in our pockets, but in our hearts, letting our actions be guided by the teachings found in this great book.

Rev. Mr. Baucom concluded by saying that the best reason for this is given by the writer of the words quoted in the text, when he said his reason for so doing was "That I might not sin against Thee." Sin is not just a mere slip; it is a very strong power that can take us to hell. Therefore, it behooves us to keep that best thing in the best place, so that we may be kept from sinning against our Heavenly Father.

---

## THE OLDEST NEWSPAPERS

That newspapers compare favorably with other enterprises in stability is indicated by the fact that there are now 108 weeklies and 84 dailies in the United States which have been published for more than 100 years.

The oldest of all is the Maryland Gazette at Annapolis, established in 1727, and the only American paper to have passed its 200th birthday. Next in age is the New Hampshire Gazette at Portsmouth, also a weekly, established in 1756. The oldest daily is the Hartford Courant, published since 1765.

Naturally enough, most of the papers which are more than a century old are in the East, but three are published west of the Mississippi river. These are the Arkansas Gazette at Little Rock, a daily dating from 1819; the weekly Herald-Statesman at Columbia, Mo., 1821; and the daily Hawkeye at Burlington, Ia., 1830.

New York State leads in the number of century-old newspapers, with 16 dailies and 26 weeklies, although only one of these, the Evening Post, is published in New York City. Pennsylvania stands second and Ohio third on the list.

It is unfortunate that few files of our oldest newspapers have been preserved. They contained a wealth of historical material much of which is now forever lost.—News Herald.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending November 6, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

Leon Hollifield 21
James Kissiah 11
Edward Lucas 20
Mack Setzer 20

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Porter Holder
Horace Jourigan 12
Billy Morgan
H. C. Pope 10
(2) Reece Reynolds 11
(2) Frank Walker 9
Latha Warren 2

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(2) John Capps 12
Thurman Lynn 2
J. W. Jones
(2) Oscar Roland 13

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(9) Robert Atwell 11
(7) Lewis Andrews 11
Jewell Barker 10
Earl Barnes 8
James Boone 6
Earl Bass 5
Wayne Collins 2
Kenneth Conklin 5
(2) Frank Crawford 6
(8) James C. Cox 8
Harold Dodd 5
Bruce Hawkins 2
Roscoe Honeycutt 9
A. C. Lamar 7
F. E. Mickle 7
Douglas Matthews 10
Warner Peach 7
Grady Pennington 3
(15) John C. Robertson 18
George Shaver 7
William T. Smith 7
(2) Harrison Stillwell 5
(2) Claude Terrell 11
(3) Jerome W. Wiggins 10

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Paul Briggs 7
William Cherry 15
(2) James Hancock 12
(4) Hugh Kennedy 5
(2) John King 10
(3) J. W. McRorrie 4
(2) James Land 13
(3) Fred Pardon 4
Melvin Walters 16
Leo Ward 15
Rollin Wells 15
James Wilhite 16
Cecil Wilson 13
Thomas Yates 2

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Grady Allen 14
William Brothers 11
William Barden 3
(6) Grover Gibby 12
(5) William Kirksey 8
(2) Edward Thomasson 2
Winford Rollins 17
(4) Ned Waldrop 11
(23) Dewey Ware 23
(4) Ralph Webb 14

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Robert Bryson 10
(3) Robert Dunning 16
Leonard Jacobs 2
Spencer Lane 14
Randall D. Peeler 7
Canipe Shoe 8
(3) Joseph Tucker 13
George Wilhite 16

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(6) John H. Averitte 6
(4) Cleasper Beasley 19
(6) Carl Breece 21
(2) James H. Davis 17
(3) William Estes 20
Blaine Griffin 12
(3) Caleb Hill 22
(7) Hugh Johnson 19
(8) Edmund Moore 19
(2) Jack Pyatt 9
(10) Earthy Strickland 18
(3) William Tester 12

(10) Ed Woody 10
(2) William Young 20

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) John Penninger 11
(3) Walker Warr 12

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 5
(5) J. T. Branch 19
James Bunnell 14
(5) Edgar Burnette 17
Clifton Butler 16
James Butler 12
(6) Roy Butner 11
(6) Henry Coward 14
(15) George Duncan 19
(4) Frank Glover 12
John Hendrix
(3) Mark Jones 15
(14) Eugene Presnell 20
Cleveland Suggs 13
Earl Stamey 15
Thomas Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 10
Joseph D. Corn 10
(2) Julius Fagg 2
(12) Baxter Foster 19
Albert Goodman 14
(13) Earl Hildreth 16
William Hudgins 6
Allen Honeycutt 5
Calvin McCoyle 2
Edward Murray 5
(10) Julius Stevens 21
(3) Thomas Shaw 17

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 13
Allard Brantley 12
(3) Ben Cooper 15
(2) William C. Davis 13
(3) James Elders 17
(3) Max Eaker 15
Joseph Hall 12
Elbert Hackler 13
(4) Charlton Henry 19
(3) Richard Honeycutt 13
S. E. Jones 6
(4) Alexander King 18
Thomas Knight 17
Tillman Lyles 15
Clarence Mayton 11
James Reavis 15
(3) Howard Sanders 16
(4) Avery Smith 6
(4) Carl Singletary 19
William Trantham 16
George Tolson 8
(4) Leonard Watson 15
(3) J. R. Whitman 4
(4) Leonard Wood 19
(4) Ross Young 15

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Wilson Bailiff 3
James Brewer 2
Jack Foster 9
(3) William Griffin 10
(6) Isaac Hendren 16
Harry Leagon 6
Garland McPhail 3
Paul McGlammery 16

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Claude Ashe 16
(2) Raymond Andrews 15
Monte Beck 14
(8) Clyde Barnwell 20
(13) Delphus Dennis 19
(2) Audie Farthing 18
(11) James Kirk 20
(2) Feldman Lane 9
Troy Powell 9
(5) John Robbins 15
(2) Paul Shipes 14
(2) Garfield Walker 10

COTTAGE No. 15

Leonard Buntin 11
Sidney Delbridge 7
(2) Aldine Duggins 11
(2) Clarence Gates 5
(5) Beamon Heath 13
(4) Hoyt Hollifield 14
(2) L. M. Hardison 10
(2) Joseph Hyde 10
Albert Hayes 6
(3) Robert Kinley 11
(5) James McGinnis 11
(6) Paul Ruff 20
(6) Rowland Rufty 16
Ira Settle 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) James Chavis 19
(7) Filmore Oliver 20
(3) Curley Smith 15

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

NOV 21 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 19, 1938 No. 46

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## THANKSGIVING

For the hay and the corn and wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Anonymous.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THANKSGIVING DAY | (Industrial School Journal) | 10 |
| THANK INDIANS FOR VEGETABLE PLATE | By Beatrice Warren | 11 |
| YOUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY | By Lois Snelling | 13 |
| SQUANTO | (The Sunshine Magazine) | 15 |
| EDUCATING YOURSELF | By Henry H. Graham | 17 |
| MINCE PIE FOR KIM | By Mabel S. Merrill | 19 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 23 |
| SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## LET US BE THANKFUL

Our Pilgrim Fathers, at the close of the harvest, gathered together and gave thanks to Almighty God for the blessings which He had bestowed upon them.

There had been sickness, there had been death. Hostile Indians threatened, and contact with friends was a matter of many months. They suffered from cold. They had poor lights and not one of the refinements of life which we look upon as necessities.

Yet—they gave thanks to God that things were as good as they were.

In every age nations have paused and given thanks for the blessings enjoyed. Not always have things been pleasant. Not always have they been good. But always they could have been worse and we thanked God for mercy and peace.

And this is the month of Thanksgiving. Soon will come the call for the nation to assemble and give thanks for the blessings of life.

The earth has been fruitful and the sun has been kind. Let us therefore give thanks for life and love and the measure of prosperity that we now enjoy. Let us give thanks for comfort and security in our homes; for the protection of laws and the advancement of science which brings us comforts unknown to those who built our land.

We may not have all that we want nor just what we want; but let us be thankful for the vision that spurs us on and the promise of the future that keeps hope alive.—The Kablegram.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is a long established custom, recognized annually by proclamation issued by the President, regarded as a holiday and a special day to exchange glad tidings around the festive board where friends and relatives have assembled, but the purpose is to thank God for His goodness to us. However, the real purpose is forgotten, it is submerged under a program of nation-wide sports, having lost the original significance of the day.

It was the thought of God's goodness, of His rich blessings, of His bountiful provision, that started the suggestion of a Thanksgiving Day by the New England colonists. Life at that time was not so complex, it was the simple life of neighborliness within a narrow range, consquently the old time meeting house was where all the people assembled for praise and worship.

If prosperous we are prone to forget and magnify ourselves as wizards in the world of finance, perfectly oblivious of the fact that it is God who giveth the power to get wealth. Understanding thoroughly from whence cometh all blessings we should in the words of the psalmist on Thanksgiving Day "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.

"For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise."

* * * * * * *

## COUNTY HOMES CONSOLIDATED

J. W. Nygard, of the North Carolina department of charities and public welfare, reports after a survey of the county homes that 64 percent of the inmates are eligible to some form of categorical assistance either through Old Age Assistance, Aid to Dependent Children, Aid to the Blind or aid in some other form of relief. This means a curtailment of inmates in county homes of the many counties of the state, lending power to the proposed plans for consolidation of county homes into "district-hospital homes."

Furthermore, the inadequate type of care in the traditional county home system cannot meet the demands in ministering to the needs of the bedridden and chronically ill cases who need medical care. This type of illness, always found in county homes, can best be provided for in the proposed District-Hospital Home.

The vision of many of the indigent inmates, about 33 percent, is another great handicap. But the Blind Commission is sending an eye specialist to examine all inmates with defective vision. An

effort will be made to give glasses when needed, or to those whom they will benefit. This is a most commendable undertaking; for not to be able to read means many dreary hours.

The plans for the District-Hospital Homes will be worked out on a ratio as to population of the participating counties. For the introduction of medical equipment and personnel there will be only minor additions, or expansions to buildings for some of the counties have fine homes.

This move upon the part of those who have the power to act shows that there continues to prevail an interest in those unable to help themselves. It is a forward step in welfare work. In fact it is the christian religion in action, and gratifying to know the Old North State is keeping in mind the health and happiness of the inmates of the county homes throughout the state. Retrospectively, we have and are continuing to move heaven and earth to educate our people, but it seems we have failed to teach people to first take care of their bodies. A sound mind within a sound body with spiritual training is of inestimable value. A physically strong citizen is a valuable asset, otherwise he is a liability.

* * * * * * *

## COURAGEOUS MEN

After reading something of the life of John Bunyan, born in England, the latter part of the 17th century, and Martin Luther, born in Germany, towards the close of the 15th century, it is evident that they are kindred spirits in temperament, having the boldness and courage of their convictions.

"When John Bunyan, the author of "Prigrim's Progress," dared to accept and preach a faith that was different from that commonly held in England, he was thrown into prison for it. When it looked as though he might be released he was told that if he continued to preach the Gospel as he interpreted it he would be banished from the country. In reply to such a threat he said, "If I were out of prison today, I would preach the Gospel again tomorrow, by the help of God."

And when Luther was summoned to the city of Worms in Germany to stand trial for his faith before one of the most august assemblies of all time he was not afraid to respond. When he was

asked if he would renounce his own faith and accept the faith of the religious group in power, he firmly refused, saying, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me."

But both of them lived in times when it called for courage to stand by their faith. Boldness and courage are essential parts of one's life if the highest standards of living are attained. Only the man of courage wins—it matters not the nature of the controversy.

* * * * * * *

## CLIPPED

In France, parents are required by law to have their children immunized against diphtheria as soon as they are six months old, and as a result the disease has been practically wiped out in that nation. The laws of this country now require that all school childrent must be immunized before they start to school, but as yet nothing has been done in the way of enacting laws which make compulsory the immunization of youngsters between six months and six years of age. Parents must be depended upon to see that this vaccination is given.

Figures for the school year ending in 1936 published in a recent University News Letter quoted from School Life, United States Office of Education, place New York at the head of the 48 states of the union in the amount of money paid to school teachers. The average salary of a teacher in that state is $2,414. Arkansas paid the lowest salaries to teachers, paying an average of $504.

North Carolina ranks very little higher than Arkansas, though 40th among the states, with an average yearly salary of $735.

"The fundamental Naval Policy of the United States is: 'To maintain the Navy in sufficient strength to support the national policies and commerce, and to guard the Continental and overseas possessions of the United States.' That is to say, the Navy is a measure of national insurance, and the first line of defense."

The first glass maker in Scotland was George Hay (1566-1625). He took advantage of a peculiarly formed cave at Wemyss, one the Fife coast and set up his furnace therein.

## AN INSPIRING SERVICE

Never has it been the pleasure of the writer to attend a more impressive and inspirational anniversary of ending of World War than the one Sunday evening, November 13, in St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, N. C.

The furnishings and coloring of the interior of this edifice gave a delightful setting to the earnestness and reverence of the occasion.

The music, reading of the Scriptures, prayers and sermon were expressive of universal peace and love.

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, held his audience spellbound, decrying prejudice and hatred and emphasizing for greater love for all people.

He did not express himself as believing that a greater armament would end war, but advised his audience to follow in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace. He referred to the first Christmas anthem heralded by angelic voices, over nineteen hundred years ago for "Peace on Earth and good will to men."

The War Mothers, followed by the World War Soldiers, and auxiliary members as they led the way into the spacious auditorium filled to its capacity, to martial music rendered by the organist, was impressive.

This anniversary of Armistice Day radiated a feeling of brotherly love and good fellowship. The entire program was one of true worship by all who attended the service.

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### I'M GLAD

"I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between."

"Bliss is yours! Would you begin it?
Pave with love each golden mile,
Thus have here each golden minute
An' not in the afterwhile."

---

Everybody is perfectly willing to help everybody else—if they have the money to pay for the help given them.

---

There are two things in this world that will not get along well together—hard work and loafing. They just will not mix.

---

When a fellow goes broke he loses a lot of friends not worth having. And then he finds out who his real friends are.

---

Pension schemes have become epidemic. It is now regarded that the day is lost that does not see some scheme hatched out for this popular diversity. And a whole lot of people are going to be sadly disappointed.

---

You will often find it the case generally that the fellow who makes the most fuss about the way elections go did not vote. He wants to make his premises superior to those who did vote

---

It is said that poor men live longer than rich men. I guess that is attributed to the fact that poor men do not have so much to worry them to death. There's some compensation for not being wealthy after all.

---

Money in general has a perverse way of vanishing, and at times you cannot tell whither it has gone. The most concrete example of this fact is, that first we had the Buffalo nickel, then the Indian head, and now it is Thomas Jefferson. It shows that there is more change in a jitney than there is in many pockets.

---

An old Negro, who drove a mule and cart during the horse and dray days, named his mule "Public Service Corporation," and when asked why he gave it such a title, replied: "Well, suh, jes' because dat am de nachel name fo' a mule like him. Dat ar mule kin stand mo' abuse an' go right on habbin' his own way dan any pusson yo eber see."

---

I notice with much gratification a slow but sure and steady dying off of the crooner vogue in radio Public distaste for this kind of alleged music has finally triumphed over the short-sightness of radio program managers, and people are just as satisfied as they can be, it seems to me. Now, if radio managers will desist from putting on hair-raising and nerve-racking programs to stir the emotions of their hearers, it will be a day of thanks-giving among the invisible audiences.

---

I heard some one remark the other day that this was an unbearable world. Any such expression as that arouses my ire and indignation at once and makes me think very little of the user

of it. If the world is unbearable to you it is because you have made it so yourself and not for anything the world is or does. Anybody who fails to see the use and beauty and endless possibilities of joy and contentment in the world, even with all its misfortunes, is simply incapable of seeing anything but selfishness and silliness and utter absence of the spiritual glories of life as contained in the simplest things.

---

I have seen in several publications a reprinting of the famous old sassafras song:

"Sassafras, O sassfras,
Thou art the stuff for me,
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweet sassfras of thee."

But don't begin just because of this to think anything belittlin' of the sassafras. Its roots has rich medicinal value, but the sassafras itself is one of the most unique of our natural growths. In the fall its glowing red berries are beauty marks along the native landscape. In the spring its yellow flowering is one of the first tokens of springtime. The gold of its leaves in autumn and the green of them in May—O sassafras! sweet sassafras!

---

## FORTY YEARS A QUEEN

On her fifty-eighth birthday Queen Wilhelmina of Holland celebrated the fortieth year of her reign. Beginning her great life work while still a mere girl she nevertheless found the divine resources would enable her to rule in peace and justice. In a broadcast to her people the Queen urged youth to undertake great responsibility with character, devotion, understanding and fidelity. Her words have deep significance for the youth of today, not because of royal privilege but because of a warm and humble faith which this great woman has in God. She said:

"Even at the time of my accession, I was conscious of the insufficiency of human knowledge and ability, and firmly believed that only the aid of God could provide our wants. I now look back on these forty years in the light of the Lord's guidance and am filled with gratitude.—Watchman-Examiner.

# THANKSGIVING DAY

**(Industrial School Journal)**

Thanksgiving Day was first officially designated for national observance upon the last Thursday of each November by the presidential proclamation of Abraham Lincoln in 1864. This was brought about largely through the untiring efforts of an able and forceful women journalist, Sarah Joseph Buell Hale, who, for that reason, has since been called the "Mother of Thanksgiving."

But traditional observance of Thanksgiving has a much older history than that. It was first officially observed in New England by proclamation of Governor Bradford in 1621. But even before that, from the land of the pilgrims, its observance was a custom in our land. Today we all associate the holiday with Pilgrim settlers in a setting of blunderbusses, Indians, wild turkeys and simple religious worship.

Thus Thanksgiving Day was inaugurated and first celebrated at a time when its authors had very little for which to be thankful beyond the fact that they had successfully survived the counless perils and hardships besetting them on all sides. But great as were their trials they were still grateful enough to set aside on their calendar a day for giving thanks for their meager blessings.

Food being one of the greatest of these blessings, the holiday dinner was, therefore, the crowning event of the day's festivities, and turkey was its piece de resistence. Hence each colonial settler provided a turkey for the family board—if he was willing to defy beasts and Indian arrows to shoot his dinner out of a tree.

So, if there are some among us disposed to the belief that there is nothing to be thankful for, let them conjure a picture of the greater hardships and much rougher lives of our pioneer fathers, then look about them at the security and comparative luxury of life—even prison life—today.

As Thanksgiving Day approaches, think it over and see if you cannot find many things for which to be thankful; such as: that you were no bigger a fool; that you did not do something much worse than you did do; and then give thanks on this Thanksgiving Day in the year of our Lord 1938, as did our Pilgrim Fathers in 1621.

---

Don't be a negative Christian, trying simply to abstain from doing things that are known to be wrong. Such a Christian life is discouraging and unattractive. Jesus commanded, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." This is an affimative commandment, and is far more inspiring than any mere negative commandment.—Selected.

# THANK INDIANS FOR VEGETABLE PLATE

**By Beatrice Warren**

Did you ever stop to think how much less interesting our gustatory life would be had not Columbus discovered America?

The list of food-plants cultivated by the Indians for thousands of years before the whites came reads like an inventory of our daily sustenance: Arrowroot, beans (lima, string and kidney), buckwheat, chili peppers, cocoa, chocolate, cranberries, huckleberries, strawberries, and about fifsugar, the melon family, maize, maple sugar ,the melon family, peanuts, hickory, Brazil and other nuts, pears, pineapples, avocados, potatoes (white and sweet), pumpkins, squash, tapioca and vanilla.

When we eat what we call a typical Thanksgiving dinner we fail to remember that we got most of this particularly choice menu from our red friends—the turkey, the cranberries, the potatoes, and the pumpkin. Even the succotash that we buy in cans comes from an Indian recipe. We can thank them for some of our other plants also, such as long staple cotton, sisal hemp and tobacco.

Evidence that the ancient cliff dwellers had plenty of vegetables on the dinner table has been uncovered at Montezuma Castle, a national monument in southern Arizona. Specimens of plants recovered in excavations at the prehistoric ruins have been identified by a member of the staff of a southwest arboretum as squash, corn, beans, wild onion and a kind of acacia seed called catclaw, also used as food.

Also identified was oak gall, probably used for dye and, according to the suposition of some, used by some Indians as an astringent. The dried oak gall was ground and mixed with water, making a drug which acted like alum. Cotton used for weaving, chacte used for dyes and medicines, and hackberry, the use of which is unknown, were also found in the diggings.

Nobody knows how old these specimens are. They were evidently used by the cliff dwellers who built Montezuma Castle so long ago that the Apaches, occupying the valley at the advent of the white man, had no legends concerning the origin of the structure.

A plant much like spinach and long utilized by the Hopi Indians grows abundantly at Wupatki, another national monument of Arizona. The Indians prepare and eat it much as we do spinach. They call it Kwee-ee-vee, a word which like many English words has many other meanings. It is applied to a "dandy" and an eater of good things. Modern dwellers at Wupatki have experimented with their first mess of Kwee-ee-vee and pronounce it "similar to spinach, but without the sand."

On the Western Navajo reservation in northern Arizona, wild potatoes, are still found, and what a saving that would be to planting them. The tubers grow about as large as a small marble in clusters about the same as our Irish potatoes, only more

widely scattered, and the vines connect with the runners from one plant to another. The taste is practically the same as our domestic variety, and the appearance similar, even to the eyes. The Indians boil them to eat, or occasionally grind them. In the same neighborhood wild onions used to flourish, though not found so readily nowadays. These were slender little plants the size of a lead pencil but had all the taste and fragrance of the cultivated kind.

Flour, fruit, greens, beverages and vegetables are all prepared by the Indians from common Arizona plants. Flour is derived by Indians housewives from grasses, including Sacaton, panic, rice, careless weed, stagmorn cholla cactus, sagura or giant cactus, Mormon tea plant, yuccas, Joshua tree, agaves or century plant, acorns, mesquite, and palo vede beans, screwbeans and cat's claw, gourds, chamiso, chico and Indian wheat. A balanced diet is provided by varied plants of the desert. People have been known to get along nicely on a diet of beans and prickly pears and saguaro apples. By some authorities, cacti which are classed as vegetables, are considered the finest there are for the blood. Indians often chew the young leaves of the agave or mescal for "tonic," thereby replacing a vitamin lack.

Greens are cooked from mustards, amaranth, sorrels, fleshly qucca fruits, dandelions, thistles and devil's claw. Elderberries, cactus saguaro, prickly pears, manzanita and juniper furnish fruit for the Indians. Mormon tea, cosahui, and lemon sumac furnished beverages, and intoxicants are made from the agave and the saguaro fruit. The Indians also cook the bulbs of the mariposa lily, desert lily, night blooming cereus and morning glory.

If you add game and birds, a primitive diet can be almost as varied and balanced as any that civilization has brought to the desert.

---

## CHILDREN IN COURT

With an ever increasing number of children being brought into court, juvenile authorities in many cities are becoming alarmed over what the future holds for such youngsters. One of the chief reasons for a fifteen-billion-dollar-a-year crime bill is that many parents do not realize that they themselves are developing disobedience and dishonesty in their children. A most common method whereby parents help to instill the roots. of dishonesty in a youth is to lie in his presence. Parents should always remember that a son or a daughter will not long remain honest if they themselves are untruthful.

—Judge Malcom Hatfield.

# YOUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY

**By Lois Snelling**

When you eat your Thanksgiving turkey, it may please your fancy to think you are enjoying one of the descendants of the very birds which graced the tables of the Pilgrim Fathers on the original Thanksgiving Day. But if you entertain any such thought, you will be in error. That is, unless you live in some remote, mountainous region, or have been on a lucky hunting trip into such a region. For it is only in these secluded places that the descendants of the turkeys known to the Pilgrims are to be found today. You will, in all probability, be served a portion of a tame gobbler from your own or somebody else's barnyard flock. In such event, his distant ancestors roamed and gobbled in Mexico or Central America.

There are only two species of original turkeys known to naturalists. These are the common wild variety and the turkey of Yocatan. When the English settlers traded their beads and trinkets to the Indians for turkeys, or went into the woods and shot their own game, it was the wild species which Mistress Priscilla roasted. This species was native to a wide area of Eastern America and some of them still survive, but they have never been domesticated. On the other hand, when Cortes brought his hearty Spaniards into Mexico, they dined on tame turkey. These sixteenth century invaders found the Aztecs with flocks of the tame birds in their possession, and it is not known how long they had been in a state of domestication. These fowls which so pleased the palates of the *Conquistadores* were of the Yucatan stock. Not only did they provide meat of an excellent quality, but their feathers were utilized extensively by the Indians for clothing. In poultrymen's flocks today you see both white and bronze birds, and in the robes of those ancient Redmen the white and bronze feathers were also to be seen.

The Spanish had been dispatched by His Majsty, the King, to scoop up the gold that was scattered so lavishly about over the New World. But while they were primarily seeking for gold, they did not neglect to pick up whatever other good things came before their eyes. Consequently, they picked up some of the big birds which tasted so delicious, and carried them back to Spain. The poor gobblers were totally without a name. The Aztecs had a name for them, of course, but to the Europeans it was unpronounceable. Hence, the popular bird became known merely as "fowl of the Indies." The first written account of the turkey of which we have any knowledge was by a German naturalist, Conrad Gesner. This writer issued a volume of natural history not many years after Columbus's first voyage, and in the book he refers to the turkey as "the fowl of the Indies."

It is not known just when or by what right the country of Turkey fastened her name upon the bird that had come out of the West. It is known, however, that this was one of the first foreign countries which

the "fowl of the Indies" invaded, following its introduction into Spain. Because of her Moroccan interests, Spain was in constant contact with Turkey, and it was inevitable that some don, taking up his adobe there, should take a flock of turkeys along with him. From Spain and Turkey the popularity of this biggest of all game birds spread throughout Europe.. It is appreciated all over the world today, but nowhere is it appreciated to the extent that it is here in the United States. It seems especially to belong to us.

---

## WEALTH

Folks who say that I am poor
Are wrong as wrong can be:
I live in a yellow house
Beside an apple tree.

I live on a shady street
That quite deceives its looks.
I have friends on either side,
And a shelf of books;

Magazines the postman brings,
And letters nice and thick;
Tufts of spicy blooming pinks,
And a clock to tick;

An extra room for company;
A lush green garden spot;
Cardinals to share my tree—
Am I poor, or not?

**—Julia Lott.**

# SQUANTO

## (The Sunshine Magazine)

His name was Tisquantum, but they called him "Squanto." He was tall and handsome, and an idol among his tribe. No white man had ever trod these Massachusetts shores, so, one day, when a ship came sailing in, young Squanto was greatly excited and called his friends that they might witness the strange craft.

The ship dropped anchor, and the captain, unscrupulous and piratic, coaxed Squanto and the other young Indians aboard. Immediately he made them prisoners, and sailed away to Spain, where he sold them as slaves.

After many days, Squanto escaped to England, where he met a man named John Slanie, a merchant in London. Slanie befriended the young Indian, and helped him in his desir to return to his native land.

On the American shore, Squanto's people swore vengeance on the white man for stealing their young braves. They attackd every white man who set foot on land.

Soon after the disappearance of Squanto and his friends, a great plague fell upon the Indian tribe. Historians say, "Whole tribes were wiped out by a strange malady. The sufferer burned with a terrible heat that made the flesh melt away; his limbs withered, and he languished till he died. Neither medicine nor sacrifice availed against it. Young and old, men and women, all fell prey to the plague, until the Massachusetts fields were heaped with the bodies of the dead."

Five years after Squanto had been taken from his tribe, he returned to his native shore, but he found only empty forests. Buried stores of corn were there, but he could find not a living soul. For days he searched the vicinity, then far into the interior. There he found another tribe of Indians, who told him of the fate of his people. Of more than five hundred of his tribe, only two had survived.

A year passed, and then came the Pilgrims. Their good ship, Mayflower, was intended to reach the coast of America far to south, but storms caught them on the way and blew their ship off their course, and right to the shores where Squanto's tribe had lived.

The Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock November 11, 1620, and there stretched before them nothing but dark forest, strangely silent. The silence frightened them, for they had imagined the forests were full of red men stealthily waiting to attack them. They found the buried heaps of corn, and took what they needed for food, but kept careful account, that later they might repay the owners. Bitter winter was upon them. It struck them low, one by one, until only half of the little band remained. Only for the stocks of grain, which Squanto's tribe had left, all would have perished.

Spring came, but the Pilgrims knew not what to do. Food was rapidly disappearing, many were ill, and hope was forlorn. Suddenly, out of nowhere came Squanto. He walked into the Pilgrim camp one day and spoke to them in English. The

Pilgrims could not believe it. Was this a Spirit from Heaven?

"Do not be afraid," said Squanto; "I come to shore often, forty miles, see my old home. All my people gone. I no hate white man—and white man stole me away. I love white man—white man Slanie help me get back to my country."

That was a day the Pilgrim Fathers never forgot. Squanto taught them how to plant, and how to rig up fish traps. He helped them to gather the fruits and herbs that they needed very much, and made them wise in the ways of the wild animals.

Then came the day when the Indians ventured back to the shore. Squanto assured his people that the white man was their friend. He taught the Pilgrims how to trade with the Indians, and how to make them their friends and helpers.

Squanto continued to live with the Pilgrims, and they honored him as a man of destiny in the planting of America. And so it was that because one white man in England befriended an Indian boy, the Pilgrims were saved from total destruction.

---

## TRACING THE VIKING 'CELLO

The Viking 'cello evolved from the old Norwegian salmodikon and Irish bull fiddle. When the Norwegians came into the Wisconsin lumber camps they created from cracker boxes, broom sticks or anything available, crudely made musical instruments, among them the salmodikon, fashioned after their national instrument, which was played flat on the table, using a violin bow. Later this instrument was mounted and held in an upright position. A movable fret of wood was substituted for the finger to move along the string for sound production. Thus came into being the "Camp Irish Bull Fiddle," Later a famous Norwegian violin maker in Wisconsin improved it, added a sound base, as in the violin, mounted it on a long neck supported at the base by two prongs to give the Viking effect, decorated it with an ancient Norwegian symbol, and christened it the "Viking 'Cello."—Selected.

# EDUCATING YOURSELF

**By Henry H. Graham**

Everyone should go to school just as long as he possibly can. Time spent in the classroom pays dividends in later life. As a rule, the earnest, receptive and hardworking student educates himself much faster in an institution of learning than by private study and research, because of the systematic presentation and the discipline of being required to study. The thousands of things that men and women have learned for centuries are in convenient book form, waiting only for the student's perusal.

However, one need not despair if he has been denied the advantage of schoolroom education. For he can do much to educate himself if he will persevere and make an honest effort at self-tutoring. While it is true that most great personages have college degrees after their names, many famous people were self-taught. Educating oneself is never easy, and it is a slower process than if an individual goes to school. One who studies privately misses the helpful contact with others. This exchange of views and knowledge is most beneficial toward the acquisition of a well-rounded training. Still, to a large extent this can be compensated for by voluminous reading along worth-while constructive lines and by the application of principles to practice.

There is a right and wrong way to go about the process of self-education. Some people try to run before they can walk. That is, they delve into deep subjects without taking trouble to lay the proper foundation. Thus they are unable to interpret what they read. The boy who plans to become a doctor must take four years of pre-medical work before entering professional school. The law student must take a pre-legal course. These preparatory subjects are necessary to enable one to understand the things that come later. They furnish a basis on which to build the professional structure.

A person who has never studied psychology, for instance, would get little or nothing from an advanced book on the subject. He first must study elementary psychology. The same rule applies to mathematics, foreign language and science.

One who wishes to educate himself should adopt a broad course embracing the arts and sciences. All of them are important in the development of culture. The latter is never a matter of money or fame; it is a matter of knowledge along all worthwhile lines. Familiarity with history, foreign language, English science and psychology marks a cultured individual whether he is rich or poor, famous or obscure, or whether he has a string of degrees after his name.

Boys and girls living nowadays are extremely fortunate. Splendidly-equipped libraries are everywhere. They contain thousands of fine books on every conceivable subject. The librarians will gladly help to find the right books. Being well trained themselves, they know just what a student should read.

No longer is there any excuse for a person to remain uneducated wheth-

er he went to school or not. The ambitious youth who thirsts for knowledge and is willing to read and study is bound to educate himself. But the whole thing is entirely up to him. Unlike school, he has no one to push him along. There are no classes which recite or hear lectures or perform laboratory experiments under the watchful eye of an instructor. He must go it alone without the encouragement of professors and the beneficial association of fellow students. He must have initiative and perseverance—and plenty of it.

Spasmodic reading is of little value to the self-taught boy or girl. A certain time should be reserved every day for study and research, even if only half an hour. He should not dissipate his energies over many subjects; it is better to familiarize himself thoroughly with one subject before taking up another. If he desires to study several unrelated books at a time he should devote a portion of every day to each one just as a student attending school does, trying to cover just as much territory as he can within the limits prescribed daily for study. He will find that his vocabulary improves steadily as he reads the works of educated authors, increasing his facility to handle the English language.

---

## YOUR TURN

An Irishman and an Englishman were waiting for a train and, to pass the time away, the Irishman said: "I will ask you a question, and, if I cannot answer my own question, I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer yours, you buy the tickets."

It was agreeable.

"Well," said the Irishman, "you see those prairie dogs' holes out there (pointing to a distant prairie dog town), how do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around?"

"I don't know," said the Englishman. "That's your question; answer it yourself."

"They begin at the bottom and dig up."

"How do they get at the bottom?" inquired the Englishman.

"That's your question," said the Irishman. "Answer it yourself."

The Englishman bought the tickets.—Selected.

# MINCE PIE FOR KIM

**By Mabel S. Merrill**

Violet Sherman, shivering in the kitchen of the deserted boardinghouse, spoke imploringly to her sister Lyle.

"Oh, Lyle, do we have to spend Thandsgiving Day in this dismal place? Seems as if I never, never could stand it!"

Lyle who had been putting coal on the sulky fire in the range slammed the covers into place.

"Believe me," she snapped, "we are not going to stay here." Lyle seldom snapped except when she wanted desperately to cry.

"Then where?"—began Violet, hopeful but puzzled.

The two girls were working for their keep in this big boardinghouse belonging to the lumber mills in the village of Eton Falls. Every soul who lived in the house, including "Ma" Taylor, the landlady, had gone away to eat Thanksgiving dinner with friends or relatives. But no invitation had come for the two sisters whose parents, one of them ill, had gone south for the winter. So Ma Taylor, hastily making ready for a visit to her brother in the next town, had told Violet and Lyle to consider the boardinghouse their home for the day!

Lyle opened the stove draughts before she turned to answer Violet's half spoken question.

"As soon as this fire burns up we'll be off outdoors and stay there. It's never so lonesome in the woods as it is in an empty house. Let's look in the pantry and see what we can find to take for our luncheon."

Violet's forlorn face brightened. She loved the woods, and on a fine sunny day like this it would not be cold. Of course they would have a nice big fire.

Poor overworked Ma Taylor had not had time to do much cooking before she went away, but there was plenty of bread, some cold meat, and a great mince pie with flaky brown crust.

"The dear old thing made it this morning on purpose for us," exclaimed Violet. "Let's fill the thermos bottle with cocoa because it's quick to make and nourishing for wayfarers in the woods who haven't any too much to eat."

The fire having burned up properly, they shut the draughts of the stove, locked the house door, and were off with their lunch boxes before Violet thought to ask where they were going. Lyle was briskly leading the way down the path that led to the big pond behind the boardinghouse.

"Black Island, here in our own pond, has the nicest woods and it's right handy. Little Kim Landers told me yesterday that the ice would hold all the way over since that awful cold snap the first of the week.

Violet stopped short on the path, clutching at the lunch box which had almost slipped from her startled grasp.

"Why, Lyle Serman, you'd never have the nerve to go over to Black Island? Did you forget that Mr. Marshall Wing's family are staying at their summer home? They took it into their heads to spend Thanksgiving there."

"No," returned Lyle shortly, "I didn't forget. But Mr. Marshall Wing doesn't own this side of Black Island, so he has no right to forbid our

picnicking there."

"Oh, but, Lyle, suppose some of them should see us eating our bread and meat out in the woods on Thanksgiving Day — like a couple of tramps—"

Violet choked over the forlorn picture her words called up. How different their day would be from that at the Wing mansion at the other side of the island! Amorel Wing the only daughter, a girl no older than herself, would be queen of the feast with servants to wait on her, and a table heaped with luxuries. Not that Violet envied the rich girl her luxury, but Amorel had also her father and mother and a swarm of cousins and chums. She was not all alone and homeless on Thanksgiving Day when what everybody wanted was a home and own folks.

Lyle tried to speak lightly as she saw that Violet was crying.

"None of the Wing tribe is likely to be roaming the woods today, and anyhow, a picnic might be the very thing that would appeal to them. I should think they'd like it if only to get away from the stiff-necked butler who frightened you clean out of your wits the day Ma Taylor sent us over there with the eggs."

Violet shivered a little at the recollection of the butler whose awful dignity had struck terror to her soul. But she laughed a little too, and then gave her mind to the search for a suitable camping-place. They had brought their skates and it took but a few minutes to cross to the wooded shore of the island. In the pine grove they found a sunny glade sheltered from the wind and having a convenient flat rock at the foot of a ledge—a safe place for an outdoor fire. Lyle had remembered the tin box of matches and there was plenty of dry stuff to be picked up in the bushes.

When the fire was blazing cheerfully the older girl looked around trimuphantly as she set forth the lunch boxes and the great mince pie on a convenient stump.

"It's going to be a regular spread," she announced. "And look here, Vi, why don't we have a guest—two guests, in fact?"

Violet stared at her. "Is your mind wandering, Lyle? Where would you get a guest?—unless you sent me over to invite the butler from the big house. Well, I hereby serve notice that I shan't go."

Lyle shook her head laughingly. "He couldn't come on account of his duties in the pantry over there. Besides, I don't want him, though I was never so awe-struck by that great creature as you were. I was thinking of little Kim Landers and his dog Bounce. He was at the house on an errand this morning just as Ma Taylor took that mince pie out of the oven. All he said was 'Boy!' but stood devouring it with his eyes till she carried it off."

"Poor little waif!" sighed Violet. "I'm always haunted by the fear that he doesn't get enough to eat in that old shack where he lives with his grandfather. But how can we get hold of him?"

For answer Lyle sent a brisk "Hoo-hoo!" ringing down the trail. It was answered by a shout and a joyous bark, then a small boy and a dog came dashing up from the shore. Lyle had guessed that Kim would be down there trying the old skates which Dan Taylor had given him yesterday.

"Hello, Kimmy," called Lyle, "you

and Bounce are invited to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us right here in our pine-tree dining room."

Kim was speechless with delight for a moment, his eyes moving from the big fire to the mince pie on the stump.

"It's that very same pie," he said to himself. "I never expected to have a piece of it."

Then he grew radiant with a sudden thought. "Say, I ought to bring something myself. I know what, too. You wait!"

He dashed back the way he had come and soon returned with a tall man who was dressed in an exceeding rough-and-ready woods costume.

"This feller," explained Kim, "was fishing through the ice down on the pond. He'd caught a lot and I knew he'd give us one. You will, won't you, Brownie?"

"The feller" twinkled at the two girls over Kim's head.

"You're welcome to take your pick, miss," he said, holding out his string of fish to Lyle who drew back in some dismay.

"I'll put a couple to roast for you," he offered, "then I'll have to be off. They're biting like fun down that hole in the ice."

He prepared the fish for roasting and had them cooking on the hot rock in short order. He was so helpful and pleasant that they half hoped he would accept their timid invitation to stay and share the feast. But he declined smilingly, saying it wasn't every day he got a chance to fish through the ice. Then he vanished in the bushes and they went on with their preparations, Kim twisting around every few minutes to make sure the pie had not vanished.

The "spread" was all ready on top of that stump, the fish, smoking hot and deliciously browned, on a platter of clean bark, when they heard a footstep crackling the underbrush. Bounce sprang up with a welcoming "woof" and thn frisked delightedly around the khaki-clad figure of a girl who had stepped out of the bushes.

At sight of her Kim leaped from his heap of boughs and looked guilty.

"Kim," sai dthe girl, and, though she was smiling, her lips trembled, "I didn't think you'd desert me when you knew I was all alone. Didn't you promise me faithfully that you would come and eat Thanksgiving dinner with me?"

"Well, say," stammered Kim, "I did mean to come—honest I did, Min. But I met these other pals of mine and they—they had such a jolly big fire, and it looked like a lot of fun, eating out here in the woods.

He gazed at the pie and his next words came with heroic effort.

"I'll come now," he said. "I never meant to leave you all alone, Min, when you was feeling so bad about your dad's getting hurt and your ma having to rush off to the hospital with him, all of a whew. Let's go."

Min laughed and tousled the child's curly head. "You're all right, Kim. I knew you just forgot. But you needn't come away. Who knows but these other pals of yours would invite me to stay too and have a piece of that splendid pie? I haven't seen such a nice one since I was six years old."

Lyle and Violet hastened to say how glad they would be to have any friend of Kim's. This, they thought, would be one of the boy's neighbors from the other end of the village. And she, like themselves, was alone and in trouble over her parents' absence.

"But I shan't stay," put in Min suddenly, "unless you will all promise to come and eat another dinner with me afterwards. I—I can't go back to that empty house and sit down all alone and think about daddy. Do say you'll come."

The girls promised hastily and Kim nodded approval. "We'll be ready to eat again in a couple of hours," he declared, "specially if we have a good skate 'tween now and then."

They had a very satisfactory picnic, ending in the complete destruction of the famous pie. Then they had a frolic on the ice, for Min too had brought her skates.

After they had circled the island four or five times Kim's prophecy came true—they were gloriously hungry.

"Let's go home now," proposed Min. "As long as there's enough to eat in the pantry you won't mind there being nobody but me to do anything around the house? This morning I felt as if I wanted to get rid of everybody and cry my eyes out in a dark room. But then I began to hanker for a sight of Kim, and when I saw you girls I just know you would be good for the ache inside me. Nothing like girls for comfort when you're a girl yourself. Isn't that right?"

She had pulled off her skates as she spoke. Now she led the way briskly up a road that ran from the shore of the island to the big Wing "palace" on the hill.

"Do we have to go this way?" asked Lyle with a half laugh. "Vi doesn't like to pass the Wing place. She is mortally afraid of the butler."

Kim, trudging along with Bounce at his heels, burst into a shout of laughter.

"Afraid of Brownie!" he crowed. "Say, that's a good one! Why, he's the feller that roasted the fish for you. He's another one of my pals. Him and me have all kinds of fun when he gets a day off."

Lyle's startled glance went to her sister's face. Both girls suddenly remembered that the butler at the Wing house was named Brown. With a still more startling thought they turned to look at the girl beside them. Why, yes, it was Amorel Wing! They knew instantly though they had had only distant glimpses of her. As for the butler, they had only seen him once and of course he would look different in that fishing rig.

Amorel was laughing as she returned their glance. But she seemed anxious too and her lips were trembling again.

"I hope I'm not going to lose my Thanksgiving company," she said. "It's true about my being dreadfully lonesome, you know. All the same, I sent Brown fishing to get him out of the house and I gave all the other servants a holiday too. But you—you won't refuse to come and keep me from thinking of my troubles on this day when nobody ought to be miserable? You've done me heaps of good already."

Violet and Lyle slipped friendly arms around her.

"But if you're Amorel Wing," said Lyle, "why does that little scamp Kim call you Min?"

It was Kim who answered that. "It's short for Minnehaha. I named her that 'cause she can play Injun better'n most of the boys can."

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Eleazer Cox, twenty-one years old, a former member of the group at Cottage No. 4 and a member of the barn force, who left the School about five years ago, called on friends here last Wednesday. He is now working part time in a Charlotte cotton mill; is married and has a young son; and is living with his father. He reports that while he works but three or four days a week, he is able to make a living and is getting along fairly well. While a boy at the School, he became quite proficient at playing the harmonica, and just to show us that he had not forgotten how, he played a number of selections for the boys at Cottage No. 2, as they assembled in their sitting-room after the supper hour.

---

Ralph Wright, one of our old boys, who left the School a little more than ten years ago, was a visitor here the other day. Upon being paroled from the institution, Ralph returned to his home in Iredell County, and after spending a few days there, he went to Greensboro, where he obtained employment in a hosiery mill, working there about two years. He then went to New Orleans, and was employed in that city for about two years by the John R. Thompson Company, a large chain restaurant concern. Ralph then went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he secured employment with the Globe Knitting Company, operating a ladies' full-fashioned hosiery knitting machine, and is still working for this firm. In addition to his duties in the mill, Ralph is chairman of one of the local branches of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. After having spent several days with friends and relatives in North Carolina, he returned to Grand Rapids the latter part of this week.

---

We received the report last Wednesday that Mr. David A. Corzine had suddenly passed away at his home in Concord, early that morning. This news was a matter of great interest to the School's entire population in that he was an employee here for twenty-four years, from the time of the establishment of the institution in 1909, until just a few years ago when ill health made it necessary for him to retire. At the beginning of his service here he acted in the capacity of farm manager, later becoming night-watchman, in which position he made a very efficient record.

He was familiarly known to all as "Cap" Corzine, and both boys and officers had a fondness for "Ol' Cap," and he, in turn, considered the folks at the School among his very best friends. In his last days he made frequent trips to the institution, that he might keep in touch with its activities and mingle with old friends. Members of his family reported that upon his return from these visits he was always brighter and more cheerful.

The entire personnel of the Training School regrets very much the passing of our old friend and tenders

deepest sympathy to the loved ones left behind, in their hour of bereavement.

The funeral service for Mr. Corzine was held in the Rocky Ridge M. E. Church, and was attended by a large crowd of friends and relatives. Members of the School's staff of workers acting as honorary pall bearers were: J. C. Fisher, T. V. Talbert, J. Lee White, W. M. White, L. S. Kiser, J. H. Hobby and Leon Godown.

---

Mr. Robert Wentz, familiarly known to the School's staff of employees as "Uncle Bob," called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. He is a carpenter by trade and enjoys the reputation of having been of the best in this section of the state, advancing years making it necessary for him to retire from active service just a few years ago. He was employed in the construction of the greater part of the buildings erected at the School, from its establishment in 1908, until the time of his retirement, and during these years made many friends among the boys and officers.

While he has seen eighty-one summers come and go, this fine old gentleman is still quite active, which was evidenced by the fact that he walked from his home, about two miles away, on the day of this visit. As he left us with sprightly step that would do credit to one many years younger, we really could see no reason for the rather substantial looking walking-stick which he carried. We were all glad to see Uncle Bob and hope he may be able to make many more visits to his friends here.

Rev. I Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Peace."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that as this occasion was the Sunday nearest to Armistice Day, when, twenty years ago, hostilities ceased, marking the end of the World War, he considered a talk on the subject of peace most timely. Especially so since right at this time the world seems to be right on the edge of another conflict. Should this occur, said he, by reason of so many of our people living in other countries where they have vast business interests, and the very close trade relations between the United States and many other countries, we are almost certain to be drawn into war.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then gave two reasons causing war. He first illustrated this by using a story of two neighboring farmers. Each one wants to grow as much as possible. He wants to fix up his property better than his neighbor. These neighbors are jealous of each other, and in their strife for supremacy in small things, they frequently quarrel and become life-long enemies. In this great world, war is sometimes caused by nations acting just like bad neighbors. For generations they are taught to hate one another until the final outcome is a cruel, bloody war.

Another reason why nations are drawn into war is the fact that one of these nations may erect great manu-

facturing plants. Let us say they make all sorts of fighting equipment such as powder, guns, battleships, etc. With millions of dollars tied up in these vast industries, the next thing is to create a market for their goods. They are imbued with a greedy desire to become rich, no matter what the cost in lives lost and property damage may be. These manufacturers send agents to a certain country. These representatives tell the heads of government in this country there is a great possibility of a certain country making war on them, and stress the need of that particular nation for protection until the rulers, becoming alarmed, put in huge orders for munitions. The same agents then go to the other country and show them just how the one first visited is preparing for war, with the result that another great sale is made. This same procedure is carried on in various countries until the war fever enters into the minds of millions of people, with the inevitable result of another wicked conflict, with countless numbers killed and wounded. The World War, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, took away sixty per cent of the men of France. It lasted four years and cost 170 millions of dollars. The cost of this war to all countries combined was 240 million dollars per day.

The speaker then stated that one of the things that bring about wars between nations is that they do not know each other. We often form a prejudice against people because they happen to come from a country different from ours. They speak a different language; they are of different color; their customs are all strange to us; all of which cause some of us to think we are far better than they. Those sort of ideas are all wrong. People of some of those other countries have just as much reason to be proud of their land and their forebears as we in this land. Rev. Mr. Hughes then spoke of his trip to some of those foreign lands, stating that he found the people over there most courteous, willing to do anything in their power to make his visit pleasant, and he urged the boys to give so-called foreigners the same kind of treatment when they meet them in our own United States. We are all human beings, said he, and people in all parts of the world respond to a smile, even though they may not understand a word that is spoken. Then, too, they are all Christian people and should be accorded the same kind of treatment as we, as Christians, expect of them.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes told his listeners that if we want peace among nations, we must practice peace at home. God is the father of us all, and He sent His only son, Jesus Christ into the world to teach us to walk in the paths of peace. It is part of our religion to be on friendly terms with our neighbors and with people of other lands. Of course, we should be proud of all the fine things our country has done, but we should remember at all times that there are other nations in the world whose people are also proud of their country, and instead of planning some way in which we can defeat those people on bloody battlefields, we should ever strive to do our best to promote the advancement of "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

# SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1938.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Virgil Baugess 6
John Ham
Tillman Lyles 2
Henry McGraw 2
H. C. Pope 2
Oscar Smith 5

—B—

J. C. Allen
Clifton Davis 2
Aldine Duggins
George Green
Leo Hamilton 3
Earl Hildreth 2
Peter Jones
Burman Keller
Fred McGlammery 3
Landreth Sims 2
Fred Tolbart 2
George Tolson
Carl Ward
Jerome W. Wiggins 2
Thomas Yates

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Edward Butler 2
Howard Baheeler 8
Donald Britt 4
Robert Bryson 6
Kenneth Conklin 6
Fletcher Castlebury 5
Delphus Dennis 8
Audie Farthing 3
Lacy Green 3
Alexander King 2
Thomas King 4
Randall D. Peeler
Woodrow Wilson 5

—B—

Homer Bass 2
Cleasper Beasley
Paul Briggs 9
Robert Deyton
Clarence Gates 6
Mark Jones 4
Horace Journigan 6
Hugh Kennedy 4
Harley Matthews
William Pitts 4
Richard Patton 2
William Tester
Walker Warr 2
Ed Woody

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Clinton Adams 3
Raymond Andrews
Lewis Donaldson 8
William Estes 8
Edward Johnson 2
Van Martin 6
James Page
Hubert Short 6
William T. Smith 7
Brown Stanley 2
Carl Speers

—B—

Ben Cooper
William Goins 6
Blaine Griffin 7
Vincent Hawes 4
Jack Mathis 3
Cleveland Suggs 5
Alexander Woody 4

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

J. B. Devlin
Donald Holland 3
James Lane 2
Charles Smith 3
William Wilson 6

—B—

James Butler 2
Wilbur Harden 3
James Hancock 3

Beamon Heath 6
Dallas Holder
Felix Littlejohn 6
Theodore Rector
John Tolbert 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Atwell 4
James Coleman 9
Thomas Pitman 7
Mack Setzer 4
Dewey Sisk 2

—B—

Theodore Bowles 9
Paul Ruff 8
Howard Todd 4
Joseph Tucker 6
William Young 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Fernie Medlin
James Watson 4

—B—

Elbert Head
Clyde Hillard 3
Forrest Plott 2
Latha Warren

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 4
Charles Davis 7
Caleb Hill 6
Edward Lucas 6
Irvin Medlin 2
Thomas Shaw 5
Harvey Walters 7
Marvin Wilkins 6

—B—

Rex Allred
Henry Cowan 2
Hugh Johnson 3
William McRary 5
Graham Sykes
Julius Stevens 5

---

## BACK TO THE BIBLE

When Henry Drummond, the great scientist and lecturer of Glasgow University, Scotland, was forty-six years of age, he was found to be dying of a mysterious disease. Weary of the jungle philosophy of evolution and tired of rattling the dried bones of dead monkeys as a means of finding the origin of life, he said to Sir William Dawson, a scientist and a devoted Christian, "I am going back to the Bible to believe in it as I once did. I can no longer live in uncertainty." He did go back and his intellectual wandering and weariness were over. Besides that, he left behind him a jewel of Bible exposition, "The Greatest Thing in the World," an unfolding of I Corinthians 13. Would that all those men and women, gifted in so many ways, who have lost the Bible through rationalistic meanderings, might find it again. There are many of them who, like Drummond, have grown tired. All they need is to find God's grace and truth again, as he did, in the old Book. It still has the "wonderful words of life."—Watchman-Examiner.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending November 13, 1938**

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Clyde Gray 21
Gilbert Hogan 20
(2) Leon Hollifield 22
Edward Johnson 21
(2) James Kissiah 12
(2) Edward Lucas 21
(2) Mack Setzer 21
C. L. Snuggs 16

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 18
Howard Roberts 14
William Morgan 2
(2) Latha Warren 3

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) John Capps 13
William Downes 7
Samuel Ennis 11
Nick Rochester 18
(3) Oscar Roland 14
Landreth Sims 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Paul Broome
Ernest Davis 5
(3) James Hancock 13
(5) Hugh Kennedy 6
(3) John King 11
(3) James Land 14
Van Martin 19
Ivan Morrozoff 5
Fred Pardon 5
Lloyd Pettus 14
Forrest Plott
Melvin Walters 17
Leo Ward 16
(2) Rollin Wells 16
(2) James Wilhite 17
Samuel Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 15
J. C. Branton 7
Lindsey Dunn 5
Donald Holland 8
William Kirksey 9
Paul Lewallan 8
James Page 7
Richard Palmer 14
Richard Singletary 9
(24) Dewey Ware 24

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 11
Eugene Ballew 5
Robert Deyton 7
Noah Ennis 4
(2) Spencer Lane 13
Joseph Sanford 3
(2) Canipe Shoe 9
(4) Joseph Tucker 14
William Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 7

(7) John H. Averitte 7
William Beach 12
(4) Cleasper Bleasley 20
(7) Carl Breece 22
(3) John Deaton 4
(3) William Estes 21
George Green 14
Lacy Green 5
(2) Blaine Griffin 13
Robert Hampton 11
(4) Caleb Hill 23
(8) Hugh Johnson 20
Ernest Mobley 5
Loy Stines 11
(4) William Tester 13
Joseph Wheeler 8
(11) Ed Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 8

Edward McCain 7
(3) John Penninger 12

Charles Presnell 5
John Tolbert 21

COTTAGE No. 9

Clarence Baker 3
(6) J. T. Branch 20
(2) James Bunnell 15
(6) Edgar Burnette 18
(7) Roy Butner 12
Gladston Carter 3
Carrol Clark 10
Craig Chappell 8
(5) Frank Glover 13
Wilbur Hardin 6
(2) John Hendrix 2
Osper Howell 4
(4) Mark Jones 16
Harold O'Dear 5
Lonnie Roberts 5
Luther Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 10

Allen Bledsoe
Junius Brewer 7
Ralph Carver 2
Walter Cooper 2
Floyd Combs 5
John Crawford 5
Matthew Duffy 3
James M. Hare
Jack Haney 2
Elbert Head 3
J. D. Hildreth
Jack Harward
James Howard 2
Thomas King 6
Vernon Lamb 11
Rufus Linville 2
Felix Littlejohn 3
Jack Norris 5
William Peeden 9
James Penland 2
Weaver Penland 3
William Pitts 8
Clerge Robinette 8
Oscar Smith 6
Carl Speer 4
Torrence Ware 7
Floyd Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 8
William Furches 2
(2) Albert Goodman 15
(14) Earl Hildreth 17
(2) William Hudgins 7
(2) Allen Honeycutt 6
(2) Calvin McCoyle 3
(2) Edward Murray 6
Donald Newman 5
Theodore Rector 5
(11) Julius Stevens 22
(4) Thomas Shaw 18
John Uptegrove 18

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 11
(12) Allard Brantley 13
(4) Ben Cooper 16
(3) William C. Davis 14
(4) James Elders 18
(4) Max Eaker 16
Elbert Hackler 14
(5) Charlton Henry 20
Franklin Hensley 16
(4) Richard Honeycutt 14
S. E. Jones 7
(5) Alexander King 19
Thomas Knight 18
(16) Tillman Lyles 16
(2) Clarence Mayton 12
William Powell 12
(2) James Reavis 16
(5) Carl Singletary 20
(5) Avery Smith 7
(2) William Trantham 17
(4) J. R. Whitman 5
(5) Ross Young 16

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Jack Foster 10
(4) William Griffin 11
Bruce Kersey 11
(7) Harry Leagon 7
Alexander Woody 18

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 16
Clyde Barnwell
(2) Monte Beck 15
(14) Delphus Dennis 20
(3) Audie Farthing 19
Marvin King 5
James Kirk 21
John Kirkman 4
(3) Feldman Lane 10
(2) Troy Powell 10
(6) John Robbins 16
(3) Paul Shipes 15
Thomas Trantham 8

(2) Garfield Walker 11
Harvey Walters 16
Junior Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE
(4) James Chavis 20
Reefer Cummings 18
(8) Filmore Oliver 21
Early Oxendine 11
Thomas Oxendine 14
Hubert Short 14
(4) Curley Smith 16

---

## "AMERICA"

"Equal rights for all, special privileges for none."—Thomas Jefferson.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God."—George Washingotn.

"The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment. The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide."—Psalms 37.

"Americanism consists in utterly believing in the principles of America."—Woodrow Wilson.

"The material record of the Bible is no more important to our well-being than the history of Europe and America; but the spiritual application bears upon our eternal life."

—Mary Baker Eddy.

Baker Eddy.

"O America because you build for mankind I built for you."

—Walt Whitman.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

NOV 28 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 26, 1938 No. 47

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## ATTITUDE

Once, out of all anguish and the sorrow of my heart,
I wrote a song, and put my pent-up passions in its art.
And the great world never heeded this soulful human groan,
For it bore a burden infinitely heavy of its own.

Once, out of all the happiness and joy within my breast,
I made a little song, and blithely sent it on its quest.
And the great world, with its infinitely many joys divine,
Still had room and instant welcome for this little song of mine.

—William Dix.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| ALONE WITH GOD | By Ronald V. Spivey | 10 |
| BURNING UP WEALTH | (Catawba's News Enterprise) | 13 |
| THE FIRST UMBRELLA | (Minneapolis Tribune) | 14 |
| PIONEERS OF THE EAST | (Chapter VIII) By Johanna R. M. Lyback | 15 |
| SCHOOL OBSERVES THANKSGIVING DAY | By Leon Godown | 20 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 24 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 28 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## ON THE FEET OF YOUTH

For the millions on eager feet who are hastening to college halls and schoolhouse doors, the youthful visions of life lure. A few see the towers of Oxford or vision some university of less note; some dream of prowess on diamond and gridiron or track; others hope for a place in mart, or factory, or field in the vast world university where the masses go to school. Which of these will realize the dreams of youth, as they follow the visions splendid, no one can tell. But we all feel a common interest in the eager and aspiring millions in those marching throngs on their way to the schools of the land. In our best moments we cheer them on, gratefully willing to help see them through.

Those of us who have older grown know of the sad reverses and sore disappointments that await them along the way on the upward climb from the first grade to the last graduation day. Some grown weary and faint will throw up their hands and quit, railing against their sorrowful fate. Perished now are the ambitions of youth! Life's young dreams in its morning time have faded away! To every discouraged lad we would whisper words of good cheer, with the assurance that friends of education and of ambitious youth stand ready to help all of character who are determined to pay the price of success.

Fortunate are all those toiling on the upward way to school, college and university who, even though on weary feet, will follow the gleam.—M. T. P.

## YOUTH CRUSADE

Across the oceans we read of the regimentation and mobilization of the youth of totalitarian states under dictatorial governments. They are being regimented into vast human machines whose use is for purposes of war. We should challenge our youth for nobler purposes. This is the sentiment of Bishop Kern, M. E. Church. He continues: "We are now beginning this movement which many of us believe will prove to be the most significant and far-reaching ever undertaken by a great Christian communion. Our youth are

to be called to face the great issues of life in the light of the Christian evangel. We are to challenge them with the severe demands of the gospel. They will not fail us. They will respond. To quote the Bishop's own words, "Our youth have been fed up on the frivolities of the world and its program. A note of moral earnestness is everywhere evident. A deep sense of realism, a turning to the church and to God can be discovered wherever one looks. Our young people's assemblies are crowded to embarrassment. County and city unions of young people are springing up everywhere over the church. In recent Aldersgate rallies they crowded the churches and were hungry not for clever messages that entertained, but for a deep and fundamental gospel that would help them to power and victory. In my territory alone more than 22,000 young people gathered in these rallies. They are challenging us. They are asking something of their church. They feel the tremendous urgency of this hour." It is my most earnest desire that this great conference launch this crusade of youth in every church. We have never faced such possibilities as are now lifted up before us."

"So nigh is gradeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low,
THOU MUST,
The youth replies, I CAN."

—Emerson.

* * * * * * *

## OLR HURRYGRAPH HONORED

Nothing revives the spirits of mankind so much—especially so if registered in the minds of the public as passe—as to be made to feel that age does not debar from active service when physically and mentally able to meet the demands.

Just lately Editor James A. Robinson, known to his friends as "Old Hurrygraph," 85 years young, has been made editor of the Durham Messenger. This recognitioon comes from the citizenry of his old home, the people know him intimately, having served previously as publisher of the Daily Sun for 25 years, and at the age of 85 is going strong with the alertness of mind and body of a man much younger.

It is pertinent here to state that there are many old men at 25, because they will never stretch to a new idea if they lived to be a hundred. "Old Hurrygraph" is young at 85, having an elastic mind that can still expand with expanding truths. He has never permitted himself to work in grooves. He is sufficiently wise to know that when the mind's elasticity begins to perish old age is soon in evidence. Therefore, mental age isthe only age that matters, or holds the check in the affairs of life.

Having the graces of life that make him fit in any social setting, he, too, is splendidly qualified in every sense of the word "to begin life at 85" as editor of the Durham Messenger of that bustling city.

Editor Robinson has been a fine friend of the Jackson Training School, who with his versatile mind has made wonderful contributions to the Uplift. We doff our cap to "Old Hurrygraph" and wish him well. "To serve" without reward or the hope of reward has been the slogan of Editor James A. Robinson, and we are pleased to learn that he has risen to his own upon real merit. The life of this man should be an inspiration to many who feel that the "way has been hard."

* * * * * * *

## TYPHOID MARY

We have often heard of typhoid germ carriers, but never knew previously that any particular person was isolated for this particular reason until reading this in an exchange:

"Typhoid Mary," a good Irish cook nicknamed "Typhoid" because she was what is known to medical science as a typhoid carrier, died in New York last week at the age of seventy. And she did not die of typhoid but of paralysis. For thirty years before her death she lived in isolation because in her body she carried typhoid germs which she could and did transmit to others, though the germs were harmless to her own person.

Well, if one individual who carries typhoid germs is a menace to a community why in the world do the health authorities locally, as well as at large, permit millions or rats of all kinds to roam the community. They are not only conveyors of germs, but most destructive to foodstuffs. We are sadly in need in this immediate community

of a Pied Piper campaign to lure away the rats from the streets, back lots and other places.

* * * * * * *

## THANKSGIVING AT THE SCHOOL

Thanksgiving Day at the Jackson Training School was one of action from early in the morning till late in the afternoon. The outstanding feature of the day's program of activities was the foot ball game between Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, and boys of the Jackson Training School. These young men, from the two schools met like the gladiators of old, playing with the earnestness and interest that marks athletes of higher institutions who assemble by pre-arranged plans to prove their championship. The game was one of clean sportsmanship,—the Jackson Training school members of the football team worked hard, they wonout,—but the defeat was accepted in a manner that behooves professionals of superior advantages.

From the athletic field the crowd moved on to the school auditorium and there enjoyed a Thanksgiving service with a sermon by Rev. C. E. Baucom, Concord, the reading of the scriptures, prayer and song. After an hour of clean and wholesome sport, and an hour of divine worship the turkey dinner with all accessories followed, and was thoroughly enjoyed by our own members of the Jackson Training School, also by the guests from the Eastern Carolina Training School. At 2:30 P. M. a movie picture in the school auditorium was thrown upon the screen. This, too, broke the long hours of the afternoon.

Superintendent Leonard of Eastern Carolina Training School, and two of his assistants accompanied their boys on this trip, and expressed themselves pleased with the courtesies received at this institution,—a companion piece to the institution under the guiding hand of Mr. Leonard. We feel that these annual visits are beneficial to both groups of workers as well as to the boys, for we all learn by contact.

* * * * * * *

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Just last week one of the boys of The Uplift office in a most in-

terested manner asked "if it were not time to begin carrying the "Christmas Cheer Fund." We did not realize that Christmas was right here, so decided to publicize the fact as we have in the past.

To us who have passed the Santa Claus age we do not have the anticipations of childhood, but to the youngsters Christmas would be dull without Santa Claus. There are hundreds of our young boys who have no one to even so much as write them a Christmas card. Therefore, we present to the friends of the wayward boys the opportunity to contribute to their joy this 1938 Christmas. "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern ye have done it unto me."

Christmas Cheer Fund

| | |
|---|---|
| 8-7-8 | $25.00 |
| A. G. Odell, Concord | 10.00 |

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### WHAT IS IT?

**What's that which all love more than life,**
**Fear more than death or mortal strife—**
**That which contented men desire,**
**The poor possess, the rich require—**
**The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,**
**And all men carry to the grave?**
**The answer is—Nothing.**

---

I'm thankful that I am thankful.

---

For the good of seciety a lot of muzzles ought to be placed on men instead of on dogs.

---

Some men are like a jitney. They have five senses. And some of them are not worth 5-cents.

---

A lot of people are graceful when they dance. And there are some who are disgraceful when they are not dancing.

---

If you haven't got anything smaller than a dime when the church collection plate comes around, drop it in; you'll get the change some of these days.

---

People who are continually saying that this world is on the road to destruction, and will land in hades, must recognize the road they are traveling.

---

It is the boast of a great many that they "say just what they think." If that is the case what must be the thoughts of those who think and say nothing?

---

Married men, to avoid mistakes and then regrets, should always consult their wives before engaging in a flirtation. In this way you'll find out what you'll get before you get it.

---

People who pride themselves on doing just enough to "get by," never get very far in what they are doing. Heap o' good tobacco stalks get chopped up from associating with the weeds.

---

Women have a great propensity for stealing the hearts of men and then being sued in the courts of love. Some are sentenced to a life of happiness; and some are condemned to a life of misery. It is sort o' like buying a rainbow and paying the cash for it.

---

There was a fellow named Wilbur Glenn Voliva, some years ago, who used to bob up at intervals and predict an early end of the world. Wonder what has become of him. Never hear of him now. Did he end in despair? But recently a new set of world-end prognosticators have sprung up and set the date for the world's dissolution. But it doesn't click. The dates come and pass and the world does not dissolve, but goes on in the even tenor of its way regardless of those would-be wiseacres. It is not given to man to know the hidden mysteries of the creator of the universe.

---

Spunk is something we all need and most of us don't know how to use it. It's easy enough to "spunk up" when you think you are imposed upon. And the strange thing is some folks think

they have a perfect right to be "It." What we most need is to "spunk up" when our loafing anatomy begins to let down the bars and put us on the slowing down list. Of course there's plenty to growl about in the other fellow. But then you haven't any idea how much cause he has to get sore at you. And what's the use? Let loose on the other fellow and you spill a lot of bile that makes it unpleasant for everybody. Besides you put him on the defensive and cut off any chance of improvement. The biggest urge you'll ever have to "spunk up" is in your own behalf. It so easy to be satisfied with your own conduct. We can't see our shortcomings through other people's eyes. If they tell us about it we "spunk up" and tell them some things. We need to "spunk up" enough to jar ourselves into action. Our follies are so much a part of us we can't see them as such. They're part of our lives. We pass up in smug contentment what would set us raving if done by the other fellow. It's strange "what fools these mortals be."

---

## A DEADLY EPIDEMIC

Gambling is a deadly epidemic, destroying many homes, undermining credit and business reputations, and wrecking the morals of whole communities. Forbidden by law almost everywhere, it continues its work of demoralization by skulking in dark corners. Sometimes it flouts the law and operates in open defiance of it, taking advantage of official incompetency or public indifference, or buying immunity through political chicanery or by the outright bribery and corruption of courts and enforcement officials. Too often the rank and file of citizens are indifferent to such conditions, and permit the gangsters to build up a powerful racket most difficult to root out.

By no stretch of the imagination can gambling be termed an innocent pastime, a harmless diversion; nor can one point out where or when this habit or practice has in any way benefited mankind or improved to the slightest degree the moral tone of the human race. Quite the opposite is true, and if proof of this statement is demanded, let the doubting one consult the columns of the metropolitan press. Such news does not properly belong in the sports section, but should be relegated to the crime corner, for gambling and lawlessness are terms quite capable of being interchanged.—Scottish Rite News Bureau.

# ALONE WITH GOD

**By Ronald V. Spivey**

In his essay, "Virginibus Puerisque," Robert Louis Stevenson tells of a young man who confided in him the story of his love. "I like it well enough as long as her sisters are there," confessed the gallant lover, "but I don't know what to do when we're alone!" The absurdity of the remark is that anyone who professed to be in love should not know that, however love and friendship may thrive in company, their richest moments are always in solitude. Perhaps that is why Professor Whitehead has said "Religion is what a man does with his solitariness"; for religion is being in love with God.

"In Solitude," wrote De Quincey in his Selections Grave and Gay, ". . . God holds with his children communion undisturbed. Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into the world alone, all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone." Life is a vale of soul-making in which we have the inestimable privilege of learning how to be at home with God so that when we come to the silence of eternity we shall know that it is interpreted love. How sad it will be, having the chance to walk with God, we feel so ill at ease in his presence that we have to seek other company to make life bearable. Other company, as De Quincey reminded us, will not be available always.

Our Lord found it necessary constantly to warn people against mere formality in religion. In no sphere of life is it so easy to miss the richest meaning and in no sphere of life is this so unfortunate. Most of us are quite happy to be religious people so long as we are part of a busy organization, but should we be so happy if no organization could distract us from God's promises? If there were no services to conduct, no accounts to keep, no committees to attend and none of the merely social activities which loom so large in church life today, how many of us would still appear as active Christians as we appear at present? Yet even now true religion does not consist in these outward things but in worship, fellowship and service: the real worship of the human heart offering itself to God, intimate fellowship in spiritual things and personal service which can never be done by proxy.

Sherwood Eddy in his autobiography tells of an experience which he and a friend passed through in their college days. He writes: "Luc and I, who were rooming together, were going out in less than a year, he to China, I to India. One day I said to him: 'We are going out next year to these unknown fields. Are we ready? All the props and helps of a Christian en-

vironment of friends and homeland will suddenly be taken from us. We have been studying books for the better part of twenty years, but how much use will these notebooks and textbooks be to us in new situations amid poverty, ignorance, idolatry and desperate human need? Will we be able to tell these people that we ourselves know God? Can we say, 'We are more than conquerors'; or could we write in advance: 'I know that I shall come to you in the fullness of the blessing of Christ'? Certainly I cannot. Well, then, more important than Hebrew or Greek, than theology or church history, is not the chief thing so to get to know God that we can meet the unexpeced demands and baffling problems of China and India by abundant spiritual resources?'"

It is a good exercise in self-examination to apply some of his words to ourselves. Suppose all the props and helps of a Christian environment, of friends and homeland, were suddenly taken from us and our souls were left with no outward trappings at all —how rich would our communion with God be then? How fervent would be our zeal for others? Could we say: "I am more than conqueror," or offer people the fullness of the blessings of Christ out of our own experience? Is our worship in spirit and in truth? Is our Christian fellowship a real intimacy in spiritual things or merely the sociability we could get at a secular club? Is our service ever sacrificial? In face of such searching questions do we not tend to get a little embarrassed and say, in effect, like Stephenson's friend, "I like it well enough so long as we are in company, but when we are alone I don't know what to do"?

There is one verse in our hymn book which runs—

"O the pure delight of a single hour
Which before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune with Friend as friend."

We have often sung that hymn, perhaps rather oftener than we have experienced the pure delight of an hour in prayer.

Sherwood Eddy says that after facing the realities of their spiritual need he and his friend decided to spend two hours each morning learning the most sacred things of religion: the first hour was to be spent in Bible study and the second in prayer. At first he did not know how to use his hour of prayer, and there was much repetition and unreality. Should we fare better in such an hour? Without contending that an hour's prayer each day is essential, it is possible to gain great profit from facing such questions. We can all spend an hour of most joyous intercourse with our human friends without our fellowship becoming unreal or our conversation flagging to such an extent that we have to keep repeating ourselves in order to find something to say. Should we be as much at ease if we spent an hour alone with God? Or is our knowledge of him not so real to us? It is noticeable that the greatest followers of Christ have always been men of prayer. Luther said that the busier he was the longer he found it necessary to spend in prayer. John Wesley had a note writ-

ten at the beginning of each volume of his diary that he would spend an hour in secret prayer morning and night, without any pretense or excuse for its neglect. Yet apart from a brief "Good morning" and "Good night" how many of us know anything of this longer and richer communion? Sherwood Eddy goes on to tell us that this unhurried hour soon became a thrilling and joyous adventure. He says: "I learned how to find God, to bring to him my daily need and my problems, to lay my crude personality on the anvil of prayer to be hammered into shape while molten and malleable. It was like the awe and exhilaration to be found in the heart of nature."

Such a period of joyous, unclouded communion with God, whether it be an hour, more, or less, is a daily necessity of the Christian life.

The very thought of an hour's prayer seems frightening to many people, and the Christian life takes, for them, the semblance of a very hard and not altogether welcome duty. "I like it well enough when her sisters are there," said Stephenson's young friend, "but when we're alone I don't know what to do." The trouble with Stevenson's young friend was that he was not in love with his young lady. And the trouble with us is much the same if we don't know what to do when we are alone in God's presence for an hour. Prayer is not a duty to be done, not even a privilege to be enjoyed, but a communion which we want day by day, when our hearts are right with God. The call to those who find prayer hard is "Get right with God." If in repentance and faith we accept Christ fully we find in God one whose friendship is closer than a brother's and one whose communion is precious beyond all else. Not only do we find that we want to pray but also that through our prayer we grow in knowledge of a love which transforms all life—

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies!"

---

## SKIP IT

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.

—Selected.

# BURNING UP WEALTH

**(Catawba News Enterprise)**

Along this time of year many of us may be seen in our yards raking and burning leaves even though it be the result of the insistence of our wives to clear deck.

In connection with the fall cleaning of our premises we would like to call attention to the following timely editorial appearing in a recent issue of the Greensboro Daily News:

Somebody with a head for facts and figures and leisure time on his hands might preform a public service by computing the amount of money, real wealth, the people of Greensboro regularly burn up at this season, in the form of leaves. That is vegetable matter, humus, the life of grass flowers, shrubs and trees; the life of the soil, which is the life of all animate creatures.

It costs something to rake and burn and haul away those wornout garments of summer—in labor or money. It cannot cost much, if any more to pile them away on the back premises, in a broad flat-topped heap, and leave them to the processes of nature to fit them for reapplication to the wealth of the soil, from which they come. It cannot cost very much more to wet them down. The cost is appreciably added to by putting in chemicals that will hasten their decay. (Soil chemists suggest a mixture of five parts by weight of ammonium sulphate, four parts of ground limestone, two parts of superphosphate—or nitrate of soda instead of the ammonium. If nitrate of soda is used, the material can be mixed as convenient; otherwise, do not mix until ready for use. One pound of the mixture to 20 pounds of dry, or 40 pounds of very wet leaves.)

Does that pay, from the standpoint of the individual property owner who has grass and plants to feed? Maybe not, if you can readily obtain stable manure at the prices that have ordinarily prevailed.

---

## LUCK

"The luck that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk;
The men the world calls lucky
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not in wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done."

—Selected.

# THE FIRST UMBRELLA

**(Minneapolis Tribune)**

The lowly umbrella became news recently when the first one of its kind to be used in England was sold at auction. With the story of its change of ownership came the reminder that it had been introduced to London in 1750 by one Jonas Hanway, traveler and philanthropist. There it was carried about for more than 30 years, the object of much ridicule and adverse criticism.

Most toters of umbrellas accept them as a means of keeping dry with no thought of their history. They assume that they have always stood in English or American hall racks waiting to be carried on rainy days. To them, therefore, the revelation that they have been in use in these countries for fewer than 200 years may come as something of a surprise. Now that the matter has been brought to their attention, they might be interested in reviewing briefly the evolution of today's umbrella. According to authorities, the umbrella originated in the Far East and was at first simply a folding fan used to protect the face from the sun. Later it became a canopy on a folding stick, a forerunner of the modern parasol. Still later it was made waterproof and used as a protection against rain. In many Asiatic countries it was long regarded as a sign of royalty. In ancient Greece it was so much a part of a maiden's costume that it was often painted on vases and other pieces of pottery.

It was a far cry from the earliest fan umbrella to the bulky specimen carried by Jonas Hanway of London. It is doubtful if that gentleman would recognize in some of our short-handled, colorful rain-shielders any kinship to his own wet weather comrade. Yet no matter what form it takes, the humble umbrella consistently holds its own in a world of innovations. Many of those who jeered it in Hanway's time lived to cheer it. And up until now, at least, no entirely satisfactory substitute has been found for it.

---

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor—
Too short for spite, but long enough for love,
And love lives on forever and forever
And links to worlds that circle on above.

# PIONEERS OF THE EAST

**By Johanna R. M. Lyback**

CHAPTER VIII

The committee of arrangements for the celebration of the decennial of New Sweden was holding a meeting.

"Have all the invitations been sent out?" asked the chairman.

"All that were on the list, Pastor," answered Ivar Olofsson, "except the one for Rolf Delander. I have never heard from him since he wrote that he was going to Kansas, and that is seven years ago."

"It was rumored at one time that he was running a dance hall in Topeka," said Gustaf Berg.

"And at another time that he had become a Mormon and had gone to Utah," said Waldemar Brenell. "It was Tom Potter, the peddler, told us that. He brings news from everywhere."

"He seemed to have good authority for that," said Eberhard Josefsson. "Potter had met a man in Portland that came from the same part of Sweden Rolf. That man worked for the railroad, and had been all over the country. A few years ago he was near Ogden, Utah, One of the men he worked with lived in Ogden, and he happened to speak of a neighbor of his named Rolf Delander. It's not a common name, so this man asked about him. The way he described him he must have looked like Rolf, except that he had a full beard."

"Why didn't that man go and see him, if he knew him from home?"

"He intended to, but he was with a repair gang, and they were kept on the job from daybreak till dark, and as soon as they had finished they were taken to another place where the road had caved in."

"Did that man say Rolf was a Mormon?"

"Yes, and he said he had four wives."

"It's probably another Rolf Delander," said Ivar, laughing.

"You can never tell. If you would write a letter and address it to Ogden perhaps he might get it.

"Yes, it wouldn't do any harm."

"Will you invite his wives too?"

"I might ask him to bring his wife, if he is married."

"Then perhaps he'll bring the favorite and leave the others at home."

"But see here, do you suppose our wives will receive her? Polygamy isn't allowed in Maine, and they won't think she is a respectable woman."

"How you talk! If a couple is married—"

"A couple?"

"Well, if people are married according to the laws where they live it holds good wherever they go, doesn't it?"

"I don't know about that. You remember how, in slavery times, people in the North objected to slave owners taking their Negroes into the free states."

"But wives are not property, like slaves."

"This is getting too complicated for me," said Ivar. "I don't think I'll write at all."

"Do as you think best," said the

chairman, "but now I must ask you to stop joking and attend to business. It is getting late, and there is a great deal to be done."

"Decennial Day dawned gloomily. A dull rain fell from a leaden sky. But the rain soon ceased, and at an early hour people began to gather together in the great central clearing of New Sweden, where stands the Capitol, the church, the store and the parsonage. The first comers were Swedes but their American and Canadian friends soon came flocking in from the surrounding country. The main road into the town soon became crowded with an almost continuous line of carriages. To New Sweden everybody was going, and in every sort of a vehicle. There were wagons and hayracks, coaches and carts, drags and buckboards. There were Swedish teams from the colony, French vehicles from the upper St. John, Bluenose turnouts from Canada, and Yankee wagons from everywhere around. Mingled with these were elegant carriages, drawn by noble spans of horses, for which Aroostook County is justly celebrated. For hours the steady streams of vehicles poured along the road from Caribou to New Sweden. A Miss Brown, of Woodland, sat at a window of her house, and with slate in hand kept tally of the passers-by. She counted four hundred ninety-two carriages containing 1,448 persons, that drove past her house that morning into New Sweden. Add to these the number of foot travelers, those who came by other roads or through the woods, the Swedes from outside the colony who came the day before and the seven hundred eighty-seven members of the colony itself, and it is certain that over 3,000 persons were present and took part in the decennial celebration of New Sweden.

"Four hundred invited guests had started the day before by rail from the older sections of the state outside of Aroostook County. Their goodly numbers overtaxed the capacity of the New Brunswick Railway. They were kept up all night in crowded cars, while the good people of Caribou sat up all night waiting to receive them.

"At last, in the gray dawn, the train of four hundred belated travelers was hauled in sections into the depot at Caribou, and sulky and grim, in a drizzling rain, they drove to their lodgings.

"At ten o'clock, however, after a nap and a cup of coffee, these visitors forgot the fatigues of the night, and were joining the long procession driving into the Swedish woods.

"By this time New Sweden, from the capitol to the church, was literally full of people in gala-day attire, among whom the Swedish girls, with their national headdress of a deeply fringed silk kerchief formed a striking and picturesque feature.

"A triumphal arch of evergreen had been erected across the road in front of the church. On each side of the arch was a flagstaff, likewise decorated with evergreen; while to the right was drawn up the company of Swedish cadets under command of Captain Lars Nylander. Everybody was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the guests of the day.

"At last the carriage of Hon. William Widgery Thomas, the founder of the colony, followed by the carriages of the Governor, the Council and other distinguished guests, drives across the boundary line from Woodland into New Sweden; a salute is fired by the

Swedish cadets, the stars and stripes and the yellow cross of Sweden sail proudly into position at the top of the flagstaffs on either side of the evergreen arch, and the sweet tones of the church bell float out for the first time over the woods and clearings of New Sweden.

"At the triumphal arch the guests of the day are received by the Swedish cadets and escorted under the arch and down the road to the capitol."

Rolf, guiltless, as we know, of dance hall or even one wife, arrived at Caribou in time to get a place in one of the wagons. He witnessed the reception of the founder of the colony and the exercises. The principal feature of these was, of course, the speech by Thomas. In vivid language he described the varied incidents of the long voyage, the arrival in the heart of the Maine forests, where " a Swede was as unknown as a Chinese," the incessant toil of those first years, the rejoicing at every step forward, the frolics and merrymakings, the organizing of the church, the studying of a strange language and unfamiliar conditions, and the gradual change of adherence from the old to the new.

Then he carried his hearers on to what, to Rolf, was unknown ground, the proud day when all the oldest colonists became citizens of the United States, the day closely following when New Sweden received its first legal organization and became a plantation of the State of Maine, the extending of the boundaries of the colony, and the increased building within its limits. The speech lasted over two hours, and was "listened to with unabated interest."

The program finished, Rolf walked about, noting the changes that had taken place. He was surprised at the cordiality with which he was greeted by every one who had been there when he left. The men who had taught him to work and had workd beside him, those who had listened to his reading the long evenings of that first winter, the children he had taught, most of them now young men and women, the singers and musicians, the pastor who had so kindly expressed appreciation of his efforts, and, above all, the founder of the colony—all welcomed him and made reference to what he had done to help them.

There was no opportunity for a long talk with anyone, just a handshake and a few words, ending with, "See you again. You'll stay with us for a while, of course." For the first time since he had lost his father and his home, Rolf began to feel that he belonged, that there was someone to whom his going and coming would make a difference.

After retiring he considered the problem a long time. While in the colony he had felt too much humiliated to write to any of his acquaintances in the old country. Then, engrossed with other matters and fitting himself into new conditions, he seldom thought of his earlier life, and memories of it gradually grew fainter. If he went back now, would there be anyone to greet him as warmly as he had been greeted here? He did not doubt that he could make a place for himself, but here he had already made it. This was like coming home.

He passed in review the people he had seen and talked with, and those he had missed. He had not seen Charlotte Olofsson, and though he had spoken with her parents, there had been no opportunity to ask for her.

All at once he started so violently that the man in the cot beside him rose on his elbow to look at him. That little girl with the big blue eyes and hair the color of tarnish gold, coming down in a point on her forehead, who always appeared before his mental vision when he thought of a home—that was Charlotte, as he had last seen her. Subconsciously he had carried her image in his memory. She was a woman grown by this time, in the twenties, probably married. Whether or no, he must not be foolish, sentimental.

He woke up in the morning with the same sense of wellbeing that he remembered feeling the first morning of a vacation at home. Through the open windows he heard the sounds he had always enjoyed listening to—the clucking of barnyard fowls, lowing of cattle, neighing of horses, the shaking of harness. There had not been much of this while he was staying with the colony.

He rose and went to the window. In the east the treetops glowed with the light of the rising sun, and the glow was reflected on the tree trunks in the west. It was just as it used to be, except that the woods had receded, and the homes, orchards and fields were more numerous and showed greater prosperity.

After breakfast he walked to his old cabin, which was some distance from his quarters. It had begun to take on the mellow tinge of old, unpainted logs, and the garden had been extended. Through the windows he saw people moving about in bustling activity. Of course no house in New Sweden was without guests at this time, he thought with a smile.

He walked on to the Olofsson cabin. Trees and bushes almost concealed it from view, the garden was rich in flowers and vegetables; the small porch before the door was wreathed in vines. There, on the roof, was actually old Misse, arching her back at a little dog in the road.

A child came out through the open door, and a clear voice called from within, "Wait, I want you to take this plant to your mother."

A woman in a pink dress came out on the doorstep. She was partly concealed by the swaying vines, but Rolf saw her face as she leaned forward and smilingly held out a flowerpot to the waiting girl. Into Rolf's memory flashed the scene on the way from Caribou ten years before, when Charlotte stooped and offered her mother the spray of linnea he had brought her.

She had grown taller,—a little—and was more developed, of course, but she was still the Charlotte he remembered, changed in no other way. How had he happened to let her slip out of his mind? It must have been the chase after the almighty dollar, crowding out everything else. She held out her hand as he approached.

"Welcome back to New Sweden, Rolf Delander. I heard you were here. Mamma and papa are away, but they will soon be back."

She led the way into "the room" which he had helped to build and paper. He looked about with a happy smile.

There was no renewing of acquaintance or retying of threads. They met as if they had parted the day before.

"I have something to show you," said Charlotte after a while, and left the room.

He heard her go up the stairs to her own room, and presently she returned with a paper box in her hands.

"Do you remember this?" she asked, as she opened it.

"Is it the little checkerboard I made for you the first Christmas?" asked Rolf. "Do you mean to say you have kept that all this time?"

"I have, as you see," she answered. "I have kept every one of my toys, and this one I enjoyed more than any I had after I outgrew dolls. I did not understand at the time what it meant for you to do all that work with the tools and material you had, and with a crippled arm besides. But since I grew older I have appreciated it, and I made up my mind if I ever saw you again I would thank you for it."

Rolf was cordialy welcomed by Ivar and Hedda when they returned.

"We were speaking of you," said Hedda, "and hoped you will stay with us while you are in New Sweden. The little guest room back of this one is ready for you."

"Thank you, Fru Hedda. That is very kind."

"How long do you expect to stay?" asked Ivar.

"I have just decided to stay always."

"Really? After roaming all over the country you find this the best place?"

"Yes. Coming here was like coming home, Mr. Olofsson."

"But surely you don't mean to be so formal as to call me Mr. Olofsson? We are old settlers, both of us."

"Perhaps you will let me call you Father Olofsson?" said Rolf, taking Charlotte's hand.

The parents looked at each other, then at the young people standing before them.

"Was that your reason for coming back?" asked Ivar.

"No, but it was my reason for deciding to stay."

—THE END—

---

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

—Selected.

# SCHOOL OBSERVES THANKSGIVING DAY

**By Leon Godown**

Thanksgiving Day, 1938, will long be remembered by the boys of Jackson Training School as a most enjoyable occasion—a day filled with everything to gladden the heart of a youngster.

The festive period really began Wednesday night, for with the arrvial that afternoon of Superintendent S. E. Leonard, Mr. Woodall, football coach; Mr. Stevenson, recreational director; Mr. High, principal of school; and eighteen members of the football squad, all from the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, came the announcement that a special motion picture show in honor of our guests, would be the attraction in the auditorium at 7 o'clock in the evening. The feature picture, "Topper," and a comedy, shown on this occasion, proved highly entertaining.

Shortly after 9 o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, football teams representing the two institutions, met on the local gridiron. Our boys, smarting under two defeats in previous "turkey day" battles, went into the fray firmly resolved to take their Eastern Carolina opponents, and completely outplayed them from the first whistle, winning by the score of 25 to 0.

In the first quarter the visitors' kick-off was taken on the 30-yd line by Johnson and carried to the 35-yd stripe. Two line plunges advanced the ball to the local 45-yd line for a first down. Here a pass was intercepted by the lads from Rocky Mount and downed on their 45-yd line. They punted to the local 18-yd mark, the ball being received by Johnson and run up to the 30-yd line. After two line plays placed the ball on the Eastern Carolina 38-yd line, Clark, local half back, went around left end to the 10-yd line. On the next play Clark went over center for a touchdown. Johnson went over left tackle for the extra point.

The second J. T. S. score was also made in the initial period, in this manner: The visitors received the kick-off on the 20-yd mark and ran it up to the 45. They were then forced to punt from their own 47-yd stripe, the boot going to the J. T. S. 31, where it was downed. After a line play had gained two yards, Clark got loose around right end for a gain of 27 yards, being brought down on Eastern Carolina's 40. Another line play was good for 2 yards. Webb then broke through the left side for a gallop of 38 yards to a touchdown. The try for extra point failed.

Toward the end of the first quarter Waldrop's kick-off rolled over the goal line. The ball was put in play on the 20-yd mark, from which spot the visitors picked up 4 yards through the line. They punted to the J. T. S. 30-yd mark, Johnson receiving the ball and running it back to the 40. Right here the visitors fought doggedly, gaining the ball on downs on their own 18-yd line, and then punted to the local 30. On line plays our boys carried the pigskin to the visitor's 45-yd mark, and then Waldrop took a pass from Johnson and went over for

the J. T. S. lads' third touchdown. Another try for extra point failed.

Near the end of the second quarter, the boys from Rocky Mount received the kick-off on their own 20-yd line and advanced to the 25. On the next play they fumbled and Harry Leagon recovered for the home lads. A pass was tried but it was intercepted by the visitors on their 30-yd mark. On the next play, J. D. Wells passed to McLamb for a gain of 9 yards. J. T. S. was then penalized 5 yards for being off side. The boys from "down east" then attempted a pass, but it was incomplete. A line smash netted them 5 yards, but on the following play, West and Webb broke through and tossed Wells for a 6 yard loss, as the half ended.

In the third period the local kick-off was downed on Eastern Carolina's 34-yd mark. A line play then netted the visitors 6 yards. Wells went around right end for a gain of 11 yards. Early made 6 yards through the line. A series of line smashes by this lad, Wells, brought them up to the local 34-yd stripe—the nearest the boys from Eastern Carolina were able to get to the J. T. S. goal line, the ball going over on downs. On line plays the local lads moved down to their opponents' 45-yd mark. A pass from Johnson to Webb was good for 35 yards to the 10-yd stripe, where Eastern Carolina gained possession of the ball on downs. The visitors then drove to their own 18-yd line and punted the ball into the end zone. The J. T. S. lads put the ball in play on their own 20-yd mark, and a line play gained 2 yards. Webb then reeled off 18 yards up to the 40. Successive plunges took them to the visitors' 25, where a pass was intercepted and downed on the 20-yd stripe. The Rocky Mount boys then attempted a punt, but it was blocked and downed on the 30-yd line by J. T. S. The local lads then attempted a pass, but it was intercepted and run back to 23-yd mark. The visitors kicked to the 50-yd line, where the ball was downed by J. T. S. A couple of line plays followed, bringing our boys up to their opponents' 42-yd mark, and from this point West got away for a nice sprint over the goal line, but the play was called back, the referee ruling that the local backfield was in motion before the ball was snapped. J. T. S. was then penalized 5 yards for too many times out as the quarter ended.

As the last quarter started the J. T. S. boys did considerable rushing, but finally lost the ball. After two Eastern Carolina passes were incompleted, the third was intercepted by Clark on the visitors' 35-yd line and run back to the 30, where he was hit hard and fumbled, the visitors recovering. The visitors were penalized twice for too many times out in a half. Harry Leagon then intercepted a pass on the Eastern Carolina 22-yd mark and dashed over for a touch-down. The try for point was no good. A few minutes later the game ended with the Rocky Mount boys in possession of the ball on the J. T. S. 48-yd line.

While the score was a bit lop-sided, this was a nice game to watch. The boys on both teams played a clean game, waging the contest in a most sportsmanlike manner. Following the game, the two teams posed for photographs and the friendliest of spirits prevailed as opposing players talked it over.

Immediately following the football

game, we assembled in the auditorium for the annual Thanksgiving Day service, which was conducted by Rev. R. C. Baucum, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord. After the singing of the opening hymn, he read parts of the 148th and 149th Psalms, and his talk to the boys on the real meaning of Thanksgiving Day was most helpful and interesting.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that we should all be very thankful and happy that we have had a good year. Unlike conditions in many other lands, the people in this great country of ours have not been caused to suffer the hardships and heartaches of war, for which we should be exceedingly thankful. While the people of other countries have paused to give thanks on special occasions, America is the first to declare a day of national thanksgiving each year. He then spoke of the first Thanksgiving, observed by our Pilgrim forefathers as they set apart a day in which to thank God for making it possible for them to withstand the severe New England winter and also successfully withstand the attacks of hostile Indians. Thanksgiving is indeed an American institution. But hundreds of years before the Mayflower landed in this country, people in other lands paused at some time during the year to give thanks to God.

Rev. Mr. Baucum then stated that people should not gather together on this day simply because a proclamation had been issued or because they just thought they were supposed to do so, but because we really want to render our thanks to God for His goodness to us through the year. He urged the boys to take just a few minutes some time during the day and quietly think over the things for which they should render thanks to God.

The Pilgrim Fathers, said the speaker, started a mighty nation. Years after, the people of that nation raised funds and erected a monument on Plymouth Rock in commemoration of their deed. At the top of this huge marker is a statue to "Faith." It was because they desired to worship God as their hearts dictated, that these men and women came to this country in 1620, and it was their faith that caused them to carry on despite hardships, so it was quite fitting that the statue be erected to Faith. Our Savior, centuries ago, told the people to have faith in God, and it is by that faith only that we shall ever be able to overcome the powers of evil which beset us on every hand.

The speaker then asked what encourages us to have faith in God, and answered by saying that the Heavenly Father's love and care for us, even when we turn our backs on Him and allow evil habits to bcome our master. All through the ages, God has revealed that He really loved His people and is ever ready to bless them. Sin though they may, God stands ready at all times to forgive those who repent of evil-doing. Sin is a reality in the world today. There is no spiritual life outside of God, and as long as we continue to sin, we are headed toward eternal death.

Rev. Mr. Baucum then called attention to conditions in Germany today, saying that surely the devil must occupy the hearts of those in power over there or they would not treat the Jews so cruelly as they are now doing. He sai dthe powers of sin were doing their best to lead people away from God.

The speaker then stated that the thing for which we should be thankful today is the fact that God is far more powerful than the devil and all his angels, and by seeking His help we may make it impossible for the sins of the world to control our lives. The fact that He loves us in spite of our sins is a great cause for thanksgiving.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baucum said that God has made a plan by which our lives may be guided, if we only accept those plans, and that we should at all times try to increase our faith in Him and His ability to guide us safely through the journey of life, and thus be enabled to obtain all the glories of the life to come.

Following the service in the auditorium we returned to our respective cottages to partake of one of the finest Thanksgiving dinners it has ever been our privilege to enjoy. All the excitement of the football game and the exertion of lustily cheering their mates on to victory seemed to have given the boys wonderful appetities, for they immediately attacked most generous portions of various items which made up the Thanksgiving menu in a most enthusiastic manner, heaping plates of good things disappearing with rapidity that would have amazed the very best magician on the stage today. This menu was as follows:

Baked Turkey with Noodles and Dressing
Candied Yams English Peas
Cole Slaw Lettuce and Tomatoes
Cranberry Sauce Pickles
Peaches and Cake
Milk

In the afternoon all hands assembled in the auditorium to enjoy another motion picture. The feature film was the Ritz brothers in "Life Begins In College," following which another short comedy was shown. From hearing outbursts of peal after peal of laughter, we are quite sure the boys thoroughly enjoyed these attractions.

Returning to the cottages after the picture show, many of the boys listened to radio broadcasts of big holiday football games played between some of the larger colleges and universities in different parts of the nation. Then came the supper hour and indoor amusements in the cottages until bed time, thus bringing to a close another red-letter day in the memories of Jackson Training School boys.

---

What you get without effort is worth what it costs. Everything that is worth while has a fence around it—but there is always a gate, and a key.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. The reporter was not present on this occasion nor did he make any arrangements for someone else to take the notes, but we feel quite sure that Rev. Mr. Baumgarner made his usual interesting and helpful talk to the boys.

---

A real white frost put in its appearance here last Monday morning, and a short time after the various work lines were assigned to their duties Mr. John Carriker and his group of boys killed several large hogs. For several days thereafter our family of nearly six hundred enjoyed generous servings of sausage, spare-rids, liverwurst and other delicacies of the hog-killing season.

---

Fred Wiles, one of our old boys, who was paroled February 11, 1924, spent last Saturday night at the School. As a boy here he worked on the barn force and as house boy in Cottage No. 3. For the past nine years Fred has been in the United States Army, and during part of this time was stationed at Schofield Barracks, near Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. At present he is stationed at Fort Bragg and after spending a few days with a brother in Gastonia, returned to that post. Fred stated that he was well pleased with army life and expected to re-enlist at the expiration of his present term of enlistment. Life in Uncle Sam's employ seems to have agreed with this young man, as he has developed into a fine-looking, husky fellow of thirty-one years.

---

Luther Kellum, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who left the School nearly eleven years ago, was a visitor here on Thanksgiving Day. Since leaving us he has served one four-year term of enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, most of which time he was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. After receiving an honorable discharge from the service he returned to Greensboro, and for the past four years has been employed in the dyeing and finishing department of the Proximity Print Works, in that city. Luther informed us that he is now twenty-eight years old, has been married four years, and has one son, aged three years.

---

We are publishing below a summary of the Cottage Honor Roll, for the past twenty-five weeks, from the week ending June 5, 1938 to the week ending November 20, 1938. The names of boys appearing on this list are grouped according to the number of times they were placed on the Honor Roll during this period.

**25**—Dewey Ware.

24—Caleb Hill.

23—Leon Hollifield, Carl Breece, Julius Stevens.

22—Clyde Gray, Edward Johnson, Edward Lucas, Mack Setzer, William Estes, John Tolbert, Clyde Barnwell, James Kirk, Filmore Oliver.

21—Gilbert Hogan, Cleasper Beasley J. T. Branch, Charlton Henry, Carl Singletary, Delphus Dennis, Paul Ruff, James Chavis.

20—Van Martin, Hugh Johnson, William Young, George Duncan, Eugene Presnell, Baxter Foster, Alexander King, Audie Farthing.

19—Henry Cowan, Nick Rochester, John C. Robertson, Edmund Moore, Earthy Strickland, Edgar Burnette, Thomas Shaw, John Uptegrove, James Elders, Thomas Knight, Leonard Wood.

18—Melvin Walters, James Wilhite, James H. Davis, Thomas Wilson, Earl Hildreth, William Trantham, Alexander Woody, Reefer Cummings.

17—C. L. Snuggs, William McRary, Leo Ward, R. V. Wells, Winford Rollins, George Wilhite, Archie Castlebury, Charles Taylor, James Coleman, Ben Cooper, Max Eaker, Franklin Hensley, Hubert Holloway, Tillman Lyles, James Reavis, Howard Sanders, Isaac Hendren, Paul McGlammery, Raymond Andrews, Claude Ashe, Harold Thomas, Harvey Walters, Roland Rufty, Curley Smith.

16—William Cherry, Grady Allen, Robert Dunning, Spencer Lane, James Bunnell, Clifton Butler, Mark Jones, Earl Stamey, Albert Goodman, Lawerenc Guffey, Leonard Watson, Ross Young, Monte Beck, John Robbins, Paul Shipes.

15—Blanchard Moore, Oscar Roland, Earl Weeks, Lloyd Pettus, Jack McRary, Richard Palmer, Joseph Tucker, Thomas Sands, Elbert Hackler, James V. Harvel, Hoyt Hollifield, Hubert Short, Thomas Oxendine.

14—Howard Roberts, John Capps, James Hancock, James Land, Ralph Webb, Fletcher Castlebury, Clinton Keen, George Green, Blaine Griffin, William Tester, Henry Coward, Woodfin Fowler, Frank Glover, Cleveland Suggs, Alphus Bowman, William C. Davis, Richard Honeycutt.

13—Ivey Eller, James Kissiah, Cecil Wilson, William Wilson, William Beach, John Penninger, Walker Warr, James Butler, Roy Butner, Elbert Head, Allard Brantley, Joseph Hall, Clarence Mayton, William Powell, Jordan McIver, Beamon Heath.

12—Virgil Baugess, Lewis Andrews, Robert Atwell, Coolidge Green, John King, Grover Gibby, Ned Waldrop, Robert Bryson, Robert Hampton, Ed Woody, Luther Wilson, Burl Allen, William Griffin, Irvin Medlin, Leonard Buntin, Aldine Duggins, Robert Kinley, James McGinnis.

11—Marvin Bridgeman, Rex Allred, H. C. Pope, Reece Reynolds, Samuel Ennis, Jewell Barker, Douglas Matthews, Claude Terrell, Jerome W. Wiggins, Wesley Beaver, Lewis Donaldson, William Brothers, Martin Crump, Elmer Maples, J. D. Powell, Loy Stines, Vernon Lamb, Harold Bryson, Joseph D. Corn, Jack Foster, Bruce Kersey, Feldman Lane, Garfield Walker, L. M. Hardison, Joseph Hyde, Early Oxendine.

10—Vernon Johnson, James Mast, William Kirksey, Richard Singletary, George Wright, Charles McCoyle, Canipe Shoe, Woodrow Wilson, Marshall Pace, Jack Pyatt, Donald Britt, J. B. Devlin, Harvey Ledford, Thomas Braddock, Carrol Clark, Horace Williams, Harry Connell, Troy Powell, William T. Hawkins, Clarence Lingerfelt, Ira Settle.

9—Fonnie Oliver, Frank Walker,

Julius Green, James C. Cox, Roscoe Honeycutt, Robert Lawrence, William Peeden, Lester Jordan, George Tolson, Norman Brodgen, Fred McGlammery, Henry McGraw, Howard Todd, Caleb Jolly, Harold Walsh, James Watson.

8—Carroll Dodd, Earl Barnes, Warner Peach, Paul Briggs, William Surratt, J. C. Branton, Donald Holland, Paul Lewallan, Graham Sykes, Joseph Wheeler, Edward McCain, Craig Chappell, William Pitts, Clerge Robinette, J. C. Allen, S. E. Jones, Avery Smith, William Lowe, Thomas Trantham, Jones Watson, Sidney Delbridge.

7—William Haire, Arthur Craft, William Downes, James Boone, A. C. Lamar, F. E. Mickle, George Shaver, William T. Smith, Hurley Davis, Hyress Taylor, Robert Dellinger, Joseph Mobley, James Page, Elmer Talbert, Robert Deyton, Thomas Hamilton, Randall D. Peeler, John H. Averitte, Dewey Sisk, Samuel Everidge, William Brackett, Junius Brewer, Torrence Ware, Allen Honeycutt, William Hudgins, Edward Murray, Harry Leagon, Marshall White, Junior Woody, Clifton Davis.

6—Eugene Edwards, Edgar Harrellson, Robert Watts, R. L. Young, Norton Barnes, Floyd Lane, Frank Crawford, James Barlett, Hugh Kennedy, Hubert McCoy, Fred Pardon, Harold Almond, Lindsey Dunn, Thomas Sullivan, Marvin Wilkins, Columbus Hamilton, Leo Hamilton, Howard Baheeler, Edward J. Lucas, Charles Presnell, Wilbur Hardin, Lonnie Roberts, Milford Hodgins, Thomas King, Oscar Smith, William R. Williams, Theodore Rector, J. R. Whitman, Thomas R. Pitman, Clarence Gates, Albert Hayes.

5—Bruce Link, James West, Preston Yarborough, James Blocker, Postell Clark, Brooks Young, Earl Bass, Kenneth Conklin, Neely Dixon, Harold Dodd, Harrison Stilwell, Allen Wilson, Shelton Anderson, Odell Bray, Ernest Davis, Ivan Morrozoff, Richard Wiggins, Ernest Beach, Robert Jordan, Eugene Smith, Hubert Walker, Eugene Ballew, Noah Ennis, Ray Pitman, Carl Ward, Paul Angel, John Deaton, Lacy Green, Ernest Mobley, Felix Adams, Howard Griffin, Holly Atwood, Wilson Bowman, Harold O'Dear, Floyd Combs, John Crawford, Jack Norris, Donald Newman, Joseph Woody, Marvin King, Richard Patton.

4—Howard Cox, Albert Silas, Latha Warren, Kenneth Gibbs, John T. Godwin, Landreth Sims, J. W. McRorrie, George Newman, Samuel Williams, George Speer, J. C. Ennis, James C. Wiggins, Raymond Hughes, Wilfred Land, Fred May, Charles Webb, Osper Howell, Carl Speer, Jesse Overby, Frank Dickens, Ewin Odom, Garland McPhail, John Kirkman, J. D. Webster, Howard Bobbitt, Hobart Gross, Roy Helms, Cleo King, Harold C. Oldham, Edward Patrum, Richard Thomas.

3—Jack Broome, Julian Myrick, Thomas McRary, Carlton Brookshire, Herman Cherry, Hurley Matthews, Jack Morris, James McCune, Grady Pennington, Garrett Bishop, Grover Lett, Robert Orrell, Thomas Yates, William Barden, Monroe Flinchum, Burman Holland, McCree Mabe, George Ramsey, Jack Turner, Lacy Burleson, Joseph Sanford, N. B. Johnson, Floyd Crabtree, Charles Davis, Clyde Hillard, Lonnie Holleman, Ray Reynolds, Clarence Baker, Gladston Carter, Robert Gaines, John Hendrix, Matthew Duffy, Felix Littlejohn,

Weaver Penland, Jack Springer, Charles Bryant, Clyde Hoppes, Calvin McCoyle, N. C. Webb, Harvey J. Smith, Arthur Ashley, Wilson Bailiff, Burris Bozeman, Fred Clark, N. A. Efird, Dallas Holder, Benjamin McCracken, George Worley.

2—William Morgan, William Burnette, J. W. Crawford, Frank King, Thurman Lynn, Clifton Mabry, Fernie Medlin, Forrest McEntire, Fred Seibert, Wayne Collins, Bruce Hawkins, Fred Vereen, Theodore Bowles, Edward Thomasson, Fred Tolbert, Leonard Jacobs, Jack Reeves, Donald Washam, Jack West, Donald Earnhardt, Thomas Britt, Junius Holleman, Joseph Linville, George May, Norman Parker, Grover Revels, Heler Davis, Glenn Emerson, Ralph Carver, Clyde Adams, Edward Chapman, Walter Cooper, Jack Haney, James M. Hare, Rufus Linville, James Penland, Jack Ryals, Joseph Christine, Julius Fagg, William Furches, Andrew Iambeth, Franklin Lyles, Henry Smith, William Tobar, James Brewer, Vincent Hawes, George Hedrick, James Lane, Douglas Mabry, John Church, John Ham,, Brown Stanley.

1—Robert Coleman, Porter Holder, William Howard, Jerry Smith, J. W. Jones, Robert Kieth, Henry Phillips, Clyde Sorrells, Raymond Sprinkle, Paul Broome, Forrest Plott, Edward Batten, William Jones, Hubert Smith, Melvin Stines, Jack Sutherland, James Jordan, Harold Crooks, William Jerrell, Harvey Smith, James C. Hoyle, Elbert Kersey, Allen Bledsoe, Jack Harward, J. D. Hildreth, William Knight, James Nicholson, Floyd Williams, Peter Jones, Ballard Martin, Paul Mullis, Thelbert Poole, William Deaton, Clyde Murphy, Jesse Owens, William Warf, J. C. Willis, Arvel Ward, Thomas Woods.

---

## A HYMN FOR AIRMEN

God of the shining hosts that range on high,
Lord of the seraphs serving day and night,
Hear us for these our squadrons of the sky,
And give to them the shelter of Thy might.

Thine are the arrows of the storm-cloud's breath,
Thine, too, the temper of the zephyr still;
Take in Thy keeping those who, facing death,
Bravely go forth to do a nation's will.

High in the trackless space that paves Thy throne,
Claim by Thy love these souls in danger's thrall;
Be Thou their Pilot through the great unknown,
Then shall they mount as eagles and not fall.

—May Rowland.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 5, 1938

**Week Ending November 20, 1938**

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Clyde Gary 22
(2) Gilbert Hogan 21
(3) Leon Hollifield 23
(3) Edward Johnson 22
(3) James Kissiah 13
(3) Edward Lucas 22
(3) Mack Setzer 22
(2) C. L. Snuggs 17

COTTAGE No. 1

Jack Broome 3
(2) Henry Cowan 19
Edgar Harrelson 6
Horace Journigan 13
H. C. Pope 11
(3) Latha Warren 4
Robert Watts 6
James West 5
R. L. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 2

(4) John Capps 14
Postell Clark 5
Arthur Craft 7
(2) Nick Rochester 19
(4) Oscar Roland 15

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Atwell 12
Lewis Andrews 12
Jewell Barker 11
James Boone 7
James C. Cox 9
Coolidge Green 12
Douglas Matthews 11
William McRary 17
Warner Peach 8
John C. Robertson 19
Earl Weeks 15
Jerome W. Wiggins 11

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 11
Paul Briggs 8
William Cherry 8
Lewis Donaldson 11
(4) James Hancock 14
(4) John King 12
(2) Van Martin 20
(2) Fred Pardon 6
(2) Lloyd Pettus 15
Hyress Taylor 7
(2) Melvin Walters 18
(2) Leo Ward 17
(3) R. V. Wells 17
(3) James Wilhite 18
Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Grady Allen 16
(2) J. C. Branton 8
(2) Lindsey Dunn 6
(2) William Kirksey 10
(2) Richard Palmer 15
(2) Richard Singletary 10
Elmer Talbert 7
Ned Waldrop 12
(25) Dewey Ware 25

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Bryson 12
(2) Noah Ennis 5
Leo Hamilton 6
Clinton Keen 14
(3) Spencer Lane 16
Charles McCoyle 10
(3) Canipe Shoe 10
(5) Joseph Tucker 15
George Wilhite 17
(2) William Wilson 13
Woodrow Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 13
(5) Cleasper Beasley 21
(8) Carl Breece 23
(4) John Deaton 5
James H. Davis 18
Donald Earnhardt 2
(5) William Estes 22
(3) Blaine Griffin 14
(5) Caleb Hill 24
(2) Robert Hampton 12
Robert Lawrence 9
Jack Pyatt 10

Earthy Strickland 19
(5) William Tester 14
(12) Ed Woody 12

COTTAGE No. 8

J. B. Devlin 10
Junius Holleman 2
Lonnie Holleman 3
Harvey Ledford 10
(2) Edward McCain 8
(4) John Penninger 13
(2) Charles Presnell 6
Charles Taylor 17
(2) John Tolbert 22
Walker Warr 13

COTTAGE No. 9

(7) J. T. Branch 21
(3) James Bunnell 16
James Butler 13
(7) Edgar Burnette 19
(8) Roy Butner 13
James Coleman 17
George Duncan 20
(6) Frank Glover 19
(2) Lonnie Roberts 6
(3) John Hendrix 3
Earl Stamey 16
Cleveland Suggs 14
(2) Luther Wilson 12
Thomas Wilson 18
Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 11
Joseph D. Corn 11
Baxter Foster 20
(3) Albert Goodman 16
(15) Earl Hildreth 18
(3) Allen Honeycutt 7
(3) Edward Murray 7
(2) Theodore Rector 6
(12) Julius Stevens 23
(5) Thomas Shaw 19
(2) John Uptegrove 19

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 12
Alphus Bowmaan 14
(5) Ben Cooper 17
William Deaton
(5) Max Eaker 17
(5) James Elders 19
(2) Elbert Hackler 15
Joseph Hall 13
(6) Charlton Henry 21
(2) Franklin Hensley 17
Hubert Holloway 17
(2) S. E. Jones 8
(6) Alexander King 20
(2) Thomas Knight 19
(17) Tillman Lyles 17
(3) Clarence Mayton 13
(2) William Powell 13
(3) James Reavis 17
(6) Carl Singletary 21
(6) Avery Smith 8
Howard Sanders 17
(5) J. R. Whitman 6
(3) William Trantham 18
George Tolson 9
Leonard Watson 16

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Jack Foster 11
Isaac Hendren 17
(5) William Griffin 12
Garland McPhail 4
James V. Harvel 15
Paul McGlammery 17
Thomas R. Pitman 6
Marshall White 7

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe 17
(4) Raymond Andrws 17
(10) Clyde Barnwell 22
(3) Monte Beck 16
(15) Delphus Dennis 21
(4) Audie Farthing 20
(2) James Kirk 22
(4) Feldman Lane 11
(4) Paul Shipes 16
Henry McGraw 9
(2) Harvey Walters 17
Jones Watson 8

COTTAGE No. 15

Leonard Buntin 12
Sidney Delbridge 8
Aldine Duggins 12
Clarence Gates 6
L. M. Hardison 11
Hoyt Hollifield 15
Joseph Hyde 11
Robert Kinley 12
Cleo King 4
James McGinnis 12
Paul Ruff 21
Rowland Rufty 17
Ira Settle 10
Arnel Ward
Thomas Wood

INDIAN COTTAGE
(5) James Chavis 21
(2) Thomas Oxendine 15
(9) Filmore Oliver 22
(5) Curley Smith 17
(2) Hubert Short 15

---

## FOUNDATION OF REALM OF SWEDES LAID A. D. 700

It was about 700 A. D. that the foundation of the kingdom of the Swedes was laid by one Ingjold. For more than 300 years, until 1050, the ancient dynasty, seated at the historic city of Upsala, ruled the country. This included a time known as the Viking period, celebrated in history for famous expeditions to the New World. Christianity was introduced into Sweden in 829, but did not gain a foothold until about 200 years later. In 1397, states a writer in the Chicago Tribune, the royal line became extinct and the right of succession to the throne of Sweden, as well as those of Denmark and Norway, fell to Queen Margaret of Denmark. Thereafter until 1523 Sweden was dominated by Denmark through an alliance known as the Union of Kalmar.

When Gustavus Vasa in that year was proclaimed king of Sweden the union was dissolved and the Swedes began playing an increasingly important part in the affairs of Europe. Since then three royal lines have ruled over Sweden: The Vasa line, founded by Gustavus I; the Holstein-Gottorp line, of which Adolphus Frederick was the first; and the Bernadotte line, founded by Charles XIV, better known as Marshall Bernadotte of France. In all there were 12 sovereigns in the Vasa line, covering six generations; there were four in the Holstein-Gottorp line, covering three generations; and there have been five, of four generations, of the Bernadotte line, beginning with the French marshal, who was adopted as a successor by Charles XIII, and coming down to the present monarch, eighty-year-old Gustav V.

It was the Vasa line that produced the great warrior kings, Gustavus Adolphus and the Charleses from ninth to twelfth.

—Selected.

# AIR-CONDITIONED

## COACHES

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

DEC 5 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 3, 1938 48

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## TODAY

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!
Look well to this day for it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
For yesterday is but a dream,
The splendor of beauty.
And tomorrow is only a vision.
But today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day.
Such is the saluatation of the dawn.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THIRTY-ONE YEARS AFTER | By Emily P. Bissell | 10 |
| "HOLLY WEARS THE CROWN" | By H. M. Hobson | 11 |
| THE USES OF FISH | By Raymond Whalrabe | 14 |
| GIVE AND TAKE | By Ethel W. Clarke | 16 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 25 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## BE PATIENT

Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the green of the seed has birth;
How noselessly and gentle it upheaves its little way
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient, O be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought;
But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, O be patient! Go and watch the wheat ears grow,
So imperceptibly that ye can not mark nor change nor throe;
Day after day, day after day till the ear is full grown;
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, O be patient! Though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest field of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen.
Be ripening, be ripening, mature your silent way
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire of Freedom's harvest day.

—William James Linton.

## CONSERVE THE HOLLY TREE

Inasmuch as the Christmas season is fast approaching we know that housewives of all classes are planning to have the holly branches in their homes for decorations. There is no evergreen that lends the glow to a home on this occasion like the wide frill holly tree with its red berries amid the green leaves. For this reason there is danger of the holly tree becoming just a memory of the past. From the dawn of early American history this tree has been most popular.

We carry in this issue an illuminating article—"Holly Wears The

Crown"—and if read will give a higher appreciation of this beautiful evergreen. In a nutshell this is what the "Forestry Service" believes will have to be done if this tree, the most beautiful of all evergreens, is conserved to adorn our highways:

If we are to perpetuate this beautiful and valuable tree we must not only conserve the remaining suplly, we must grow holly. It is in more danger of extinction through extensive cutting than any other of our native trees. No longer are holly bushes and trees conspicuous along the roadsides. In most sections holly has been cut without rhyme or reason. Trees and hushes have been despoiled beyond any possibility of recovery from injury, and in numberless cases whole trees have been cut and hauled to market. This means a great loss to America, especially if the felled or uprooted tree is in a forest where replacement may never take place.

* * * * * * *

## ANYBODY DRIVES

Knowing that engineers of passenger trains and other trains are entrusted with the lives of human beings have to pass a rigid examination as to health, habits and capability before taking charge, we have often wondered why just any body is allowed to drive an automobile over the highways and through the streets. We agree with the following taken from the Mecklenburg Times that examinations will not eliminate accidents but it will help to eliminate irresponsible drivers at least. This article is timely:

No man is allowed to operate a railroad locomotive—though it runs on rails along a pre-determined track, with every conceivable safety device to prevent accidents—without long and rigorous training, and periodic examinations for health and capability.

No man can command a ship—though it plies oceans and waterways where the chances of collision with another vessel is microscopically small—without similar training and examinations to determine fitness and ability.

No man can fly an airplane—though its "highway" is the empty air—without providing absolute proof of his competence.

Yet almost any man can operate an automobile down crowded streets and highways, where the margin between safe passage and

a possible serious accident is a matter of inches, with little concern about how ill-fated he is to drive safely.

A person who plans to drive an automobile on the highways should be required to pass a rigid examination and some of the persons who cause accidents would be eliminated.

But no examination will determine what is in a driver's head, and no examination will determine whether the person will get on the highways and drive at break-neck speed. The examination will not show whether the person will drive under the influence of liquor.

Examinations, however, will and do eliminate some bad drivers from the highways.

Examinations will help reduce the accident toll but more rigid and more thorough impartial law enforcement coupled with a continued program of safety education, will do more toward solving the highway accident problem.

* * * * * * *

The Jefferson nickel is now in circulation. It will not be long till the old Buffalo nickel will be regarded as a curio to the future generations. Doubtless in the course of time there will be a premium offered for the Buffalo nickel.

Last Wednesday marks the date that the new nickels, 11,000,000, were put in circulation through the nation's banks. On one side is the profile of the third president of the United States, and on the other side is the home of this president—Monticello. The designer of the die of the new nickel is a naturalized German who won the $1,000 in the public contest.

* * * * * * *

Indian summer this fall has been prolonged, and from all sources comes the expression "most glorious weather". The balmy sunshine that usually came in October has extended far into the month of November. Some accept this weather with some forebodings, due to the fact that that "old-timers" thought such weather was a "breeder"of bad weather. There never was a joy without its sorrow so why not live a day at a time and enjoy the good things just as given. The weather has been most favorable to living out doors, the real life, and people should use it realizing that there are

many dreary days to be spent indoors during the winter months. The fall of 1938 will be registered, in the minds of many for years, as unusual and most delightful.

* * * * * * *

Again science has announced a cure for pellagra. This time the nicotine of the tobacco is claimed to work miracles in the most advanced cases in a short time. To the man who likes his "chaw", and the fellow who likes his cigarette this news will be accepted cheerfully because of the virtue of the nicotine. Nicotine is made synthetically by the scientist—how? That is where we end the story.

* * * * * * *

## THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

The 1938 campaign for the sale of this "health messenger" commemorates the thirty-second sale of this little seal. This year's seal is colorful, showing the home, with mother and children. The mother, guardian of the home, is placing a candle in the window so that others may see the light and expand the fight against one of the world's most devastating enemies.

Tuberculosis is still public health enemy "number one" of the youth of our nation. No one is safe, it is a lurking disease and can work deep into the vitals of childhood before seen and too late for preventive measures. The tubercular clinics are held in the schools twice each year as a measure toward elmination of tuberculosis.

The seal is sold to raise funds to fight the disease. Part of the funds of "seal sale" remains locally and used as an educational medium for informing the public as to danger signals so as to use preventive measures. Prevention pays big dividends, therefore, the purchase of the bright holiday sticker is an investment perhaps for the individual, family or the community at large.

* * * * * * *

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Just last week one of the boys of The Uplift office in a most in-

terested manner asked "if it were not time to begin carrying the "Christmas Cheer Fund." We did not realize that Christmas was right here, so decided to publicize the fact as we have in the past.

To us who have passed the Santa Claus age we do not have the anticipations of childhood, but to the youngsters Christmas would be dull without Santa Claus. There are hundreds of our young boys who have no one to even so much as write them a Christmas card. Therefore, we present to the friends of the wayward boys the opportunity to contribute to their joy this 1938 Christmas. "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern ye have done it unto me."

Christmas Cheer Fund

| | |
|---|---|
| 8-7-8 | $25.00 |
| A. G. Odell, Concord | 10.00 |

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### ADVICE

"Advice is plentifully had and some of it is good;
And some of it is very bad, or else misunderstood.
What pleases you, You'll often find improvement does not Make,
While the advice that's truly kind, is rather hard to take."

---

The free advice you get is usually worth less.

---

The safest driving automobile is the one with the brakes tight and not the driver.

---

The man who is well pleased with himself, is hard for his associates to give him pleasure beyond his reckoning. He's self-centered.

---

Opportunity very often dodges the man who spends all his time waiting for it. And some men are so lazy they never hear opportunity when she knocks at their door.

---

The "give and take" idea is a good one; but the trouble is that too many get on the side of taking, and few there be for giving. Its human nature, I guess.

---

How times have changed. You remember the girls of long ago—how they would glance around blushingly before they climbed into a buggy. It is quite different today.

---

When a bandit holds up a train there is a great commotion, and a desire to have him arrested and punished. When a woman holds up her "train" there is no capias instanter issued for her arrest.

---

It is generally the case that when riches come in at the window, friends flock to the door. They are the sunshine kind, and are gone when the clouds hang low, and troubles reign. It's astonishing how many folks used to know the grandaddy of a lucky man.

---

Thanksgiving gives us the opportunity to be generous and opens our minds to the needs and comfort of others less fortunate than ourselves. It gives us a feeling of being useful and helpful to others. We renew old friendships and express our gratitude for the blessings vouchsafed us. And then we should be just as thankful for the things we haven't got as well as those we have. What a great world this would be if we kept up this thankful, helpful spirit the year around, instead of just one day.

---

Our greatest happiness in life is made up of little things. The little everyday happenings along the way —a little smile, a little kiss to start the day aright; a little word of encouragement for work well done, a little pat on the back when we are blue; a friendly greeting, an understanding gesture; a little act of kindness or consideration; one rosebud in a vase; the restful quiet of the twilight hour among friends and loved ones; cool fresh sheets and a night of sweet repose; a bird song at dawn

—little things of life, but how they fill our days with joy and give us strength and courage to meet the bigger problems as they come along.

Nothing is quite so disturbing to peace and harmony in the home as to have some member of the household a perpetual fault-finder. Undoubtedly some fault must be found and to reprove and find fault pleasantly is, indeed, an art that is well worth cultivating. It is never an agreeable situation to know oneself in the wrong, and to have the knowledge driven home with angry words or bitter sarcasm is more apt to produce annoyance in the found-fault-with, rather than the desire to do better, which surely should be the outcome of the quiet, kindly pointing out of error. A certain amount of fault-finding is inevitable. Young and old, we everyone of us are prone to make mistakes, and fall into error. The ideal fault-finder remembers this, ever for an instant forgets that he himself, in like circumstances, might have been still more foolish; and because he is thus able to discuss the matter in a kindly, friendly spirit, occasions for fault-finding become small by degrees and beautifully less. The art of pleasant fault-finding is indeed one to be acquired by all of us.

---

## STRIPES OF BARBER POLE RECALL EARLY SURGEONS

The barber pole with spiral stripes is a relic of the days when barbers were also surgeons. When the London barbers were incorporated in 1461, they were the only persons practicing surgery in the city. During the reign of Henry VIII parliament passed a law providing that barbers should confine themselves to minor operations such as blood-letting and drawing teeth, while surgeons were prohibited from "barbery or shaving." It was not until 1745, only 30 years before the outbreak of the American Revolution, that the barbers and surgeons of London were separated into distinct corporations.

The practice of surgery by barbers was not abolished in France, Germany and other European countries until much later. The symbol of the barber-surgeons was a spirally-striped pole from which was suspended a brass basin with a semi-circular opening in the rim, notes a writer in the Indianapolis News. The fillet around the pole indicated the bandage or ribbon around the arm in blood-letting, and the basin represented the vessel used to receive the blood. Barbers have retained in a modified form this ancient symbol of their profession. In the United States the brass basin is generally omitted from the barber pole, but it is common in England.

—Selected.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS AFTER

**By Emily P. Bissell**

After thirty-one years of Christmas Seal experience, I still find myself going back to that memorable campaign of 1907, when the Seal sale was but an idea and our selling argument a promise. That first campaign in Delaware that netted $3,000 taught us many things.

The few following excerpts were written not one year ago, or even ten years ago. They were written and published in The Outlook on October 3, 1908. They are still applicable today. For instance: "To begin with, the design of the Christmas Stamp was made for love, the printers issued it at cost, and the advertising department of a great company prepared the advertising campaign as a free gift. The street cars carried its muslin banners on their fenders for a fortnight, and the dry goods stores gave the muslin."

"The first stamps were out on December 7th—eighteen days before Christmas—but it was a mistake in hustling America. It was too late, for America begins to buy Christmas Seals in November."

"The seed, however, germinated under favorable conditions. What grew from it in the three weeks before Christmas last year was like Jack and his beanstalk—a sort of holiday fairy story."

Today it is not necessary to sell seals on a promise alone. The promise made by the "little messenger of health" has been replaced with astounding results. Slicing off two-thirds of the tuberculosis mortality rate, the saving of hundreds of thousands of human lives, the erection of sanatoria, preventoria, the maintenance of nursing service, the education of the public, the tuberculin test, and the X-ray are monuments to a promise made good. We now know that the modern weapons of warfare are available, if we but provide them.

The Christmas Seal gives the public an opportunity to have a part in continuing and expanding the fight against one of the world's most devastating enemies. The anti-tuberculosis program, its needs and it accomplishments are so closely related to the annual Christmas Seal Sale that it is impossible to divorce them. I have said many times and I should like to repeat that the Christmas Seal was not meant to be a money-raising idea alone. My first thought was that the Christmas Seal should be an educational medium for informing the public of the need for concerted action.

Today our year-round activities and educational campaigns make the public fully cognizant of the need to buy seals. In 1907, I said that a liberal share of credit for a successful Seal sale should rest upon the shoulders of the press. Today, I am still of the same opinion.

---

**A friend is one who walks in when the rest of the world walks out.—Selected.**

# "HOLLY WEARS THE CROWN"

**By H. M. Hobson**

"Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly wears the crown."

Holly is so generally loved and valued as a holiday decoration that few realize that it is a living thing, and that the very lavishness of its berries in the Christmas markets is the measure of the rapidity with which it is being destroyed. From the dawn of American history the polished leaves and jewel-like berries of this splendid evergreen have been so integral a part of Christmas, that it causes a feeling of personal bereavement to read this pronouncement from the Forestry Service:

"If we are to perpetuate this beautiful and valuable tree we must not only conserve the remaining supply, we must grow Holly. It is in more danger of extinction through extensive cutting than any other of our native trees. No longer are Holly trees conspicuous along the roadside. In most sections Holly has been cut without rhyme or reason. Trees and bushes have been despoiled beyond any possibility of recovery from the injury, and in numberless cases whole trees have been cut and hauled to market. This means a great loss to America, especially if the felled or uprooted tree is in a forest where replacement may never take place."

There are more than 120 members of the holly family in the world-famous Holly Walk, in Kew Gardens in England. Of these dozens of lovely evergreen shrubs and trees only the English and the American Holly are used for Christmas greens. The English holly is very beatuiful, and greatly loved in its own land, but the American holly is the tree world's premier jewel-producer. As only the female tree bears berries, the time is not far distant when the beautiful trees will be only a memory—of something we might have saved, but did not.

The efforts of the Forestry Service to save the holly from utter destruction should find helping minds and hearts and hands on every side, for nothing that grows is more beloved by Americans than this evergreen whose polished leaves and red berries are a part of the blithe Christmas season. This is as it should be, for holly has always been closely associated with religious festivals. Among the ancient Hebrews it was the emblem of the burning bush; to the Christians it was the mother tree of Christmas, the lovely living symbol of the divine Child and His mother. For countless centuries it was sacrosanct, and old ballad states in no uncertain terms what happens to those who misuse holly:

"Here comes Holly who is so gent,
To please all is his intent.

Whosoever against Holly do cry,
In ropes shall be hung full high.

Whosoever against Holly do sing—
He may weep and his hands wring."

Certain trees, like certain people, seem fitted by the hand of their Creator for their place in the great scheme

of things. And holly is a Christmas tree, from its widespread frilly skirts to the glowing berries whose flaming scarlet shows that they were placed amid those deep green leaves by the hand of a master artist. It has most enticing manners and customs, the most endearing being its way of donning its loveliest plumage at the bleak winter season, when the other trees have retired into strict seclusion to plan their Easter bonnets. At this time of the year holly trees are warm, glowing, living things, turning the dreariest landscape into a vividly beautiful picture. These lovely trees give the birds both food and shelter. To the half dozen constantly-hunted feathered folk, the holly tree is a sancturary and life saving station. The red berries furnish food, and the glossy, spiked leaves, clustering luxuriantly upon the branches, hide them from the many enemies who seek their lives. Truly—

"Holly hath birdes a flock,
The nightingale, the laverock.

The throstlecock and popinjay,
Dance on every bough."

The splendid California holly, or Christmas berry, once grew with such glad abandon on the hills and wild lands of California that vast acres seemed covered with a gorgeous red and green and gold brocade. The beautiful bush was almost extreminated when Luther Burbank and other protested, until the state passed a law protecting its only Christmas evergreen.

The American holly once grew abundantly from Florida to Texas, and from Massachusetts to Missouri. It was found on roadsides, in yards, on lawns and in forests, ranging in size from sturdy bushes to great trees from forty to forty-five feet in height, with wide-spreading branches and a beautifully narrowed pyramidal head. Now a holly tree is seldom seen except in well-protected private grounds. Those that once made the roadsides glow with beauty are either gone entirely or are but dry trunks killed by the ruthless hands that broke or cut away their branches.

The mutilation of the holly trees is ignorant destructiveness. The Forestry Service says: "Proper trimming of the twigs of a healthy tree will not appreciably detract from its ornamental value, and may even improve it. Leaders, or the actual tips of strong branches, should not be harvested or pruned from young trees, for the tip buds, which would be removed, are needed for making yearly growth in length. Cutting should be from the sides of branches, and two or three inches of each twig should be left in place. This portion that remains, usually has several buds which will give rise to more material the following year."

To save the American holly from being entirely destroyed, each state should pass laws protecting it, and then start holly plantations. The seeds of this evergreen germinate slowly, often taking from one to two or even three years. The tree grows slowly, and does not begin to bear berries until it is five years old. It is eight or ten years old before it bears berries in quantities that would yield a harvest for the holiday season.

Holly trees should be planted in the forests right where other holly trees have lived and thrived. Trees know what they like, and where they

have thrived and developed into living things of splendid beauty, right there is the best place to tuck another treelet into the soil. . A great botanist who loved trees, and who the trees loved, has said with wisdom worth recording:

"We are destroying the natural equilibrium of nature by tearing up rare plants in the woods. Building artificial ponds and bridges, and planting of introduced trees, is not true conservation. It is just the opposite, for it upsets the natural equilibrium which became established long before man came to ruin it. True conservation leaves nature uninjured, and the true conservationist is a lover of nature unspoiled."

---

## MY SILENT PRAYER

I do not pray for untold riches
To pave my way with ease,
Neither earthly aid to pass over ditches
Or freedom from pain and disease.
I do not need a radio for cheer
To keep me happy all the way.
Bird life and Nature, so sweet and clear,
Make music for me the live long day.

I do not pray for a glazed, smooth highway
So straight and clear and wide.
God's word, his life must be my stay
And always my safe and sane guide.
When sorrow comes or lonely I feel,
His promise I proudly repeat,
To hold my hand and be my shield—
A light to guide my wayward feet.

I do not pray for glories rare,
Or be above my sin-stained brother;
I do not want to snub, his burdens refuse to share.
My clay may be only another color.
I only want a life so rare, so clean,
While on this journey I feebly wend,
That those behind me may not, unseen,
Stumble in my tracks and reach a bitter end.

—Selected.

# THE USES OF FISH

**By Raymond Wholrabe**

Many are the ways in which man is dependent upon fish. Food, jewelery, isinglass, glue, leather—a great variety of the products of commerce come from various members of this large group of aquatic animals. Fish are also helpful to man in his war on certain disease, in growing crops, in recreation, and in many other ways. These are all proof that fish play a very important part in our lives.

Fish—dried, canned, smoked, pickled,—is a major food in every American home. That makes fishing a major industry—one of the greatest industries of the nation. Off the coast of Alaska, Washington, and Oregon are the fleets of fish-boats of the salmon and halibut fishermen. California waters yield the tuna, anchovy, and several other valuable food fishes. From the Great Lakes region come the white fish and lake sturgeon. And on our North Atlantic coast fish-boats enter port with their catch of cod, halibut, mackerel and herring. Always, in every part of the nation, there is the daily urgent demand for fish.

Large canneries are constantly canning the fish in season that it might be a part of our food of those times of the year when those fish are difficult to obtain. But other very important products come indirectly from the canneries, too. From many the fins and heads that are waste when the fish are cleansed for canning become a source of income when sold to the glue factory forthe manufacture of fish-glue. From the vats from which the glue is drained comes fish-scrap or chum as a by-product—a poultry food pressed into cakes and sold to the poultry raisers of the nation.

You could never imagine fish scales to be very important. Remember the artifical snow you had last Christmas on your Christmas tree? The artificial snow sold during the Christmas season is usually made from the scales of fish. Butthat is not all. Artifical pearls are often manufacured from a solution of fish scales in some solvent which will dissolve them. A solution of fish scales is also used to produce the bronze or blue or maroon luster paints a tone time so popularly used on automobiles.

In many kinds of fish there is an air bladder. It is a baglike organ storing oxygen and has walls that are silvery in color. When the outer membranes covering these walls are removed and the transparent substance which remains is dried under a heavy weight, the substance commonly known as isinglass is formed. Much of the isinglass in America comes from New England and quantities of it have been imported from Russia.

Even before the white man came to America the Indians knew the value of fish as a fertilizer. It was their custom to place a fish or two in each hill of corn they planted, that the corn might grow more rapidly and produce more ears for the harvest. Today the fish scraps from canneries are used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers, in many communities near the sea the fish themselves are used as a fertilizer the same way the Indians

used them.

From fresh cod and halibut the livers are taken just as soon as the fishing fleet's cargo reaches port. And from these cod liver and halibut liver oil is extracted to become the vitamin-rich foods we take to build up our bodies if they need additional nourishment. Livers used for the making of these medicinal oils must be perfectly fresh, so the oil they contain does not become rancid before it can be extracted and purified.

Malaria has been fought in this country by enlisting the help of fish. Carp, sturgeon, and other species of fish commonly living in stagnant bodies of water are planted in sloughs, bayous, and swamp land pools in regions where malaria is prevalent. The fish feed upon the eggs and wrigglers of mosquitoes capable of carrying the germs of malaria and so on, indirectly, become a check upon the spread of the disease.

The Chinese find shark-fins a dainty delicacy. The Russians' caviar, made from the eggs of fish, has become a common dish on American menus. In the Virgin Islands of the West Indies porcupine fish are dried to form ornamental lanterns. Every nation on earth has unusual uses for fish. There can be no doubt that fish, as a group, are exceptionally helpful and valuable to man.

---

## THE CHESTNUT TREE

All are familiar with the guant skeletons of the chestnut trees that dot Western North Carolina, standing in stark memory of the blight that destroyed these trees several years ago. There was a time in the memory of most adults hereabouts when chestnut trees were plentiful around here. They were beautiful trees, supplying delicious nuts and the finest of timber for construction work. The blight killed them all. The only remains are a few old time fence rails.

It is interesting to know that a species of chestnut has been found in China that is immune to the blight and that successful experiments toward introducing it into the United States are underway. The New York Times gives much credit for the discovery to the efforts of Mr. F. Bert Morgan, of Greenville, S. C. Through the efforts of Mr. Morgan, the United States department of agriculture instigated a long period of research and the result was the finding in China of this tree that may be immune to the blight.

If this tree can be brought to America and propagated here, it will have proved one of the greatest blessings of this country. The chestnut is a valuable and beautiful tree, and we ought to take every step possible to have it growing again in America. Let it take its place again among the giants of the forest.

—Gastonia Gazette.

# GIVE AND TAKE

**By Ethel W. Clarke**

The girls in the office force of Barstow and Company were chatting excitedly when Helen Andrews entered the coat room.

"Oh, Miss Andrews," Mabel Wilkins explained, "the unbelievable has happened. 'Old Faithful' is not coming in today. The doctor has positively forbidden it."

"She ought to have stayed home yesterday with such a cold," Jane Sisson said and began to laugh. "Well, she's spoiled her record as 'Old Faithful.' Imagine! Miss MacFarland has worked for Mr. Barstow for forty years, as long as he's been in business, and rarely missed a working day before, except for her annual vacation."

"Has she been his private secretary all that time?" Helen asked. "Although I've been here a year, I've never held much conversation with Miss MacFarland, she's always so busy."

"Yes, you'd think she owned this business, the way she fusses over every detail of her job," Jane was scornful. "Of course, thirty years as his secretary makes her feel very important, but I've been secretary to Allen Barstow for ten years, and not once have I taken dictation from his father. But cheer up, perhaps today will be my chance."

Mechanically, Helen removed the cover from her typewriter while her mind registered an anxious hope. Supposing she were fortunate enough to substitute for the absentee! "Miss Sisson is far ahead of me as far as experience is concerned," she reasoned to herself, "but after all, I'm the only girl in this office with a college education and besides that, my secretarial course—"

"Good morning—"

Helen almost jumped as Mr. Barstow's pleasant voice was heard and he walked through the office. It was evident that he was about to pick out a substitute since he seldom came into the main office.

It was an hour later that Helen, in the file room, working at the filing system which she had started, saw Jane Sisson, with her note book, go into the private office.

"So that's that!" Helen muttered to herself rather grimly. "Even if my goal is private secretary to big business, I'll be the best file clerk in my power for the time being, but how I'd hate to get rutted in this routine work! It would be a dead end to ambition."

The girls took up a collection and sent Miss MacFarland a bouquet of roses and then their interest seemed to lapse.

On Saturday morning, when she had been away a week, Jane reported from Mr. Barstow that his secretary was still too weak from an attack of flu to get out of bed.

Since none of the other clerks were wiling to give up their half holiday to call upon the invalid, Helen, feeling such neglect was heartless, took it upon herself to represent the office force.

Miss MacFarland was sitting up in bed when her visitor came into the room.

"I hope you can eat this fruit," Helen remarked and put the basket on

the table. "Citrus fruits are recommended in such cases."

"Indeed I can eat it, Miss Andrews," and hung onto the girl's hand. "It's so good of you to come. I'm not used to idleness and I get so lonesome. Mrs. Foster is as kind as can be, but she has a famiy and can't spend much time with me."

The invalid followed the girl's glance around the room. "Looks like a second hand furniture shop, doesn't it? But when I came here to board, I brought all this stuff with me. It's all I had left to remind me of my home and mother."

"I can appreciate your feeling," Helen sympathized. "I'm all alone, too, except a brother in Africa. When I came here to work, I wanted the atmosphere of home so much that I took a kitchenette apartment. It's really more than I can afford, but I'm looking for a companionable girl to share it with me. Such a one is not easy to find, so soon my little home must be abandoned."

"Surely, there must be such a girl in this city. If I hear of one, I'll let you know."

A week later, Miss MacFarland dragged herself into the office and insisted that her physician allowed her to work four hours a day.

After lunch, one afternoon, Helen was summoned for dictation to Mr. Barstow's office. It was so unexpected that she almost forgot to take her note book.

"Miss Sisson is busy with my son," her employer explained, " and I have a few letters which Miss MacFarland could not take this morning."

This was simple correspondence, and the girl finished them quickly.

"Sit down a few minutes, Miss Andrews. There's another matter on my mind. In my morning's mail, I had a letter from a Mrs. Cook who lives a few miles from my summer home, and her farm supplies us with garden products and eggs all through the season. Her oldest daughter wants to come to the city and attend business school long enough to brush up on her stenography. It seems (he consulted the letter) that she worked in a mill office until the mill failed. You are wondering why I am telling you all this, but Mrs. Cook wished me to recommend a suitable place for her daughter to live. When I talked it over with Miss MacFarland, she said you were looking for a roommate."

"Yes, I am," and hesitated for further words.

"I've never seen this Nancy Cook, but if she is like her father and mother —they are fine, hard working farmers who are bringing up a family and struggling to give them an education. Think it over tonight," he concluded, "and if it does not strike you favorably, I'll call up the Y. W. C. A."

The girl's mind was in a panic of confusion. Naturally, she could not refuse her boss, and she did desperately need someone to share the apartment, but she had expected to make her own choice. Supposing she did not like this stranger—after the arrangement had been made by Mr. Barstow, there was no alternative but to endure it.

She walked into her apartment that night and surveyed it critically. All the furniture except the two studio couches, was her personal property. The maple desk, a relic of college days; the two heirloom Chippendale chairs; the tip table of mahogany and the old rocking chair; the faded Orient-

al rugs and the little corner cupboard filled with old family china and glassware.

"Most of these things won't bear rough handling," she thought ruefully. "Here's hoping Nancy is a small, quiet person."

When Nancy arrived, all Helen's pre-conceived ideas of her new roommate vanished the instant they shook hands. Nancy was so large—at least five feet ten inches tall, big boned and she must weigh one hundred and seventy pounds.

"I could almost put you in my pocket," Nancy smiled as the two girls walked up the three flights of stairs while the janitor and Barstow's chaffeur followed with the big, old fashioned trunk.

When the trunk was unpacked, every available piece of furniture was covered.

"Moving day, all right," Helen tried to control her inward dismay.

Nancy produced one braided and one hooked rug; a very bright orange and tan afghan; a bunch of straw flowers and a box of vases and nicknacks.

"I see you have plenty of furnishings," she blushed painfully, "but mother thought I ought to help out —if you don't want these things—"

"Of course you have a right to help furnish," Helen interrupted crisply. "So put them wherever you want them."

Two broiled lam chops, two baked potatoes and a lettuce salad were Helen's preparations for supper.

When Nancy sat down to the small table with its lace doilies, she suddenly jumped to her feet and the dishes rocked perilously.

"It's lucky you haven't got much to eat tonight, I just remembered the box of food in my suitcase. My sister Mary packed the chocolate cake and the ham sandwiches—our ham and home made bread. It will be a long time before I get mother's food again —she's a marvelous cook."

"Just a taste of them for me," Helen said politely, "for I really have sufficient here on the table."

"I have a country appetite," Nancy apologized soberly. "All city girls count their calories, don't they? I'll try to get slim, the way you are."

Carrying out this resolution, the new-comer, for the first time in her life, had a sip of orange juice, dry toast and black coffee for breakfast.

The girls stopped for Sunday morning service at a near-by church and then, at Miss MacFarland's invitation, they went to Sunday dinner at the latter's boarding place.

The zealous hostess piled her guests' plates with chicken and vegetables.

"I was anxious to see you Miss Cook," she frankly confessed, "because I helped Mr. Barstow in getting you and Helen together. You two are just as opposite in looks as can be and probably in disposition, too. If you'll forgive an older woman for her advice, living together is a give and take proposition. That's the way to make a success of it."

"I'm such a greenhorn from the country," Nancy said humbly. She touched the braid of chestnut hair which circled her head. "Not bobbed hair nor stylish clothes—but I'll learn from Helen."

"Don't cut your splendid hair, it becomes you this way," Miss MacFarland urged. "I've watched office girls all my long working years, and the run-of-the-pack girls aren't the ones who make their mark. Don't be afraid

to be different when it expresses the best of yourself."

For the first week, Helen insisted that she be the cook and housekeeper.

"That will give you the opportunity, Nancy,to observe the efficient system which I have planned for our housekeeping."

Nancy, with her one sandwich, one cooky lunch (put up by Helen) started early for her two mile walk to school. Her expenses for the apartment were more than she had anticipated and so she must not waste a cent on carefare or any luxuries. Furthermore, she must study very hard in order to be ready to look for a position as soon as possible.

When on Saturday noon, Helen reached home, she found Nancy stirring on the gas stove, the steaming contents of a kettle.

"Whew! What a smell of onions!" Helen complained. "The whole place reeks of them."

"I'll open a window," Nancy flushed uneasily. "I bought the makings of a stew—I was hungry for one with lots of vegetables and dumpling—"

There was a knock at the door.

"It's Dr. Marsden, your first floor neighbor," a gay young voice called, and Nancy rushed to open the door.

He was holding a wooden crate. "Here's something for you, Miss Cook. The janitor signed for it, but as he had to go out on a nerrand, I offered to bring it up and I've brought the tools to open it for you."

"Thanks so much," Nancy said. "I know its apples from home. Come into the kitchenette if you can stand the smell of onions."

"It smells mighty good to me—like the stew I used to get back home and never find in my restaurant searchings for home-cooked food."

He accepted with enthusiasm, and somehow, the three of them managed to squeeze into the small space around the table.

Helen nibbled delicately at a lettuce sandwich while the other two had second helpings of stew. After a dessert of fruit cake and coffee, the doctor looked at his watch:

"How am I ever going to settle down for office hours after such a feast! I'll say, Miss Cook, that you're rightly named. Some day, I'd like to return your hospitality by taking both you girls to a Chinese restaurant where they serve marvelous chop suey and American dishes, too."

"That would be fun, wouldn't it, Helen?" Nancy said eagerly. "Believe it or not, I've never eaten in a Chinese restaurant since I've always lived in the country until now."

"City excitement won't seem so wonderful to Nancy after she's got into the daily grind," Helen offered in a superior tone, "but it's kind of you, Doctor Marsden, to invite us."

The rest of the stew was Nancy's Sunday dinner, but Helen stayed out of the kitchenette until the room had been thoroughly aired.

The newcomer had learned her lesson. Thereafter, she did no more cooking, but confined her efforts to keeping the apartment in perfect order.

"The business college is to have a Hallowe'en dinner party, Helen," Nancy anounced towards the end of October. "It will be my first city party and I'm quite thrilled. How lucky that mother made me an evening dress!"

Helen's mind registered joy. Here was her chance to have company when Nancy would be away. She she said:

"That reminds me. Hallowe'en is an excellent time to entertain my college alumnae group. Eight of us meet once a month and review a book and we have current events. I'll telephone to them this very evening."

On the day of the party, both girls arrived home at the same time. Presently, while Helen was eating a hasty supper, Nancy appeared in the kitchenette.

"Will I pass muster?" she asked anxiously.

In one rapid glance, Helen's unerring judgment noted that the black taffeta was two inches from the floor, just short enough to spoil the effect; the short puffed sleeves needed to be tighter around the arm, but she remembered Nancy had lost considerable flesh during the past month.

"The dress could be a little longer," Helen commented, "and if I wasn't so busy, I'd get it down for you, but in that crowd, a little detail like that desn't count. You'll pass muster all right."

As soon as Helen was alone, she rushed frantically about the living room and hid, under the couch, all the things which Nancy had brought for furnishing.

The Reading Group had their book review and then became so interested in a new anagram game that their hostess could not serve the refreshments as early as she had planned.

At half past ten, she heard Nancy come into the kitchenette and went out there.

"Oh, the party wasn't over, but I didn't have such a good time—My dress, well I was the country cousin in comparison with the gay frocks of the other girls. But how about your party? You haven't served the ice cream yet. I'll help you."

"Those little cakes I ordered aren't fit to eat," Helen complained bitterly. "They are stale, and the brown and orange frosting tastes queer. I shall have to give them plain crackers—"

"In three quarters of an hour, I can have a chocolate layer cake ready—everybody at home raves about my Crazy Jane frosting," Nancy offered eagerly.

"Go ahead and luck be with you. I'll keep the girls occupied with their game."

The big cake, with its thick brown frosting which looked like chocolate whipped cream, but wasn't, was served when it was still lukewarm.

The young cook did not show herself, but the delightful guests clamored for the recipe of the best cake and frosting which they had never eaten.

When Nancy started to fix her couch for the night, she noticed the jumble of articles under it. "Why—my—" she gasped.

Helen intercepted her glance and turned a brilliant red. "I intended to put everything back before you returned. The Group remembers my room as it was before you came so I thought I'd have it in its original state."

"I see," Nancy stepped over some of the articles which had rolled into the room and climbed onto the couch with her face to the wall.

In the morning, Nancy hastily packed her furnishings into a box and carried them to the basement where she locked them in her trunk and she could not be persuaded to return them to the apartment.

Some time later, at the supper in the Chinese restaurant where both girls were guests of Dr. Marsden, Thanks-

giving plans were discussed.

"How I'm longing to go home," Nancy confessed, "but it's too much carfare for my limited budget. The first of December means that I will be ready to hunt for work and so I must not be away for any length of time."

"Wish you were going Perrytown way. I'd be so glad of your company."

"Dr. Marsden, you never had a wish come true so soon," Nancy colored gloriously. "My home happens to be about twenty miles this side of Perrytown."

"That's perfect. We'll get started at five A. M. for our two-hundred-mile drive—I'll be looking forward to it. How about your plans, Miss Andrews?"

"Quite exciting, I think. Three of us, former college pals, have been invited to dine in one of the finest hotels."

A sleet storm developed two days later and Nancy, without rubbers or umbrella was very wet when she came in at night.

"You're late," Henel chided, "and supper is all ready. The steak is cooked."

"I'm sorry, but the cars were so crowded that I had to wait some time. I won't bother to change my wet clothes until after I eat and wash the dishes."

At her usual time for arising, Nancy tried to stagger to her feet, but fell back dizzily onto the couch.

"What's the matter? You're shakhing as if you had a chill."

The sick girl put her hand to her throat and managed a hoarse whisper: "It's sore and my head aches. No breakfast for me."

Helen fluttered uneasily about the room, and when she left for the office, she gave the key to the janitor's wife.

"Mrs. O'Leary, I wish you'd go up and see my roommate this morning. She has a sore throat and hasn't had anything to eat. Perhaps a cup of tea—'

"Sure I will, Miss Andrews. A nice hot cup of tea I'll make for her.

Dr. Marsden was watching for Helen as she entered the apartment building that night. "Come into my office, Miss Andrews. I want to talk to you. Mrs O'Leary called me upstairs this morning and I found Miss Cook a very sick girl. She has tonsilitis which might not be serious if she were not anemic from lack of sufficient food."

Fire flamed in Helen's cheeks. "Why, what do you mean? She has the same food as I get for myself and I'm not anemic."

"You do not walk five miles every day and study frantically in order to cover a business course in a short time. Such strenuous program calls for plenty of nourishing food—I made Miss Cook tell me about her toast and coffee breakfast and one sandwich lunch. By the way, Miss Andrews, I'll warrant you eat, at noon, a real meal in some tearoom. How about it?"

The girl jumped to her feet. "Really, Dr. Marsden—"

"Please sit down again because I'm determined to make you face the truth. Nancy Cook was such a big, healthy girl when she came here that it was a joy to see such vigor and the glow of natural color in her cheeks. Look at her now—pale and altogether too thin. No wonder when you consider she was brought up on cream, milk and eggs and hasn't had any

under your regime."

"But we have a limited budget—you can't expect—"

"I'm positive if Miss Cook with her practical training was allowed to buy and prepare your food," he interrupted, "there would be satisfying meals although it wouldn't be a menu of steak and chops."

"I'll turn over the managment to Nancy, if that's what you mean," Helen said sullenly.

"Come now, Miss Andrews, be a sport and play fair. It's hard enough to be sick and to have the great disappointment of losing her Thanksgiving trip home—I had to tell her that it would not be safe."

Helen went out immediately for milk and eggs and insisted that the sick girl have an egg shake at frequent intervals.

"It's the doctor's orders," she declared grimly and Nancy, for the three days when she was in bed, tried her best to take whatever her impatient nurse brought her.

When Miss MacFarland found out that Nancy was ill and could not go home for Thanksgiving, she said to Helen:

"What a shame! I like that girl, she's got good common sense. I'm going to have a chicken cooked and bring it over to your apartment—that is, if you'd like me to have Thansgiving dinner with you and Nancy."

"That's very kind of you, Miss MacFarland, and I'm sure Nancy will be pleased. You see—well, I haven't known what to do—I have an invitation for the day, and I hate to pass it up. Of course, I wouldn't leave Nancy alone but since you will keep her company—"

"Keep your date, by all means," Miss MacFarland said dryly. "Nancy and I will manage very well."

Two days before Thanksgiving, Dr. Marsden and the janitor carried up to Nancy a large box from the Cook farm.

"Turkey—cranberry sauce—plum pudding—home canned corn—nut bread—fudge," the doctor exclaimed as he lifted the articles from their wrappings. "Please Miss Cook, invite me to dinner with you and Miss Farland. Why take a two hundred mile trip all alone when such a feast is at hand."

A flush of joy lighted Nancy's pale cheeks. "Oh, Doctor, I'm delighted to have you. And I feel so much better—I can cook all the fixings to go with the turkey."

Miss FacFarland arrived early and while she was resting after her climb up the stairs, the doctor and Nancy joked each other across the kitchen table as they pared the vegetables.

Helen, leaving for her dinner party, almost wished that she had decided to stay at home.

At eight o'clock, when she returned she found, to her great amazement, two other guests there. Her boss, Mr. Barstow and his wife!

After the surprised girl had exchange greetings, Miss MacFarland took her aside to say: "It's too bad, Helen, that we have eaten up the ice cream which Mr. Barstow brought for all of us, but I thought you would be away until late."

"I would have returned sooner if I had known," Helen answered reproachfully.

"When Miss MacFarland told me about this little party," Mr. Barstow chuckled, "I made up my mind that my wife and I would drop in and sam-

ple that luscious Cook food, in spite of a big dinner at home.

As the guests were departing, Mr. Barstow clasped Nancy's hand. "I am glad that you are better, Miss Cook. You are so much like your mother and that's high praise, I assure you."

"Why didn't you tell me that the Barstows were coming?" demanded Helen of Miss MacFarland the next morning.

The gray-haired secretary looked up from her typewriter. You had planned your holiday without consulting Nancy. It was my idea that you should not be consulted about Nancy's Thanksgiving."

There was a long silence, and finally, Helen, with tear-bright eyes, stammered: "How selfish I've been! My own view-point about the apartment and never Nancy's! Honestly, Miss MacFarland, I'm so ashamed—I'll show her that I can be fair."

"I'm glad to hear that, for Nancy deserves the best. I had intended to suggest to her that she get a room elsewhere."

"Oh, plase give me a chance to prove that I can be a real friend to Nancy."

"Very well, but remember your resolution. It is soon to be put to the test. And by the way, I hear Mr. Barstow in his private office—he wants to see you at once."

Her employer laid aside his mail.

"Sit down, Miss Andrews. I have some news for you, and since it concerns your roommate, Miss MacFarland asked me to tell you before the rest of the office force was notified. My faithful secretary, I regret to say to say, is retiring the first of the month at the advice of her physician. Her health demands a warmer climate for the winter months, and her well-earned pension will enable her to go South."

"I can't imagin the office without Miss MacFarland, but it's splendid that she can have this needed change."

"We talked it over yesterday afternoon at your apartment, and both my secretary and I agree that Miss Cook is just the girl to come into the office. Of course, I do not mean as my secretary. I shall use two or three of you, until I decide. At any rate, Miss Andrews, I know you will instruct Miss Cook about the work, provided she accepts my offer. She wishes to talk it over today with the business school principal."

Helen's heart was thumping so loudly that speech was difficult.

"I expect that Nancy will learn quickly. Thanks for telling me first about it, Mr. Barstow."

As soon as the conversation was ended, Helen escaped to the rest room. Jealousy burned her like a fever. It was invitable that Nancy would eventually get the coveted position, and she, Helen, with her college education and office experience, would still be a file clerk.

When she was sufficiently calm to go back to her work, it was a relief to learn that Mr. Barstow and his secretary would be away for the rest of the day on a court case. By tomorrow, she might be able to talk with Miss MacFarland.

She walked all the way home in order to get control of herself, and finally, her sense of justice to Nancy asserted itself.

"Well, Nancy," she plunged into the subject, "I hear that you are to be

my officemate as well as my roommate. I'll try to be a good coach for you until you learn the ropes, that is, if you want me to help—"

Nancy came over to the couch and sat down beside the other girl.

"That's kind of you, Helen, but I've made up my mind not to take the position."

"What! I can't believe—"

"It's this way," Nancy locked and unlocked her fingers. "Mr. Morse, the school principal, has an opening for me equally as good as in the Barstow office."

"But, Nancy," Helen gasped incredulously, "you'd get preferment with Barstow and Company because the head of the firm knows and likes your family."

"I'm not looking for favors. I intend to earn by honest work whatever I get in the business world. And besides, Helen, it doesn't seem fair to me to come into your office and try so hard to get ahead that I would seem like a rival to you. You are clever and deserve to be Mr. Barstow's secretary—"

Suddenly, the proud Helen slumped to the floor and buried her face in Nancy's lap . Her words came through sobbing breaths.

"I'm not worthy to be your friend. I've been selfish, jealous and conceited. Our living together—it should have been a give and take proposition, but I've had it all my own way. You're the one who deserves the best—so I hope you'll take it. You are the kind of girl who would make Mr. Barstow a perfect secretary."

Nancy gently lifted the tear-stained face and kissed her friend. "Let's forget the past and start our give and take partnership. Although I'm not going into your office, you can still teach me a lot about city ways."

Helen shook her head. "It's time you did the teaching. I'm naturally conceited and need to be put into my place. So don't you dare to be meek with me again. Get out your sledge hammer and use it whenever I get bossy again. I really want you to do it."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Nancy laughed joyfully. "I'll get out a cooking dish and make stew with so many onions that you will wish that I had used the sledge hammer instead."

"Make one tomorrow night with the turkey bones," Helen replied, "and invite Dr. Marsden to supper. It will be the seal of our give and take friendship."

---

The man with the average mentality, but with control; with a definite goal, and a clear conception of how it can be gained, and above all, with the power of application and labor, wins in the end.William Howard Taft.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Elsie Thomas and Miss Margaret Glyn Kelly, of Lemon Springs and Carthage, respectively, were guests of their aunt, Miss Myrtle Thomas, the School's resident nurse, last week-end.

---

The boys in our printing class have been quite busy during the past week printing and assembling four thousand sets of vouchers. They were printed in triplicate form and in two colors, and then run through the perforating machine before being bound.

---

Joseph Woody, of Cottage No. 13, who has been going to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, several times each week for the past two months, to receive treatment for an infected eye, is reported by the doctors of that institution as being greatly improved.

---

Our lawns have recently taken on a beautiful green coat, due to the fact that Italian rye grass was sown thereon some time ago. This seed, grown on our farm, was sown in various sections of the School grounds, and we have yet to see a spot of any consequence where it failed to come up.

---

Contractors are busy all over the campus, making preparations for the erection of several buildings to be constructed soon, with the aid of WPA grants. Excavation for the swimming pool has been finished; work has been started on the addition to the laundry; also the several barns, cannery and poultry houses, included in this project. In a few weeks' time, weather permitting, these buildings will be taking shape, and we hope to have them completed soon.

---

Lawrence Bolt, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was paroled July 23, 1938, stopped in to see us as he was on his way to Charlotte last Saturday night, he called again the next day, when making the return trip to this home in Winston-Salem. For several years he has been employed in the dyeing and finishing department of the Haynes Company, in Winston-Salem. He reports that he has had steady employment and has received several promotions. Lawrence has been married several years, and we were delighted to meet his wife, who accompanied him on this visit.

---

Favorable reports on the following boys have been received from various welfare agencies and probation officers, and final discharges recommended: James Young, of Charlotte, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who was allowed to leave the School, April 4, 1936; John W. Kellam, of Harnett County, a member of the group in

Cottage No. 1, who left us September 2, 1937; Ralph Johnson, also of Harnett County, a former Cottage No. 4 boy, who returned to his home October 30, 1937. Discharges have been issued and mailed to these boys.

Reports equally favorable have been received on the following boys, but due to their age or the short time away from the institution, or both, discharges have not been issued them: David Oldham, Wayne County, of Cottage No. 5, who left October 5, 1937; Melvin Jarrell, Henderson County, of Cottage No. 2, allowed to leave April 22, 1938; Norwood Glasgow, Winston-Salem, of Cottage No. 3, who returned to his home, April 27, 1938, Leo Forrester, also of Winston-Salem, who left Cottage No. 2, April 18, 1938; Odell Wilson, Glade Valley, N. C., former Cottage No. 4 boy, who left us January 17, 1938; James Andrews, Sparta, one of the lads in Cottage No. 14, left here July 6, 1937; Talmage Dautrey, of Clayton, formerly of Cottage No. 12, allowed to go home, August 25, 1937; and Percy Strickland, Selma, who left Cottage No. 7 on August 25, 1937.

---

Both the boys and officers have thoroughly enjoyed the radio broadcasts of various football games all during the 1938 season, but the climax came when Duke University's "Blue Devils" met the mighty "Panthers" of Pittsburgh University at Durham last Saturday. Now, when Duke plays North Carolina University, State College or any other of the schools in this state, the folks at the Training School are somewhat divided, some pulling for Duke and others hoping for their defeat, but when it comes to a contest between Coach Wallace Wade's team and one from any state other than our own North Carolina, it's a different story. Prior to last Saturday's game, all of the people hereabouts wanted Duke to come out on top, but some were rather skeptical because of the wonderful record established by Pitt. A few of us picked the Wademen to win, others felt that they would be lucky to get a scoreless tie, while still others were hopeful that they might get the "breaks" and emerge victorious. So, taking advantage of the Saturday afternoon playtime, both boys and grown-ups gathered around radio sets to enjoy the game. It was a thrilling contest from the very first. Up to the end of the third quarter, neither side scored. Eric (The Red) Tipton, thrilled the radio audience (perhaps as much as those present) by the most wonderful kicking seen in the history of American football. His uncanny ability to place that pigskin just where he wanted it to go, kept the Pitt players deep in their own territory all afternoon, they being forced to kick from behind their own goal line many times. When the Iron Dukes finally smashed through, blocked a punt and registered the only touchdown of the game, many were the faces wreathed in smiles in the radio audience. Now that Duke has accepted the invitation to the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, we feel safe in predicting that every sitting-room in our cottages will be filled with youngsters listening intently for the announcement that the famous Blue Devils have again bested their opponents, perhaps keeping their goal line from being crossed. Who knows?

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by our old friend, Gene Davis, who acted as "pinch-hitter" as the cergyman regularly sheduled to address the boys on this occasion was unable to come because of having to conduct the funeral of one of the members of his congregation. Gene assumed charge of the service in a manner that would have done credit to a veteran minister, and, after leading the boys in the singing of several choruses, made a splendid talk. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the second chapter of Collossians and the eighth chapter of Proverbs, using the former as the text for his talk. "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

At the beginning of his remarks, Gene stated that he thought he had chosen a subject that would be of interest to all boys. He called attention to the many stories of adventure concerning hidden treasures, usually supposed to have been hidden by pirates, who roamed the seas many years ago, plundering ships and then taking the loot to some far away desert island, where it was buried until a later date, when it was deemed safe to uncover same and divide it among the members of the crew. Such stories as these have delighted the hearts of boys for centuries.

We have men today, continued the speaker, who are in the pirate class, but in modern terms are called gangsters. They, too, are seeking treasure without being willing to work for a living. Some men who are operating various lines of business in this day and time are really no better than the pirates of yesteryear, for they are willing to stoop to any sort of underhand means to gain wealth. All over the world people are on a treasure hunt.

Gene then told his listeners that he wanted to tell them about a treasure that will have to do with us all through life as well as through eternity. That treasure, said he, is nothing we can purchase, but is worth far more than all the wealth of the entire world, and the only way we may be able to obtain it is through Jesus Christ, accepting Him as our guide through life, living according to His teachings, and doing our very best to follow in His footsteps.

Some of the great treasures hid in Christ, said the speaker, are purity and honesty. When we read in God's Word that all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid in Jesus Christ, we know that if we study those things faithfully, they will be of great help to us all along life's journey. If we get hold of all those truths in God's plan, we gain the greatest treasure possible for man to receive—the joys of eternal life.

In conclusion Gene stated that he knew every boy has serious problems come up during his life, but we have the assurance that, as Christians, these problems may be overcome. God gives to those who believe on Him the strength necessary to win out over all difficulties. While the battle may seem to go against us at times, by keeping our faith in the Heavenly Father, allowing Him to direct us in the strife with forces of evil, there is no doubt about gaining the victory and attaining that great goal of every true Christian—eternal life at the throne of God.

Also accompanying Mr. Sheldon on this occasion was Miss Ruby Allen, of Charlotte, who played the piano accompaniment during the service. Both she and Gene have been with us on many occasions and we trust they may be able to visit us often in the future.

---

## KEY, NOTED SONG WRITER, WAS NATIVE OF MARYLAND

Francis Scott Key was born August 1, 1779, on the family estate, Terra Rubra, then in Frederick but now in Carroll county, Md. He was of English ancestry, his great-grandfather, Philip Key, having come to Maryland from England about the year 1720. Key was educated at St. John's college, Annapolis, and commenced the practice of law in Frederick city. Supsequently he removed to Washington, where he was for many years district attorney of the District of Columbia. He wrote a number of songs, recounts a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but is chiefly known for his lyric, "The Star Spangled Banner."

He was detained on board the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, in the War of 1812, and while watching for the result of the attack, the idea of writing the poem "The Star Spangled Banner" occurred to him. It was partly written before he left the British ship. A collection of his poems was published in New York in 1857.

On January 19, 1802, Francis Scott Key was married to Miss Mary Tayloe Lloyd, daughter of Col. Edward Lloyd of Annapolis, by whom he had six sons and five daughters. He died January 11, 1843, of pleurisy, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Howard, Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore. His body was placed first in the Howard vault in St. Paul's cemetary body was placed first in the Howard vault in St. Paul's cemetery Frederick, where the United States government keeps a flag floating continually over the grave.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

**Week Ending November 27, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

Clyde Gray
Gilbert Hogan
Leon Hollifield
Edward Johnson
James Kissiah
Edward Lucas
Mack Setzer

**COTTAGE No. 1**

Rex Allred
Jack Broome
William G. Bryant
Robert Coleman
Edgar Harrellson
Vernon Johnson
R. L. Young

**COTTAGE No. 2**

Samuel Ennis
John T. Godwin
Nick Rochester

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Robert Atwell
James C. Cox
A. C. Lamar
William McRary
Jack Morris
Douglas Matthews
F. E. Mickle
Warner Peach
John C. Robertson

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Wesley Beaver
William Cherry
Lewis Donaldson
James Hancock
William C. Jordan
John King
Van Martin
J. W. McRorrie
George Newman
Fred Pardon
Lloyd Pettus
Forrest Plott
Hyress Taylor
Melvin Walters
Leo Ward
James Wilhite

**COTTAGE No. 5**

Grady Allen
Lindsey Dunn
Joseph Mobley
Richard Palmer
Dewey Ware
Richard Singletary
Ralph Webb
James Page

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Fletcher Castlebury
Robert Dunning
Columbus Hamilton
Leo Hamilton
Thomas Hamilton
Clinton Keen
Spencer Lane
Charles McCoyle
Randall D. Peeler
Joseph Tucker
George Wilhite

**COTTAGE No. 7**

John H. Averitte
William Beach
Cleasper Beasley
Carl Breece
Archie Castlebury
John Deaton
William Estes
George Green
Lacy Green
Blaine Griffin
Robert Hampton
Caleb Hill
Hugh Johnson
Robert Lawrence
Ernest Mobley
Jack Pyatt
Earthy Strickland
Ed Woody
William Young

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Donald Britt
Charles Crotts
J. B. Devlin
Lonnie Holleman
Edward McCain
John Penninger

Charles Presnell
Ray Reynolds
John Tolbert

**COTTAGE No. 9**
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 10**
(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 11**
Charles Bryant
Joseph D. Corn
Baxter Foster
Albert Goodman
Earl Hildreth
William Hudgins
Clyde Hoppes
Allen Honeycutt
Paul Mullis
Edward Murray
Julius Stevens
Henry Smith
John Uptegrove

**COTTAGE No. 12**
Burl Allen
Alphus Bowman
Allard Brantley
Charlton Henry
Alexander King
Thomas Knight
Clarence Mayton
William Powell
Howard Sanders
Carl Singletary
Leonard Watson
J. R. Whitman

**COTTAGE No. 13**
Jack Foster
William Griffin
James V. Harvel
Douglas Mabry
Jordan McIver
Paul McGlammery
Thomas R. Pitman
Alexander Woody

**COTTAGE No. 14**
Raymond Andrews
Clyde Barnwell
Monte Beck
Harry Connell
Delphus Dennis
Audie Farthing
James Kirk
Henry McGraw
John Robbins
Jones Watson
Harvey Walters
Junior Woody

**COTTAGE No. 15**
Aldine Duggins
Clarence Gates
Beamon Heath
Joseph Hyde
L. M. Hardison
Robert Kinley
Cleo King
Paul Ruff
Rowland Rufty
Ira Settle
James Watson

**INDIAN COTTAGE**
James Chavis
Reefer Cummings
Filmore Oliver
Early Oxendine
Thomas Oxendine
Curley Smith

---

Where the Gospel is faithfully preached and affectionately believed, there is gradually wrought into the very features of people the stamp of the Son of Man. The friendship of Jesus makes the gentle heart.—Selected.

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

DEC 10 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 10, 1938 No. 49

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## HUMILITY

There was a time when faith began to slip,
When I had lost all that I had to lose—
Or so it seemed to me—I lost home,
My job—
I had not house, no food, no shoes.

Then, suddenly, I felt myself ashamed,
For I, who talked of shoes,
Then chanced to meet
Upon the busy highway of my life,
A man
Who had no feet!

—Marcella Hooe.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S CHOICE | By Mrs. E. C. Cronk | 10 |
| THE GREAT BIBLE | (Manchester Guardian) | 13 |
| MUSIC IN THE LAND OF THE BLUEBELL AND THE BAGPIPE | By Aletha M. Bonner | 15 |
| BASKETRY OF THE INDIANS OF NEVADA | By Joanna Brave | 18 |
| CONNIE—HERSELF | By Ernest L. Thurston | 20 |
| CITRUS LIMONIA | By Charles Doubleyou | 26 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 27 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## THE UNSEEN

Man hath not seen the sources of life and light;
Eye cannot measure standards of truth and right
Born in the unsearchable vaults of the unknown
Which God's infinite wisdom has not yet shown.

Invisible "Whys" and invisible "Hows,"
Have no more mystery than the unseen "Wheres" and "Nows."
Our sorrows and joys, faith, health, life and power
Remain in the realm of the invisible Sower.

The invisible soul worships the unseen God,
And our bodies are built from the unseen sod;
We live and we labor with unseen mind;
We love and we cherish the invisible kind.

Scoff as we will, and deny it as we may
From the unseen and unknown rises each day.
"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," saith the Lord,
"And blessed are they who have believed My Word."

We walk not by sight, but we walk by our faith;
We fear not the future though shadowed by death.
The universe is full of things yet unseen;
God has His plans, and we know not how or when.

Yesterday is no myth; neither is tomorrow;
Seeing the unseen may bring joy or sorrow.
God's unsearchable wisdom has thus made man,
To live and to labor in this unseen plan.

—Charles E. Dozer.

## WOMEN OF VISION

After reading sketches of the activities of Clara Barton and Flor-

ence Nightingale there continues an urge to give a resume of their noble service to humanity. The lives of such characters ought to be placed before the youth of the present generation, because public opinion is molded to the point that every child should have a good time without a thought of interspersing the good time with something that will count in the future.

Clara Barton was born in Oxford, Mass., 1830—died—1912, and was the first president of the American Red Cross Society in 1881. Her first active service was in a government office in Washington. She held this position prior to the "War-Between The States", and doubtless it was at this time she saw and heard of the suffering of humanity. She must have had a call from the powers above, because she went out on the battlefields and nursed the wounded. She had entire charge of the army hospitals on the James River,—later Congress voted $15,000 to be used in her relief work on the battle fields. This was an expression of confidence in Clara Barton from the United States government.

Florence Nightingale was ten years Clara Barton's senior. She was born in Folrence in 1820—died—1910. She was the daughter of a distinguished scientist. She had an ambition to know things, therefore, made a tour of the hospitals of England and Europe. After this inspection she went to Kaiserworth on the Rhine and took a course in nursing. Her first outstanding services for humanity was during the Crimean War 1854-56. This was a noble service, making unsanitary conditions sanitary and in every possible manner gave human care to the bleeding and dying victims of cruel war. After a long service her health failed, but she never surrendered till she established an institution for the training of nurses. The home is known as the "Nightingale Home" at St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

No two women, neither in the past nor present age, ever possessed finer impulses for service, making living conditions better. They set a precident that will never become extinct. Their torch of service has never been snuffed, but continues brighter as time marches on. Women have power and influence when placed in the right channels. They know how to command, and in the same way can cool the fevered brow and give comfort to the forlorn.

## REACTION DISTANCE

Barney Oldfield, dean of American racers, marks the danger line in figures when one is tempted to speed. He tells just how far your automobile will go when an emergency arises if speeding 60 miles or 50 miles. To know all of these cautions will at least help those who desire to profit by the experience of others. Barney Oldfield writes that when the speedometer hits 60, think of 66 feet for that is how far your car will travel after you decide to stop, and if your speedometer is 50, think of 55 feet, or if 40, think of 44 feet, and so on.

This is the "reaction distance" your car will travel before your nerves and muscles can respond to your mental command to apply the brakes. For instance, to find how much room you need to stop safely at 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour, multiply this reaction distance by three. For traveling 60 miles an hour, you can not stop your car in less space than 198 feet, or almost the distance of a city block. By way of explanation add the reaction distance of 6 miles to 60 miles, which equals 66 and multiply the same by 3 which equals 198. Even with all of this information there is danger in applying the brakes too quickly when speeding. The safest driver is the deliberate driver, or the one who thinks of the safety of all who travel the highways.

* * * * * * *

## NATIONAL HYMNS

Radio quizzers are useful for one thing: they reveal the amazing ignorance of all of us. For instance, not long ago a quizzer asked "the man on the street" the name of the national hymn of Italy, and the man naively guessed (of all things) "Rigoletto." But how many of us could name the patriotic songs of the various countries?

First, of course, is our own, "The Star-Spangled Banner," written by Francis Scott Key in 1814.

Great Britain—"God Save the King," dating 1739.

Canada—"The Maple-Leaf Forever."

France—"The Marseillaise." This most stirring of all national songs was written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle in 1792 while the city of Strasburg was being attacked by Austria. Its stirring

measures inflamed the masses in the French Revolution a year or two later.

Belgium—"La Brabanconne" ("The years of slavery are passed"), written in 1830 on gaining its independence from Holland.

Holland—"Flanders" ("Come sing of Flanders' glory . . ."), 1869.

Germany—"Die Wacht am Rhein," written in 1840. (Unless it has been changed under the Third Reich.)

Denmark—"King Christian Stood Beside the Mast."

Finland—"Our Land."

Norway—"Yes, We Love This Land of Ours."

Soviet Russia—"The Internationale."

Italy—"Garibaldi's Hymn," the favorite song of Garibaldi's troops.

Roumania—"National Air," adopted in 1862 as the result of competition.

Spain—"Hymne de Riego," a battle song.

Brazil—"Hymn of the Republic," dating from the establishment of the Republic in 1889.

Chile—"Dulce Patria."

Ecuador—"Salve, O Patria."

Mexico—"Mexicans, at the Cry of War!"

Japan—"Kim-Ga-Yo" ("Reign of My Sovereign"). It was written by an Empress and the tune was composed by an Emperor in the 17th Century.

Australia, a land that has not known war within its borders, sings of peace and sunny skies—

"Land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes . . ."

—The Recorder.

* * * * * * *

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Just last week one of the boys of The Uplift office in a most interested manner asked "if it were not time to begin carrying the "Christmas Cheer Fund." We did not realize that Christmas was right here, so decided to publicize the fact as we have in the past.

To us who have passed the Santa Claus age we do not have the anticipations of childhood, but to the youngsters Christmas would

be dull without Santa Claus. There are hundreds of our young boys who have no one to even so much as write them a Christmas card. Therefore, we present to the friends of the wayward boys the opportunity to contribute to their joy this 1938 Christmas. "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Christmas Cheer Fund

| | |
|---|---|
| 8-7-8 | $25.00 |
| A. G. Odell, Concord | 10.00 |
| A Friend, Charlotte | 1.00 |
| L. D. Coltrane | 5.00 |
| Herman Cone, Greensboro | 25.00 |
| E. C. Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Davidson County | 5.00 |

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

MAGIC MEDICINE

"There's a heap of consolation
In the handclasp of a friend,
It can wipe out desolation
And bring heartaches to an end;
It can soothe a troubled spirit
Like no magic in the land;
Heaven? You are pretty near it
When a good friend grips your hand."

---

I thank heaven there is no restriction—nor tax—on the pumpkin and the persimmon crops.

---

One great trouble now-a-days is, so many of us do not put solid foundations under our air castles. That's why they topple.

---

A Nazi radical asked: "Where can we find another Hitler?" Well, I would say, stop looking for one. One is enough—and a plenty.

---

A lot of people spend some time looking up at the sky for heavenly bodies. Did they ever think of going to the bathing beaches?

---

The hardest thing in this world to remember is that when you go piroutting around other people, it is none of your business. So don't dip in.

---

It is getting time to think up some new resolutions for next year. The old ones are worn to a frazzle. Indeed there is not much left of them.

---

A somewhat noted writer says every one should "pay his taxes with a smile." I've tried to pay my taxes that way, but it will not work. The collector demands cash.

---

Success is generally conceded to be getting what you want. But happiness is wanting what you get, and being satisfied with it. Some deserve what they get—and some do not deserve getting that.

---

There are said to be 64,000,000 persons registered on the church rolls of this country. What great improvement there would be if they took their religion as seriously as they do their politics.

---

It is published that a deer hunter in Michigan, circled his car and shot five times. When he examined his car he found he had shot five holes in a deer robe on his radiator, and the radiator was punctured equally as many times. I haven't heard of a deer hunter in the mountains of Western North Carolina doing such an act as that Michigander.

---

Thinking of battle maneuvers in foreign lands the ghost of poet Joyce Kilmer has been recruited to the ranks of Washington residents who are doing battle in the District of Columbia with Federal officials to save the famous Japanese cherry blossoms. The officials have decided to cut down many of the cherry trees and build a three-million-dollar memorial to Thomas Jefferson on the site. Kilmer's poem, "Trees," set to music, was sung on the steps of the White House not long ago by Washington housewives seeking to stop the poised axe of WPA

woodmen. Their formidable battle appears lost, however. Some Washington correspondents are suggesting that if song is to become a weapon around Washington, the Brain Trust thinker-uppers have one ready made for them, "I've Got A Pocket Full of Dreams."

December is one of the outstanding months of the year. It was this month nineteen hundred years ago a Saviour was given to the world to save mankind from their sins. Christmas is a good time. It is again rapidly approaching. Everyone wears such a happy expression, and everybody is good to everybody else, and everybody seems so glad to see every other body. They hurry and scurry, in such a jolly mood, and if you bump into another fellow, he laughs, and you laugh, and any other time of the year, he'd want to fight. Most everybody is carrying a bundle, and take joy in it, whereas, any other time of the year, he'd want the store to "send it up." Carrying a bundle at Christmas time is as attractive as wearing a large diamond. Ever notice how many people will speak to you when you have the smallest kind of a package, done up in paper with the holly leaves and berries print? If you want to see how popular you are get a little package of this kind and walk about the streets with it under your arm, and see how folks will bow, and smile, and greet you. A little humorous deception is permissible in Christmas times. Gift giving is a great pleasure, but our little human gifts are nothing to be compared to the great gift that Christmas day celebrates—the gift of the Son of God for the redemption of the world. Let us observe it as becomes the child of the Heavenly Father!

## LET US HAVE PEACE

Benjamin Franklin, who organized the first fire company, the first philosophical society, the first circulating library, the first electrical experiments, and about all the first practical and useful ideas of his time, wanted to organize one more thing However, in his maturer years his country called for so much of his time that he could never put his last idea into execution.

He wanted to organize the "Society of the Free and Easy." It would be composed of the people who, systematically and honestly pursuing virtue, should therefore become free from the dominance of vice; and those practicing industry and thrift, should be undisturbed by debt. There would be no pass words, no secret oaths, no shibboleths, no catch penny inducements. Compensation would be the spiritual satisfaction to be reaped only through some such freedom.—Beasley's Weekly.

# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S CHOICE

**By Mrs. E. C. Cronk**

A dainty little English maid came tripping gaily through the stately rooms of her father's beautiful old Elizabethan mansion in Hampshire, England. She stood for a moment at the long latticed windows, looking out on the gardens garlanded with roses. Large trees threw spots of grateful shade on the great terraces of the green lawn.

Suddenly a bird fluttered to the ground from one of the trees.

"Poor birdie," said little Florence Nightingale. "Its wing must be broken." She dashed out of the door and lifted the bird tenderly. Back into the house she went to bind up the broken wing. Then she sang a lullaby so the bird would goto sleep.

A servant announced the arrival of the minister. "And would Miss Florence wish to ride with him to visit some of the poor folks?"

"Indeed I would," answered the girl. "Have my pony ready."

In a few minutes she was on the pony's back riding beside the minister out through the gate of the grounds surrounding her father's mansion to the poor homes on the estate where there were sick little children and crippled old men and women. At the door of a shepherd's house the horses stopped. Under the table lay the faithful shepherd dog, his leg wounded by stones thrown by mischievous boys.

"I suppose his leg is broken and I'll have to shoot him," said the shepherd.

"Let me see it,'" said Florence. She patted the dog's rough head as he lifted dumb, imploring eyes to her. "Poor doggie, I'll fix your leg," she said.

Into a nearby cottage she went searching for flannel cloths. Tearing them into strips she wrung them out of hot water and tenderly bandaged the injured leg. The dog wagged his tail in gratitude and the minister marvelled at the loving sympathy and skill of the little daughter of the wealthy land-owner who found her greatest happiness in ministering to anything or anybody who was in pain or need.

A tall, slender girl with soft brown hair and shining blue-gray eyes was to be introduced to England's gueen and England's court. Governesses had come to the old Elizabethan mansion and masters of music and art and languages, and she had been carefully taught and trained as befitted her station. Beautiful browns were hers and costly jewels. England's most sumptuous parties and balls were open to her but after she had been presented to the queen, the places that interested Florence Nightingale most were not ball rooms but prisons. She had heard of Elizabeth Fry and the wonderful things she had done to better the terrible prison conditions. So she slipped away from England's gaieties to learn from Elizabeth Fry how she too could help England's prisoners.

A party of English tourists passed through Egypt. In the shadow of the Pyramids they came upon some sick Arabs. Out from the tourist party slipped a girl who nursed the sick Arabs back to health. As they went

on their way they declared that an angel from heaven had visited them and cured them of their ills. The angel had soft brown hair and shining blue-gray eyes.

At the Deaconess Mother house at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine the sisters went in and out in the lives of ministering love. No ball dresses were there nor gay apparel, but above the plain blue cotton of the uniform there appeared one day a new face of a delicate oval, crowned by soft brown hair. To Theodore Fliedner and his Deaconesses Florence Nightingale went to learn more of their ministry of mercy. Most distinguished daughter of a Deaconess Motherhouse was she, in her training course for nurses.

In the annual report of Pastor Theodore Fliedner for the year 1851, the following paragraph appeared:

"In our Motherhouse we again had the joy during the past year to have with us several Christian young women from the upper classes of various countries preparing themselves for the service of Christian love in general, some looking forward to nursing, others to educational work. * * * And then from England there was here for the second time Miss Florence Nightingale, who remained more than a quarter of a year to be trained in nursing. * ' * * In this way our deconess institution could also during the past year by the grace of God be in truth a real 'Motherhouse' and prepare many daughters of Zion as co-laborers with God, servants of the Lord Jesus Christ in His great vineyard from the holy mountains of Jerusalem to the beautiful shores of the Alleghany and the Monongahela."

When she graduated Pastor Fliedner said that she had made the most distinguished record of any student who had gone out from Kaiserwerth.

Europe was torn by the Crimean war. A wave of indignation swept over England when reports came back that wounded British soldiers were dying like flies without the simplest medical care and nursing.

The special war correspondent of The Times sent out this appeal:

"Are there no devoted women among us, able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such a work of mercy?"

On the same day, October 15th, 1854, two letters were mailed. One was from the Right Honorable Sydney Herbert, Secretary of War. It was addressed to Florence Nightingale, asking her to organize a staff of nurses to go to Scutari to superintend the work of caring for the sick and dying soldiers. On the same day, before the request reached her, Florence Nightingale mailed a letter volunteering for this service.

In Scutari on miserable cots in the hospitals lay the soldiers dying in agony from neglected wounds. Beds were unchanged for weeks, and wounds undressed. Florence Nightingale entered with her nurses and disorder gave way to order. Sterilized bandages replaced filthy rags. A spotless diet kitchen was provided. Disheartened soldiers took new courage as the nurses passed noiselessly in and out among the hospital cots. At night Miss Nightingale carried a little lamp in her hand. In the long hours of the dark night the soldiers watched eagerly for their "Lady with the Lamp." So they named her and so history writes

her name. Tenderly she leaned over the cots smoothing a pillow, easing pain, her own weariness forgotten as she took the messages for the loved ones back home.

The awful war was ended. England's grateful heart planned to honor its "angel of the Crimea." A great reception was planned to welcome her home but Florence Nightingale slipped quietly in on a French steamer and, unrecognized, drove to her country home. England, however, would not allow her to remain unercognized. Queen Victoria presented her a red cross on a white field encircled by a band hearing the words "Blessed are the merciful." Impressed upon the center of the cross were the letters "V. P." in a crown of diamonds.

The nation's gift was $250,000 which Miss Nightingale gave over for a training home for nurses.

To Florence Nightingale came the age-old choice that has come to every man and woman since our Lord walked upon earth.

"To be ministered unto or to minister?"

She might have been served by many all of her life but she looked out on a needy, suffering world and said, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Written all through her life was her heart's motto, "I serve."

Forgotten are the court belles and the social queens of her day, but all the world remembers Florence Nightingale.

Throughout the earth today nurses complete their training for service with the Florence Nightingale pledge:

"I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

---

If we could follow all these people on the street who are hurrying so, and see what they do when they get where they are going, we would often be surprised. They twiddle their thumbs and listen to the radio. They smoke their cigarets and read detective stories. Often risking their necks to get somewhere, they have to "cool their heels" for an hour waiting for what they went for. Much of the hurry could be avoided by starting a little sooner instead of fooling around until the last minute, and then having to hurry like a hurricane.

—Fisher Plant Life.

# THE GREAT BIBLE

**(Manchester Guardian)**

A new England began when, in 1538, the royal "Injunctions" ordered that a copy of the Bible in English should be set up in every church. The event was celebrated in St. Paul's on Friday and at many other services during the week-end. "Item," said the second of the Injunctions issued through Thomas Cromwell and Cranmer, "that you shall provide one book of the whole Bible of the largest volume, in English and the same set up in some convenient place within the said church that you have cure of, whereas your parishioners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it." "Item," said the third Injunction, "that you shall discourage no man "privily or apertly from the reading or hearing of the said Bible, but shall expressly provoke, stir, and exhort every person to read the same, as that which is the very likely word of God." The Great Bible, so called from its size (for the type page was 13¼ by 7½ inches, was set up publicly in 1539. There was no need that parishioners should be provoked, stirred, or exhorted to read it. They could not be kept away. When Bishop Bonner set up the Bibles in St. Paul's, crowds gathered to hear those who read them aloud; among these was one John Porter, "a fresh young man and of a big stature," of whom a contemporary says that "great multitudes would resort thither to hear him because he could read well and had an audible voice." A hundred and fifty years of English religious history had prepared the soil; half a dozen spiritual revolutions at home and abroad were fermenting in men's minds. From the Great Bible they read to one another; its smaller successors, multiplied by the printing press, made their way powerfully among the people. Another revolution began.

Even a list of dates exhibits how many strong forces were working together to bring about this moment. Wycliffe, himself the translator of the Bible though only from the Latin of the Vulgate, had died in 1384. Nominally his Poor Preachers had been suppressed, but for long after his death his tracts had been passed from hand to hand, his Bible read from written copies, his doctrines spread through secret conventicles; he appealed to the Scriptures, he taught the audacity that the common man, if humble and God-fearing, might understand their truth. In 1476 Caxton brought his printing press from Flanders to England; he printed books at the Almonry in Westminster and invited who would to buy "and he shall have them good chepe." Meanwhile the New Learning had swept westwards into Italy and over the Alps. John Colet and Erasmus, two of the finest minds of the age, were together at Oxford in 1499; Sir Thomas More published his "Utopia" in 1515. Colet was resolved to found himself and his conclusions on the Greek text of the New Testament; Erasmus, who held with him, himself published the first Greek Testament in 1516. Erasmus wished that the Gospels could be translated into all languages. But, he added, "the first step to their being read isto make them intelligible to the reader. I long for

the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveler shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey." The leaven of the Reformation in Germany was also at work; Luther had nailed his Theses on the church door at Wittenberg in 1517. To these things were added the furious political and religious ferments of the England of that day. Beneath them all is to be seen growing an ardent and, as it proved, irresistible will on the part of the many to have, and on the part of a few to produce, a Bible in English for the English people. They had not been allowed to have it before but they were to have it now. William Tindale carried out the wish of Erasmus. "If God spare my life," he said to an opposing cleric, "I will cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." He translated the New Testament into English in 1525.

Tindale's New Testament was burnt at St. Paul's, but it could not be destroyed. It was used by Miles Coverdale, who published the first entire Bible in 1535; by John Rogers, in the so-called "Thomas Matthew" Bible of 1537; and by Coverdale again in the Great Bible of 1539 which is now being celebrated. Most of all, it was used in another version more famous, more beautiful, and more enduring than any other; the Authorized Version of 1611. If one seeks an epoch within which to study the episode of the Great Bible that was ordered to be set up in 1538, we must look back to Wycliffe and the Lollards, with thier cry for personal knowledge and individual judgment, and forward to the Authorized Version, which in turn opened another age. In itself the Authorized Version embraces and nobly completes these earlier works. The lovely music of its words, the grave simplicity, the exalted and exulting mind, all spring not only from piety and the abounding spirit of the time but also from a deep sense of the past age to which they were still so near, an age in which great principles were passionately fought for and the price of victory was often life itself. Even so, it is only an epoch, arbitrarily chosen. For in truth the setting up of the "Great Bible" let loose a power in England which, from then to now, has moulded our language and society, character and history.

---

What impresses one in the most God-like men we have ever seen, is the inability to tell what of their power is intellectual and what is moral.—Phillips Brooks.

# MUSIC IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE-BELL AND THE BAGPIPE

**By Aletha M. Bonner**

"Breathes there the man, with
soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."
—Scott.

Bonnie Scotland has written her history in song. Her tuneful lays, from the first to the last minstrel, have told in rhythmic measure of sad years of national bondage; of religious struggles, and victories trimuphs; of brave-hearted kings and queens, and Border heroes.

Again, in this musical portfolio are to be found songs of romance, as, the beloved "Annie Laurie," and tributes to friendship—for, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?"

The loch (lakes) and glens, and moors and fens, rich in the fragrance of bluebell and heather, have likewise received their full share of attention by the weavers of melody and creators of verse: in truth the historic biographic and nature data contained in the ballads of "Auld Scotia" would fill several volumes.

With such a tuneful background it is small wonder that the footsteps of many master composers have turned toward this land of song and story. These musical pilgrims have given us colorful melody impressions of the country.

It was following a visit to some of the scenes of Scottish history that Felix Mendelssohn wrote his "Scotch Symphony," a masterpiece beautifully embellished with native melodies. Following a later trip, this time to Fingal's Cave on one of the islands off the coast of Scotland, he was inspired to write the effective overture which bears the name of the beautiful cavern.

The bleak and rugged shore line of Scotland so impressed our own American composer, Edward MacDowell, that he was moved to write a surging tone-poem of the rocky coast; such a work presenting, with realistic force, "The raging sea, an old grey castle, and a woman harpist wailing a sad song of the storm."

On entering the frith (sea-arm) of the River Forth, one is brought to Edinburgh, the capital city, and called by Sir Walter Scott, "Mine own romantic town." Here towers loft on Prince's Square, a stately monument-memorial to Scotia's world-loved son and scribe. Here too, were born distinguished creators of music, supporters of religion, and promoters of science, and there are many statue-columns raised to honor the city's sons of fame.

In going from the monument-marked Edinburgh to Glasgow, a city of culture and commerce, the famous Trossachs Pass—a wooded region of magnificent charm—is crossed. It was this mountain pass that formed the picturesque setting to Scott's rhythmic "Lady of the Lake." All the locale of the immortal story is open to the traveler today through modernized transportation, but at the century-period of the poem it was a

wild rugged country.

Other intriguing trails to be followed lead northwest to one of the most beautiful lakes of Scotland; and as one stands on the shores of this silvery sheet of water, there seems to come, echoing out of the past the plaintive song of a Scotch fugitive:

"... But me and my true love we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Lock Lomond!"

There were many songs of exile and war inspired by the stress of turbulent times, certain of these early-period selections being "Scots, Wha' Hae' Wi Wallace Bled," "Bluebells of Scotland," and the stirring "The Campbells are Coming."

With dawning days of peace, as a a united nation with England, under one flag and one king, brighter music themes were heard throughout the land. The pibroch (weird music of sorrow) was put aside for the highland fling—a movement spirited to the gayest degree as its name indicates. A traditional ceremony was the "gathering of the clans," and there was no more charming sight to be witnessed, than to see a group of lads and lassies engaged in the intricate steps of The Fling. The native costumes—the kilts and gaiters, the plaids and tartans—are colorful indeed, and one's love for glamour is satisfied today by the fanfare of a marching kiltie band—indeed nothing is quite so thrilling as a bagpipe band!

According to history this odd-shaped wind instrument was not a native creation, but was brought into the British Isles by the Romans in early days. Regardless of its origin, however, the "skirling pipe" is the officially-recognized instrument of Scotland and its people the world-acknowledged master performers. In ensemble work one group of players furnish a droning accompaniment, on bagpipes without note-holes, to an air played on pipes having holes.

In an old record, "Cambell's Journey Through North Britain," written 1808, mention is made of other instruments held in high favor in Scottish music circles of that day: to quote,

"They delight much in music, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brass wire and the strings of the harp of sinews; which strings they strike with their nayles (nails) growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke . . . these instruments with precious stones."

Stirred by the vibrant pipe, or moved to tender moods by the sweet-voice, harp, the Bard of Scotland, Robert Burns, was doubtless inspired to write many of his world-loved lyrics. "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "Coming Through the Rye," and the previously-named "Auld Lang Syne," are but three universally sung favorites out of many tender themes coming from the pen of this gifted poet. His birth-town, Ayr, is rich in memories of this humanity-loving son.

While old Scotland produced no outstanding composers of the classical school, yet her nineteenth and twentieth-century sons and daughters have made a place for themselves in the world of music. A limited list of past and present composers includes the names of Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, Hamish MacCunn, Charles

Macpherson, J. Lamont Galbraith, and Helen Hopekirk. In the field of opera America has Scotland to thank for giving us Mary Garden, who has spent much of her useful musical life in the United States.

The world, as well, owes a debt of gratitude to the courageous singing soul of the Scottish nation, for by giving free musical and poetic expression to the religious, national, and romantic sentiments of a people, humanity as a whole has been enriched and inspired by such a wealth of folk and heart songs.

---

## ALL THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,
Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong—
Some of us grumble the whole day long,
But, somehow, in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play
Some of us whimper along life's way.
But, somehow, as day will follow the night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think that the way is long—
Some complain that life's all wrong.
But somehow we live and our sky is bright,
Everything seems to work out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For clouds must break, and the sky grow fair.
Let the rain come down as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems all things work out.

—Tidings.

# BASKETRY OF THE INDIANS OF NEVADA

**By Joanna Brave**

Among the arts and crafts of the Nevada Indians, basket making is the most outstanding. Nevada has two tribes of noteworthy basket makers. They are the Paiute and Washoe. Although the latter is smaller in number, they make more and finer baskets. Some of the types of baskets made are common to both tribes.

Types of baskets were determined by necessity. The Indian woman needed cooking utensils. She created a bowl shaped, moisture proof basket. The basket could not be exposed to the direct flame but the contents were heated by dropping hot stones into it. A similar basket of coarser weave served as a storage vessel.

As pine nuts formed one of the basic foods of the Nevada Indians, some container was needed in which to gather them. This need was met by weaving a conical burden basket that could be carried on the back. Quite often the point was reinformed with buckskin.

Necessity was the forerunner of the winnowing basket. It was needed to separate the fine hulls from the shelled pine nuts. It is a somewhat coarsely woven, dish-like fan. The Nevada Indians also make a very fine winnowing basket which, in addition to its uses for winnowing the tiny seeds of desert plants used for food, can also be used for mixing acorn and pine nut meal.

The baby carriers of the Nevada Indians are also of basket construction. They are made in two parts. A firmly woven flat open weave forms the board to which the baby is fastened and hung on the mother's back. The second part is a sunshade attached to the back rest. This shields the baby from the scorching rays of the desert sun. Each new baby gets a new basket. Often as a child increases in size a larger basket is made for him. The design on the sunshade indicates whether the baby is a boy or girl. The baby basket of the Paiute is similar to that of the Washoe. However they differ in that the Paiute covers the willow framework with beautifully beaded buckskin.

Both the Washoe and Paiute at present engage in making small trinket and sewing baskets for commercial purposes. The Paiute usually cover the outsides of their baskets with intricate beadwork.

Nevada baskets are made of willow. Preparation takes much time, skill and patience. The willows are gathered in the fall after the sap has receded. The material for weaving is found between the bark and the pitch of the stem. The Indian women scrapes the bark from the willow with a piece of glass or a smalll knife, with the aid of her teeth and fingernails she splits the willow into twelve or twenty pieces according to the fineness of thread desired.

The warp consists of willow stripped of it bark and is held in place by taking from twelve to thirty stitches to the inch. The number of stitches to the inch determines the degree of compactness of the finished

basket.

After several coils have been stitched into position the weaver begins to introduce colors which make up the design. Bark of the red bud a mountain shrub, and black fiber from the root of the bracken fern are their principal sources of color. These natural colors are imperishable and the way in which the women blend them is truly artistic. The work of weaving is exceedingly slow. One round on a large basket or two rounds on a small finely woven basket forms a day's work for a skilled weaver.

It was Dat-so-la-lee, a Washoe Indian, who expressed the art of her tribe to the height of perfection. During her life she created thirty-eight baskets. Each one is a masterpiece in itself. Her artistry not only found expression in the intricate stitches of her work but also in the beautiful names she applied to the designs of her creations. Such ethereal titles as "Sunrise Among the Hills," "Hunting in Harvest Time," "Myriads of Stars Shine Over the Graves of Our Ancestors." "Light Ascending" and "Dawn" help to express the soul of the artist that was Dat-so-la-lee.

Many of Dat-so-la-lee's baskets have been placed in Yale university museum, Carnegie museum of Pittsburg and Field museum in Chicago. A few have gone into private collections. The greater part of her work remains with Mrs. Abe Conn of Carson City, who with her husband was Dat-so-la-lee's benefactors and patrons.

For some time there has been grave danger that the passing of the older women meant the passing of skill in basketry. The younger women seem to lack the patience required for such tedious work. However, with the revival of interest in all native arts and crafts and the encouragement of these native arts in school, the outlook begins to be more hopeful that more and more young Indians will take up the work.

---

## SCATTERING CRUMBS

I threw some crumbs from my window at the falling of the night,
And I thought no more about them till, at break of morning light
A ceaseless chirp and twitter on the frosty air I heard—
The sparrows' morning blessing! And my heart with joy was stirred,
For 'tis something to make happy e'en the wee heart of a bird.
It gave me a pleasant keynote for the music of the day;
A song of thanks for blessings I should find along the way;
A thought for the joy of others, and how oft with little care
I might give some crumbs of pleasure to another heart, and bear
In my own a double measure for the sake of another's share.

—From "How Far to Bethlehem?"

# CONNIE—HERSELF

**By Ernest L. Thurston**

Plop-plop-plop-plop! Connie Blake's tennis shoes spatted the court sharply. She ran heavily, a bit out of balance, one arm far outstretched that her racquet might meet Nancy Owen's sharp return. Somewhow she got to the ball and turned it sharply back. It just cleared the net, nicked a hair's breadth within the sideline and slithered with a crazy hop away from Nancy.

"Forty-fifteen," gasped that young lady. "Connie, how did you ever manage to return that?"

"How should I know?" laughed Connie gaily. "Only don't give me another like that. I'd never repeat."

Over on the sidelines, Pris Dale dissolved in helpless laughter. "Sh—-she's the awkwardest thing on two legs," she exclaimed when she could speak.

"Sh-sh-sh!" cautioned Millie Brewster. "Connie might hear. She may be awkward, but she's constantly making good plays like that."

"Mixed with how many weak and stupid ones," commented Pris. "Her play is a patchwork. That's the joke of it. She has the twist of my serve and the stance of Margaret. She tries that long reach of Margaret's when she's anything but the same build, and so on. And every pick-up of another's style is a caricature."

Millie didn't laugh. "It's because she so loves the game and is so desperately eager to improve that she tries to do what she sees others do well. Why don't you take her in hand and teach her a few of the principles of the game you know so well, Pris?"

"You don't really mean that?" Pris stared in amazement. "Teach Connie? Why waste my time? Beside I've my hands more than full to get in top form for Waterville."

Out on the court, Connie caught the clear, carrying tones, and a flush dyed her neck and cheeks. She hesitated and an easy ball flashed by her.

"Game and set," called Nancy, a little uncomfortably.

Connie looked very sober. Then she shook her head as if at herself, smiled brightly and ran forward to stretch out a hand to her opponent. "Good hunting in the tournament, Nancy. This lets me out, but I'll be rooting for the team."

"You're sweet," returned Nancy simply. "And you really made some remarkable recoveries. You had me hustling. Perhaps in time—"

"I'm afraid—" Connie still tried to smile bravely—"all I'm good for is to a whetstone for the rest of you to use in sharpening your skills."

With a gay little wave of her hand she swung away and started down a side path. But presently she slowed, turned, and came back to drop down beside Millie, watching Pris and Margret in a new set. And presently she was leaning forward, eyes glued on the play, and calling. "Great return, Margaret! . . . A honey of a serve, Pris! . . . Whee! A prize winner! . . ."

Millie, watching her friend and the game as well, saw that Connie's approval and encouragement were working as they always did to spur on the play of others. Connie was a spark plug in most walks of school and vil-

lage life. What a pity it was that she couldn't get the hang of the game she loved. Why did she keep her membership in the Clayton Girls' Tennis Club?

Even while she egged the others on, Connie, with one side of her mind, was trying to answer the same question. She was the only member of this village group who had never had a chance to represent it in a contest. She was that bad—relatively. But the game was in her blood. Somehow, some time, she would manage to get a few lessons with a professional, as Pris had done. Those drives and serves! She crouched forward, watching Pris.

Pris was fair, and slim, and graceful. She showed that elusive thing called "form." Though the season was very young, as yet, it might have been mid-season, so far as she was concerned.

"But she'll need all it takes when Waterville comes along," Connie said to herself.

The Watervile Girls' Tennis Club had challenged the Clayton girls to an early summer match—four players on each side to complete in singles and doubles. Pris was a foregone conclusion to be Clayton's number one player and captain. Nancy and Margaret and probably Millie would be the others.

Connie was still thinking about the matter when she boarded the Oakdale bus an hour later, to ride out to see a sick school friend. She was buried in thought when the bus was crowded on a curve of Two-Mile Hill by a great truck, skidded, swirled on a wet spot, and sideswiped a roadside boulder. Connie did not think of anything after that until she awoke in a hospital, dazed and shaken, but with no bones broken.

A week later Connie was at Aunt Mary's little summer boarding cottage on Mirror Lake, under orders to stop study, take it easy, exercise not too strenuously. So Connie took short walks, paddled a bit, and was lonely. For she was a social creature, and it was too early for house guests. True, Millie and Pris and Margaret drove out one day to tell her how she was missed and to give her the school news. A few days later Millie and Margaret came; then Millie alone. But the intervals in between seemed very long.

Then, one afternoon, Connie came in from a paddle, to find an auburn-haired hazel-eyed girl on the sheltered porch. She was tall and wiry, but her white coloring told of a recent illness.

Connie went towards her with hands outstretched. "Have I company at last?" she cried, "or are you going to vanish like mist while I look at you?"

The girl's flashing smile was warming. "You're Connie," she said. "I'm Jessica Taylor. Your Aunt Mary kept my coming as a surprise. I'll be here longer than you, I expect."

They went in to supper arm in arm, like old friends.

After that the days went better. Inseparable, the girls walked or talked, rested by the lake shore, and sounded each other as to likes, dislikes, desires, an dambitions. Naturally tennis came up.

"I'm the world's worst tennis player," laughed Connie, "and I'd so love to be among the really good. Do you play? Perhaps—"

"I play," laughed Jessica, "and I have permission to do it a little. We can bat the balls about after lunch."

Connie's eyes shone. "Gorgeous!" she cried. Then she sobered. "Only

it's hard on you—unless I can be a whetstone."

"Explain yourself," demanded Jessica.

Connie, under Jessica's casual questioning, explained more than she knew.

While the girls lunched and then rested, Old Jim, man-of-all-work, raked the cluttered court, rolled it, and marked it in ragged fashion, finally putting up a dilapidated net.

"You serve," said Connie, then dancing out on the court.

Jessica nodded. Then she said quietly, "I warn you. I must play easily, but I shall try to make every stroke count. It's against my code ever to make a careless stroke." She set herself, tosed the white ball upward and met it with an easy, graceful, follow-through serve. It cleared the net by an inch, and met the ground with a spin. Connie netted it.

"What a beauty!" she cried. "Keep up that serve. I want to learn it."

Jessica laughed. "I'll serve it many times. Only don't try to copy it. With your shorter build, a backswing serve is your style, I'd say. You know, I always think of tennis as about the most individual game there is. Each must work out her own style. Ready?"

Connie nodded absently and let the serve pass without effort.

"Wake up, lady," laughed Jessica. "Don't sleep at the serve."

"I wasn't asleep," said Connie. "I was thinking. I'm always trying to copy every fine play I see. They call me Patchwork on that acount. I'm a living summary of plays of others —only a cheap edition."

Jessica smiled, though her eyes were thoughful as she again took up the play. Connie—in the process of being soundly trounced,—watched her in amazement. So easy, so graceful, never wasting her strength, always on the spot. Connie did not win a game; even few scattered points came her way.

"You're uncanny," she gasped, as she dropped exhausted beside her opponent who was barely breathing hard. "The way you always manage to be just at the right spot! You've played a lot."

"Yes, but that isn't—" She stopped.

Connie's dark eyes twinkled. "Say it, lady. I can take it on the chin."

"Good girl." Jessica's hand went out in a swift, caressing touch that warmed Connie. "You see, you told me what you were going to do. Your position as you served, your eyes, the way you held your racquet. You telegraphed every move in advance."

Connie giggled. "How generous of me! Tell me how to correct that. It will be a joy to be really learning things. Criticise me—mercilessly."

Jessica eyed her curiously. "Not I. But we'll play together and have fun. And if a suggestion now and then comes right, I'll make it. Now here's what I mean about telegraphing your plans—" and she went on to explain.

After that they played daily and, asthey grew stronger, harder and longer. And now and then, in a casual way, Jessica made indirect suggestions —how to run lightly, how to save her energy, how to plan an attack. Connie glowed with the consciousness of growing skill, though she still had her first game to win. Jessica was clearly getting back her skill even faster. But Connie's heart warmed even more as she felt ties of friendship ever deepening.

They were playing one day when a familiar "Yoo—hoo!" caused her to look up. Millie, Margaret, and Pris were coming up the path. Connie waved a greeting; then brought over Jessica and introduced her. A few words and Pris said, "I saw that last rally of yours. You're a player. Too bad nobody's here to give you real practice."

Jessica's friendly eyes sparked unexpectedly, then were veiled. She spoke very softly. "If you'll let us finish our set, we'll soon be with you. Come on, Connie."

Connie hesitated. Then she responded to Jessica's urging glance and went back to her place. Play was resumed. And Connie, as she played, stole glances at her home frineds, and giggled at the way their eyes had focused on Jessica.

The set over, with about the usual score, they came back to join the others. Pris was on her feet, eyes only for Jessica. "I didn't take in your name," she cried, "not until I saw your play. Why you're state junior college champion."

"Yes," Jessica acknowledged. "But above all, I'm just a lover of the sport." She shot a swift smile at the dazed Connie.

There was more from Pris, eulogistic praise that made Jessica look a shade uncomfortable. Perhaps Millie saw it, and broke in on another subject.

"Connie," she said. "With school closed, our team is going out to Sandwick, by the Country Club. We can use their courts for practice. We can fix a room for you and we want you to come and join us. You know, dear, we really want you. We missed you at school, but we've missed you more on the team. We lack something. I think it's the way you kept cheering us on."

Connie stared, almost unbelieving. They really wanted her? She felt warm within. And then she caught a swift shadow on Jessica's face, instantly passing,and she hesitated.

"Besides," Pris put in casually, "Nora, who was to act as substitute alternate, may not to be with us. Of course, you're not a crack player, but you might fill in. What do you say?"

Millie's eyes sparkled at the tone, and she started to speak, then clipped her lips tight. But Jessica said at once, "Of course, she'll go if she's needed."

"They want me, but I'm no player. And Jessica needs me as companion .... And Jessica's such a dear. She's helped me, too," went through Connie's mind. Suddenly the thought came, and she spoke with an unexpected assurance. It surprised herself.

"I'm staying here, girls. But if you want me on the sidelines, you can have me, but you'll have to come and get me and bring me back. You'll have a car along, I know."

Pris looked dumbfounded and cross. She shrugged her shoulders and got up. "We'd better go, girls." She turned to Jessica and her manner changed. "If you feel equal to it, I'd be so glad to have a round with you some day."

Jessica smiled. "Come over any time."

The next afternon, Millie rode over for Connie and took her and Jessica back. The two from the cottage sat on the sidelines and watched the team drill. Connie dropped right back in her old ways, calling, encouraging, praising. The team work pepped up.

She was happier, though, when back at the cottage, playing on the old court with Jessica casually coaching her.

Two or three days later the two were playing again, two sets now. And suddenly a revelation came to Connie. She could play. She could —she could. And with the knowledge, she suddenly rose to new heights. Her strokes were sure, her follow through, forehand and backhand took on polish. Her serves came over with fire and twist. Jessica smiled as she set herself to meet this new attack. The score hung around duce, then finally Connie broke through, broke through again with a service ace.

"Game," cried Jessica, running forward, hand outstretched. "You've arrived, Connie."

"But thanks to you, dear," Connie exclaimed dazedly. Then she saw the other girls standing on the sidelines. "Why—why—"

"They've been there the whole time," laughed Jessica.

Pris, for once, was speechless, her eyes staring. But Millie gave Connie an estatic hug.

"I shouldn't wonder if we may need you, Connie," said Pris at last. "Nancy has been called away. You must be our fourth."

"Oh, I'm not good enough for that," cried Connie.

"Of course she is," cried Millie and Jessica in a breath. And Jessica added, "I'll help all I can."

Pris looked a little ashamed, disappointed too. It would have been well if she had discovered Connie. Then another idea occurred to her. If Connie could beat Jessica, surely she— "Try a few games with me, Jessica?" she asked sweetly.

A half hour later, she walked back to the car a bit stunned. For the first time since she had taken lessons, she had been soundly trounced.

Two weeks later Connie found herself standing in the blazing sun on the Waterville courts, nervous and unsteady, meeting her first opponent in the tournament. Her throat felt parched. Her whole body trembled. She was conscious of the crowd. "Pull yourself together," she told herself fiercely.

She lost the first set, 6 to 1, against only a fair player. The second she pulled out of the fire, 8 to 6. The third she finally captured, 9 to 7.

But there was fear in the Clayton camp that night. Pris had gone down in the first round with the crack Waterville player. Millie had barely pulled through. And the next day Millie went down before the same player, while Connie again barely pulled out. On Connie rested the faint hopes for the finals.

Connie did not rest well that night. She felt the burden she carried, and her own inexperience. She was white when she walked to the court the next afternoon. But as she waited for an announcement, she received a note. Just a few words: "Be yourself, Connie. Just imagine you're playing me. Jessica." And looking up, somehow in the crowded stand, she picked out her friend waving to her. All at once the many individual faces faded into a blur. She saw only Jessica, Jessica who had quietly, surely taught her all the best she knew. Jessica who had given her friendship. Connie was suddenly steady—and ready.

Hard fought, of course it was. But when, after losing the first four games in a row, Connie took the next, again

the knowledge of power came to her. Those weeks and weeks of being beaten, while all the time she was being tempered and trained and gaining skill, suddenly had meaning. Her score crept up. She planned. She studied her opponent. She took the second set, 6 to 4. But the final set; it seemed to last a week before finally, using the swift, smashing, unexpected serve, Jessica had taught her to use as a surprise move, she rode to victory on a service ace.

Blushing, confused, Connie accepted congratulations and a cup, and tried to say something and failed. It was Jessica who finally got her away. And then Connie spoke, surprising even Jessica.

"Oh, Jessica," she cried, "let's run away, you and I, to some private court and play a set for fun, you and I."

---

## THE JEWS

In contrast to the cruel persecutions being visited upon the Jews in Germany as they are being ousted from that country, was the service held at the Women's College in Greensboro this week honoring a Jewish woman, Miss Etta Spier. Miss Spier, who was a member of the first class to enter the college in 1892, was for 30 years a member of the college faculty. She died on October 29 and Tuesday a memorial service was held at the college which she illustriously served. The exercises were led by Rabbi F. S. Rypins, of Temple Emanuel, the Jewish church in Greensboro of which Miss Spier was a member, and on the program were faculty members and classmates who paid just tribute to a well spent life.

Restriction and persecution have driven the Jews from one country to another, but wherever they have been accorded the right of citizenship they have shown themselves to be thoroughly loyal and contributing their share toward the upbuilding of the communities in which they live. The Jews have often, as did Miss Spier, contributed to the intellectual and artistic advancement of life. They have always shown an aptitude for finance, and one of the reasons why they are being hounded from Germany is because they control so much German wealth. An anti-Jewish speaker stated in Berlin recently that the Jews still possess 60 per cent of Berlin's real estate and capital of approximately 8,000,000 marks ($3,200,000,000.)

—Smithfield Herald.

# CITRUS LIMONIA

**By Charles Doubleyo**

The lemon is native to India, where this valuable fruit has been cultivated for at least 2,500 years. Gradually its cultivation spread westward, and about the time of the Crusades the Arabs had extended its culture into Northern Africa and the European lands bordering the Mediterranean. Now the lemon is extensively grown particularly in Italy, Spain and Portugal. It is also an important crop of tropical and sub-tropical countries generally.

Lemon culture in California began about 1850. It did not assume the proportions of an important branch of the citrus industry until about the close of the nineteenth century. Now, California's production of 5,000,000 to 6,500,000 boxes constitutes about ninety-nine per cent of the total American lemon crop.

At one time the lemon industry of Florida was in a flourishing condition. But a severe freeze in the winter of 1894-5 proved ruinous, and now lemons are produced mainly for for local market. The same can be said of some of the other Southern states where lemons are cultivated.

The lemon tree is a small evergreen of from ten to twenty feet that is even more susceptible to frost than the orange tree. In favorable location it flowers all the month. The long willowy branches are meagerly clothed with pale, green leaves. The small purplish flowers are less fragrant than the pleasant scented orange blossoms. On the whole it is not so attractive a tree as the orange.

Since lemons do not keep well if allowed to ripen on the tree, they are gathered while still green and placed on trays in cool, dark rooms. Slowly ripening, the rind, while gaining in toughness, also becomes thinner and more pliable.

Besides the wide use of the lemon as food and drink, the citric acid obtained from the juice is used in dyeing and calico printing.

Lemon oil or extract, pressed from the peel, is highly valued by housewives for flavoring. By many it is preferred to vinegar as an ingredient in sauces and salad dressings. This extract is likewise used as a basis of certain perfumes and goes into the manufacture of fine furniture polish.

The lemon has long been known as a preventive of scurvy. This disease was fairly common among sailors on the long voyages during the old days of sailing and was generally brought on by a lack of fresh vegetables in the diet.

The fruit of the lemon tree—that is, the lemon—is classed by botanists as a berry!

---

Does a star notice a worm? Ask yourself this question when envious tongues speak evil of you—and then shine on!

—Exchange.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Thurman Lynn, of Cottage No. 2, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon, to receive treatment for a fractured elbow, sustained while playing at the athletic field. He returned to the School on Friday.

---

Notwithstanding the heavy frosts which have recently visited us, we are still enjoying some fine tomatoes. They were gathered green prior to the coming of the last heavy frost, and stored away to ripen. We hope to have ripe tomatoes for our Christmas dinner.

---

Had it not been for the recent rains, the entire Fall plowing for Spring crops would have been completed. This has been the finest Fall for outdoor work that we have seen in many years. Our farm manager reports that more than two hundred acres have been plowed during the past six weeks.

---

The prohibition on the hunting of birds having been removed a few days ago, has caused a number of the members of our official family to become somewhat restless. They are anxious to get out and try their skill as marksmen in an effort to bag the bob-whites. Some of these fellows have made several hunting trips this week, but we have not heard any reports as to what success they attained, so we are unable to say whether or not any of them have been able to bag the daily limit of fifteen birds. However, we feel quite sure all such information will be brought out during the "bull" sessions which usually follow hunting and fishing trips.

---

Mrs. H. L. Ridenhour, who lives near Concord, accompanied by her little daughter, Edna; Juanita Eudy and Elaine Horton, 7th grade pupils of the Winecoff School, were visitors here last Wednesday afternoon. They were shown through The Uplift office and other departments of the institution by Superintendent Boger.

---

We were delighted to note that Mrs. S. E. Barnhardt, Mrs. George H. Richmond and Mrs. Leslie Bell, all of Concord, increased our boys' reading matter very much recently by supplying them with quite a number of very fine magazines. We wish to take this opportunity to thank these good ladies for their kindly interest in the boys on this and many previous occasions.

---

Some extra life has been developed around the School in the last few days by the influx of carpenters, concrete workers, bricklayers, and other workers, preparatory to the erection of the swimming pool, dairy barns, cannery, laundry, poultry houses, etc. These

projects have been made possible through donations, State appropriations and PWA grants. This group of workers will be busy for several months in the completion of these projects.

---

Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., of Concord, has again shown his interest in the boys of the Jackson Training School, by recognizing the value of play in their lives. This time he sent six standard footballs to be used among them. We have a sneaking feeling that the result of the Thanksgiving Day game with the boys from Eastern Carolina Training School prompted Bill to encourage them to rise to even greater heights on the gridiron. Be that as it may, we wish to congratulate him on his knowledge as to what appeals to boys, and thank him for this splendid donation.

---

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the Day of Pentecost, and in his talk to the boys, he especially emphasized the fact that Christ's disciples and friends were gathered together with one accord on that memorable occasion, for one purpose—that of listening to the Master, getting final instructions as to how He wanted them to carry on the work which He had begun. They were all to work together for a common cause—that of spreading the Gospel to people of all nations.

The speaker then applied this lesson by telling the boys of the great success of the Duke University football team, which made such a wonderful record this year. He stated that the success of the team was not entirely due to one or two star players, but because all eleven of them worked together, not for individual glory, but for the success of the group as a whole.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle concluded by urging the boys to forget personal glory in all walks of life, and keep striving for the betterment of those around them, ever working for the improvement of community, state and nation. The grandstand player sometimes wins a game for his team, but his chief aim is for personal glory rather than working for the good of the team. We must endeavor to help others as we go along life's great highway, always keeping in mind that we are working for the good of mankind, and not for ourselves.

---

Jealousy is the untintentional compliment that small souls pay to their superiors. No man is jealous of the fellow he considers below him. So jealously is the unwritten admission of the other fellow's superiority.—Selected.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

**Week Ending December 4, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(2) Clyde Gray 2
(2) Gilbert Hogan 2
(2) Leon Hollifield 2
(2) Edward Johnson 2
(2) James Kissiah 2
(2) Edward Lucas 2
Robert Maples
C. L. Snuggs

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(2) Rex Allred 2
(2) Jack Broome 2
(2) William G. Bryant 2
Henry Cowan
Eugene Edwards
(2) Edgar Harrellson 2
Porter Holder
Horace Journigan
H. C. Pope
Howard Roberts
Latha Warren

**COTTAGE No. 2**

(No Honor Roll)

**COTTAGE No. 3**

Jewell Barker
Earl Barnes
Frank Crawford
(2) James C. Cox 2
Coolidge Green
(2) William McRary 2
(2) Warner Peach 2
Kenneth Raby
Earl Weeks
Jerome W. Wiggins

**COTTAGE No. 4**

(2) Wesley Beaver 2
Paul Briggs
Ernest Davis
(2) Lewis Donaldson 2
(2) James Hancock 2
Hugh Kennedy
(2) John King 2
Ivan Morrozoff
(2) George Newman 2
(2) Fred Pardon 2
(2) Lloyd Pettus 2
(2) Hyress Taylor 2
(2) Melvin Walters 2
(2) Leo Ward 2
R. V. Wells
(2) James Wilhite 2
Cecil Wilson

**COTTAGE No. 5**

William Brothers
(2) Lindsey Dunn 2
William Kirksey
(2) Richard Palmer 2
Elmer Talbert
Ned Waldrop
(2) Dewey Ware 2
George Wright

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Robert Bryson
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 2
Martin Crump
(2) Robert Dunning 2
Noah Ennis
(2) Clinton Keen 2
(2) Randall D. Peeler 2
Canipe Shoe
(2) Joseph Tucker 2

**COTTAGE No. 7**

(2) William Beach 2
(2) Carl Breece 2
(2) Archie Castlebury 2
(2) John Deaton 2
Donald Earnhardt
(2) William Estes 2
(2) Blaine Griffin 2
(2) Caleb Hill 2
(2) Robert Hampton 2
(2) Hugh Johnson 2
(2) Robert Lawrence 2
Marshall Pace
Dewey Sisk
(2) Earthy Strickland 2
William Tester

(2) Ed Woody 2
(2) William Young 2

**COTTAGE No. 8**

(2) J. B. Devlin 2
Edward J. Lucas
(2) Edward McCain 2
(2) John Penninger 2
(2) Charles Presnell

**COTTAGE No. 9**

James Bunnell
Edgar Burnette
Carol Clark
James Coleman
George Duncan
Wilbur Hardin
John Hendrix
Eugene Presnell
Thomas Sands
Cleveland Suggs
Thomas Wilson
Horace Williams

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Allen Bledsoe
Ralph Carver
J. D. Hildreth
Felix Littlejohn
James Penland
Oscar Smith
Torrence Ware

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(2) Charles Bryant 2
Harold Bryson
Julius Fagg
(2) Baxter Foster 2
(2) Earl Hildreth 2
(2) William Hudgins 2
(2) Clyde Hoppes 2
(2) Edward Murray 2
Donald Newman
(2) Julius Stevens 2
Thomas Shaw
(2) John Uptegrove 2

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(2) Burl Allen 2
(2) Alphus Bowman 2
(2) Allard Brantley 2
James Elders
Max Eaker
(2) Charlton Henry 2
Franklin Hensley
(2) Alexander King 2
(2) Thomas Knight 2
Tillman Lyles
(2) Clarence Mayton 2
(2) William Powell 2
James Reavis
(2) Carl Singletary 2
Avery Smith
William Trantham
George Tolson
(2) Leonard Watson 2
(2) J. R. Whitman 2
Leonard Wood
Ross Young

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(2) Jack Foster 2
(2) William Griffin 2
(2) James V. Harvel 2
George Hedrick
Isaac Hendren
Bruce Kersey
Harry Leagon
Irvin Medlin
(2) Thomas R. Pitman 2
(2) Alexander Woody 2

**COTTAGE No. 14**

(2) Monte Beck 2
John Church
(2) Harry Connell 2
John Ham
David Hensley
(2) James Kirk 2
John Kirkman
Feldman Lane
(2) Henry McGraw 2
Fred McGlammery
Troy Powell
Thomas Trantham
(2) Junior Woody 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

Leonard Buntin
Albert Hayes
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(2) Joseph Hyde 2
(2) Robert Kinley 2
(2) Cleo King 2
Clarence Lingerfelt
James McGinnis
(2) Paul Ruff 2
(2) Rowland Rufty 2
Richard Thomas
Arvel Ward
George Worley

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

(2) Filmore Oliver 2
(2) Curley Smith 2

# AIR-CONDITIONED
# COACHES

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

# AIR-CONDITIONED
**PULLMAN CARS • DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

DEC 17 1938
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 17, 1938 No. 50

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## PRAYER

In this mad hour,
When nations, petulant as children in the night.
Cry down appeal to reason, and resort
To arms; when men and ships
Come home to us from all the seven seas
As bloodstained doves returning to the ark—
May Chance and Deity make firm
The shutters of our house, and keep alive
Upon our hearth the flame of brotherhood.

—James A. Quinby.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| THE MODERN PIED PIPER | By Dr. Kendall Emerson | 10 |
| THE HEART OF ON INDIAN | By "Full Moon" | 13 |
| WHEN THE STARS FELL | (The State) | 15 |
| THE VALUE OF A MINUTE | By Kate S. Gates | 17 |
| WHO IS TO BLAME? | By Pauline H. Thomas | 19 |
| THE YELLOW BOTTLE | By Mabel McKee | 20 |
| INSTITUTION NOTES | | 26 |
| COTTAGE HONOR ROLL | | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## UNPURCHASABLE

Money cannot buy for a man the inspiration that enables him to work out his business plans. You can copy a man's work, his produce, or his method, but you cannot copy his mind.

Money cannot buy a reputation, cannot buy the gift of courtesy, a sense of the fitness of things or the power that is back of a man which gives him vision.

Wihout an unpurchasable mind-power you cannot develop an unpurchasable man-power.

The mind-power and the man-power, representing quality as distinct from quantity, present the difference between the successful and unbeatable organization and that which is one leap ahead of the sheriff.

There is nothing mysterious about the ability to succeed. It is merely a matter of common sense and common honor.

Think, see and act straight—such is the secret of the road which leaps up and out.—Selected.

## WHAT ABOUT BOYS TOWN?

After seeing the picture "Boy's Town" at a down town theatre a week or so ago one heard many comments both for and against such a system of social rehabilitation. Some even went so far as to say that it was all "In the movies," and that there was no such place as "Boy's Town."

Be that as it may, and should Boys Town be a ficticious place the moral of the movie would be beyond reproach. Any picture, story, or song that has a moral, the advancement of American youth, is a worthwhile endeavor and should be taken for its face value.

But, as most of us know, there is such a place as Boys Town and its founder and supervisor is Father Flannagan, who has done all the picture showed, and a whole lot more, toward the upbuilding of many American boys regardless of race or creed.

Naturally, we at the Training School, are greatly interested in boys and their future and any person who shows the same leaning or inclination is on our side. Thus we feel that the picture "Boy's Town" is an exhibition of sentiment akin to our own.

Why should Boys Town be located only near the city of Omaha? Why cannot every city, every town, every community have its own boys town? It need not be composed of large well furnished brick buildings set in beautiful surroundings of trees and flowers. It can be built in the hearts of men and women everywhere and instead of highly spirited meetings in huge auditoriums and halls where they gather around and tell about what should be done, let action take place.

Let them go out and hunt for the kid that is in trouble; see that he gets a break; give him a hand over the rough places and then stand back and say, "See, there is my Boys Town."

Yes, there is a Boys Town and a Father Flannagan and he visited our school several years ago giving one of the most inspiriational talks ever heard in our auditorium. Yes, there is a Father Flannagan and may God bless him and his work.

—The Riverside, Minnesota State Training Sschool.

* * * * * * *

## THE HUNTING SEASON

It is not unusual to see daily men of different degrees socially with gun and dogs finding their way to the fields to bag the wild game. This is a sport in which the majority of men liket o prove themselves true Nimrods. Neither is it unusual to hear of casualties during the hunting season. Hunters cannot be too careful.

Realizing the toll of human life the National Rifle Association gives hints, if read and observed, that will be the means of curtailing accidents that bring sorrow to a myriad of homes:

1. Treat every gun with respect due a loaded gun. This is the cardinal rule of gun safety.

2. Carry only empty guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp and home. Do not load your gun until you are actually in the field and hunting—unload it the moment you leave.

3. Always be sure that the barrel and action are clear of ob-

structions. In heavy brush or snow open the action and glance through the barrel occasionally.

4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle even if you stumble. Keep a firm grip on the small of the stock—you wouldn't merely balance a stick of dynamite on your shoulder.

5. Always be sure of your target. If you can't be sure, don't shoot.

6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot. Keep the muzzle of the gun pointing away from any part of your own body and from any other person, especially when loading, unloading, taking off the safety or working the action.

7. Never leave your gun unattended for a moment, unless you unload it first.

8. Never climb a tree or a fence with a loaded gun. Put your gun through or over the fence, then pick it up from the other side.

9. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface or the surface of the water. Richochets travel in unforeseen directions.

10. Gunpower and alcohol mix into a deadly potion. If men have to have liquor while in the hunting field, keep them away from the guns. Injured feelings are easier to repair than injured bodies.

* * * * * * *

## PRESIDENT HONORED

Great crowds greeted President Roosevelt as he toured the Old North State. This was especially true at Durham and Chapel Hill where the University of North Carolina conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Law. A contemporary gives expression to the fact that it was "the best gift we could give him, unless it was a loyalty to his guidance of this nation and his honesty to benefit and better humanity."

Dr. Graham, president of the University, in conferring the degree made a master speech, many consider he at this time excelled himself, and term the following the master speech of his career:

"Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the University of North Carolina welcomes you, not only as the leader of the people of America boldly groping for a way out of economic depression, but also as the

leader of the people of the world valiantly hoping for a way forward from democratic retreat and international despair.

"Through your leadership, the voice and ideals of America are counting on the side of oppressed minorities and disinherited majorities. The America for which you gallantly speak, inclusive of factions and parties, stands for the freedom of open and wide discussion of all issues and a fair hearing to all sides; for the ways of peace and democracy rather than of war and dictatorship; for a new hope to youth and a more equal education opportunity to all children in all the states; for the right to honest work whether in private industry or on public works; for humane nation-wide minimum standards of hours, wages, and conditions of fair competition in justice to workers and businessmen; for money as the medium of exchange rather than as master labor and enterprise; for the saving of our soils, minerals, forests, and waterpower; for the security of banks, farms, industries, and homes; for farmers as equal partners in our economic society; for the advancement of American democracy by more equality of bargaining power through the organization of workers, the co-operation of farmers, and information of consumers; for social security against old age, unemployment, sickness, and the hazards of modern society; for intelligent production as a way of abundance and decent consumption as a way of life; and for a more abundant distribution of the good life for all people in the eternal adventure toward the kingdom of God.

"In appreciation of the Democratic faith and the humane hopes your American leadership gives to the people of the world in this time of crisis and bewilderment, the University of North Carolina, by the vote of the faculty and the trustees, confers upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws."

* * * * * * *

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Just last week one of the boys of The Uplift office in a most interested manner asked "if it were not time to begin carrying the "Christmas Cheer Fund." We did not realize that Christmas was right here, so decided to publicize the fact as we have in the past.

To us who have passed the Santa Claus age we do not have the anticipations of childhood, but to the youngsters Christmas would

be dull without Santa Claus. There are hundreds of our young boys who have no one to even so much as write them a Christmas card. Therefore, we present to the friends of the wayward boys the opportunity to contribute to their joy this 1938 Christmas. "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

## Christmas Cheer Fund

| | |
|---|---|
| 8-7-8 | $25.00 |
| A. G. Odell, Concord | 10.00 |
| A Friend, Charlotte | 1.00 |
| L. D. Coltrane | 5.00 |
| Herman Cone, Greensboro | 25.00 |
| E. C. Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Davidson County | 5.00 |
| Judge William M. York, Greensboro | 5.00 |
| Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin | 10.00 |
| Williard Newton, Pasadena, Calif. | 2.50 |
| A Friend, | 5.00 |

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

CREED FOR LIVING

"I believe in laughter,
And joy that fills each day,
And hearts that overbubble
With laughter while they play.

"And I believe in sympathy
That catches quick to save
Until a step be firm again,
Until a heart be brave."

---

Playing a craps game is a pair-'a-dice for the gambler.

---

The old-fashioned girls were shy on holding a man's hand. The girls of today won't let go.

---

The best, surest, and most satisfactory way to handle your obligations: pay them. You'll experience a wonderful gratification.

---

There is one self-evident fact in this life that most people overlook. That is if you want to save money you must cut down on the things you most enjoy.

---

The mayor in one of our Southern cities suggests that all policemen should be allowed to enforce the law. That is quite a novel idea. But there is something in it.

---

"More men can stand adversity than prosperity," a philosopher tells us. Perfectly natural that they should, because they have had more experience along that line.

---

One specie of selfishness that is admired in any one, and that is when one is keeping his troubles to himself. Other people have enough of their own not to take on other peoples.

---

Out in Ohio a man has started a "Don't Worry" club. Now he is worrying how to get members to stick to the tenets of the organization. So you see people can worry over worry.

---

In the affairs of this life, and to get the better results, it is better to have a vital faith than a vague hope. Faith is the force of life. Faith is necessary to victory. It creates the thing in which it believes.

---

The great season of gift-giving is about to get us in its grip. The Christmas spirit is giving. And when you give, give with joy, smiling. But the greatest gifts of all cometh from above in their own peculiar form.

---

The devil does not tempt people whom he finds suitably employed. When his Satanic Majesty does find an idler, he begins to work on him in a vigorous manner. Don't let the devil find thee idle. If he does it's his workshop.

---

Thank God for difficulties! March out to meet them with high courage! Wrestle with them with the spirit of a conquering chief! Remember this statement from Epictecus: "God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a tough and stalwart antagonist that you may prove a victor of Great Games."

I see where Mr. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific railroad, says he has to come East every month to attend meetings of his railroad board, and that he was always glad to get back to his Omaha home because the folks out West had more smiles. Wonder if this is so. This statement struck me, and I've kinda had it on my mind ever since I read it. Thinks I to myself, I'll practice it. But do you know, I've not found a single person who did not smile back since I put on my smile campaign, if I smiled first, from the dignified capitalist, the horny-handed son oftoil, the policeman, the shoe-shine boys, even to the babes in arms. After all, a smile is a wonderfully catching thing. Can you refuse to smile at the fellow who smiles at you? Smiles are the radios of gladness when the heart pulls the wires of benevolence.

———

There is nothing so good in the world that somebody doesn't periodically try to destroy it. That is true of the life insurance industry, which has been the butt of a number of books all designed to show it defrauds an unsuspecting public. Without attempting to go into the technicalities involved, the best possible answer that can be made to these attacks is the record of the industry. Every one of us knows people who have been saved from living on charity in old age, by life insurance, wisely bought and increased during their productive years. And we know more people who have faced a poverty-stricken old age—because they didn't have adequate life insurance. During good years and bad, life insurance pours hundreds of millions into the pocketbooks of America. It is inextricably related to our world-beating standard of living. It's easy to criticize—but it's impossible to dispute the facts.

---

A group of workmen, so the story goes, were hoisting into place the last block of a huge marble shaft. It was a rush job. They were using the multiple-block rope-hoist from a derrick, which was too short by a mere half inch to permit them to swing the block, weighing several tons, into position There was not time to rebuild the derrick. The men were frantic.

The counsel of an engineer was sought. His reply was immediate and definite: "Hoist'er as high as she'll go, hold'er there, and soak those ropes with water from your hose."

That was all there was to it; the shrink in the rope gave the block half an inch and more to spare. Any of us who have been in a tent in a rainstorm know what water does to a rope, but, not being engineers, most of us don't apply that knowledge.

—Selected.

# THE MODERN PIED PIPER

**By Dr. Kendall Emerson**

The Pied Piper, no doubt, drove a hard bargain with the citizens of Hamelin. He rid the city of vermin for a certain price. When the frugal burghers would not pay the bill, the Piper, with the seductive strains of his flute, lured thousands of beloved children to their doom.

This is the story of a single disaster, but the legend comes down to us as the traditional symbol of wasted youth, the irretrievable loss of childhood's promise unfulfilled. Today in another guise the Pied Piper leads to oblivion thousands of young Americans every year. The Piper takes the form of preventable disease and unsuspicious children follow him into the mountain cave from which there is no return. The fathers and mothers of this country hear his sinister music, but through heedlessness or ignorance refuse to pay the price necessary to thwart the annual disaster.

Four thousand of our children under the age of fifteen die each year from tuberculosis, a preventable disease, a disease which in all innocence they acquire from their parents or near relatives or friends, too careless to take the needful precautions to protect those babies whose welfare they believe themselves to hold most dear. The Pied Piper's deadly work was finished in a day. Ours goes on from year to year. How long before we can take firm steps to stop the spread of infection?

In the Children's Charter, President Hoover laid down the principle that every child should have a fair opportunity to grow up in an environment free from exposure to infectious disease. How many fathers, how many mothers, know that they are not potential spreaders of some such disease among their children? How many of us take the simple precautions to assure ourselves that we are fit for parenthood? Every prospective mother should have an early X-ray examination of her chest as insurance against the possibility of having latent tuberculosis which may develop with great rapidity, as is too often the case after the birth of her child. Members of the baby's family should have a tuberculin test and chest X-rays if necessary, while neighbors and relatives in contact with known cases of the disease should never be allowed to come near or handle infants or children in their earlier years.

It is a curious phenomenon to see how quickly panic strikes into our homes if a child down the street develops diptheria or scarlet fever. We go into a voluntary and uncomfortable quarantine to avoid the danger. Yet the risk of infection is of the mildest. Moreover, for both of these diseases we have specific treatments which render them relatively harmless, thanks to modern medical knowledge. In the case of tuberculosis we have no certain cure, our quarantine is at best half-hearted, while the deaths from this disease in infancy are far more numerous than from the other two.

This behavior on the part of American parents is not really due to

thoughtlessness or lack of love for children. It is because of a lack of knowledge of the nature of this terrible epidemic disease, tuberculosis. Most other infectious diseases herald their approach abruptly with symptom that give alarm and cause prompt disability and definitely painful symptoms. Tuberculosis in an infectious stage may lurk in the lungs of any of us without producing recognizable evidence of its presence. People live many years of active life with slight cough and expectoration, a bit thin perhaps, but that may be a family characteristic, and all these years there may be living tubercle germs in their expectoration. Unwittingly they may be playing the part of the Pied Piper if they are in contact with young children. It is not good sportsmanship to take such a chance when the means of proving or disproving the danger are so readily at hand through the medium of the X-ray picture of the chest and the examination of the sputum.

For many years doctors have preached the doctrine of early diagnosis in tuberculosis. Again and again it has been repeated that it is unsafe to await the development of the so-called classical symptoms of the disease, loss of weight, fever, malaise, indigestion and blood spitting. These are advanced symptoms and indicate that the disease itself has already been gnawing away inside our lungs for weeks or months or perhaps years. The Socratic dictum, "Know thyself," referred not alone to the mind and the personality, but to the body as well. In ancient Grecian days medical knowledge could go but a little way in aiding the curious to learn the true state of their physical health. Today all that is changed. Only the inertia of the human animal restrains him from intimate acquaintance with this essential knowledge.

The following advice is not for yourself alone, although it will prove thoroughly profitable from that angle; it is for your children first and foremost. Consult your doctor twice a year to assure yourself that you are a fit companion for your own children and for their little playmates, the children of your neighbors. Don't let your physician turn you off with a compliment to your rosy cheeks and your clear, untired eyes. Have him put you through the rigid routine that would be required by an insurance company. Surely the protection of your children is as important during life as is the provision for their future after you are dead.

Many animal races have succumbed in the ceasless struggle for survival. Others have continued, but at a fearful sacrifice of their individual members. They have lacked the essential knowledge vouchsafed humanity in regard to health, prevention of disease, the protection of their young. A baby is a very precious possession. Shall we deny him those safeguards with which our higher wisdom can surround him?

The fight to eradicate tuberculosis has reached a point where the work of physicians, public health and nursing services are balked by apathy on the part of the population at large. It was not so difficult to arouse terror in the hearts of the people fifty years ago when his disease led all others as the first cause of death at all ages. Today it has been driven to a lower rank. But it is still one of the major menaces especially in the first year of

life. On the other hand, we have the machinery to get rid of it forever. Enlistment of a thoroughly informed and earnest public is the resource still needed to bring this about. If we begin with the protection of our children we can release our grandchildren from the menace of tuberculosis, which since earlist history has been the most inveterate and uncompromising of all the great epidemics which from time to time have threatened to exterminate the human race.

The Pied Piper of preventable disease demands his pay. We can continue to withold it; or we can meet his terms with the wisdom and the money needed to stop forever the recurring tragedy of ancient Hamelin.

---

## NEVER GROW INDIFFERENT

"Oh, children, come and look at the sunset." The watcher at the window who called the occupants of the nursery to see the glory of the western sky, was long past three score years and ten. Night after night for three-quarters of a century she had seen the sun sink to rest amid clouds of purple and gold, and yet her face was as radiant as if she saw the marvelous pageant for the first time. And that explains why though her hair is silver and her face lined, her spirit is as young and ardent as ever.

Most of us get used to things too quickly. The sky bright with the colors of dawn, or sprinkled with stars, a fruit tree in blossom, the incoming tide, a daisy field in June, all these are part of the wonder and beauty of life. But the majority of people are used to them long before they have reached an age to appreciate them, and they go on through life indifferent to the glory which envelopes each day. There are people who are old in middle life, for nothing interests them any longer. The best way to keep youth in the heart is to continue responsive to the beauty and mystery of life. Be on your guard against getting used to things—The Way.

# THE HEART OF AN INDIAN

By "Full Moon"

The big, bright moon sent a silvery beam across a dingy Navajo Indian hut in New Mexico half a century ago. "What is that," asked a suffering mother. "Oh, that—" was the reply, "that is the full moon shining through the windows." "The full moon," repeated the woman; "I shall call my son which the Great Spirit has given me, 'Full Moon.'"

Full Moon's real name is Ramona Jeremiah di Norge (pronounced Norjha). His father was a smooth-faced Navajo Indian, and his mother was a red-haired Irish woman. He was educated at the Allison James Indian Mission School at Santa Fe. His father's people disown him because he is the son of a white woman; his mother's people claim no kin because he is the son of an Indian father. Full Moon goes about lecturing, singing, and writing benedictions. He writes backward and forward equally well, both clearly and legibly. He speaks English perfectly. The following were excerpts from his memoirs, and from interviews in the editor's office.

The attitude of too many pale faces toward the Indian is one of settled prejudice, amounting to antagonism. It strengthens the barriers between the two races, and prohibits any thorough understanding of a people naturally kind, intelligent, and capable, yet unhappy.

For four hundred years the white man has taken from the Indian his most precious possessions. The Indian has been an easy victim. And so he wraps his blanket around him and holds himself aloof from "civilization."

In our Indian villages it is an unheard-of thing for one to lock his door against another. Nor is any man left to suffer hunger while his neighbor has food. We hear of how the white man dares not go to his rest at night without locking his door against some thieving intruder of his own race. In cites we hear of how they shoot down, without warning, innocent men and women, until some dare not venture out. We hear of how there are long lines of hungry men waiting for a bite of bread or a spoonful of soup—men who would work, but cannot find it; also men who could work, but will not.

We Indians, whom the white man is trying to "civilize," see that only a few years ago the fields were rich in all that man could wish for his health and happiness, but by civilization's complicated system of commerce, its soul-devastating scramble for money, its ruinour political system for power, it has forgotten the simple elementary need of man for food, clothing and shelter.

So, the Indian goes his way and smiles, because the white man presumes to say that his way is best—that the Indian is savage, and the white man is civilized. It is quite evident to us Indians that the white man has ruthlessly destroyed the generous gifts of the Great Spirit.

We Indians are not always alseep, even though we may appear to be lazy and indifferent. It is at such times that we are thinking and planning.

The Indian's mind is alert and intelligent. Among us there are philosophers, artists, orators, musicians, and even dreamers. We do not offer our gifts to the world because we feel our race is looked down upon, and considered inferior, and so our efforts would be fruitless. Very seldom in this land, which was the Indian's, is he given a fighting chance. But our Indian boys were callled to service in the World War, and some of them never returned; others came back blind and maimed.

The Indian's question is, why in this great country of plenty, do such inequalities exist? The Indian, whose country was taken from him, must fight life's battles against overwhelming odds. The Indian stands in need of sympathetic understanding rather than scientific study. Like the white man, he has his limitations, but indulges in the same ambitions and cravings to reach his goal.

---

## THE POSTAGE STAMP

There was a little postage stamp,
No bigger than your thumb,
But still it stuck right on the job
Until its work was done.

They licked it and they pounded it,
Till it would make you sick;
But the more it took the lickin',
Why, the tighter it would stick.

Let's be like the postage stamp
In playing life's big game;
And stick to what we know is right,
And we can't miss our aim.

—Selected.

# WHEN THE STARS FELL

## (The State)

That radio broadcast the other Sunday night—wherein a fictitious invasion of the Earth by soldiers from Mars took place—created a great sensation in North Carolina, as well as all over the country. However, from the standpoint of hysteria, terror and wholesale fright, there probably will never be anything like the display of meteors which occurred in this and other states on November 13, 1833—more than a hundred years ago.

That was the occasion when nervous, superstitious and easily frightened individuals really went to town. That was when slaves by the thousand stormed the "big houses," pleading for protection. That was when the roughest element in various communities made a dash for the churches in order to get right with their God.

Nothing like it was ever seen before, and nothing like it has ever been seen since. The radio broadcast, referred to above, was as nothing by way of comparison.

Looking back through the files of the Raleigh Register in the State Library, we came across this item in the issue of November 15, 1833.

"On Wednesday morning last, our attention was called to one of the most sublime meteoric displays that we have ever witnessed. It was indeed a grand and imposing spectacle. The whole firmament apeared to be giving up the ghost: the very floor of heaven seemed to be falling, dissolving, passing away.

"From the zenith to the horizon, on every side, the space was filled with what seemed falling stars: some gliding gently downward, some with an irregular and hesitating motion, some rushing madly from their spheres—all with a grandeur which no language can describe.

"The exhibition was continued until by reason of the rising sun these innumerable lesser lights were no longer visible.

"The occasion was to many, of course, the cause of great alarm: to some, through ignorance; and to others from a constitutional propensity to superstition and fondness for the marvelous.

"It is said that prayers were offered from lips that scarce e'er prayed before; that many, who rarely bestow a serious thought in retrospect on a life of sin, seemed now to hear a voice in Nature, as 'twere of God, urging them to repent."

Yes, sir: they certainly must have been plenty frightened when that wonderful spectacle took place.

Not only in newspapers accounts but also in church records and in various biographies do we find information about the spectacular event.

Poor and ignorant Whites, as well as many thousands of Negro slaves, went almost mad from fright. In smaller communities, the people gathered in churches and prayed all night long. In rural sections, farmers left their homes and hurried with their families to the homes of neighbors in order that they might not be alone when the world came to an end.

That one fact—that the world was coming to an end—seemed uppermost in the minds of most people of that

period. They were sure that the meteoric shower was only a prelude to the complete devastation that was about the follow. And so they fled; to other houses, to the churches, and wherever else a group of them might huddle together, finding comfort in the presence which company always lends in hours of great duress.

The meteoric display started about two or three o'clock in the morning and as the account in the Raleigh Register indicates, lasted until the light of the sun obliterated the manifestation in the heavens.

Astronomers of that day and time apparently were agreed that it was due to unusual weather conditions. A protracted spell of warm weather was followed by a sudden cold snap, and this change is believed to have had some effect upon the heavens and to have brought about the meteoric display. Regardless of what caused it, the fact remains that very few people in states east of the Mississippi did any sleping that night. In the cities and towns, men and women went from house to house, awakening friends and neighbors in order that they might get ready for the end of the world. Screams of terror echoed and re-echoed all night long from the quarters of slaves. Even the animals were terror-stricken, and for weeks afterwards much time was taken up in trying to locate stray horses, hogs, and cows.

It must have been a great occasion, and judging from all accounts and records it is entitled to first prize in so far as producing a real scare is concerned.

The radio broadcast the other night can't begin to hold a candle to it.

---

## LEADERS OBEY FIRST

"If you two girls were boys," said Uncle Frank, "I think Marian would stand the better chance of becoming the general of an army." His twelve-year-old niece, Margery, turned questioning eyes on him. Her twin sister, Marian, had just run upstairs in answer to mother's "Come up here, girls."

"Yes," continued Uncle Frank. "People who are advanced to positions of command are those who have learned first to obey. Marian went at once in response to mother's call, and mother is still waiting for Margery."

Margery was off like an arrow.

Perhaps the girl who drops into slack habits of obedience hardly realizes how much she is limiting her own future. If we can't make ourselves obey a call, how can we lead others? Positions requiring leadership and control have to be given to those who themselves have first learned to obey. Be a general in your own heart. Make yourself drop at once the thing you are doing to do the thing which you are asked to do.—The Way.

# THE VALUE OF A MINUTE

**By Kate S. Gates**

"Uncle Tom, anyone would think to hear you talk that it was a dreadful thing to waste a minute. A minute does not amount to anything, anyway."

"I was brought up to believe that time is precious," was Uncle Tom's rather grave reply, "and I think it is. If you waste it you cannot get it back, not even a minute, though, like England's dying Queen, you offer millions for it.

"Oh, but yau cannot accomplish anything worth mentioning in a minute."

"Don't be too sure of that, my boy. I was reading the other day of a man who was offered a farm in South Africa for a suit of clothes. At first he thought that even that was too much to give for what appeared to be only a heap of rocks, and he went away. But he heard strange tales of valuable diamonds having been found in just such rocky tracts, so he finally decided to take it. He went back, only to find that it had been sold and that the papers had been signed three minutes before he got there. Shortly afterwards the land proved an almost inexhaustible diamond mine, worth millions."

Another big fortune was lost by less than two minutes. It was out in California when new and valuable land which had been prospected was to be allotted in large claims. Those who wanted to get them had to "peg out,' their portions and then deposit their papers at a register's office.

There were often exciting races, won usually by the best horseman with the greatest endurance.

The best claim there, now known as the "Lo Patis" mine, worth over $400,000, was discovered by a man who suspected from a hasty inspection that it was exceedingly valuable. But there were others of the same opinion, and on the appointed day over forty riders appeared for the forty-mile-and-back race.

Burton Neville who was the first man to suspect the great value of the claim was the first man on the ground. He marked his claim, and started on the race back.

When he was only a mile from the registry office his horse foundered!

He dismounted and ran on foot the rest of the way, but found someone had got ahead of him and had registered his claim two minutes before he got there!

The old saying is: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," is just as true as of minutes as of pence. Make good use of them and you will have no wasted days or years to regret.

"I once heard of a man who spent all his spare time for fifteen years trying to balance a broom on his chin. I also heard of a young man who made his spare time count for something worth while.

"He was a poor young man and had not had much chance to get an education. He was hardly more than a boy when he had to go to work. He started at the bottom in a big mercantile house. Frequently

when sent on errands he had to wait half an hur or more. It occurred to him to use that time studying Spanish because the business was connected with Spanish interests. In time he became so proficient in the language that he was of great assistance to his employers, and finally became one of the firm.

"You see the difference between the two men—one was worth while, and made good, as they say. The other—balanced a broom on his chin!"

## WHAT A GOOD TURN DID

Now that there is a great deal being said in the daily papers about Congressmen and Senators, a story that The Christian Advocate tells of one Congressman may attract attention. It is not unlike some stories told of Abraham Lincoln. This is how James Davis, member of the National House of Representatives, tells his own story:

One morning, when I was abount twenty, I was riding my horse into town when I met a boy who had been riding a mule loaded with a cack of corn. The sack had fallen off, and the boy was not able to replace it single handed.

I dismounted, took off my coat, and put the boy and the corn back on the mule. Then I went on and forgot all about it.

Nearly twenty years later I was a candidate for Congress in the primaries. I thought I didn't have much chance in one township which we called the 'enemy's country,' but was surprised to learn that some one there was very busy getting votes for me. I had no idea who he could be. In the end I was nominated by forty-seven votes.

At the county mass meeting which followed to celebrate the victory a big, sturdy young man elbowed his way through the crowd to the speakers' stand and held out his hand. "I don't suppose you know me," he said. And I had to admit that I did not.

"Well," he replied, "you may remember a boy and a mule and a sack of corn in the road 20 years ago. Three men passed him before you came along, but you, the fourth, stopped to help the boy, and I made up my mind that day if I ever had a chance to repay you for the good turn I would. My chance came the other day and I made good on it. We gave you a majority of 68 votes in our township.

That one little good turn made twenty years before, and long forgotten by me, elected me to Congress.

Long centuries ago a Hebrew wise man wrote, Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

—The Exposition.

# WHO IS TO BLAME?

**By Pauline Herr Thomas**

Today Jeanne rushed into the house crying, "Mother, Ned and Dolly threw my ring toss game into a tree." And yesterday, "Mother, Billy ran over my new teapot with his scooter." Still another time, "Mother, they've used up all my water colors and smashed the box."

"But, dear, why don't Billy and Ned and Dolly play with their own playthings?" I asked one day.

"Oh, they have no toys, Mother. They always smash them as soon as they get them," was the reply.

After a little investigation, I found that she was right. In fact, I saw the remains of some of them—a train of cars, a scooter, a doll carriage and fragments quite unrecognizable scattered on the cellar floor when I had occasaion to be there. I found, moreover, that the cellar floor is the only place the mother has ever been willing to spare them for their toys; they have never known the tidying influence of a cupboard or shelves, nor the desire to keep them there, that a place of their own instills. What could be the advantage of caring for the scooter or the carriage at play only to have it lie on the floor afterwards at the mercy of brother and sister who kick it out of their way?

While mother made apologies for the condition of the cellar floor, Billy came running in with the frame of a lampshade.

"What's that you have now?" demanded his mother. "Don't bring any more trash in here. Look at this floor!"

"Aw, Mother, I want to cover this shade to put in that house I made. Give me some stuff to cover it with, please!"

"Well, I guess I'll not waste any good material on that old thing. What would it look likt if you made it? It would look about as well as that house you've been tinkering at for weeks! You never finish anything, anyway. Next time I look, the house and lamp will be in pieces on this floor."

Of course, Billy hastened to fulfill mother's bit of prophecy by picking the house to pieces in his disgust.

Jeanne's complaints, as well as those of other neighbor's children, about the destruction done by Billy, Ned and Dolly are likely to continue. Such destructive habits are the natural outgrowth of the conditions in their home life—conditions which their mother has it in her power to alter.

A safe place all their own for their toys, a few words of encouragement when they attempt to make new ones —what pride she could awaken by providing these! Enough, indeed, to lessen the destruction of their own things and to awaken a new regard for the property of others.

---

**The most cruel prisons are the ones we build ourselves—out of rockbound prejudices.—Selected.**

# THE YELLOW BOTTLE

By Mabel McKee

The yellow bottle with the long, etched, blue initials held the place of honor on Jane's dressing table. Even the plain little alarm clock, so necessary to awaken her each morning, couldn't win a place in front of it. Often, though, she placed them side by side— the yellow bottle and the clock, murmuring to the clock, "Borrow a wee bit of its enchantment and I won't treat you so rough. Really I won't."

This hot morning, as she reached out a hand, weary to the fingertips, to shut off the jangling alarm, Jane forgot even the enchantment of the bottle. She didn't take it up in her hands as she usually did to lift out the quaint wooden cork and whiff at the bewillering scent it held.

Instead she stretched her arms above her head and scowled. She was quite sure the scowl was justified. Six o'clock was a tragically early hour for anyone to have to get up, especially someone who had been up until midnight the night before to cover a convention. If only she dared trust this one breakfast to Lucilee, she could get at least two hours' sleep before she had to dress for the office and her day's work. If only Lucilee wouldn't broil the bacon before she set the table; if only she didn't burn Clay's toast—

At the thought of Clay, Jane was out of bed, slipping her feet into red sandals that matched the stripes of her neglilgee, and bracing herself of the cold shower before her. She stopped at Clay's door to tap lightly and call," Time for the iceman to waken. The shower will be yours in ten minutes."

It was because high school was out and Jane's seventeen-year-old brother Clay was working for the ice company that her alarm clock struck at six instead of seven o'clock. Well she knew that substantial food, as well as heavy cakes of ice, was needed to build up Clay's muscle so he could make the varsity football team.

Then there was the matter of his wages. Boastingly he claimed he intended to save enough to finance his entire senior year at high school, and Jane, who financed the Haines home, except for the small annuity father had left her mother, certainly felt her brother's thrift deserved appreciation.

When her shower was done, she tapped again at Clay's door to make sure he was awake. At her mother's door she turned, ran to her bed, stooped to kiss her and murmur, "I'll have one cup of cocoa with Clay, darling, and then another when you and Jill are ready for breakfast. Now try to get another little nap, dear, for sleep like diet helps arthritis, you know."

The whole Haines family tried to speak lightly of mother's malady;tried to make each other believe that the wheelchair she now use was only temporary. Gaily they all ate green vegetables and salads with her. Daily each one of them spoke of something exciting they had planned to do when she was well.

When Clay's footsteps sounded on the stairway Jane poured two cups of cocoa and started broiling the bacon

he liked so well with a three-minute egg. His toast was wrapped in a fresh blue and white napkins. Close be side it was a little blue bowl of gooseberry marmalade that Jane herself had made a few weeks before.

"Lucilee still sleeping," Clay frowned. "You're easy, Jane. She went to bed early and you had to work late. I wonder why she thinks you pay her if it isn't to do at least a bit of work. Then you could have time for friends and recreation."

With Clay looking so tired because yesterday's heat had doubled the number of ice deliveries, Jane couldn't tell him that Lucilee had asked for another raise—this time for two dollars more a week. Instead she smiled, boasting, "No one can broil bacon to suit the Haines family so well as big sister. And well you know it."

"You bet, Jane!" Clay's voice was hearty. The eyes he turned toward the thin, crisp slices of bacon were hungry and pleased. "For proof I'll eat all this."

Before Clay had finished his toast and gooseberry marmalade and the front page of the morning newspaper, Jane heard the heavy-footed Lucilee moving about upstairs. Blithely she called to her, "Get my room in order, Lucy, while I make fruit jello and ice box cookies for dinner. I'll cook breakfast, too."

She thought, "If I hurry, I can iron my new embroidered callor and wear the tan linen dress today. It will look fresh against the heat."

From upstairs a minute later came a crash which brought a start and exclamation from Clay. "I hope it isn't a mirror," he muttered.

"There wasn't noise enough for that," Jane tried to be gay. She wanted him to go to work in a happy mood, for happiness might lighten the weight of the great cakes of ice he'd carry.

It wasn't until she had the collar ironed and the jello fixed that Jane knew Lucilee had broken her beloved yellow bottle. When she carried the collar into her room, she saw the pieces of it leaning against the homely alarm clock. A tiny stream of the precious scent had made a stain on the lace scarf on the dresser.

Dropping the collar, Jane took the pieces of the beautiful bottle in her hands aand caressed them as she had done her broken French doll when it had crashed on the sidewalk years before. With difficulty she kept from crying. Helplessly she held the three pieces into which the bottle was broken and murmured, "And I didn't take time this morning to whiff at the bit of perfume it held. Neither today nor any other day will be enchanted. Just dull, workaday days."

The yellow bottle had been a gift to Jane from her father. He had brought it back from a New York convention. His description of the quaint shop where he had found it had fascinated Jane almost as much as the gift. He had taken the wooden stopper from it and commented, "Breathe deely and then tell me if something hasn't thrown an enchanted glow over life."

"It does! It does!" she had cried.

Never in all the four years she had owned the bottle had Jane taken one drop of the precious perfume from it. It remained there just to be whiffed on weary mornings or at discouraged noons when she felt she needed something to "pep her up."

Now it was gone!

With gentle hands Jane carried the

three pieces of yellow china to the top drawer of her chest and tenderly stored them away. As she closed the drawer her face grew hard and she decided to do as some of her neighbors did—let Lucilee pay part of the cost of a new bottle. Only, of course, it wouldn't be yellow, teched with blue and holding such enchanted scent.

But she couldn't waste time grieving over the bottle now. She had to help to get the Haines home into a semblance of order and mother made comfortable, before she went to work. For Lucilee—the slow, complaining maid she could afford, claimed that caring for a sick person couldn't be included in the work of keeping house.

"The day will be a disappointment," she thought, "stark and hot and unhappy."

But she sang for pretened joy as she finished the breakfast and then went upstairs to wheel mother's chair out to the sun parlor where breakfast was often served on days like this. She sent little Jill with the flying curls and thin lawn dress to help Lucilee with the toast and cocoa.

Crossing the hall, she tapped at Julie's door. Time for all fifteen-year-old girls to be up, sleepyhead," she teased.

"I'm coming," a sleepy voice announced. "Jane I've hours of practicing to do to be in the tournament next week."

"I hoped you'd weed the flower beds," Jane suggested gently. "I'd like to have them so mother could see the rose moss of mornings. She loves it, you know."

She called Lucilee to see the table she had laid for breakfast on the sun porch. She gave an oration on the beauty of straight tablecloths and napkins. She showed how carefully she had trimmed the stems of the snapdragons so they were the right length for the tall vase.

When she stepped back and surveyed the table again, Jane tried not to remember the days before mother had become ill. A longing seized her to trail out to her own breakfast in the striped negligee, a longing for friends and fun, for which she no longer had time—she whose first responsibility was her home.

Hours afterward Jane told Keith Logsden, sport editor of The Beacon, where she wrote society notes and women's club meetings, that the broken yellow bottle had ruined her day.

"It sharpened your voice and made you more abrupt," he agreed. "Methinks I never heard you so brusque as you now are with people who want to give you news."

"I'm going to be like this always—hard—short—all business."

"You can't, Jane," he was sober instead of teasing now. "We all, even Anne Clews, expect you to be clever and gay. When I came up in the elevator at noon she asked if you were ill; said she hadn't seen you all morning."

"Anne Clews!"

Jane's gasp was sharp, horrified. "Oh, Keith," she said, "today is her birthday. When she told me that last week, I asked her to be my guest at luncheon today. I felt I had time for that, and she's so sad. When noon came I thought of my beautiful broken bottle and felt I couldn't eat, I forgot her."

"So that's the reason she wore her best dress today," Keith murmured. "I noticed she was all dressed up."

Contritely Jane declared, "I'm tak-

ing her home with me to dinner tonight. I made ice box cookies and jello dessert this morning, never dreaming we'd have company. Lucilee hates company, and will probably thump dishes."

"But middle-aged Anne won't mind that," Keith predicted.

"She won't," Jane giggled when she came back from talking with the angular, middle-aged elevator operator, whose face was always so tragic that the men reportrs dubbed her "The Personification of the Blue Laws."

"You should have heard her giggle over Lucilee's habit of broiling steak and bacon before she cooks anything else for our meals," Jane added a minute later. "That prompted her to tell me about the home she herself had before the depression and bank failure took it, her income and practically everything, and sent her, a person untrained for any profession, at middle age to find anything she could do to earn a living."

"Some time," Keith was grinning now, "you might invite me to dinner. I, too, live in just one room, have known a depression, and know all about Lucilee. Listening to your telephone conversations with her has prepared me for the worst."

"I'm going home early this evening," Jane turned back to her typewriter. "Miss Clews is to leave at four-thirty. She's going right home with me to try out the front veranda and see the rose moss if Julie has done a little weeding. So from now on I must work strenuously."

But Jane didn't go home at half past four. A telephone call from the airport announced the arrival of a famous flyer. While his plane was being tuned up for a long flight he would grant interviews.

"Miss Anne has to have a birthday dinner," she turned to Keith Logsden. "It has to be at my home even if I cook it myself when I get there. Be a good boy and entertain her until my story is gotten and interviewed. Take her for a drive. I'll be back as soon as I can come."

"You might invite me to the dinner, too."

Jane sighed with worry. "All right," she agreed. "A few more at the slaughter won't kill me I guess."

"Thanks for the gracious invitation," his voice was mocking and yet kind. "I'll drive you down to the airport, my child and be back for Miss Anne before its quitting time for her."

"You're really a nice person, continual work, worries and all," he added when the airport had been reached. "And like Miss Anne, "I'm looking forward to a happy dinner."

If only she could have gone home early to have laid the table, broiled the steak, made a salad! Jane sighed for the hour before dinner on which she had counted so much. She wanted her mother to have a really happy time with a guest instead of the worried one that a poor dinner and Lucilee's pouting attitude over guests would bring.

"Today was bound to be bad," she murmured. "My beautiful enchanted bottle was broken! My only relic of happy days gone!"

But the famous aviator was so gracious and interesting, that Jane began to see sunshine again. When the interview was over she took a taxi back to the office and wrote her story just as the editor had assigned. Writing it was such a joy that she hummed on the elevator and almost

laughed over the scowls of passengers who didn't like a crowded bus.

"If Lucilee has left the steak as I requested," she thought turning the corner toward home, "we'll really have a fine dinner after all. Keith will surely have our guest there at half past six as I requested."

Keith's roadster was already parked in front of the Haines home. Keith himself was out in the yard with Julie and Jill, doing something at the flowerbeds at the right of the porch. When Jill caught sight of Jane, she gave a joyful cry and came running to meet her.

"Lucille quit at noon because her sister got her a job at the factory," she confided. "And Miss Anne's getting supper herself. She came here right from the office and 'sisted upon doing it. Mummy's out there with her, sitting by the kitchen table cutting up the vegetables for salad just like she does on Sunday's when you're home."

"Oh!"

Jane could'n't say more than that; but when she caught the fragrance of broiling steak and baking potatoes she called a merry, "Hello, everybody!" that Clay's rumbling bass coming from his own room couldn't drown.

"Hello, darling," mother sang back.

Anne Clews, her angular figure hidden by her mother's fluffiest print apron, glanced up from the broiler to say, "It will be ready the minute you can get them ready for it. And my dear, it is good! Modestly I say so!"

"She isn't stern and forbidding and hometly at all," Jane mumured to Keith as she hurried him and the two girls to washing their hands. "The steak has already done something to her."

"It's doing things to me," he laughed back. "Caving in my stomach. So hurry yourself, my child."

In her room, Jane pulled a comb through her hair, touched a powder puff to her nose, and smiled at the girl in her mirror. "Mother's laughing like she does on Sundays" she whispered. "And Julie pulled weeds without being angry over it. Wonder of wonders!"

She thought a bit modestly that the girl facing her seemed prettier than usual. She was sure of it hours later when Keith Logden's car had "whirred its lonely way toward home," as Clay put it.

If she had talked to the mirrored lady she would have told her that Anne Clews, who hated an office building and an elevator cage, and who right now was sleeping in the Haines' little guest room, was coming here to live, to make their home a counterpart of the one mother herself had kept before her sickness came.

She left the mirror to take from the drawer of her chest the three pieces of the beautiful broken bottle. She fitted them together exprimentally. The long portion of the etched J would hide one crack. If the bottle were placed on the dresser at the right angle two others wouldn't show.

I'll have it repaired," she decided. "Though it will never hold scent—enchanted scent, I'll put a new compound in it to whiff each morning—a compound made up of more friendliness, some dependence on others, and a confiding heart. Why long ago if I had told Miss Anne why I was troubled she would have been here. She asked me often why I was worried. She did so did Keith. But I wanted to "swing my load alone."

Tenderly she put the three pieces of

yellow china back in the drawer. The old repair man at the corner store would get them tomorrow. He'd want to hear the story of the bottle, too. He was a friendly person. Friendly people really want to hear your problems as well as tell theirs.

Jane sang softly as she slipped out of the mussed linen dress. She ripped off the white collar she had ironed only that morning. There would be plenty of time to iron another tomorrow, now that Miss Anne telephoned the supply elevator girl to take her place the next day.

She had heard Miss Anne singing very softly as she passed her door. What a happy world it could be if only people took time to make friends! Foolish people like she had learn! People who had not yet learned to but happines in duty as well as duty inevery minute of life.

---

## WHERE JOY RESIDES

There is no use denying it, we Americans have come to regard wealth as a god. Millions bow down before it daily. We would gladly give anything in our possession to acquire its smile and good favor. We imagine if we had riches we would also have a contented mind, and all our anxieties would be gone with the wind.

How deceived we are when we entertain such a notion! It may be doubted if that person ever lived who said of gold, "I have enough of it. I have no desire to acquire another dollar." It isn't human. It isn't what we see every day we live.

But then I wonder if there my not be exceptions to that rule, after all, for certain reasons. One of the richest men America ever produced is said to have been worth something like six billion dollars. A member of the British Parliament said to him on one occasion: "I envy you your wealth;" to which came the reply: "I am not really to be envied. How can my wealth help me? I am sixty years old and cannot digest my food. I would give you all my millions if you could give me youth and health."

So it seems that money can both deceive and betray us. It holds out no assurance of the deepest joys men may know. So long as we profess to believe that if we had wealth we would also have joy we shall be deceiving ourselves. It has not turned out that way. Joy is not in money, but in ourselves.—Selected.

# INSTITUTION NOTES

Joseph Woody, who underwent treatment for an eye infection at the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for several days, returned to the School last Wednesday. The eye is very much improved.

---

The pump at one of our wells, which had been idle for some time, has been repaired and is now filling our 50,000 gallon tank. Since the School has been getting its water supply from the city of Concord for several years, this tank has been kept filled for emergency use only.

---

Rev. E. S. Summers, of Concord, and Mr. William H. Sheppard, of Roch Hill, S. C., recently left a number of copies of the Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest and other leading magazines for the use of the boys. Good literature is always welcome, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank these kind friends for their interest in our lads.

---

Again we have received from faraway Pasadena, California, a contribution to the Boys' Christmas Fund, donated by Willard Newton, one of our old boys. Bill is a consistent contributor to this fund, also a firm believer in the work of the School. He has made a splendid record since leaving the institution more than twenty years ago, and for a number of years has held an important position in the Pasadena post office. While he has had his home in California a long time, we feel safe in predicting that when Duke University meets University of Southern California in the annual Rose Bowl football game, there will be one resident of that sunny clime who will be cheering the Wademen on to victory.

---

Upon looking over the sports section of the Asheville Citizen-Times, issue of December 11th, a picture on the front page attracted our attention. It showed a group called the All-Blue Ridge football team, among whose members we readily recognized Glenn Painter, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home in Sylva, October 1, 1934. This mythical team was chosen from members of high school squads of Waynesville, Sylva, Canton, Swannanoa, Hendersonville, Mars Hill, Marshall, Brevard and Tryon, which constitute the Blue Ridge Athletic Conference.

Glenn is listed as a member of a backfield quartet which, according to the Citizen-Times, is "composed of triple-threaters in every position, possessing power and speed galore in addition to passing and kicking ability of the highest type."

In previous reports coming from the county welfare department case-worker, we were informed that Glenn was quite active in several branches of athletics, making the football, baseball, basketball and soft balls teams of the Sylva High School.

Ian French, twenty-two years old, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School in November, 1934, was a visitor here last Monday. For three years and four months this young man was employed as truck driver in various CCC camps in Western North Carolina. He returned to Charlotte in September, this year, his term of enlistment having expired, and since that time he has been working for a candy company in that city. He stated that he was out of work at present, due to the fact that this company had suspended operations and would probably not have any work for him until January, 1939. In the meantime he is trying to secure employment as driver for one of the large motor transfer companies located in Charlotte.

He was quite proud of his honorable discharge from the CCC unit, also the certificate given him by the educational achievement branch of that service. This certificate, properly signed by a company commander, stated that French had completed courses in First Aid, Civics, Music, Auto Mechanics and Automoboile Operation in a creditable manner. We noticed the following additional citation on this certificate: "A very reliable truck driver. Never had an accident during his career as a CCC enrollee. Has a pleasing personality and was highly respected by enrollees and camp officials."

---

We were delighted to receive another letter from Dermont Burkhead, who was a member of the printing class several years ago. For several years he has been an enrollee of CCC camps, and for quite some time has been stationed at Triangle Lake Camp, Blachly, Oregon, where he is employed at present. Following are a few excerpts from his letter:

"Thanks for the copies of The Uplift. It is a magazine truly deserving of its name. As I enjoy every page of it, I think of the few years spent at the School.

"Do you remember a lad named Fred Joseph, who used to work with you in the print shop? He was out here with me until the latter part of October, when he went back to his home in North Carolina to spend the Christmas holidays.

"Christmas is just around the corner now, and I'll bet the boys at Jackson Training School are all looking forward to a grand time over the holidays. I am planning to take in San Francisco at that time. A friend and I expect to spend Christmas week in that city.

"We have a junior officer here who is a good journalist, and whose ambition is to have a paper of his own some day. He reads The Uplift and thinks it is a fine job, so, you see, your efforts to put out a good paper carries much further than one realizes.

"Please tell all the officers, matrons and boys at the School that I wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

---

The regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the Christmas story as found in the second chapter of Luke, and the subject of his talk to the boys was

"A Happy Christmas."

Some people, said Rev. Mr. Summers, think in order to be merry, they must act foolish all the time; others think they must have some liquor or go on a protracted drunk to celebrate at Christmas time; another group of folks think they cannot have a Merry Christmas without running around the country, spending huge sums of money, at the same time forgetful of worthy causes, just to have what they call a "big time"; and then there are people whose only idea of Christmas is for someone to give them a large, expensive gift or a whole lot of little gifts. This class of people think these are the requirements for a Merry Christmas.

The speaker then pointed out that a better thing than this is to have a Happy Christmas, one really worthwhile—one that will bring us happiness all through the year. We should remember Him for whom the day was named—Jesus Christ. People who simply want to have what they term a Merry Christmas, do not think about Christ at all as they go about celebrating in their own way.

According to Rev. Mr. Summers, to have a Happy Christmas, the following things are to be remembered:

(1) We should remember that the angel said to the shepherds—"Fear Not." There had been a manifestation of God's presence on these Judean hills that night. Those peasants were awed by the wonders they beheld, but the angel told them not to be afraid in God's presence. If we, today, want to have a Happy Christmas, the first thing to do is to make friends with God. The only cause for fear in men's heart is the presence of sin, therefore, we should try to live so that we need not be afraid in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

(2) The second thing the angel told the humble Judean people was to rejoice at the good news that a Savior of mankind was born that night.

(3) If we would have a Happy Christmas, we must recognize Jesus as our Savior. If we so live that Christ is our friend, we need never fear, even though the whole world be against us.

(4) Even as the wise men of old, we must come to worship Jesus. Through all the centuries, right up to the present time, the wisest men, in all the true sense of wisdom, are those who worship Jesus Christ.

(4) To have a Happy Christmas we must have the joy that comes into our hearts because we have helped someone else. It is a far greater joy to help those less fortunate than we, than to receive gifts for our own use.

(6) We can really be happy when we know in our hearts that we have a Savior, our very own, and lead others to Him. We should accept Jesus as God's greatest gift and then tell those with whom we associate daily what a good friend we have made, and what He means to us. If we do this, our happiness will know no bounds.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers stated that he wanted every boy at the School to be remembered by relatives and freinds at Christmas time, but most of all, he wanted them to realize that when God got ready to give the world His best gift, He sent Jesus, and urged every lad present not to fail to accept this gift.

# COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 27, 1938

**Week Ending December 11, 1938**

**RECEIVING COTTAGE**

(3) Clyde Gray 3
(3) Gilbert Hogan 3
(3) Leon Hollifield 3
(3) Edward Johnson 3
(3) James Kissiah 3
(3) Edward Lucas 3
(2) Robert Maples 2
(2) C. L. Snuggs 2

**COTTAGE No. 1**

(3) Rex Allred 3
(3) Jack Broome 3
(3) William G. Bryant 3
(2) Henry Cowan 2
(3) Edgar Harrellson 3
Vernon Johnson 2
Blanchard Moore
Reece Reynolds
(2) Howard Roberts 2
R. L. Young 2

**COTTAGE No. 2**

Postell Clark
J. T. Godwin 2
Nick Rochester 2
Oscar Roland

**COTTAGE No. 3**

(3) James C. Cox 3
Harold Dodd
A. C. Lamar 2
(3) William McRary 3
Harley Matthews
Douglas Matthews 2
F. E. Mickle 2
Harrison Stilwell
Claude Terrell
(2) Kenneth Raby 2
(2) Jerome W. Wiggins 2
(2) Earl Weeks 2

**COTTAGE No. 4**

Paul Briggs
(3) Lewis Donaldson 3
(3) John King 3
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 2
J. W. McRorrie 2
(3) George Newman 3
(3) Fred Pardon 3
(3) Lloyd Pettus 3
(3) Melvin Walters 3
(2) R. V. Wells 2
Richard Wiggins
(3) James Wilhite 3
Samuel Williams
(2) Cecil Wilson 2

**COTTAGE No. 5**

(3) Lindsey Dunn 3
J. C. Ennis
(2) William Kirksey 2
Hubert Walker
(2) Ned Waldrop 2
(2) George Wright 2

**COTTAGE No. 6**

Edward Batten
(2) Robert Bryson 2
(3) Fletcher Castlebury 3
(3) Clinton Keen 3
(3) Joseph Tucker 3
William Wilson
Woodrow Wilson

**COTTAGE No. 7**

John H. Averitte 2
(3) William Beach 3
(3) Carl Breece 3
(2) Donald Earnhardt 2
(3) William Estes 3
George Green 2
(3) Blaine Griffin 3
(3) Caleb Hill 3
(3) Hugh Johnson 3
Edmund Moore
Jack Pyatt 2
(2) Dewey Sisk 2
(3) Earthy Strickland 3
(2) William Tester 2
(3) Ed Woody 3

**COTTAGE No. 8**

Donald Britt 2

(3) J. B. Devlin 3
(3) Edward McCain 3
(3) John Penninger 3
Walker Warr

**COTTAGE No. 9**

Hollie Atwood
Clarence Baker
(2) Edgar Burnette 2
Roy Butner
Gladston, Carter
(2) Carol Clark 2
Henry Coward
(2) George Duncan 2
Frank Glover
(2) Wilbur Hardin 2
(2) John Hendrix 2
Osper Howell
Harold O'Dear
(2) Eugene Presnell 2
(2) Thomas Sands 2
(2) Cleveland Suggs 2
Preston Winbourne
(2) Thomas Wilson 2
(2) Horace Williams 2

**COTTAGE No. 10**

Floyd Combs
Matthew Duffy
(2) J. D. Hildreth 2
Vernon Lamb
James Nicholson
William Pitts
Clerge Robinette

**COTTAGE No. 11**

(3) Charles Bryant 3
(2) Harold Bryson 2
William Furches
(3) Baxter Foster 3
Albert Goodman 2
(3) Earl Hildreth 3
(3) Clyde Hoppes 3
Allen Honeycutt 2
(3) Edward Murray 3
(2) Donald Newman 2
(3) Julius Stevens 3
(2) Thomas Shaw 2

**COTTAGE No. 12**

(3) Burl Allen 3
(3) Allard Brantley 3
William C. Davis
(2) Max Eaker 2
Joseph Hall
(2) Franklin Hensley 2
Hubert Holloway
(3) Alexander King 3
(3) Thomas Knight 3
James Reavis 2
(3) Carl Singletary 3
(2) Avery Smith 2
(2) William Trantham 2
(2) Leonard Wood 2

**COTTAGE No. 13**

(3) Jack Foster 3
(3) James V. Harvel 3
(2) George Hedrick 2
(2) Isaac Hendren 2
Douglas Mabry 2
Paul McGlammery 2
Garland McPhail
Jordan McIver 2
(3) Thomas R. Pitman 3
(3) Alexander Woody 3

**COTTAGE No. 14**

Claude Ashe
Raymond Andrews 2
Clyde Barnwell 2
Delphus Dennis 2
Audie Farthing 2
(2) John Ham 2
(2) David Hensley 2
Marvin King
(3) James Kirk 3
(3) Henry McGraw 3
(2) Fred McGlammery 2
(2) Troy Powell 2
John Robbins 2
Jones Watson 2
Harvey Walters 2

**COTTAGE No. 15**

(2) Leonard Buntin 2
Clifton Davis
Clarence Gates 2
(3) Joseph Hyde 3
(3) Beamon Heath 3
Hoyt Hollifield
(3) Robert Kinley 3
(3) Cleo King 3
(2) Clarence Lingerfelt 2
(2) James McGinnis 2
(3) Paul Ruff 3
(3) Rowland Rufty 3
Ira Settle 2
(2) Richard Thomas 2

**INDIAN COTTAGE**

Thomas Oxendine 2
(3) Curley Smith 3

AIR-CONDITIONED

**COACHES**

**ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS**

*Insure a cool, clean, restful trip at low cost*

•

AIR-CONDITIONED

**PULLMAN CARS · DINING CARS**

*Be comfortable in the safety of train travel*

Consult Passenger Traffic Representatives or Ticket Agents for Fares, Schedules, Pullman Reservations and other travel information

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Room 4, Southern Railway Passenger Station,
Charlotte, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

DEC 27 1938

# THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 24, [illegible] No. 51

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

## WHAT SHALL I GIVE TO HIM?

That blue Judean night men came
In joy and deepest reverence
To bring the infant Jesus gifts
Of gold, of myrrh and frankincense.

The years have passed, 'tis time again
To celebrate my Master's birth;
To dream of happy angels' songs,
A star aflame beyond my hearth,

To bow my head in silence while
Deep worship makes my heart to brim—
I have no gold, no frankincense,
No myrrh—what shall I give to Him?

Service! whispers heart and mind;
To daily smooth a path too rough
For some one else with deeds of love,
And pray my gift may be enough.

—Carmen Malone.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL COMMENT | | 3-7 |
| RAMBLING AROUND | With Old Hurrygraph | 8 |
| SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD | By Rev. Herbert Spaugh | 10 |
| CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK | By Florence McDermott | 12 |
| CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM | By William C. Carl | 14 |
| NO CHILD WITHOUT A CHRISTMAS | (North Carolina Christian Advocate) | 15 |
| THE GIFT OF LOVE | By Rev L. C. Bumgarner | 17 |
| A CHRISTMAS ARTIST | By Vesta P. Crawford | 18 |
| STORIES TOLD ABOUT CHRISTMAS TREES | By Pearl H. Campbell | 20 |
| WHITE HOUSE SHARES YULE SPIRIT | (Selected) | 24 |
| "AND WE BEHELD THE GLORY" | (Selected) | 25 |
| WONDER AND JOY IN A CHRISTMAS THAT LASTS | By Dr. F. H. Knubel | 27 |
| CHRISTMAS AT HUDSON BAY | By Clara Bernhardt | 29 |

# The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

## JOYFUL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

The Christmas Star guided wise men and shepherds to the Babe of Bethlehem in whom they found the fulfillment of their hopes and heart longings. The Christchild's birth brough Joy, Peace and Good Will among men. It was the manifestation of the Love of God for all men.

May we follow the light divine which will guide us to the Saviour's feet and show us the fulfillment of our hopes and heart longings. Let each of us rejoice on His birthday anniversary in the bountiful love that caused His Incarnation, and let hope, faith and joy be renewed in our hearts.

May we, likewise, seek to bring hope, faith and joy to others by sharing the Christmas Gift of Love—hope to the discouraged, faith to the doubting, and joy to the needy and heart-sick.

"As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee."

—Rev. Voigt R. Cromer.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Eternal Father, we grow old and sad and world-weary, but Thou art forever young, and in Thy presence the greatest of earth is as a little child. Thy mercy grows not old, Thy power is never weary, and Thy love is as new as each new morning. Thou who art the far that is near, the beyond that is within, teach us to trust the light that flashes across the soul betimes, making all days holy and every smallest thing greater than it seems.

As we bow at the Cradle of Jesus, in whom Thou hast shown us

what Thou art in a life like our own, humbly we give thanks for His words of truth and His works of mercy, and the hand of blessing He laid upon every cradle. Let there be in us a new nativity of faith, hope and joy, and that wise charity which thinketh no evil, touching us to a gentler thought, a sweeter mood, and a more liberal devising in behalf of those who know the bitterness of want.

If we are left alone, may we seek someone to bless in the spirit of Him who is the greatest blessing; someone to remember in the name of Him who is the gentlest memory of the world. Hasten the day when His truth shall fill the hard old earth with shapes of purity and gladness, as of old it filled the sky with forms of beauty and song. Grant us, when it may be, a heart of joy, and when it may not be, a faith that floweth like a river and goeth softly to sea.

Not for one day, but for all the days do we invoke a spirit of heavenly vision, of wistfulness in joy, of happiness in the service of those in whom, however dimly, Thou dwellest. Our lives are but a muddled memory of what they ought to be; teach us to give ourselves and all that we hope to be to Him who gave His all to us, and who will make us, if we let Him have His way with us, such little ones of Thine as we never yet have been.

O little heart of God,
Sweet intruding stranger,
You are laughing in my human breast,
A Christ-child in a manger!

—Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D.

* * * * * * *

## THE IDEAL LIFE

Christmas, the anniversary of Jesus' birth, nineteen hundred years ago, in spite of much repetition, has lost none of its sweetness and freshness, but continues to hold for us a hushed and breathless feeling or adoration.

It is a prevailing custom with all of us to honor friends and loved ones on their birthdays. Besides the birthdays of the Nations' heroes are observed, emphasizing their leadership as to courage and loyalty. But the birthday of all birthdays is the one the whole Christian world unites in keeping to the glory of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The bright star that flashed across the darkness of the earth nearly two thousand years ago continues to light the way of a new and a better world. His life, like that star, guide us to the higher ideals of a true life to the oblivion of the materialistic. He gave to us by His glorified teachings and deeds an example of an ideal life, the life that satisfies. The idealist is one who has a goal, an ambition for things that proclaim peace and brotherly love. Ideals are expressed in these words by some educator: "Ideals are like stars—you will not succeed in touching them with your hand, but like the seafaring man in the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them you reach your destiny." Those who have chosen high ideals know there is truth in the quotation.

May this Christmas inspire higher ideals that will carry us over the turbulent waters of the New Year with the hope of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

* * * * * * *

## CLIPPED

In North Carolina, increased interest has been manifested in the drive against syphilis and in September this state led all the states in the Union in the number of cases reported and taking treatment. Reporting 5,849 cases, North Carolina even exceeded New York with a population of 13,000,000 reporting only 5,283. Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, state health officer, sees in this fine report, evidence of cooperation among doctors and clinicians.

The commission authorized by the 1937 General Assembly to study North Carolina educational facilities for Negroes, finds in its recent report to Governor Hoey that "the high percentage of crime and delinquency is traceable to the very poor, inferior schools, and that the high percentage of sickness and of all kinds of physical ailments among rural Negroes is traceable to ignorance of the laws of health."

* * * * * * *

## SAINT NICHOLAS

Several hundred years ago there lived a patron saint, Saint Nicholas, who in his liftetime was Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor. An old legend tells us that the kindly St. Nicholas unintentionally

originated the custom of hanging stockings by the fire at Christmas. St. Nicholas was rich, and loved to make mysterious journeys bearing secret gifts to the poor. For a long time his identity remained hidden, but he was caught at last with his sack of gifts on his back.

St. Nicholas knew an old nobleman who was very poor, and who did not want anyone to know of his poverty. Wishing to give him a gift of money, St. Nicholas one day crept to a window of the house and saw the old man asleep by the fire. The good Bishop climbed to the roof and dropped his gift down the chimney, thinking it would fall on the hearth at the nobleman's feet. But it so happened that the man's daughter had hung some stockings to dry by the fire, and the money fell into one of them. From that kindly deed of the good Bishop has grown the custom of hanging up stockings at Christmas time.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Just last week one of the boys of The Uplift office in a most interested manner asked "if it were not time to begin carrying the "Christmas Cheer Fund." We did not realize that Christmas was right here, so decided to publicize the fact as we have in the past.

To us who have passed the Santa Claus age we do not have the anticipations of childhood, but to the youngsters Christmas would be dull without Santa Claus. There are hundreds of our young boys who have no one to even so much as write them a Christmas card. Therefore, we present to the friends of the wayward boys the opportunity to contribute to their joy this 1938 Christmas. "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

### Christmas Cheer Fund

| | |
|---|---|
| 8-7-8 | $25.00 |
| A. G. Odell, Concord | 10.00 |
| A Friend, Charlotte | 1.00 |
| L. D. Coltrane | 5.00 |
| Herman Cone, Greensboro | 25.00 |
| E. C. Hunt, Supt. Public Welfare, Davidson County | 5.00 |
| Judge William M. York, Greensboro | 5.00 |
| Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin | 10.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Williard Newton, Pasadena, Calif. | 2.50 |
| A Friend, | 5.00 |
| Durham City-County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt. | 9.00 |
| Anson County, Wadesboro, | 6.00 |
| Bernard Cone, Greensboro, | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte, | 5.00 |
| E. B. Grady, Concord, | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte, | 50.00 |
| L. T Hartsell, Concord, | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury, | 5.00 |
| Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord, | 5.00 |
| Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord, | 5.00 |
| Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro, Greensboro | 3.00 |
| Guildford County Welfare Dept.. Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt. Greensboro, | 2.00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, | 5.00 |
| City of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, by Judge F. M. Redd and 35 bags oranges, 35 baskets apples, 5 boxes apples, 5 boxes grapes, 3 baskets nuts, 2 bags of nuts. | 100.00 |
| Mrs. W. L. Steele, Jr., Concord, 150 Christmas Cookie Packages | |

# RAMBLING AROUND

## With Old Hurrygraph

### CHRISTMAS

"Christmas ain't a season,
Christmas ain't a day,
Christmas ain't a reason
For giving things away;
Christmas ain't a buying
Or selling in the mart,
Christmas is a happiness—
And you're the biggest part."

---

They say the new Jefferson nickel is bearing a pinkish tinge. That is probably caused by the government being in the red.

---

People who have enemies should become reconciled—make up with them quick—before they have a chance to come back at you.

---

Why is it that people will go to bed and then wonder if they put out the cat and locked the front door? And then go down to see about it.

---

You are not a safe driver if you drive with poor tires. You do not know what moment you'll skid off the road, with dire results.

---

Going to church hasn't hurt anybody that I ever heard about. That's a pretty good recommendation for church-going, I think.

---

There's one thing sure. Everybody that has them will get something in their stocking or sock, if nothing more than their foot. And some get a hole in both.

---

Beggars find it easier to flamboozle public than to work for a living. When you feel like giving money to charity, be sure that you give it wisely, and to worthy objects.

---

It seems that Christmas these days has resolved into give and take. And it appears most give. But it is well matched; for every giver there is a taker.

---

There is one thing that is going to cause the next Congress to debate long and strenuously and that is whether to take relief out of politics, or politics out of relief. The latter decision will give u sa very much needed relief.

---

We are informed that the number of Indians in this country is increasing rapidly. It seems that the only truly vanishing American these days is the pedestrain who uses the highways without due caution.

---

People in your home town are the only ones that will ever take enough interest in it to make it really beautiful. Citizens who don't care how their premises look, don't care how the town looks.

---

When people complain about not getting the things they want they should think of the things they don't want they do not get. And if they got their deserts, they would not complain, or else complain the more.

---

You may be sure two young people are in love with each other when she will sit for hours listening to him describe a football game; and he will lis-

ten to her telling how her sister's new dress was made.

---

Men are always losing their collar button. And it does have a way of getting in the most outlandish places when it slips from your hand or the shirt button hole. The fellow who recently swallowed his for one time now knows where it is.

The power to tax is the power to destroy. This is the reason why all compulsory "share the wealth" schemes lead to but one end, the death of the goose that lays the golden egg. Wealth is not a matter of sharing. It springs from one source—production.

---

Christmas Day read St. Luke 2: 1-20. The heart of the Christmas message is peace. Inward peace in the souls of men! Social peace, wherever group is arrayed against group! Domestic peace, in families about to be disrupted! International peace, in a world terrorized by the threat of war! Such is the divine Christmas promise. But not as the result of a sudden supernatural convulsion. Rather peace born out of something which will last silently take place in us. What the angels sang was not "peace on earth, good will towards men," as if God were to be active, and man merely receptive; but "peace among men of good will." Both God and man are active when peace comes to birth. God creates and sends it. Man makes ready for it, and nourishes it in the spirit of good will. Greed, fear, hatred and selfishness in human hearts murder peace. There will be peace on earth when all men become men of good will.

---

Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn;
In my distress Thou cam'st to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

—Martin Luther.

# SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

**By Rev. Herbert Spaugh**

No more lovely story has ever been told than that of the first Christmas. In legend, in song, in drama, in life it has spun a mighty web around the whole world.

There is something incomparably sweet and pathetic about the account of that first Christmas Eve, when the tired and travel-worn couple entered the little Judean town of Bethlehem, after a long and tiresome journey, and tried to find shelter for the night.

It was their old home town, but they had been away so long that no one seemed to know or remember them. The streets were crowded with strange faces. Only those who have come into a strange city after nightfall, to find it crowded with all accommodations taken, know that feeling of utter loneliness and helplessness. This is especially true after nightfall. There are people in abundance, but none interested in you.

I have read many stories of the happenings on this eventful night, some castigating the Bethlehem innkeeper, others praising him. The biblical narrative is bare of details.

The story which appeals to me most introduces Elizabeth, the wife of the priest Zacharias, and the mother of John the Baptist. She was an older cousin of Mary, who had shared with her the prenatal secrets of the wonderful Child who was to be born unto her.

Elizabeth, only recently a mother, in full sympathy with her young cousin's condition, has come to Bethlehem to await her arrival. She finds the worried travelers at the inn, and immediately takes full command of the situation. No stranger in Bethlehem, she has many friends and acquaintances. Not knowing the exact time of their arrival, she was not been able to make reservations. The whole town is full for the night, but she knows where there is a clean, dry stable where they can find temporary refuge. She is sure that she will be able to find quarters for them on the morrow.

Providence has a way of overruling the best laid plans of men, and turning their errors to fit the greater divine plan. The hour has struck for the advent of the world Deliverer, and there with the help of the kindly Elizabeth, the Lord of All is ushered into the world—in a stable.

How the guiding hand of the Ruler or worlds directed the stage setting of this greatest of world dramas, time has borne testimony.

Mother and child were moved the next day into the more comfortable quarter of a Bethlehem home, but the birth had taken place in the humblest of places, with the companionship of the meek ox and the lowly ass. No one may complain that he had more humble birth surroundings.

Ere the Holy Family left their stable shelter, humble men, the shepherds came to give the best they had —their adoration. Then in swift succession came the world's great and wise with the costly gifts, and the two extremes of society meet around the Christ Child.

Imagine, if you can, men who had never had anything in common before, sharing together the Christ. The world has never been the same since.

Barriers have a way of breaking down in the presence of Christ. The unconscious spirit of good will at Christmas time is fine evidence of this fact. Crowds jostle one another in the shops and on the streets but where frowns might have been the order at another time, at Christmas time there is a different spirit of friendliness and good will. It requires real effort to be irritable.

A troubled and aging world, torn by factions in society, distrust among nations, clashes between capital and labor, and alas, divisions within the Church of Christ, might recall with profit the experiences of that first Christmas, when men found a common ground on which all could meet.

The Church with its scores of sects and denominations, might take the lesson to heart. Society might ponder. Yes, all of us, with our petty little fences and barriers which we have thrown up between ourselves and others, over which we peer distrustfully, might consider.

The power released into the world on that first Christmas is such that it melts away all lines of division, if we but allow it. It is a power to be reckoned with, not ignored. A correspondnt sent us these striking lines:

"He was just a Child—a little Child—born in an obscure village, the Son of a peasant woman.

"For thirty years He worked in a carpenter's shop. For three years He was an itinerant preacher.

"He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born.

"While still a young man, the tide of popular favor turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. One of them betrayed him. All of them forsook Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only thing He had while on earth, His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and buried in a borrowed grave through the kindness of a friend.

"Ninteen wide centuries have come and gone and he is still the centerpiece of the human race, and the leader in the column of progress.

"It is safe within the mark to say that all the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever were built, all the parliaments that ever sat and all the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected the life of man so powerfully upon the earth as this One solitary life."

What a message this sweet old story brings us at Christmas time—"Peace and good-will." It was then. It can be now.

---

No punishment is too great, in my opinion, for the man who builds his greatness upon the country's ruin.—Washington.

# CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK

**By Florence McDermott**

December 21st is the shortest day and the longest night in the Temperate Zone. But at Point Barrow, near the top of the world, its twenty-four hours are just another night in the "midnight week" of the Arctic winter. The sun does not shine during that week. In fact, it disappears in November, and there are no more sunlit days until late in January.

Christmas is celebrated just the same. Candles and lamps are lighted and the fun goes on—not for a day, but for an entire week.

Point Barrow is the northern tip of Alaska. The village a few miles below the point is the northernmost post-office on the American continent. It is ice-bound most of the year and there is no tourist season. Except for the visits of exploring-parties and whaling-ships, the population remains about the same in number from year to year. About a dozen white people live in the village—missionaries, school teachers, whalemen, traders, and a radio operator. Three or four hundred Eskimos live in scattered villages nearby.

A few natives have become wealthly whalemen on a large scale, maintaining several boat crews, and they are able to buy their tons of provisions at wholesale. But most of them are simple, childlike people, contented with the routine of securing food, shelter, and clothing for immediate needs. Peaceful and happy, with excellent morals, they are considered by many missionaries and traders to be the highest type of primitive people known.

Barrow is not a field for lawyers, its court being without a case in twenty-five years. It has been called the most law-abiding community in the world. Its isolation has kept out evil influences, and the white settlers are a superior type. When Stefansson was there he noted that the attraction of the place was not so much in the home comforts which he enjoyed as in the fine quality of the few white men and women living there.

In the spring of 1929, a cornerstone was laid in Barrow for the most northern school on the American continent, a school supported by the United States Government for Eskimo children. It was of concrete, laid on a firm foundation of blue glacier ice eighteen inches below the surface of sand. At the ceremony seal-oil was poured over the stone by an old walrus hunter and whaler of the neighborhood. The tons of material necessary for the building had been carried there by the government ship which visits Barrow once a year.

Letters reach the settlement three or four times a year by dog-team. But imported food, reading matter, and other supplies are delivered in that annual cargo of the Coast Guard cutter in August. This cutter also brings Christmas packages for the celebration to be held four months later.

At the happy time Eskimos arrive on dog-sleds to be guests of the white residents. During the week there are prayers and songs, games and feasts. Reindeer, whale meat, and fish from the Arctic are enjoyed with canned goods from the States. Of course,

there is a Christmas tree. Very few of the Eskimos have ever seen a tree, for this is a barren land and the nearest trees are several hundred miles away. But the white settlers must have their Christmas tree, so they make it of two-by-fours and trim it with colored paper.

---

## CHRISTMAS EVE

"Pine-crowned hills against the sky,
Kneeling low to pray;
Friendly, lamp-lit villages
Along the snowbound way;
Myriads of silver stars
Gleaming softly bright . . .
Little King of Bethlehem,
I see Thy star tonight!

"Fragrant wreaths and candle glow
In a city street;
Songs of Christmas carolers
High and clear and sweet—
Echoes of the angel host
With wings of shining white . . .
Little King of Israel,
I hear Thy song tonight!

"Words of ancient prophecy
Are mine to take or leave;
Vision of a golden age
This happy Christmas Eve;
Peace on earth, good will to men—
Oh, dim and holy light! . . .
Little King of all the world,
I share Thy dream tonight!"

—Selected.

# CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

**By William C. Carl**

Bethlehem, with its azure sky, its terraced groves of olive and fig trees, and its sloping hills where shepherds kept watch over their flocks on the Christmas Eve centuries ago, is the Mecca of the Christian World at Christmas. The people of Bethlehem look forward to the day with keen delight, and elaborate preparations are made to welcome the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem who comes each year to celebrate the feast with them. On the day before Christmas, the Patriarch accompanied by a large number of his Bishops, Archimandrites, Archdeacons and Priests leave Jerusalem about ten o'clock in the morning headed by Kawases carrying silver maces. Starting from the Jaffa gate the procession descends into the valley of Hinnon on the western side of the lower pool of Gihon and on the Plain of Rephaim known as the place where David overthrew the host of the Philistines at the shaking of the mulberry trees. Midway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem stands the Monastery of Mar Elias where tradition locates the resting place of the Prophet Elijah on his long journey to Mount Sinai. As soon as the Patriarch and his retinue come within sight of this Monastery, the natives of Bethlehem ride out to meet them.

On reaching Rachel's Tomb, a large number of Bethlehemites—men, women and children garbed in Oriental dress of the gayest colors—join the procession, singing their sweetest songs until they come into the city. At ten o'clock in the evening the chiming of the bells announces the hour of prayer. Thousands of pilgrims and visitors who for hours have waited outside, now slowly enter the great church and take their places. Each sect owns its own rug on which they stand throughout the service, and no one dare infringe upon it. In the crowd one sees, Arabs, Bedouins, Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Ethiopians, Egyptians and many others. The Patriarch clothed in his gorgeous robes and mitre, sparkling with gems and diamonds and preceeded by the clergy carrying his crook, a banner with a picture of the Nativity and two lights on either side and a golden cross, proceeds to the church, with a choir of boys chanting as they lead the way. The Patriarch is seated on his throne, with his retinue on both sides. At intervals he rises to take part in the service which is sung antiphonally and in unison without accompaniment. The service is chanted without intermission in Greek and Arabic. The bells chime at intervals and especially at midnight when the Patriarch celebrates the service in the Grotto of the Nativity. The church is iluminated by myraids of candles and lights of different colors. At daybreak the service concludes with the Patriarch's benediction. Many return to their homes the same day, while others linger to visit the places made sacred by the Christ Child Himself.

The people greet each other in front of the church with the words, "Kull sanah wa anta salim" (Best wishes for Christmas) and spend the day in feasting and merriment, for is it not the birthday of the Prince of Peace?

# NO CHILD WITHOUT A CHRISTMAS

**(North Carolina Christian Advocate)**

In December, 1936, there appeared in the Buick Magazine published by the Buick Company of General Motors, the story which follows in part—a story and picture whose influence has meant happiness and a Merry Christmas to multitudes of children in this land whose Christmas otherwise would have been much like that of the broken-hearted child in this picture.

Almost every day of the year, old Hilda bent over the laundry tubs in somebody's basement, scrubbing away with a right good will. But on Christmas she rested.

All afternoon she sat by the window in her cozy flat, idly watching the tumble-down house across the street. Every now and then, she would see a little girl push back the curtains from a grimy window and peer anxiously down the snow-covered street.

Usually, Hilda concerned herself not all about her neighbors. For she was up every morning before daylight and off to her work in another part of the city. And it was dark when she returned. But today the anxious face of the little child made her wonder.

By nightfall she could stand it no longer. Well muffled up in her old shawl, she hurried across the street.

In a cold and cheerless room, she found the little girl still waiting—sobbing now—sure that she had been a very, very naughty little girl, because Santa Claus, who comes to all good children, had passed her by.

Ordinarily, Hilda was a truthful person. But now, in her efforts to comfort the little girl, she stretched facts a little. Santa Claus, she explained, is an extremely busy old gentleman. Sometimes, it is simply impossible for him to reach everyone on Christmas Day. To thousands of homes he comes on the day after Christmas.

Hope shone once more in the child's face, and Hilda returned to her home.

Next day, she was up even earlier than usual, plodding through sleet and snow to a home far across the city. a home where she had done the laundry for many, many years. Here, perhaps, there would be something to spare for the little girl, something to make good Hilda's hasty assurance that sometimes Santa Claus comes on the day after Christmas.

She was right. From that home, and neighboring ones, there went out big baskets of good things for the little girl—toys, candy, dolls, fruit, warm clothes.

And there the story should end—just a good deed by an old woman on a Christmas long ago. But, as a matter of fact, it is here the story starts.

The home to which Hilda appealed for help was the home of a man who drew pictures for a newspaper. He never forgot that bare, cheerless room to which he helped Hilda carry Christmas baskets. It saddened him to think that there were thousands of other little girls who every year, would wait in vain for Santa Claus.

The following December, he drew a picture of that little girl. He showed her sitting with head bowed in grief at a rickety table from which hung

a little empty stocking. Beneath the picture, he lettered a single word: "Forgotten."

He brought it to the editor of the paper, to be published on Christmas Day. But the editor shook his head.

"We can't use it," he said. "It would spoil Christmas for a lot of people."

"I want to spoil Christmas for everybody who has remembered only himself," the cartoonist replied. The editor saw the point. The cartoon was published.

Hundreds of times, it has been reprinted since then. It has been called "The cartoon that opened a million hearts," and it has made famous the name of its creator, Tom May, of Detroit.

From the heart stirrings that it caused, there came into being well-organized movements dedicated to the one purpose: "No child without a Christmas."

---

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and fee,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

# THE GIFT OF LOVE

**By Rev. L. C. Bumgarner**

Tokens of good-will pass from soul to soul, like the movement of fraternal shuttles, weaving the fabric of stronger and more gracious relationships. Everybody gives at Christmas-time, and it is altogether gracious and fitting that at this holy season, which witnessed the love-gift of a saviour, we should reflect something of the same wonderful disposition. "God so loved the world, that He gave His Son"

In an Italian city stands a statue of a Grecian maiden of beautiful face, graceful figure and noble expression. There is a story of a ragged, unkempt, slovenly girl who came face to face with the statue. She stood and stared, and then went home to wash her face and comb her hair. Next day she came again to stand before the statue and then to return home. This time she mended her tattered clothing. So day by day she changed, her form grew graceful, her face more refined.

That is something like the influence of Christ. He has gotten into the spirits of people, though not always does He receive credit.

Jacob Riis tells of a violinist sitting on the curbstone. His tin cup had only a few pennies in it. He sat discouraged and in despair. A young woman, richly dressed, with every mark of refinement, saw the old man's despair. Without a word she took his violin out of his hand began to play. The strange sight attracted many and money began to drop into the old man's cup. She played until the cup was full of silver. Then she placed the violin back in the old man's hands and departed with a "Merry Christmas, Friend."

In Cincinnati there is conducted a school for crippled children. In recent years, there was among the number a little white girl who had to be led by both hands, the leader walking backwards. A Christmas party was held for the children and in the excitement the little girl was forgotten. However, there was also in the school a crippled colored lad. He came quickly into the room on his crutches. "They-all forget you, Bess, but I cum back for you. Guess I can lead you. Hold onto my crutches and let's go." And walking backward the crippled colored lad led the crippled white girl.

Is His spirit in us? What are we doing with the gift of love?

---

James Russell Lowell wrote in his "Vision of Sir Launfaul" that it was "not what we give, but what we share; for the gift without the giver is bare." "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—himself, his hungering neighbor and Me," wrote the famous poet. In these few words he fully expressed the true Christmas spirit.—Selected.

# A CHRISTMAS ARTIST

**By Vesta P. Crawford**

Many great artists have painted Christmas. They have portrayed the shepherds, who "came with haste" and the Magi of the East who saw the glory on the hills. From the earliest dawn of Christian art until our present day, the representation of the Holy Night in Bethlehem has been a favorite subject for masters of brush and canvas. These artists have delighted to paint Mary, the mother of Jesus, and her Child. It has been said that of all subjects for painting, the Madonna is the best loved in Christian countries.

Among the great masters who have painted Christmas, Sandro Botticelli ranks among the most gifted. He was born in the city of Florence, Italy, in the year 1456. At that time Florence was considered the art capital of the world, and it was said, "Florence is a corridor through which the splendor of the world passes." That beautiful city was built upon both banks of the Arno River with the high ridges of the purple Apennine Mountains stretching away to the north and south. Set like a jewel in this lovely landscape, Florence, in Botticelli's time, was a magnificent city adorned with palaces and churches. Palace walls and chapel interiors were decorated with fresco work, a very wonderful type of painting done in wet plaster which resulted in pictures of incomparable luminosity.

Sandro Botticelli, born in this famous city of Florence, was very early affected by its loveliness and by the magnificence of the art that he saw every day. The small boy wandered at will through halls and galleries and saw there the treasures of the ages. No wonder that he desired to be an artist. It is said that the boy "cared not to read or sum." Sandro's father was a tanner who had very little money. However, when Sandro was fourteen years old he became a pupil of Filippo Lippi. Lippi was the first of his country's painters to attempt portrayal of the real people about him, but his greatest talent lay in his ability to use colors. In his work the simple tones of the earlier masters gave place to the breaking of one color into another creating a luminous delicacy and richness. When the boy Sandro saw the skill of his master, he attempted to learn how such wonderful pictures were made.

So great was Sandro's industry and so marvelous his talent, that he was soon invited to live in a palace. The ruler of Florence was Lorenzo, called the Magnificent, who so loved great paintings that he helped many artists to achieve their highest ambitions. Within the palace of Lorenzo, Botticelli studied the great pictures in the long halls and he selected for his own work the qualities that he admired in the pictures of others. Soon he developed a very unusual skill in drawing, in rhythmic line work, and what has been called the "poetry of swaying figures."

When Sandro was twenty-six years old a wonderful honor came to him—he was invited to go to Rome and paint the walls of the Vatican Palace. Only the greatest artists had ever been given this privilege. Upon those high walls Botticelli painted three

magnificent panels.

But even more famous than these panels, are some individual pictures by Botticelli. These are his Christmas paintings. One of them, called "The Adoration of the Magi", shows the draped figures of the wise men from the East presenting their gifts to the baby Jesus. Mary, the mother, holds the Child out for the wise men to see, and Joseph looks thoughtfully at the baby.

There are two strange things about this picture, difficult for us to understand today. In the foreground, at either side, groups of Florentine noblemen are painted. It was a curious custom of the time to paint, in additioon to the central figures in a picture, one, or several, other characters as portraits of the friends of the artist. Particularly was this true among the artists who lived in the palace of the great Lorenzo. In this way the artist found an opportunity to honor his noble patrons. The second very strange thing about this picture is that Botticelli has painted a portrait of himself in the draped figure on the right.

"The Adoration of the Magi" is considered one of the world's great Christmas pictures, but Botticelli achieved even greater success in painting Madonnas. His exquisite paintings of Mary, the mother of Jesus, are among our most highly prized treasures of art. No other painter has ever been able to portray the face of Mary with such mystic loveliness. Most of Botticelli's figures are painted against a plain background which brings out the full beauty of the face of Mary. The famous painting, "Virgin, Infant Jesus and St. John" is one of the most perfect Madonnas ever painted. Mary stands with the Child in her arms and the line drawing and color are made with a master's touch. In another picture, "Madonna and Child", the hands of the mother and Baby are painted with utmost perfection and the expression on the faces is beautiful beyond the power to forget.

It is the lovely "Madonna of the Easter Lilies", however, that many consider Botticelli's masterpiece from the standpoint of its lasting appeal. And there are those who think this picture is the most beautiful Madonna painting in all the world. Mary is seated holding the Child, and in the background, against plain color, a row of fragile white lilies is painted. Mary's face, contemplative, thoughtful, seems to be the ideal representation of our own ideas of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Perhaps none of us will ever see the original painting "Madonna of the Easter Lilies", for it hangs in a famous gallery in Berlin, Germany. It may be that we cannot have this privilege, but we may obtain for ourselves a good copy of this picture which becomes more precious with the possessing and the study of its beauty. Botticelli, a Christmas artist, has made the world a richer place because his beautiful and inspiring paintings are in it.

# STORIES TOLD ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE

**By Pearl H. Campbell**

The Christmas tree has come to be the center around which our joy in the festival revolves. An evergreen tree in the forest with its branches gleaming with snow and ice is a beautiful sight. Brought into the home, decked with lights and tinsel and gay ornaments, with presents heaped beneath its branches, it is a delight to young and old.

Although the Christmas tree has only reached its height of popularity in the home within the last hundred years, a number of legends associated with it are far older. Perhaps the earliest of these was first told by George Jacob, an Arabian geographer of the tenth century. He said that on the night Christ was born, all the trees in the forest, despite of ice and snow, bloomed and bore fruit. People were very credulous in those early centuries and the story spread all over Europe and was firmly believed. In one of the old Coventry Mysteries performed during the fifteenth century, it furnishes the subject for "The Cherry Tree Carol." It concludes with the famous verse describing the birth of Christ:

"He shall not be born in house or hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall,
He shall not be wrapped in purple nor in pall,
But in fair white linen, as usen babies all.
He shall not be rocked in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger that resteth on the mould."

The legend of a tree that bloomed during the winter gave rise to a custom in Austria and the Tyrol of gathering branches of pear and cherry trees early in December and placing them in sand or water so that they would blossom indoors at Christmas.

German folklore contributes a pretty tale of a forester and his little family who had spent Christmas Eve happily around the cheerful fire blazing on their hearth. As the father was about to bar the door before the family went to bed, a knock was heard. The door was opened and before them stood a little child, cold and hungry and all but exhausted. Eagerly they welcomed him, sharing the fire and their supper with him. Then little Hans said that the stranger child must sleep in his own white bed while he slep on a little pallet in front of the fire. The family went to rest. Early in the morning they were awakened by a chorus of angelic voices. Their little guest of the night stood before them transfigured, radiant in garments of heavenly beauty. They saw that He was none other than the Christ child. The door swung open to let Him pass, but before He disappeared, He took a branch from a fir tree and set it in the earth. "See," He said, "I have gladly received your gifts, and this is my gift to you; this tree will always bear its fruit at Christmas and you shall always have abundance."

Luther is commonly given credit for introducing the Christmas tree into the home. One Christmas Eve he was coming home through snowclad fields and forest. He looked up and saw the stars shining brightly over the dark branches of the firs, and thought of how, long centuries before, the stars had shone above the manger at Bethlehem. The wonder and the beauty of God's love in sending His Son into the world so enthralled him that he could hardly wait to get home to share his thoughts with those whom he loved best, his wife and children.

He tried to explain just what his thoughts and feelings were. He needed something more than mere words to make his experience real to them. Suddenly he had an idea. He went out into the garden, cut down a little fir tree, carried it into the children's room, and put candles on it to represent the gracious heavens that had sent forth "the little Lord Jesus on the first Christmas." Every year after that the Luther family had a tree at Christmas. Of course the neighbors came trooping in to see it, and soon the custom spread throughout Germany.

Yet not for fifty years after Luther's death is there a definite reference to a Christmas tree. Then a citizen of Starsburg writing about 1608 says: "At Christmas they set up fir-trees in the parlors and hang thereon roses cut out of many-colored paper; apples, wafers, gold foil and sweets."

From Strasburg the custom of setting up a gaily decorated tree in the home spread to neighboring cities along the Rhine. Firmly established in Germany, other countries made haste to adopt it. Fifty years later it had conquered nearly all of Christendom. Finland accepted it about 1800; Norway and Sweden in 1830. In Denmark, when the family returned from Church on Christmas Eve, everybody, visitors and servants, joins hands and circles about the tree, singing carols. The favorite is one that begins; "A Child is born in Bethlehem."

England, slow to take up with any new custom at Christmas, did not adopt the Christmas tree until Queen Victoria married a German prince, Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Albert had, of course, grown up with the Christmas tree. There was always one in the castle where he spent his boyhood. So in 1841 he set up one in Windsor Castle for the delight of his young wife and little children. "This is dear Christmas Eve," he wrote to his father, "on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step which was to usher us into the present-room. Today I have two children of my wn to give presents to, who, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles."

The tree at Windsor Castle was an object of much interest to the visitors and it was not long before other trees blazed and twinkled in every British household that could afford one. The London News for December, 1848, had a picture of the royal family gathered about the tree and a description of it. From it we learn that the tree was a young fir about eight feet high with six tiers of branches. On each tier were arranged a dozen wax candles. From the branches hung baskets and trays filled and bonbons and sweets. On the top of the tree stood the small figure of an angel with outstretched wings, holding in each

hand a wreath. The tree stood on a table covered with white damask. Toys and dolls and piles of larger sweets were heaped at the base. This tree was for the children, the little Victoria, who later became the Empress of Germany, and the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII. There were trees in other rooms of the castle as well. Prince Albert had his, which had been decorated and hung with presents by the Queen. She, in turn, received one from the Prince Consort, as Albert was called. Two trees stood on the sideboard of the royal dining room.

Since then there has been a long succession of trees at Windsor as other royal children have come and gone in the stately castle. One of the prettiest stories told about the festivities centers about the late King George and the little girl who may some rule England. The royal family had been listening to the Christmas music as the sweet old strains echoed through the hall festooned with holly wreaths. The carol Elisabeth liked best was the one which begins: "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." It contains the line: "Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind." When it was finished, Elizabeth said, remembering the gifts she had received from her grandfather, "I know that 'old man kind.' That's you, Grandpa. You are old and very kind." And indeed he was.

Christmas trees appeared in America long before they did in England. German emigrants brought the idea over with them, just as in earier times the Dutch, who settled in New York, had brought over Santa Klaus.

A woodsman named Mark Carr, who was born about 1800, among the foothills of the Catskill mountains, is supposed to have been the first to make a busines of cutting and marketing Christmas trees. He had heard about the holiday festivities in New York, where churches and homes were decked with holly and branches of evergreen, and a pine or fir tree set up in the nursery for the pleasure of the children. It occurred to him that the young fir trees growing on the mountain sides around his little home could be used for this purpose and perhaps bring in the money he greatly needed.

So early in December, 1851, he and his sons loaded two great sleds with young trees they had cut down in the forests. They hitched a yoke of oxen to each sled and drove through the deep snow to the Hudson River at Catskill, where the father started with them to the city. For the price of a silver dollar, he secured a strip of sidewalk on the corner of Greenwick and Vesey Streets. Here, hopefully, he set up his trees and waited for customers. They came in to his corner in great numbers and willingly pai dthe modest price he asked. As he saw his store of trees diminishing faster than he had ever dreamed they would, he doubled the price, but still they sold.

Next year he return to the same place with a much larger stock of trees. "And from that day to this," as an old historian of New York wrote, "business has continued to exist until now hundreds of thousands of trees are yearly sold from Mark Carr's old corner."

Christmas tree choppers usually begin work about the beginning of November, thus avoiding the early snowfalls which by melting and freezing

again on the trees make their branches too brittle. Firs and pines growing in open spaces are perferred to those in dense forests because they are more stocky and symmetrical. As the trees are cut they piled up beside roads in the forest, where they will keep fresh and green until the time comes to take them to market. In the middle and eastern states Christmas shoppers for trees usually ask for the balsam fir because its leaves stay green longer and do not drop as quickly as those of other evergreens.

---

## FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

Christmas is the time when men are drawn together in a great unity. Much of this may be attributed to our response to familiar songs, sung year after year to commemorate the advent of a little Child on earth. The first Christmas carol ever heard, we like to believe, came over the fields of Bethlehem, when Christ was born—"Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

But it was 1,200 years later that St. Francis of Assisi and his brothers took up the singing in public of carols at Christmas to combat the unbelief of their time. With lighted tapers they went about the streets of the small Italian village pouring out their hearts in songs of praise. In the 800 years since then the singing of Christmas carols has gone around the world. Wherever Christianity is known carol singing follows.

The simple vision of a mother lulling her babe to sleep gives Christmas music its strength. Some sing as a tribute to their religious faith, others as a custom they enjoy. But whatever the reason, the important thing is that more and more people do it. From such widely different sources as churches, theaters, schools, clubs, radio stations, come the words of "Away in a Manger," "Silent Night," "Joy to the World," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," and "Come All Ye Faithful," sung by soloists, choirs, choruses of the voices of school children. So each year new joy is expressed through old channels.—Frances Grinstead.

# WHITE HOUSE SHARES YULE SPIRIT

**(Selected)**

The holiday atmosphere that grips America each December also finds its way to the White House, home of our chief executives for nearly 140 years and scene of many a colorful Yuletide party in bygone years.

White House history is rich with anecdotes of such gatherings since the building was occupied by the country's second chief executive, John Adams. For his granddaughter, four-year-old Suzannah, President Adams gave the first Christmas party ever held in the White House. Those were the days before the mansion was finished, when Mrs. Adams is said to have hung out her wash in the great East room.

Suzannah's party was a success but one of her guests broke a doll dish belonging to the little hostess. Suzannah retaliated by hiting off the nose of the young guest's new wax doll. President Adams had to resort to diplomacy.

Christmas has always aided chief executives in discarding their dignity for a brief return to the simplicity of their childhood days. It was the widower President Jefferson who played the violin for his young guests, and the aged Andrew Jackson threw wide the White House doors to hundreds of orphans who listened to the President himself tell them wild tales of Indian wars.

Dolly Madison, most famous White House hostess in history, was in charge of President Jefferson's party in 1805 when nearly 100 guests were present. Mrs. Madison also served as hostess at 13 other Christmas dinners in the White House during the two term terms each of Jefferson and her own husband, James Madison. Once the Madisons had to flee from the mansion when the British invaded Washington in 1812.

Jackson's party for the orphans was inspired by his own sad boyhood. At his party Santa Claus came to the White House as usual, leaving many gifts for the homeless youngsters. Jackson himself found a corncob pipe and warm carpet slippers in his bulging stocking.

"Old Hickory" is said to have participated in a snowball fight at the party, aided by Vice President Martin Van Buren. As his little guests scattered over the moonlit White House lawn he turned to a friend and said:

"They remind me of the one who came to the knees of Jesus, and of whom He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

In modern times much more ceremony has been attached to official Washington's celebration of the Yuletide. Each year the chief execuitve radios holiday greetings to American soldiers, sailors, marines and diplomatic representatives throughout the world. His most important official duty is a Christmas eve address to the nation, a custom that has probably become permanent.

The nation's "official" Christmas tree in Washington is lighted annually by the President as he participates in colorful ceremonies broadcast throughout country. During the past decade and a half, four Presidents have used

the same switch box for this purpose. Last year a new silver plate was attached to the box bearing the names of these men.

Another recent innovation at the ceremony is the use of a four-toned chime to signal the lighting of the tree. The chimes ring out as the President presses the button lighting the tree, broadcast as a signal to millions of listening Americans.

---

You kin hide de fire, but what you gwine to do wid de smoke?
—Joel Chandler Harris.

---

# "AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY"

**(Selected)**

The world will celebrate its Christmas this year as it has done for ages past, in feasting, merrymaking, and a meaningless exchange of gifts. It will miss the real joy and the real meaning of the festival. What a pity that so many Christians, too, fail to realize what the words mean which they hear concerning the Christ Who has come.

Would we be classed among those whose senses are so dulled that the Christmas message falls unheeded? If not, we must turn our attention away from earthly things, and contemplate with devout and childlike hearts the great mystery which is here. Who is Jesus? What is Jesus? The little Babe in the manger? Yes. The Son of Mary? Yes. A great Prophet? Yes. And yet the answer is not satisfying. Even an unbeliever would confess this much. We must be prepared to go farther, to join St. John in his noble confession, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the Only-begotte nof the Father, full of grace and truth." Here is where we part company with the unbeliever. He does not believe these words; we do. We confess that the Child at Bethlehem is the Son of God the Father, that whatever glory is the Father's is also His. And because He is the Almighty God, He came down upon earth, not empty-handed, but He brought a most wonderful gift He brought grace and truth for sinful man, whereby we are freed from the burden of sin. As we hear the story again, we look upon Him with the eye of faith and see all this; and seeing, we rejoice.

God's love for men is the great Christmas message. How wonderful that God should love men at all! It was while we were yet sinners, in spite of our sins, that He manifested His love. We could never understand this wonderful love were it not for its effects upon those who accept it. The love of God, in Jesus Christ, saves and transforms men's hearts. God loves men for what He can make them become rather than for what they are. It was on that account that God loved so He gave His only begotten Son. Through no other person, and by no

other means, could He save men and restore them to eternal fellowship with Himself. Such a love necessarily includes all men. The distinctions among men between rich and poor, learned and ignorant, strong and weak, great and small, good and bad, do not count in God's sight. To Him all men are miserable, lost sinners, with the possibility of salvation and eternal glorification. So God loved the world, and so loved that He gave His Son. God's love is so great that He desires all men to know about it, to have it offered to all men, with all that it brings. The message of God's love to us is a commission, too, to go and tell the world of His love.

Remember the poor, is alsa a Christmas message. God has set the example for us. He did not give to those who had an abundance. He did not give to those whose favor He desired. He did not give to those who had given to Him, or might give to Him. He gave to the miserable, the helpless, the hopeless, the needy. If we would find the true Christmas joy, we must go out, too, to the needy, in the spirit in which He went, and help those who cannot help themselves. It is not enough to send, but the giver with the gift finds the joy of giving. The more or less selfish exchange of gifts can but bring pleasure in kind. It is a low order of personal gratification.

The greatest joy to the Christian comes from the prayer-consecrated gift for the preaching of the Gospel to a lost world. The missionary offering is the index to the measure of the true Christmas spirit. None is so poor as those who are in spiritual poverty.

---

## DECEMBER'S LAND

Oh, the woodlands are now so gray, drab and lonely.
The birds have flown southward, now squirrels there only.
And warriors who without number or naming
In Indian summer did death dance so flaming,
Have vanished away to the land of hereafter.
The woodlands now echo the wind's hollow laughter.
And old mother nature her work for the season
Is over, she's tired and not without reason.
She's reared her children, the pumpkin so golden,
The apples so red and the maize she has molden.
She launched them on their debut in October.
These blessings we all may enjoy and be sober;
And there now she stands like a tired old mother
Who has spent all her life in work for another,
And yet comes the spirit of Christmas so jolly
And decks her with lovely red beads from the holly.
The north brings a shawl of the snow's sparkling beauty,
So old mother nature may rest from her duty.

—Frederick Woodard.

# WONDER AND JOY IN A CHRISTMAS THAT LASTS

**By Dr. F. H. Knubel**

Every soul in civilization feels an exaltation at Christmas . Even old Scrooge catches something of the spirit of good-will. Yet the best of us have felt at times, when Christmas was over, when the preparations and anticipations reached their culmination and the season ended, a sense of relapse and of falling. There comes a regret that the spirit of the Yuletide does not endure among men. We wish we ourselves might continue on the same high plane. It becomes a question therefore as to how we may have a Christmas that lasts.

What are the things that last, that abide? "The things that are not seen are eternal." It is altogether a question therefore as to whether we have a Christmas of the unseen, of the heart. Does any birth take place in our hearts, since Christmas is a birth? Is there any genuine coming of the childlike to our hearts? Centrally all that there is to Christmas, indeed to Christianity, is the childlike. "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The glorious possibility of Christmas, of Christianity, is that it restores the childlike. That is the whole exaltation of the Yuletide.

There are gains for all our losses;
There is balm for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

The old romantic search has been for the spring of eternal youth. Christianity has victoriously progressed because it gives eternal youth, eternal childhood.

Our question has not really been answered as yet. If childlikeness will mark a Christmas that lasts, what is the childlike? To know that we must go back to the old Christmas story and hear the angels sing. They tell first of "good tidings of great joy"; but then also of a wonder, the sign of a babe in a manger. There we have at once the two elements of the childlike, loving joy and trustful wonder. Think long of the two, and see if they be not the very essence of childhood, of the dream that has departed from our lives.

We lose childlikeness because we lose those two—and we know it is so. The possibility of wonder has gone from our hearts. We get to be wise, have experienced everything, have seen through everything, and nothing more surprises us. We have been thrilled again and again, until it is impossible for us to be startled. The wide-open, wondering eyes of childhood no longer are ours. We are sophisticated. It is to this ennui, this languor, this tedium, this satiety, this want of interest, that Christmas comes telling us that our state of mind is wrong. It stirs usto believe—though we may not analyze our thoughts—that there remains ever for us the new and the unexpected, the beautiful and the grand, the mysterious. In actuality we are just longing once more for the dear, true

spirit of wonder. In exactly similar respect we have lost with the passing of childhood the true joy from our lives. We may doubtless say in an inclusive way that this has come about chiefly because we have seen and known the pain of life, the physical and mental and moral pain. The fresh rush of joy is rarely if ever felt, and the fresh face of childhood becomes deeply lined. It is to this experience also that Christmas speaks, and induces us at least to hope that essential joy may once more be ours.

Full life must have them both, wonder and joy. It is to be expected, therefore, that the human heart will turn quickly each year to the meaning of Christmas. Precious customs of native lands, fond memories of all the years gone by, traditions that were laid away for a twelve-month, ideals of what home may be, cherished friendships which perhaps have been neglected—all of these and much more come nestling around a man's deepest soul, and smother for a while the monotony and the pain of life. He listens like a child to the original Christmas stories. He sings the carols with a great hunger at his heart. Right well may he wish Christmas to last.

What is it, then, finally which Christmas has to offer to this longing for the childlike, to a man's desire for the permanence of wonder and of joy in his life? For man's wonder there is just this which the Christmas of Christianity brings, that he may undertake to explore God, the unlimited fulness of God. "Glory to God in the highest," the anthem of angels sings. The inexhaustible surprises for men in God, this only remains for those who know ennui. To men, furthermore, who have recognized the deep pain of life joy comes in the Christmas hope of a healing balm in God. Those simple words of the Christmas chorus, "peace on earth," carry a deep promise which has made them re-echo for nineteen centuries through all the throbbing aches of mankind.

The childlike wonder and joy—loving joy and trustful wonder—let us think those things as Christmas comes again. Let us have a Christmas of the heart, one that lasts.

---

## CHRISTMAS!

A day when human hearts are tuned
To finer things in life
A day of carols brightly crooned,
A day that's free from strife . . . .
A day that teaches Peace on Earth,
Good will and kindness, too,
A day of wishing happiness
To loyal friends like you.

—Selected.

# CHRISTMAS AT HUDSON BAY

**By Clara Bernhardt**

The wind blowing off the shores of Hudson Bay seemed particularly hostile this morning. Snow swirled about in white confusion, and the northern sun was devoid of warmth. Christmas, reflected Jan Holm bitterly. Their first Christmas, his and Rica's, and he did not even know how many miles of storm-tossed water separated them. What would she be doing now back in Copenhagen, this new young wife of his, while he paced the icy shores of this unfriendly new land? It seemed unjust of the good God to have separated him from Rica, just two weeks after their marriage last May. But when Captain Munch commanded, his sailors responded without question.

The King of Denmark, like so many other ambitious monarchs of the time, was determined to find the fabulous northwest passage to India, and what better man was there in the whole of the land than Captain Munch, to undertake this hazardous voyage? And hazardous it had been, across uncharted waters, battling adverse winds, avoiding icebergs whose treachery was unpredictable. Sailing in the year 1619 was not the scheduled routine with which we are familiar today. Their captain had been almost superhuman in his brilliant navigation, Jan conceded. Now here they were. Since September they had been wedged fast in the frozen harbor ice, with no prospect of release.

"You are silent today," muttered his companion and friend, Erik Klassen.

"Such thoughts as mine are better kept silent, Erik." His tone held a bitterness foreign to Jan, and Erik, of a simpler and less violent nature than his friend, was quick to respond.

"It is not easy to be far from home on this Christmas day. I too have loved ones back in Denmark, Jan. Their thoughts and prayers are with us. We must take comfort in this knowledge."

"Think you we shall ever see them again, Erik?" Jan demanded tensely.

Erik did not reply immediately. The thought was not new to him. As the interminable winter passed on weighted feet, day succeeding weary day in a monotony of changless routine, often the men wondered within themselves, and wondering, grew silent with a cold dread and despair.

"God is ever faithful," Erik pointed out with more conviction than he felt, staunch Christian though he was. "You do not forget to pray?"

"It is the one promise I made to my wife, always to pray. But that scurvy, Erik! It frightens me. Our men are falling before it like a defenceless army before a powerful invader. And now our pastor. He is a very sick man. This morning when I stopped by his berth, he had not even a smile. And Pastor Jensen always smiles, Erik."

Erik nodded soberly. He, too, had noticed the condition of their beloved Lutheran pastor. "There is to be service at eleven o'clock, Jan. The doctor did not want Pastor Jensen to exert himself thus, but Pastor told him the men needed to celebrate Christmas by the worship of Almighty God."

"It will make us seem closer to home, Erik. Remember how the snow always came down on Christmas morning, until the town looked a huge frosted cake, with the church spires for candles?"

Erik's sudden laugh rang out, contrasting sharply with the surrounding stillness. "This year we have a larger cake than ever! And those are the candles," pointing toward the masts of the ice-locked Enhiorningen. "What will you take to service as a Christmas offering, Jan?"

"Those white fox skins. They are firm and warm."

"But you are keeping them for Rica!"

"Pastor Jensen needs a warm coat, Erik. There are many foxes in this land. Who knows how many more weeks lie ahead in which we shall have ample time to trap them?" Also, there was that ever-present fear in the depths of his heart, that he might never survive to bring the skins to Rica. Pastor Jenson, who needed them so badly now, might better make use of them.

Eirk glanced at his friend with an affection his Nordic restraint attempted to conceal. He noticed how thin Jan had grown these past weeks, how the firm jaw line was more than ever prominent. There was a new awareness to his blue eyes, a look of seeing beyond, which comes to men who spend their lives in treeless spaces. They had followed the sea since early boyhood, he and Jan, loving it with all the intensity of which they were capable. Some day Jan would rise to a captain's berth. Always Jan had been the more ambitious, the more daring of the two. This present preoccupation was unlike him, and Erik wondered uneasily if it might be the first signs of the dread disease. He thrust the distasteful thought from him at once, deciding that Jan's morbidness was natural to a married man, separated from his wife on their first Christmas.

Behind them rose the forest, black and hostile, filled with wild animals whose skins promised wealth to the man who chose to spend his life trapping them. There were rumors, too, that beyond the vast forest roamed strange, copper-colored inhabitants of this country, Canada.

"Captain Munch seems undisturbed by our situation," Erik commented as they neared the ship.

"A good captain reveals no apprehension in the presence of his men. The responsibility is his alone, and he does not share it."

"Except with God," humbly.

Jan clasped his friend's shoulder. "You should have been a preacher, instead of a seaman, Erik. Here we are, just in time for service."

It was a strange and pathetic sight which greeted them as they came aboard. Around the huge fireplace which had been built on deck during October, was ranged the ship's company. Their bearded faces were gaunt and lonely, and several held the shadow of approaching death in their eyes. Many carried the fatal scurvy within their stricken bodies, and several were so ill that it was necessary for them to be supported by their fellows. Yet an urge greater than their own physical weakness had driven them from their pain-wracked berths. Was it not Christmas, a time of praise and rejoicing unto the Lord? Their eyes were fixed hopefully upon Pastor Jensen as he came up from below, leaning heavily upon the steward's

Microfilmed
SOLNET/ASER

arm. From past experience they knew he would not fail them. There was a power within the little Danish preacher, something greater than himself, which in their humble, inexpensive way, the men realized came from the indwelling Holy Spirit.

As he preached his simple message of courage and hope, this power was intensified. The men listened raptly, forgetful of self, of hardship and loneliness, of fear and illness. Into their hearts and faces came peace. When the sermon was over, and the men raised their voices in hymns of praise, something of their new feeling was evident in the singing. There was no voice that sang more lustily than Jan Holm's, and as he sang, his certainty grew that all would yet be well with them, and he would see his young wife again.

When the offering was made, each man giving what he was able, Jan wished that his own gift were more worthy. Placing the fox skins before Pastor Jensen, for a moment Jan experienced the feeling that it was at the feet of the Saviour Himself he was placing the gift. There was a light in Jan's eyes which moved the ill and trembling minister to place his hand upon the young man's down-bent head, murmuring, "Bless you, my son. God go with you."

"He has, Pastor," Jan replied almost inaudibly.

Captain Munch, watching the little scene, knew that it was one which would live long in his memory. In his heart he knew that God would see them through this troublous expedition. He felt that this strengthened faith and hope, which shone from the thin faces of his crew, was evidence of a divine promise. That evening, as he opened his diary for the daily entry, his hand was steady and his mind was at rest.

"The holy Christmas day we all celebrated and observed as solemnly as a Christian's duty is. We had a sermon and communion, and after the sermon we gave the minister an offering according to ancient custom, each in proportion to his means. There was not much money among the men, but they gave what they had; some of them gave white fox skins, so that the minister got enough wherewith to line a coat."

Thus ended the first Lutheran Christmas to be celebrated upon North American shores.

Author's Note—Not until the following June did the men aboard the Enhiorningen find relief. The healing warmth of the sun and the discovery of green plant roots ashore, which they used as medicine, saved them. In another month the survivors were well enough to set sail for Denmark and home. Thus arrived and departed the first Lutherans to our continent.